THE BOOK OF THE HORSE

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THE

BOOK OF THE HORSE:

(THOROUGH-BRED, HALF-BRED, CART-BRED),

Saddle and Harness, British and Foreign,

WITH

HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP; THE MANAGEMENT OF THE STABLE; BREEDING, BREAKING, AND TRAINING FOR THE ROAD, THE PARK, AND THE FIELD.

BY

S. SIDNEY,

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WITH FULL-PAGE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS AND NUMEROUS WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

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AN ENGLISH COUNTRY RIDE.

THE BOOK OF THE HORSE.

INTRODUCTORY.

ENGLAND—in which geographical expression Ireland, Wales, and Scotland are, as a matter of course, included—is the breeding-ground, the original home, of the best horses in the world. Englishmen invented, if one may be permitted to use so mechanical a term, the thorough-bred horse, which combines with marvellously increased size, speed, and power, all the fire, courage, and "quality" of his Oriental ancestors—the Arab and the Barb. The English thoroughbred is universally recognised as the sole source of improvement of every variety of the horse tribe in Europe and America, save those used in the dull useful labour of heavy draught; and even the British draught-horse has been brought to perfection by the application of principles which were first employed in the production of the incomparable race-horse.

At the present moment there is scarcely a State in Continental Europe in which the character of the riding and light harness horse has not been materially improved by crosses of English blood. The importations by private breeders and by the governing managers of royal and national studs, which commenced soon after the close of the great wars in 1815, have been carried on ever since with annually increasing care and vigour. The first experiments with English blood sires were made, in the middle of the eighteenth century, in those ancient breeding-grounds of mediæval war-horses, Mecklenburg and Hanover. In the long peace, after Waterloo, the merits of the thorough-bred sire conquered the prejudices of nations inclined to detest everything English; and now in the State studs of France, of the several kingdoms and principalities which form the North portion of the German Empire, in the German dominions of the Austrian Kaiser, as well as in his

horse-loving kingdom of Hungary, in the newly-formed royalty of united Italy, and under the Czar of all the Russias, the English blood-horse holds the first place. It may safely be assumed that at the great Continental reviews—where emperors and kings, reigning dukes and famous military commanders, appear on horseback surrounded by their brilliant staffs—nine-tenths of the chargers ridden by the more distinguished personages have been bred in England, or are the immediate produce of English sires.

All the best horses in the United States are directly descended from English thoroughbreds, with a slight intermixture of Arabs or Barbs. Experts in the great Anglo-Saxon republic trace back the pedigrees of their best trotters—the speciality of American horse-breeding—to Messenger, an imported blood sire, the son of grey Mambrino, who was bred by Lord Grosvenor, and painted by the celebrated George Stubbs, about 1724.*

It has been reserved for our colonists in South Africa and Australia to prove that the English blood-horse, unpampered, and trained for the pupose, while far exceeding the Arab in size and general utility, can equal him in endurance and the power of completing great distances in journeys of many successive days.

"The reason why" of the extraordinary success of the English as breeders, as originators, almost manufacturers, of a new tribe of blood-horses, is to be found not only in a favourable soil and climate, but in the universal preference of the English people for a country life, and their universal passion for everything connected with horses.

In no other civilised country are so many men, women, and children, in proportion to its population, to be found fond of riding and driving. Our equestrians are not confined to a privileged class, a military caste, or a select few of the upper ten thousand devotees of fashion; riding and driving are essentially English national amusements. In making this wide assertion no comparison is intended to be made with the semi-nomadic inhabitants of countries where a horse is as much a necessary of life as a pair of stilts in the French Landes or a pair of snow-shoes for winter in the Canadian backwoods, nor with the inhabitants of the great cattle-feeding plains of South America—where the men are true Centaurs, and where a mere child may be seen mounted, driving cattle, carrying an infant before him on the pommel of the saddle as he gallops over the smooth, stoneless pampas—nor with the semi-oriental families of herdsmen on the rolling pastures of Poland and Hungary, the nurseries of the world-famous Polish lancers and Hungarian hussars.

Neither is it our intention to assume that first-class horsemen or first-class coachmen are only to be found in England. That was the vulgar error of a departed generation, which rarely travelled, and knew no language but its own, with whom every foreigner was a Frenchman, which took its idea of a Frenchman from the caricatures of Gilray.

In the Crimea our men learned to respect the Chasseurs d'Afrique, who charged the Russian batteries at Balaclava to save their English allies. The deeds of the German cavalry are still green in our memories. For our own part, we have seen Russians and Austrians, Hanoverians and Hungarians, ride across a stiff summer-baked country in a style and with a determination that would not have disgraced the best of our own officers at the Windsor or Rugby military steeple-chases. And it must be remembered that these gentlemen have not, as we have in our hunting-fields, a training-ground perpetually open from their earliest years.

Again, English coachmen are very good at their business—neat, firm, quick, impassive, undemonstrative, and decided—quite characteristic of their nation. But the essence of good

* A portrait of Mambrino, from Stubbs' painting in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster, will, by his lordship's kind permission, form one of our coloured illustrations.

coachmanship is to drive with safety and dispatch over difficult country. Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, and North Germans can boast of a wonderful class of Jehus in their own style; while on the other side of the Atlantic, the drivers of tandems and four-horse teams, over half-made roads in California, have astonished our best whips by their daring and their pace.

It is the universality of the passion for horses and horse exercise in every form that is so remarkable a feature in English social life, and in such strong contrast to Continental usages, where the horse, if not earning money or employed for military purposes, is considered rather as an ornament of fashionable life, an opportunity of displaying wealth, than as an instrument for obtaining healthful exercise.

Even M. Taine, in his "Essays on England," the best and fairest that ever have been written by any foreigner, who thoroughly admires our horse-loving taste, and attributes to it all sorts of virtues we never dreamed of—the vigorous character of our idle classes, the chastity of our rich and handsome wives—even he cannot understand how a stout, middle-aged materfamilias can exhibit herself in the unbecoming costume of an Amazon; for he cannot (as is evident from the following sketch of Rotten Row) help looking on horse exercise as a dramatic performance, reserved for strong men and elegant women:—"Vers deux heures la grande allée est une manége; il y a dix fois plus d'hommes à cheval et vingt fois plus d'amazones qu'au Bois de Boulogne dans les grands jours; de toutes petites filles, des garçons de huit ans sont à côté de leurs pères, sur leurs ponies; j'ai vu trotter des matrones larges et dignes. C'est là un de leurs luxes; par exemple, dans une famille de trois personnes à qui je viens de faire visite il y a trois chevaux. La mère et la fille viennent tous les jours galoper au parc, souvent même elles font leurs visites à cheval; elles économisent sur d'autres points, sur le théâtre, par exemple. Ce grand mouvement paraît indispensable à la santé. Les jeunes filles, les dames viennent ici même par la pluie."*

The essential difference between foreign and English notions of family horsemanship will be found in a comparison of the group in an afternoon canter that head this introductory matter and the picture of a French gentleman out for a country ride, copied from a standard French book by Count de Lastic St. Jal, a superior officer of the late Imperial *haras* or breeding-studs.

The first idea of a successful Englishman is either to mount on horseback, to give his wife a carriage, or to do both. It is not only the young, the strong, the members of noble families and ornaments of fashionable society, the officers of cavalry regiments, or the sons of millionaires, financiers, and bankers, who are to be found in the Row; there you may see aged judges and solemn bishops, with their daughters; bankers on priceless cobs, successful engineers, hard-worked Queen's Counsel, topping tradesmen, dashing stock-jobbers, corn merchants from Mark Lane, indigo brokers from Mincing Lane, and representatives of every class that can afford an hour's leisure and the ownership of at least one horse. In the early morning children, professional men, and government officials, at mid-day ladies, form the majority of the civilian cavalry. In a word, horses for one use or another, quite apart from fashion, form an important part of the life of every well-to-do English family, and are often considered essential as the means of obtaining health and exercise, or superintending a rapidly-extending business, by those who are by no means rich.

* "About two o'clock the broad ride is like a school of horsemanship. There are ten times as many men, and twenty times as many women on horseback as in the Bois de Boulogne on great days; very little girls, boys not more than eight years old, ride their ponies alongside their fathers; and I have even seen stout, imposing matrons trotting along. Riding is one of the luxuries of the English: for instance, a family of my acquaintance, consisting of a father, mother, and daughter, keep three horses. The mother and daughter ride in the park daily, and often make visits on horseback. To afford this expense they economise on other amusements, such as the theatre. This active exercise seems essential to their health. Even in rainy weather you may meet both young and married ladies riding in the park."

The very (perhaps suddenly) rich man wishes to have his stud and appointments perfect and complete; to a man of narrow means it is an object to maintain his stable and coach-house at the least possible expense. Both need ample, plain, practical advice and information. It is for these—an annually increasing number of my countrymen and countrywomen, who wish to ride or to drive, or to be driven—that this work, long in preparation, has been written, with the assistance of very famous performers in the field and on the road—horsemen, coachmen, and breeders of the best class of horses, to whom every description of horse life is as "familiar in their mouths as household words."

With this end in view, I have endeavoured to begin at the beginning, to take nothing for granted, but teach the A B C of every subject within my programme.

A FRENCH MASTER OF THE HORSE (FROM COUNT DE LASTIC ST. JAL'S WORK).

I shall have something—though not very much—to say to the fortunate ones to whom the stable-door and the schoolroom door were open at the same moment; who have grown from infancy to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, with the choice of riding-horses of every degree of size and training, from the family pony to the thorough-bred hunter or park hack, with the services and instruction of grey-headed huntsmen, or Yorkshire pasture-bred stud-grooms; who commenced their studies of the mysteries of the whip and reins under some veteran family coachman, and who have graduated in all the stages of driving lore, advancing from the pony-cart to the mail-phaeton and tandem, or even culminating in the lately revived glories of the four-horse drag. But I write more especially for the information of a different and more numerous class, those to whom town pursuits have brought fortune, with leisure and desire to enjoy, and allow their families to enjoy, the pleasures, the exercise, the healthy excitement, which horses and carriages, riding, driving, and hunting can afford.

It is quite true that no book can without practice teach the reader how to ride or drive, how to

choose or breed horses, how they should be fed, trained, and treated in the stable, or how to select or choose carriages, saddlery, or harness. Practical arts can only be learned by practical experience. Nevertheless, books on fishing, poultry, gardening, and cookery, which record the collected experience of many fishermen, poultry-keepers, gardeners, and cooks—if the writers understand their subjects, and take the trouble to give minute details—are found to be of great value to ladies and gentlemen who desire to be not entirely dependent on their own tradesmen and servants ; and who prefer, where they can, to master a principle instead of accepting a rule of thumb.

According to all precedent, a book professing to include an account of everything connected with the horse would commence his history with the myths recorded in the bas-reliefs of Egyptian monuments, the Book of Job, the poems of Homer, the treatise of Xenophon, and proceed, quoting from all that has been written in English, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Gervase Markham, not forgetting the early annals of Newmarket, the thirty-times-told tales of Flying Childers and Eclipse, and large extracts from the perpetually-quoted works of Nimrod (the founder of the modern school of sporting writers), proceeding with the natural history and anatomical description ; thus the practical details of stable management, riding, and driving would not be commenced until at least half the volume had been completed.

In this work the hitherto accepted order of arrangement will be reversed; the reader will be treated as if he or she had everything to learn, and will first be informed on all the questions connected with keeping one or more horses and a carriage. In nine cases out of ten a carriage of some sort, brougham or basket-cart, is the first step in horse-keeping. Equestrianism in its various forms follows. The hack often leads up to the hunter, the hunting-stud to a breeding-stud and (in the second generation sometimes) to a pack of beagles, harriers, or even to that most eminent social distinction, mastership of a pack of foxhounds.*

* With respect to the qualifications I possess for my self-imposed task of collecting into one work information on those practical subjects connected with horse management, now only to be found, if found at all, in many volumes, I must say something, even at the risk of appearing somewhat egotistical.

From my childhood I have been passionately fond of horses, and can scarcely remember when I could not ride. In 1846 I wrote "Railways and Agriculture," at the suggestion of the late Earl of Yarborough, which he presented to his friends at the York Meeting, the year he was President of the Royal Agricultural Society, in which my first hunting sketches (of the Brocklesby Hounds and the scarlet-coated Wold farmers) appeared. In consequence of these sketches, I became the hunting correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. By Lord Yarborough I was introduced to my ever since kind friend, Captain Percy Williams, the Master for nineteen years of the famous Rufford Hounds.

In 1850, being one of Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners for the great International Exhibition, I was able, by the kindness of divers county gentlemen, farmers, and horse-dealers—desirous of paying a compliment to my official position, helped also by introduction from Brocklesby Park and Rufford Kennels—to hunt my way from Bramham Moor, in Yorkshire, to the Four Boroughs, in Cornwall, and saw more or less sport with twelve celebrated packs of foxhounds, besides harriers.

In 1858, at the special request of Messrs. Richard and Edmund Tattersall, I became Treasurer and Secretary to the Rarey Horse-Taming Subscription, and edited the illustrated edition of "Rarey's Art of Horse-Taming," which has long been out of print.

In 1864, under the instructions of my directors, I arranged and managed the horse show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on a plan which has since been followed by the managers of the Dublin, Birmingham, and other horse shows of minor importance—that is to say, the horses, instead of being simply led round the ring for exhibition in bridles or halters, as at the shows of the Royal Agricultural Society up to that date, were ridden, driven in harness, and leaped. The experience of ten years has proved that this system gives satisfaction to exhibitors and intending purchasers, as well as to the public.

It is scarcely necessary to state that my position as the Secretary and Manager of the Agricultural Hall Horse Show has largely increased my circle of acquaintances of all ranks, interested as breeders, owners, and judges of horses. I have not failed to avail myself of the information within my reach. Several judges and exhibitors of high reputation as masters of hounds and as breeders of horses, have kindly promised me their assistance and advice in making this at once a hand-book and an encyclopædia of reference for horse-owners of every degree. Amongst these judges have been the Earls of Macclesfield, Portsmouth, and Coventry; the Lords Combermere and Kesteven ; Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Bart, M.P. ; Sir George Wombwell, Bart. ; Colonel Kingscote, C.B., M.P. ; Colonel Maude, C.B. ; Frederick Winn Knight, Esq., M.P. ; Captain John Bastard ; John Anstruther Thomson, Esq. ; Captain Percy Williams ; Captain T. C. Douglas Whitmore ; and Henry Chaplin, Esq., M.P.

CHAPTER I.

ESTIMATES OF ANNUAL EXPENSES OF A CARRIAGE AND HORSES.

Keeping a Carriage—Advantages and Disadvantages—Items of Expense—Jobbing, Cost of—Extensive Adoption in London—Drawbacks—Jobbing *versus* Purchasing—Coachmen—Early Training of—Character—Qualifications and Value of a Good Coachman—Corn Measures—Cost of Horse Food—Allowance to Horses in Livery Stables—Cavalry—Job-master's Calculation.

THE first question discussed when man and wife, or man or wife, begin to think of "keeping a carriage," is the expense.

It may be laid down as an incontrovertible axiom, that in any town where rent has to be paid for a stable, where all provender must be purchased, and where the groom and coachman—whether separately or two single gentlemen rolled into one—must be paid tolerably high wages, a carriage is a luxury, not an economy, however carefully managed. Of course this observation does not apply to medical and other professions, in which the carriage is a necessary part of the "plant"—the stock-in-trade. A physician who aspires to first-class practice must not come out of a cold hansom or a damp four-wheeler. There are not a few ladies who look on the brougham of their doctor as part and parcel of their own genteel position.

For business purposes, a cab discharged at the end of each journey by a person who is well up in fares and distances is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, cheaper than any carriage. There are, indeed, the drawbacks of draughts, dangerous horses, and rash drivers in hansoms; of wearing, distracting, jolting, rumbling noises, not to speak of foul smells and infectious diseases, in four-wheelers. But as a matter of pounds shillings and pence, an enormous deal of cabbing may be done for one-half the expense, direct and indirect, of a respectably-appointed one-horse brougham.

For visiting friends, attending balls, concerts, theatres, the ordinary job fly, even at the extra price paid for a very good imitation of the "real thing" in coachman as well as carriage, will rarely cost more than £150 a year; and £150 a year, not counting losses by death and smashed panels, will be a good way from the total expense of a one-horse brougham and neatly-dressed man in any great city.

Having made these admissions, it is impossible to deny that, apart from the expense, a well-built, well-horsed, well-driven carriage, in these days of miles of streets and dinner-giving friends distant an hour's rolling, is—whether you are fresh, well, and enjoying the moving air; or pressed, hurried, and obliged to study papers as you go; or wearied by work or pleasure, late at night, or at the small hours of the morning—one of the greatest comforts that surplus income can supply.

There are no doubt incidental drawbacks; uncomfortable moments, when you cannot get away from a retentive hostess or too hospitable host on a stormy night, hearing, or fancying you hear, your best horse coughing, and all the worries of unsatisfactory servants, and horses sick, lame, or dead. But then, what a comfortable sensation, when "Thompson's fly" with the broken-winded grey crawls up, and anxious inquiries are being made on a rainy night for a cab, to hear the welcome words, "Your carriage waits," and throwing yourself back on the warm well-stuffed

cushions while the lamps blaze, the wheels whirl merrily along, to chat over the events of the evening with your fellow-travellers ; or perhaps, better still, to fall into a delightful sleep.

Those who live beyond the reach of cabstands and jobbing fly stables, and the numerous constituency who have to drive more or less frequently to a railway station, or, having retired from business, are planted in an absolutely rural district, must have a carriage of their own, and at least one nag of some kind.

EXPENSES.

The following rough estimate of expenses will afford information which will place the young or old beginner not entirely at the mercy of any servant or tradesman. These expenses may be divided as follows :—

1. The hire or purchase of a carriage. 2. The hire or purchase of a horse or horses, and occasional losses by death or sickness. 3. Cost of provender, shoeing, and veterinary attendance. 4. The cost and wear and tear of stable-fittings and tools. 5. The hire of stable and coach-house. 6. The wages and expenses of one or more servants.

HIRING OR JOBBING.

In London, and probably in most of the great cities of England and Scotland, an equipage, with or without coachman, may be jobbed, that is, hired, on such terms that the hirer will have no uncertainty or responsibility beyond punctual payment.

A first-class coachmaker will let you a new brougham of any colour you prefer, the panels bearing your own monogram or crest ; he will keep it in perfect order, saving accidents caused by your own carelessness—such as tearing off a door, by opening it just as you pass a lamp-post—for £40 a year, the engagement being for five years certain, and will give you a new carriage at the end of that time ; or you may have the same accommodation, without the stipulation for a new carriage, for £35.

A job-master will find you a pair of horses, with harness, shoeing, and fodder, for from £160 to £180 a year, or at per month for the season for not less than £20. Before horses became so dear, the terms varied according to quality, and pairs could be had at from £150 to £180. The job-master will also find you a coachman for from £60 to £70 a year, for whom you must provide livery, should you require it. If you have your own coachman, the job-master will take care to pay him a gratuity for taking good care of his horses. This is a fact that the horse-owner should not forget ; when you have your own horses you should always act on the same principle, and endeavour to make your man feel that it is to his interest to be on your side, not on the side of the corn merchant, saddler, coach-dealer, or horse-dealer. A single horse of good stamp may be hired (provender, &c., included) for £85 a year. The minimum expenses of a single-horse brougham, not used for professional purposes, will thus be limited to about £200 per annum. With rare exceptions, the nobility and members of the really fashionable world, some of the Royal Family, all Lord Mayors and City Sheriffs, and nearly all physicians and surgeons in large practice in London, job their carriage-horses. Job-masters undertake to supply the place of a sick or lame horse with another ; that is to say, where you deal with a man who has a large stud you are always sure of not being without a horse longer than is required to make the exchange.

The drawbacks of the jobbing system are, that you cannot absolutely secure the class of horse, the colour of horse, or the sort of action you prefer ; you must take what the job-master has got ; and cannot expect, if you use only one or one pair of horses, to be as well served as if you took several pair for the season.

Job-masters make it a point to understand their customers' habits. They send much better horses to those who use them for two or three hours' steady slow exercise only, than to those who keep them out late at night and early in the morning, or who insist on fast driving, and taking excursions to the very limit of the contract—in London, usually seven miles from Charing Cross.

On the other side, if you are fortunate enough to possess one or a pair of sound seasoned horses of your own, that are never, in dealer's phrase, "sick or sorry," they may last you three, five, or ten years. Even then, if full-sized, and somewhat stale, but not actually lame, they will sell or let for something considerable. A celebrated job-master in Mayfair had, a few years ago, a pair of blood barouche horses of the finest action, which were respectively nineteen and twenty years old, let in the season at the highest price.

Thus the horse that cost you £80 to buy would cost you to job about £150 in three years. It is, in fact, a case between insuring and taking the risk on yourself. The lower the price of the horses you are contented to use, the more the calculation is in favour of purchasing against jobbing. But ladies who are obliged to trust entirely to servants, should always job, if within five miles of a job-master.

A professional man (not a doctor) adopted the plan of always having one horse of his own and a jobbing one. Thus for his daily drive to Westminster he always had a horse at his service; his wife had a fashionable stepper for her afternoon calls; and when a distance was to be done, the two were harnessed as a pair. This is an ingenious arrangement, which combines the advantages of the two systems.

In the country, or wherever the nearest job-master lives a distance of a day's journey, or where a horse of a useful character and moderate price will do all that is required, and especially where you have a positive pleasure in admiring and petting your horse, you must purchase; but be prepared for a certain per-centage of loss on the average of a series of years, by death, sickness, lameness, and wearing out.

Having decided to purchase, the first step is to engage a servant to drive, and do the work of the stable. Although you may know nothing of cookery, or the minute details of a butler's duty, these being both constantly under your eye you soon find, or your friends find out for you, whether either is competent for his duties. In the same way, it is not very difficult to find out whether a man can drive or not; but for the due performance of stable duties, every horse-owner is to a great degree dependent on the capability and conscience of his only or principal groom; whilst those who know nothing are entirely dependent on this servant, and can only judge of his stable industry and fidelity by results. The less you know yourself, or the more occupied you are, the more necessary it is that your servant should thoroughly understand his stable and coach-house duties, and industriously perform them. There are servants who know their duties well, but become very slack where there is no master's eye. The art of grooming is seldom attained, even by the most industrious and apt man, who has not commenced as a boy under a competent teacher and severe disciplinarian. The only exceptions are cavalry soldiers, who, when they have not been too long in the army, make very good servants. In India the horse-soldier has servants to wait on *him*, and is utterly spoiled after a few years' service.

The first question to be asked is, "With whom did you live last?" and "Where did you learn your business?" The best grooms are trained in hunting-stables, beginning at fourteen or fifteen years of age at latest. Very good ones, although always not very smart, come from the stables of farmers who hunt to sell their young horses. The sons of coachmen, who have lived in the stable from the time they could walk, under the severe discipline of a parent who knew his

business and liked his ease, and did not spare the ash-plant when its application was deserved; who habitually smoked a pipe sitting on the corn-chest or a reversed stable-bucket, to superintend the evening duties of his boy—are the best. The stable-boys of a training-stable thoroughly understand cleaning and clothing a horse; but they are seldom content to descend to a hack or home stables, and have generally, unless very heavy, been turned away for some good—or bad—cause. Some very clever grooms are trained by clergymen in hunting counties, of small means and horsey tastes. In a word, a stableman, to arrive at any degree of perfection in connection with the number of minute details of stable management, must be "caught young," and trained by a just and severe tutor.

Some of the very best "general utility" ride-and-drive grooms come from the stables of fox-hunting country surgeons, who "make" young horses to sell. To such grooms, a situation with a liberal master, who does not want his horses and carriage in and out at all hours of the day and night, is a rise in the world. A broken-down man, who has fallen from a situation in a first-rate stud to look after a horse and brougham, is seldom worth much. The masters of subscription packs of hounds who are their own huntsmen, and who look to the stable management themselves, turn out many excellent stablemen, who leave when they think they are worth more than sixteen shillings a week.

Very frequently stablemen, that is strappers, cannot ride well enough to be trusted with a valuable horse; and when that is the case they cannot be taught. But driving is an art that an apt pupil with good nerve and docility may learn in a very short time, as will be shown in a chapter on the subject. It is, therefore, sometimes worth while to put a man from the country, when he is a good stableman, sober, industrious, and honest, under the tuition of one of the wonderful brake-coachmen who are to be found in London dealers' stables.

According to the vulgar prejudice of some persons, who from their station and education ought to know better, all grooms and coachmen are rogues. The author of a work on "Stable Management," who seems to have been most unfortunate in his experience, says, "The present race of grooms are corrupt beyond all hope of reformation." No statement can be more unjust. Admirable, devoted men, of the strictest integrity, are to be found amongst the class, in spite of the numerous temptations to which they are exposed; but they are always in the service of good masters, who know how to appreciate and reward faithful service.

When you have a really good servant, who loves his horses, keeps them in first-rate condition, is always ready and willing to obey any reasonable commands (some gentlemen, and more ladies, are thoughtless and unreasonable about horse-work), and who has your interest at heart in preference to that of the horse-dealer, the corn-dealer, the saddler, and the coachmaker, take care, by wages and considerate treatment—"money and fair words," as the old proverb says—to make him value his place. Without absolute wickedness, mere idleness and carelessness in a groom may be very expensive. But as any groom can make a horse sick, a bad feeder, a slug, restive, or lame, with very slight chance of detection, liberal wages, to secure and retain the services of a really good man, are true economy. If possible, let your place, either in wages or in amount of work, or position (of which servants think a great deal), begin by being a rise in the world.

The capacity of a coachman as stable manager can be tested in a few months by the most ignorant master. If the horses are not overworked, and are of sound constitution, they should look well and go well; if not, the fault is with the coachman. A carriage and pair of horses, to be turned out every day for three or four hours in town in first-rate style, require, in addition to the industrious services of the driver, the constant work of a good strapper, who may be a wiry lad of seventeen or eighteen. He should be selected by the coachman, who will then be responsible for him.

HORSE KEEP.

There is a limit to the appetite of even the biggest horses; although the corn merchant's bills brought in to some maiden ladies and gentlemen unlearned in stable lore would pay for the consumption of a couple of elephants. Horses and ponies whose appearance is no object, where the pace seldom exceeds six miles an hour, where every hill is ascended and descended at a walk, may be fed on hay alone; and on hay, that is dry grass alone, horses travel in the Australian and Canadian colonies for days in succession, for twelve and fourteen hours a day, at the rate of about four miles an hour. But where well-bred horses are expected to look well, and go well and fast, their principal food must be oats; therefore the price of oats, and the quantity consumed each day, form the most important items in calculating the expense of horse-keep. In the cavalry, in omnibus establishments, and other commercial horse-studs, horses are fed by weight, but the customary and colloquial system is by measure in quarterns.

TABLE OF CORN (OATS, BEANS, MAIZE) MEASURE.

Four quarterns (not quarts) make a peck.
Four pecks make a bushel.
Four bushels make a sack (in Norfolk and Suffolk a coomb).
Eight bushels make a quarter.
A truss of straw weighs thirty-six pounds.
A truss of hay weighs fifty-six pounds.

The estimated consumption in one of the best livery stables in London per horse per week, is about two bushels of oats, two bushels of chaff, one truss of hay, and two trusses of straw.

Job horses, which it is the interest of the proprietor to keep in the best possible condition, are supplied, according to size, with, per fortnight, eight to ten bushels of oats (or oats with beans if old horses), two sacks of good chaff of hay and clover, three trusses of hay, and four to six trusses of straw.

OF CAVALRY HORSES.

The regulated allowance per day is, of oats ten pounds, of hay twelve pounds, or about a quarter of a truss; but this is not enough when they have to camp out in wet weather.

OF OMNIBUS HORSES.

The daily allowance of omnibus horses in a very large establishment is to each seventeen pounds of corn, a mixture of oats and maize, with ten pounds of meadow hay and clover cut into chaff—the proportion of maize depending on its relative cheapness as compared with oats. Oats are always preferred if cheap enough.

OF CAB HORSES.

In a stable where nearly 200 cab-horses are kept by one proprietor, the allowance per week is four bushels of corn, with a proportionate quantity of chaff and a truss of hay (fifty-six pounds) per week; but as part of the oats is given out in nose-bags, there is a great deal of waste. At every cab-stand may be seen a number of fowls and pigeons which seem to depend for their living on the waste of the nose-bags.

OF HUNTERS.

Twelve hunters in Leicestershire, each in first-class condition, will not consume more than twelve pounds of oats, two pounds of beans, and six to eight pounds of the best hay daily.

The bedding of a horse in a stable may be well done with two trusses of straw per week.

Good oats should weigh at least forty pounds per bushel.

A pair of ponies, not over 13½ hands, in full condition for Park display, can be kept well on 100 pounds of oats and two trusses of hay per week—the oats to be increased and the hay diminished if they drive long distances day after day. Nothing can equal ponies for long journeys in harness.

The allowance for about 100 entire horses shipped to India for the Government of that Dependency was ten pounds of oats, twelve pounds of compressed hay, and a bushel of bran daily.

Beans, which should only be allowed to horses over six years old, in hard work, and in cold wet weather, weigh sixty pounds to the bushel, and may be given in substitution for an equal weight of corn. When horses stand in loose boxes, they may require an extra truss of straw; but the above is the outside consumption of hard-working horses in galloping condition. There are, however, instances where the corn bill of a maiden lady has reached £2 per week per horse for a pair of fat animals that never did more than seven miles per day. The job-master's calculation is that with 100 horses each costs him on an average £50 a year for fodder, clothing, and shoeing.

CHAPTER II.

CARRIAGES.

When to Purchase—Family and Fashionable Carriages. *Four-wheeled Carriages:* The Brougham—Its Advantages—History of—Details of Building—Best kind of Wheels and Shafts—Its Drawbacks—Requisites of a Brougham Horse—Brougham Harness—Driver of Brougham—The Sociable Landau—Changes in Carriages owing to Macadam and Railroads—The Wagonette—Its Advantages—Necessary Size of Seats and Backs—The Coach—The Chariot—Anecdote—The Barouche—The Victoria—Carriages to be Driven by Owner—The Mail Phaeton, a Man's Carriage—The Park Phaeton, a Ladies' Carriage—Good Horses Required—The Stanhope Phaeton—The Four-wheeled *vis-à-vis* Pony Phaeton—Changes in Carriage Taxes, and Adoption of Light Four-wheeled Carriages—Four-wheeled Dog Carts. *Two-wheeled Carriages:* Ancient Use of—The Curricle—Expense and Disappearance of—The Cabriolet—The Gig—Care Required in Construction of—Effect of Mr. Lowe's Reduction of Carriage Duty on Two-wheeled Vehicles—The Private Hansom—Curiosities—The Equirotal—The Sledge—The Carriole—Public Carriages—Taxes on Carriages—Hints on Preserving Carriages—Miscellaneous Notes.

WHEN the owner of a new carriage, costing more than £100, is not obliged by the demands of fashion to have some novel shape every two or three years, or when he is not a professional man, driving over the stones every day from morning to night, or when he is not so much the slave of an unscrupulous coachman that the carriage must be sent to the builder's every month in order to increase the invaluable servant's pocket-money, then the best and cheapest way is not to hire, but to purchase from a really respectable builder, pay cash down, and have all the advantages of discount. There are certain firms whose names are as sure a guarantee for the excellence of material and workmanship as the mint-mark on a sovereign; but in dealing with them you must be prepared to pay something for reputation, just as you expect to pay more for a dress from Worth of Paris than for the production of the cleverest and most tasteful dressmaker unknown to fame. The second-hand carriages of these great names always sell for a good price at public auctions. They are worth buying, even if, within a year or two, they may require new wheels and re-varnishing at an expense of from £30 to £40. But, besides the acknowledged heads of the trade, there are, both in town and country, a number of builders of capital and mechanical skill, whose trade expenses, in long credit and other ways, being less than those of fashionable firms, can afford to sell an equally good article, for cash, at a lower price by £20 or £30 per cent.

Although excellent carriages are built in the North, South, and East of London, as well as in Long Acre and the West, and although builders of well-deserved local reputation are to be found in Scotland, in Ireland, and in almost every county of England, it may be laid down as a safe rule, whether in town or country, that it is best to go to a man for what he is most in the habit of building. A coachmaker may turn out an excellent dog-cart, T-cart, wagonette, or any other sort of gentleman's driving carriage, who does not keep the workmen or the models for making a really satisfactory brougham, landau, or barouche, and *vice versâ*. As a rule, not without exceptions, the town builder best understands the requirements of town; the countryman is the best judge of the article for long distances and rough roads.

There are four essentially family carriages, although three of them may also be all that is most fashionable—the brougham, the sociable landau, the wagonette, and the four-inside four-

wheeled pony phaeton. There are three essentially fashionable carriages, very expensive when purchased new, almost unsaleable when offered second-hand, even if all but new. These are the C-springed coach, in which the many-daughtered duchess proceeds to Court; the chariot, now scarcely used except at levees and drawing-rooms, by the Sheriffs of the City of London, and a few physicians who affect the old style; and the barouche, the most aristocratic and stately of all carriages, when complete with a pair of gigantic steppers, splendid in plate and patent

STATE CARRIAGE.

leather, and a coachman and footman of appropriate size, in gorgeous uniforms; or appointed in the style used by royalty, called by the French *à la Daumont*, with four horses and two postillions.

FOUR-WHEELED CARRIAGES: THE BROUGHAM.

For the owner of a carriage who does not make driving a pleasure, for a family, a single lady, or a bachelor, whether for town or country use, the brougham—which, speaking historically, is one of the most modern of close carriages—occupies the first place. It is the only close carriage that looks well with one horse and one man. It looks equally well with a pair, if their size harmonises with the carriage. It may be light and single for the Park, or capacious and double for the happy pair with a full quiver. It is the warmest carriage in winter, and is cool, with all the windows open, in summer. It requires no second man-servant, although there is room beside the driving-groom for a page. It is equally useful for shopping on the stones; or, fitted with a luggage-basket, as a conveyance in the country, or to and from the railway station. In the Park, and at other assemblies of the fashionable, the windows of a brougham are so "hung on the line" as to present a fair face at the very best point of view for admiration and for conversation. For these reasons it is worth while to make the chapter on the brougham the text for a brief sketch of the rise and progress to perfection of English pleasure-carriages.

The brougham, invented in 1839 by the great and eccentric genius, Lord Chancellor Brougham, whose name it bears, was the consequence of his finding his coachman and footman not ready one day with a chariot and pair, after a series of nights of waiting for the politician, orator, author, and man of fashion. He asked his coachmaker for a close carriage, which one man could manage and one horse could draw, not so ponderous as the pill-box, the one-horse chariot of apothecaries, which was a standing subject for the jokes of wits of the time of George III. The first attempts were very heavy affairs, more of the present street cab style than anything else; but, when taken up by the fathers of the West End trade, they soon became, in spite of much ridicule, the rage.

The brougham killed the cabriolet, just as the stanhope gig and the cabriolet killed the curricle. The social results of this one-horse "carriage of gentility" have been immense. It has become alike the carriage of the family party and of the solitary "swell," of the hard-working professional man and of the "girl of the period." All conditions of men and women avail themselves of it as a thing of utility and elegance. The brougham is the parent of the four-wheeled cab, which, with all its faults, is an immense improvement in comfort, convenience, cleanliness, and economy, upon the straw-littered Jarvey. The secret history of the brougham—its origin, rise, progress, and triumph over fashionable prejudices—has not yet been written. In the work on pleasure-carriages published in 1837, by Mr. Brydges Adams, then a coachbuilder, he makes no reference to anything like it. Industrious biographers, who devote their whole energies to chronicling the lives of jockeys, blacklegs, and boxers, recording their tastes in meats, drinks, and pudding, and embalming their professional jokes in a fringe of quotations from classical dictionaries, have not taken up the subject. But perhaps gamblers are more grateful than coach-builders, or more anxious for such fame as a sporting chronicler can bestow.

Broughams were at first built to hold two persons only. They were afterwards extended to accommodate four persons, and have finally settled into the two shapes, single and double. They rapidly came into use in the highest circles, when the fairest of the fair discovered that the windows presented charming portraits, and that, low hung on wheels, they had all the advantages of the curricle or cabriolet, with none of their dangers and difficulties. It was found that the magnificent class of horse previously appropriated to the cabriolet looked twice as well in a brougham, could travel twice as far, and, with a weight off his fore legs, last twice as long. Besides, if it were necessary to make a long journey instead of a succession of flashes through street or park, then, by exchanging the sixteen-hands stepper for a pair of small light blood-horses, the brougham became the most agreeable conveyance, where the beauties of nature were not the object of the journey. In the early days of broughams an attempt was made by the late Lord Lytton (then Mr. Lytton Bulwer) to reproduce the chariots with hammercloth and knifeboard for the footmen; but these were soon found to be mistakes.

The first broughams, as before observed, were very heavy; some fashionable builders, with whose customers the cost of horseflesh is no object, still build them up to great weights. These are the most comfortable, although the most expensive carriages; but the majority of brougham-builders nowadays confine the weight to from about six hundredweight for a single, to eight hundredweight for a double brougham. The ladies' broughams, called miniatures, drawn by a blood-horse under 15 hands 2 inches high, seemed only able to hold *one* in crinoline days. The single brougham has superseded not only the cabriolet but the *vis à-vis*, which also held two only; and with coachman, hammercloth seat, and knifeboard, was a Court carriage. For town use, one horse of sufficient weight and courage is the most convenient, and particularly for night use, especially for those who do not keep a number of men-servants. For show, or for long distances

in the country, a pair of small horses between 14 hands and 15 hands 2 inches, either cobs or highly bred, are better.

The early popularity of the brougham is proved by the fact that it was adopted by the late Sir Richard Sutton, the celebrated Master of the Quorn Hounds, as his solitary conveyance to cover side, for Sir Richard was one of the most conservative of squires. We once saw the late Sir Charles Knightly, one of the last of the top-booted country squires, who equally abhorred posting and railways, and always hacked up to town from his seat in Northamptonshire, in a brougham, but we do not think it was his own.

Broughams vary in price from £100 (country built) to £180. A very good carriage may be had for £150, with shafts, pole, and bars. It is one of the carriages in which the certainty of good materials, good workmanship, and a good price if sold again, are worth something extra, even by way of insurance.

In order to give an idea of the minute details required to produce a sound serviceable carriage, we give the following description of the processes followed in building a brougham, supplied us for publication in *All the Year Round*, by a successful country coach-builder :—

"The first step for the construction is to make a chalk drawing on a brick wall of the same size. On this design depends the style of the carriage. Some builders are happy or unhappy in designing novelties, others have a traditional design, a certain characteristic outline, from which they will on no consideration depart. The next step is to make patterns of the various parts. In first-class factories, each skilled workman has been apprenticed to, and follows only one branch of, the trade. The leading workmen in wood are body-makers, carriage-builders, wheelers, and joiners, all highly-skilled artisans, as may be judged from the fact that a chest of their tools is worth as much as £30.

"The framework is sawn out of English oak. The pieces, when cut by the band-saws, are worked up, rabbeted, and grooved to receive the panels; and thus a skeleton is ready for the smith and fitter, who, taking mild steel to homogeneous iron, forge and fit a stiff plate along the inside cart-bottom framework, following the various curves, and bolted on so as to form a sort of back-bone to the carriage, which takes the place of the perch, universally the foundation of four-wheeled carriages before the general adoption of iron and steel. The frame is then covered with thin panels of mahogany, blocked, canvassed, and the whole rounded off. After a few coats of priming, the upper part is covered with the skin of an ox, pulled over wet; this tightens itself in drying, and makes the whole construction as *taut* as a drum-head, the joints impervious to rain and unaffected by the extremes of heat or cold.

"Meanwhile, the 'carriage-maker,' the technical name of the artisan who makes the under-works, arranges the parts to which the springs and axles are bolted, so that the body may hang square, and turn evenly with the horses. The coach-smith and spring-maker have also been at work arranging the springs, the length and strength of which must be nicely calculated to the weight estimated to be carried. The ends of these springs are filled with india-rubber, to make the carriage run lightly and softly.

"The best modern wheels are on the American plan of two segments, instead of several short curves. These, thanks to Mr. Bessemer, are bound with steel tires, and, when bushed and footed with Collinge's excellent wrought-iron axle-boxes, are ready to run a thousand miles. In the shafts of four-wheeled carriages, one of the greatest modern improvements is the substitution of wrought-iron hollow tubes for wood. The iron shafts are much stronger, and cannot under any circumstances injure the horse by splintering; they can also, without loss of strength, be made to assume the most graceful curves.

"The brougham, all the minor metal work being fitted, is now ready to be turned over to the painters and trimmers.

"The wood-work intended to be varnished is 'primed,' and then 'filled up' with a coarse metallic substance, and then rubbed down with pumice-stone and water, to obtain the beautiful enamelled surface which forms the foundation for the colour and varnishes of the resplendent panels. On this foundation, in a first-class brougham, a builder who cares for his reputation will lay twenty-four coats of paint and varnish, and flat-down each; therefore the operation cannot be hurried, and time is an element in producing a well-made and well-finished carriage, which no expense can supersede. A herald-painter puts in the owner's crest or monogram before the last coat of varnish is laid on."

Broughams have, it must be admitted, certain drawbacks. They are not so easy in long journeys as a well-hung chariot, and they afford no view of picturesque scenery. They frequently give out a disagreeable humming noise; they have little room for luggage; indeed, the latest forms of broughams are cut and carved so closely to make them light and elegant, that they barely afford place for the travelling-bag of more than one passenger.

The chariot owes its pleasant motion to its C springs, one of the greatest mechanical improvements in carriages achieved in the eighteenth century, although the motion is not agreeable to every one. Broughams for invalids and London physicians have been built with C springs, but they are cumbrous, expensive, almost unsaleable second-hand, and absolutely require a pair of horses; the swing of the body adding a sensible increase to the absolute weight when still.

The late Mr. William Brydges Adams thought that the humming noise which is sometimes found in the carriages of eminent builders was due to the drum-like construction of the curved floor, and he suggested a false floor, the intermediate space filled with sawdust. We have not tried the experiment, but think it is worth trying.

To carry luggage, coach-builders provide a basket fitted at the top, like the "imperial" of a posting-chariot in days when posting was one of the institutions of the country, on which any reasonable number of trunks and portmanteaus can be secured without danger to the roof.

Broughams are usually lined with either leather or cloth, or a combination of cloth and morocco leather—the latter being a convenient and economical arrangement, as the cushions are used with the leather side uppermost in hot, and the cloth in cold weather. Satin, in brilliant colours—blue, pink, rose, and even white—has occasionally been employed by those with whom expense was "no object." During the year Paris was besieged, a Parisian coupé (the French name for a brougham) was for sale at Baker Street Bazaar, of excellent workmanship, lined with violet silk-velvet. But such are extravagances confined to the few.

A number of convenient details have been added to modern close carriages, such as a speaking-tube for communicating with the coachman, a lamp for reading at night, a foot-stool to be filled with warm water in winter, a mirror craftily concealed, in which a lady may give a final touch to her head before arriving at a country house after a long drive, and door-locks that open and shut like those of a drawing-room.

The patent drag used from the coach-box, by merely taking hold of a handle, has been brought to great perfection; but it is scarcely required on the stones of London, except by the dwellers at Highgate and Hampstead. In hilly countries it is invaluable on every kind of four-wheeled carriage. All the latest inventions of the kind, whether useful or merely new and expensive, may be studied in a visit to the show-rooms of our most fashionable builders, or to the carriage bazaars of Belgravia or Baker Street, where sometimes at the close of the season very handsome equipages, purchased on credit, are to be sold at a "frightful sacrifice for cash."

Although, by occasional flashes of fashion, broughams are painted in bright and even gay colours, where only one is kept it is better to adhere to sombre shades. Bright colours suit only bright days. What would be suitable to the season in Paris would look as much out of place for nine months out of twelve in England as a summer paletot in winter. "Colours are generally divided into two classes—the warm and the cold. Red and yellow, and their various gradations, are warm colours; green and blue, and their various gradations, are cold colours. The intermingling of the opposite colours forms neutrals. In choosing the colour of a carriage, various considerations intervene—whether it is to be used in summer or in winter, or in both seasons—whether it is intended to look rich at the outset, without regard to wear, or whether the chief consideration be durability. The warm colours are of course the most appropriate for winter, and the cold ones for summer; but those which look the richest are not generally those which wear the best. As an

BROUGHAM.

exception to this, however, the yellows, which are both rich and showy, are amongst the most durable colours. For bright sunny days the straw or sulphur-yellow is very brilliant and beautiful; but for the autumnal haze the rich deep orange hue conveys the most agreeable sensations. Once yellow was the universal colour of coaches and chariots, now it is quite the exception. The greens used are of innumerable tints, commencing with the yellowish olive, and gradually darkening till they are barely distinguishable from black. Neither tea-green, apple-green, grass-green, sea-green, nor any green of a bluish tint, can be used in carriage-painting with good effect as a ground-colour; but in some species of light carriages a pleasing effect may be produced for summer by the imitation of the variegated grasses. The dark greens look the richest, but do not wear so well, the slightest specks being magnified by the dark surface. They look best in the winter time. Olive-greens are preferable for the summer, as they show the dust less and are amongst the most generally durable colours. The browns are scarcely less numerous than the greens, and even more durable; but the lighter shades of brown have rather an unpleasing effect, far too homely for varnish. Some of

the darker browns become exceedingly rich with the admixture of a reddish tint, from the first faint tinge up to the deep beautiful chocolate-colour, the intermediate shades between which and a decided lake afford perhaps the very richest ground-colours used in carriage-painting. Blues were formerly much used as a ground-colour for bodies, to contrast with a red carriage and frame-work. Of late very dark blues have been used as a general ground-colour, and when new they are very rich, being a glazed or partially transparent colour; but they very soon become worn and faded, the least speck or dust disfiguring them. Blue is also a cold colour, and while it is unfitted for summer by reason of its easy soiling, it is unpleasant in winter, owing to its want of warmth. Drabs are very rarely used for painting-colours, though for some peculiar purposes they might be advantageously applied." Where taste or fashion is an object, the colour of the carriage and the livery (if any) of the coachman, should harmonise. Gaiety may be given to the more sombre hues by harness rich in metal ornament, by gay-coloured saddle-cloth, and rosettes.

THE BROUGHAM-HORSE.

Every sort of horse may be seen in broughams: heavy brutes just fit for Pickford's vans; light weeds, more suited to a butcher's flying cart; prancing giraffes, that, if the colour suited, would be in place in a mourning-coach; plodding cobs, travelling with necks poked out like a harnessed pig. Fortunately, many people are content with anything that will draw them, and no more think of looking at the form of a horse than at that of a locomotive steam-engine.

But the brougham-horse proper, although he may have many defects, should have certain qualities. He may carry such an exaggerated forehead as to make riding him out of the question; but he should stand well, in a noble attitude, and should move with a certain grandeur of action, the very opposite of the quick sharp pace of a mail phaeton pair. He may have an ugly head, which can be concealed in a very elaborate bridle, and a shabby tail, but he must carry both well. In a full-sized brougham, weight is indispensable; in a light, single, or miniature brougham, a blood-horse is more appropriate. In either case, the size of the horse should be in harmony with the size of the carriage. It is as great an error in taste to use a large beast like a camel, almost lifting the fore-wheels off the ground if he make an extra stride, as to have a horse so small, and working with his neck so low, that he is lost in the shafts.

A brougham, intended to carry at least four persons inside, should have a horse able to walk fast, and to trot away with it easily at the rate of eight miles an hour, which is pace enough on the stones for any family party. There is nothing in worse taste, although it is often seen in the more fashionable quarters of London, than a small brougham, a massive coachman and a gigantic footman in full liveries, and a pair of sixteen-hands barouche-horses before them.

The broughams which require a single horse from 15 hands 2½ inches to 15 hands 3 inches will be properly horsed by a pair of well-bred, well-crested horses of from 14½ hands to 15 hands. Always supposing that a horse has power enough for the weight behind him, his appearance depends more on the way he carries his head and neck than on his height at the shoulder.

As to colour, the purchaser of a brougham-horse has much more range than the purchaser of a pair. If the size and action are right, any colour will do, but the more extraordinary the colour, the more necessity for fine action. As a rule, the owner of only one horse should not choose a piebald or skewbald; nor, if he keep only one man, a light grey, for a light grey requires half a man more to keep clean than any other colour. But where a carriage is much used at night, white is a good colour for the coachman to find in a long rank, and a good colour to drive through dark lanes, as it reflects the light of the lamps, and leaves no excuse for the drivers of carts returning from market.

BROUGHAM HARNESS.

Brougham single harness should have a rather solid style, a full-sized pad, traces fairly broad, and where a kicking-strap is used—as it always should be with a mare—long breeching. Where breeching is really required to hold up a carriage, the short is considered the most effective; but the general introduction of the patent brake has rendered breeching necessary only for backing. A brougham-horse does not, as a rule, look well "naked of leather;" his stately proportions seem to harmonise with a good deal of harness.

The metal-work may be silver, brass, or covered. Brass, to look well and wear well, must be of the best quality, and solid. It requires more work to keep clean and bright than silver. Brass harness is in England the royal and truly aristocratic style. Where there is only one man in the stable, the less metal-work he has to clean, the better. Metal-work covered with leather, except where there is friction, or japanned black, may be relieved from any funereal suspicions by a gay saddle-cloth, coloured rosettes, and frontispiece to the bridle. Other particulars as to harness will be found in a special chapter devoted to that subject.

THE DRIVER OF A BROUGHAM.

In the days when a carriage meant nothing less than a chariot and pair, the equipage was not complete without two servants, a coachman in full livery and a footman, whose principal duty was to open and close the door, unfold and refold the elaborate steps, and lend real assistance with an extended arm to the occupants ascending or descending the rickety staircase. The brougham, besides saving at least £100 as compared with a chariot, dispensed with one horse and a footman, reduced the rank of driver, and rendered it possible even in families of high social condition to employ a much less important personage in a less expensive costume. The driver of a brougham wears a round hat—no wig—top-boots, gaiters, or, quite as often, trousers. The last is a modern innovation, which cannot be sanctioned in the coachman of a chariot, barouche, or coach.

A brougham may be driven by a youth; and, if not too short, a lad of eighteen who really can drive looks a great deal better on the box of a single miniature brougham than his respectable welter-weight parent. At the trial not long since of a running-down case, in which an officer of the Guards, a four-in-hand man, was the successful plaintiff, it appeared that his carriage was driven by a youth, described as "a very intelligent lad, seventeen years of age." But this presumes that the stable-work is done by a man of full age, and size, and strength. It takes a strong man in hard condition to put the best polish on a regularly-worked harness-horse. There are, in families where a carriage is a necessity and economy an object, now and then to be found men who look after a carriage and horse, or even a pair, attend to a garden, and make themselves generally useful. Such servants are the subjects of many sneers, which are only deserved when the employer pretends to gentility on the strength of his coach-house. There are excellent men amongst these industrious and energetic "gardeners," who, when found really able and willing to do these multifarious duties, cannot be made too much of. One man may manage a carriage and pair of horses, but only on condition that appearance is sacrificed to utility, and that the equipage is rarely required two days running. The varnish of a carriage soon suffers if not cleaned as soon as returned to the coach-house, at however late an hour; and one man cannot do that. Horses of good constitution will feed and do well with very little grooming; but they can neither travel so fast nor look so blooming as those to which one stout strapper gives his undivided attention twice a day.

In towns where stable-rent is very high, and only one horse and carriage are kept, it is more economical to put them to livery, taking care to reward the foreman of the yard whenever, by late hours or otherwise, you give extra trouble. This arrangement is made more perfect by employing

a house-servant to drive, in addition to his other duties. Where that can be managed, the combined coachman and footman has only to change his coat, is always neat, is always at hand, and does not smell of the stable.

I am quite aware that there are weak masters who pretend to despise all small economies in horseflesh, and weaker authors who write as if no stable was worth consideration when not attached to an establishment of many thousands a year. Such is the tone of the toadies to be found round the tables of a sporting Dives, ready to sponge on any one who endures their flattery, or to borrow from any one who cares for their spoken or written admiration.

THE LANDAU, OR SOCIABLE LANDAU.

The modern sociable landau is one example of the many improvements in wheeled carriages,

SOCIABLE LANDAU.

in the direction of lightness, cheapness, and general utility, which have been achieved since 1851 for the benefit of the middle, and freely accepted by the wealthiest classes. The reporter on carriages at the Great International Exhibition of 1851, the late Mr. Holland, regretted the absence of specimens of the "dress or plain *vis-à-vis*, the latter a style of carriage being now absolutely extinct—the dress or plain coach, which, except in one of the establishments of Royalty and of high sheriffs' of counties use, is almost a curiosity; the mail coach, which has since been revived by the summer speculations of amateurs; and of the 'landau.'"

In the Report on the Carriage Department of the International Exhibition of 1862* we observe that "the tastes and requirements for private carriages have of late years taken a great change. The English department does not contain a single carriage fitted with a hammercloth." Nor is there a "travelling carriage." "Since 1851 horses of a smaller breed have been used, and

* Messrs. Holland, Hooper, and Peters, of London, Mr. Holmes, of Derby, and Lord Torrington (to represent customers) were the English jury.

a demand has arisen for smaller and lighter carriages. It is probable that the carriages exhibited in the British department in 1862 are one-fourth lighter than in 1851." Several manufacturers have combined comfort, lightness, and elegance, with great success. This they consider to be partly the result of employing "tough steel instead of iron," or, "more accurately described as very dense, hard, tough iron, that is capable of welding, but requires somewhat more care than ordinary best carriage-iron to make." In the course of eleven years a then neglected carriage (in 1851) had come into high favour, for they say: "In consequence of improvements in landaus, especially by the reduction in weight, the demand for them has recently much increased. They are well suited to the variable climate of the British Isles, as they can be readily changed from an open to a close carriage, and *vice versâ*."

WAGONETTE.

The stately barouche is in form substantially the same as in the days of Pitt, when Jockey of Norfolk, the Jacobin duke, protested against the powder tax, by riding out with his own Brutus crop of the natural colour, his coachman, footman, and postillions in flaxen wigs, while the manes and tails of the six black horses that drew his carriage were white with the newly-taxed powder.

The ponderous coach, still maintained as an object of hereditary state in a few noble families, is built much on the same lines, although not of the same weight, as in the days of "Good Queen Anne," when a team of "long-tailed Flanders mares" were required to make the equipage complete. The Flanders mares were succeeded by the Yorkshire or Cleveland bay coach-horse. When roads improved and carriages became less ponderous, by repeated crosses with blood-horses, the Cleveland bay was improved into the modern blood barouche-horse. These changes in the direction of less expensive carriages have taken place for the benefit of classes who have risen to undreamed-of comfort and luxury with the progress of the manufactures and trade of the country.

Commerce has done something, by placing within the reach of our coach-builders ample supplies of materials once scarce and dear: the reduction of taxes formerly levied on horses, servants, and carriages, on a penal rising scale, increasing with the number of each; the repeal of all the taxes, direct and indirect, on timber, leather, steel, silk, woollen, and every material used in coach-building, have done still more toward decreasing the cost and increasing the variety of pleasure-carriages. But Macadam was the great reformer of the trade. Before his time, paved mail-coach roads and highways had all but abolished the six horses attended by a bevy of running footmen, and occasionally supplemented by a team of oxen, which were required in the reigns of the two first Georges to draw a coach through muddy roads axle deep. Arthur Young devotes pages of his "Agricultural Tours" to protests against the abominable condition of the roads, and relates how, when journeying to Preston, he had to hire two men to support his gig. Macadam, by the even surface with which he replaced jolting stone pavement and miles of deep ruts, rendered it possible to dispense with the ton weight of wood and iron previously required to resist the shocks of a journey along the main roads of the country.

Macadam's works, as perfected by Telford, were followed by railways, which reduced stage-coaches, just as they had reached perfection, to the value of old materials; destroyed the professors of four-in-hand, and finally abolished those luxurious posting chariots, without which, before the days of the iron horse, no country gentleman's coach-house was complete.

The last coaches drawn by six-horses, four being in hand, the leading pair conducted by a postillion, preceded and followed by a pair of outriders with harness-bridles on their horses, which were supposed to be there ready to take the place if any of the team were disabled, all the mounted servants wearing on one arm armorial badges, were to be seen on the race-courses of Doncaster, York, and Chester about the time of the first Reform Bill, while racing was still a county institution.

The sociable landau is the latest outcome of the advances toward smooth roads and light vehicles. The design is very old, and, in a ponderous shape, was in use at least at the commencement of the present century—a double-seated coach, calculated to hold from four to six inside, and so contrived as to be converted, not without a good deal of trouble, into an open carriage. When of the chariot shape, it was called a landaulet.

By abolishing the heavy under-carriage with the perch, by the ingenious use of japanned leather of a size, softness, and quality unknown before the repeal of the excise and customs duties on leather, a carriage has been produced with as much internal accommodation as the old-fashioned coach at about half the cost, of about half the weight, and with such improvements in mechanical arrangements that it can be opened or closed with very great facility. Indeed, a series of inventions have recently been patented by which the opening or closing can be performed with the greatest ease by one person, without stopping the carriage.

These sociable landaus are made in several sizes, up to the demands of the most numerous families, and fitted, if required, with a dicky behind, for the use, in the country, of the valet and lady's maid. They are also cut down to the weight of one horse; but they do not look so well, are not so neat as a brougham, and are much less durable. With a pair of horses less expensive than a heavier carriage requires, the sociable landau is a convenient and agreeable vehicle for town or country, for winter or summer. The fitting of the movable head requires the hand of a good mechanic, and should be of the very best materials.

These carriages are made sufficiently near the ground, with an automatic step-apparatus, to dispense with a second servant, if desired; but they are more complete with a page or footman. They require more careful cleaning and attention than a solid modern carriage. They have

to a great extent superseded, in their latest form, that vulgar enlargement of the brougham called a clarence.

THE WAGONETTE.

The wagonette is quite a modern invention, and did not come into general use until some years after the International Exhibition of 1851, although, according to the Report on the Carriage Department of the Exhibition of 1862, "the first wagonette was built in 1846, under the personal direction of the late Prince Consort." The authors, editors, or combiners, whoever they were—for it was not the work of one hand—deserve the greatest credit and the warmest gratitude of social parties and economical parents. A combination of all the best parts of the Irish inside car, the French sportman's *char à banc*, the English brake, and the modern stanhope phaeton, it may be constructed so as to suit one pony or one full-sized horse, a pair of cobs, or a four-in-hand. It may be driven by a groom or a gentleman, to convey, beside the driver and his companion on the box, either two, four, or six, sitting face to face in pleasant converse, with two grooms hanging on spoon-like receptacles outside the door. It may be what is called "reversible," and converted into a stanhope phaeton; or, by letting down hinged seats, into a *fourgon* for luggage, or a wagon to bring home fodder from a home farm. With the addition of a sort of cover, which may hang suspended from a pulley in the coach-house, it may be turned into a comfortable omnibus. It affords in its seats and floor ample space for the exercise of ingenuity in constructing lockers for wine, ice, and all the provisions of a picnic, or to stow away the tackle of a shooting or a fishing party. As a nursery on wheels it is perfect, equally safe and comprehensive. It is fit for taking a party to cover side. On the box-seat of the stanhope-shaped wagonette a man may take his sister or wife, and keep up friendly relations with a jovial party behind. With the box-seat raised to the proper height, it forms a most agreeable summer four-in-hand drag, in which none of the party are banished to seats with their backs to the horses and their faces to the grooms; and thus it is an excellent vehicle for exercising old and practising young horses. Not least, it has the advantage of being accessible to women, children, and lame or feeble men, without the necessity for any special arrangement of steps or gymnastic feat in going in or going out over the wheels. Indeed, it is one of the most accessible of vehicles, while, with its well-proportioned wheels and complete lock under, it is one of the easiest for horses to draw and to turn round.

The wagonette is, in fact, the perfection of a family country carriage; and, although capable of being made very tasteful and expensive through the perfection of a variety of details, it may also be built in a plain utilitarian style, at a moderate cost. Our illustration on page 21 shows a wagonette of a strong stout build, suitable for rough country roads, and furnished with a patent brake, and which can be drawn by two or four horses.

Wagonettes when first brought into use were uncomfortable; because, to make them light, the seats were made too narrow and the backs too low. For comfort, the seats should not be less than 18 inches wide and the backs 14 inches high, with plenty of breadth for the knees; finishing at either end with a graceful curve, which will afford four circular corner seats. Wagonettes to carry six, including the driver, are built to be drawn either by one horse or a pair; and, for short distances with a light load, one full-sized horse will draw even a six-inside wagonette with ease; for it is a carriage that has no useless lumber in its materials, and the fore-wheels are not too small.* A patent brake is almost indispensable in hilly countries,

* A few years ago, in going, returning, and staying six weeks, in the most hilly part of Central Kent, we drove a pair of blood-horses in a large wagonette nearly a thousand miles; and, although thin at the end of the time, they were in the highest spirits

it lightens the harness by rendering breeching unnecessary, and saves horses much labour in going down hill.

THE COACH.

The royal family and a few very noble houses still retain the capacious coach, which is not complete without at least a pair of horses nearly, if not quite, 17 hands high, with superb action, a portly coachman, and two gigantic footmen. The late Emperor of the French had in his stud, to draw his bullet-proof coach, several pairs of English horses, approaching 18 hands in height. The cost of these vehicles is something fabulous, their duration equal to several generations, but their market value, when by chance the contents of the coach-house of some many-acred, long-descended deceased peer comes under the hammer, something under the original cost of the plate-glass windows and horsehair-stuffed cushions. The wood and iron are so firmly put together that the expense of breaking up such a coach, like a man-of-war, is almost more than the value of the material.

In the beginning of the present century these vast, costly, unwieldy vehicles were to be met at races, on nomination days of county elections, assizes, and every gathering of country magnates in every county, drawn by six horses. At present, they are scarcely to be found out of London; and, for ordinary use, royalty seems to prefer, when the weather permits, something less ponderous and gorgeous—a barouche, a landau, or a brougham; but high sheriffs of counties are obliged to provide a coach, as well as a trumpeter and javelin-men, to receive the judges of assize. A firm in Long Acre makes it a business to job coaches and four-horse harness to those splendid annuals.

THE CHARIOT.

The full-dress chariot is so brilliant a part of a Court presentation and the Court dress of a lady, that it is likely long to survive, not only in great families, where the use descends with the liveries and coat of arms, but with their imitators, the *nouveaux riches* of to-day, who will possibly be in the "upper ten" of to-morrow. A titled and aged lady sent to her coachmaker not long since to examine and report on the cost of repairing a chariot, which her ladyship had had brought from Ireland for the purpose. "Well, Mr. M——, what do you think of my carriage?" "My lady, it will cost nearly as much to repair as to build a new one." "That is of no consequence; repair at any expense. I look on my chariot as a heirloom." It was evident that her ladyship had not read the chapter on heirlooms in Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Eustace Diamonds." The posting chariot, that exquisite triumph of the coachmaker's mechanical art, is almost as much out of date as a sedan chair. A few survive, in the possession of maiden ladies of wealth and unchangeable opinions. With the posting chariot departed a host of minor and major posting vehicles —the britzska, the drosky, &c. Charles Dickens, writing to Mr. John Forster, in 1843, when preparing for his first journey to Italy, describes how he found, in an obscure corner of the Pantechnicon, "a poor old shabby devil of a coach," which he finally bought for £45. "As for comfort, it is about the size of your library, with night-lamps and day-lamps, and pockets and imperials, and leather cellars, and the most extraordinary contrivances. When you see it you will roar at it, and then proclaim it 'perfectly brilliant, my dear fellow!'" When in Switzerland he met the late Lord Vernon "travelling about in an extraordinary carriage, where you touch a spring and

and condition. On the return, with a heavy load behind them, they came home sixty-four miles in one day, trotted up to their stable door on one of the hottest days of August quite fresh, greedy to eat up every morsel of the corn and linseed mash which was ready within their mangers. These horses were under 15 hands 2 inches. They had during the six weeks no regular quantity, but as much oats as they could eat.

a bed appears; another spring, and a chair flies out; another spring discovers a pantry and a closet of pickles." Such, also, was the travelling-carriage of Dr. Darwin, the friend of Priestley, poet, philosopher, and prophet of steamboats and locomotives. The post-carriage of the Emperor Napoleon I. has long been one of the trophies of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

THE BAROUCHE.

The barouche is a fashionable carriage for the summer season. Of late years it has been to a great extent superseded by the modern landau, which is as a rule lighter, more comprehensive, and can be used at all seasons of the year. The body of a barouche is made like that of a coach, with or without the roof. The driving-seat is intended for a coachman and footman to sit together, as the footman if behind would be unpleasantly placed, looking down on and listening to the conversation of the sitters within. The barouche has two seats, like a coach and landau, and when the head is thrown back and the knee-flap elevated, it will hold four or six persons inside; but in wet weather, when it is closed, only two or three can be accommodated. The most fashionable barouches are on C springs, but they are also made with elliptic springs. They are not so large as they appear, but, whether large or small, always require a pair of horses.

The barouche, on a full-sized scale, with not less than a pair of horses, is one of the grandest and most expensive useful carriages in a family of wealth. To drive a pair in any kind of carriage requires at least three horses in the stable, to supply the place of one from any cause unfit for work. The barouche is eminently suited for Park display, with two great blood-horses in rich harness, stepping right up to their curb-chains, an imposing coachman and footman on the box, and a lady reclining almost at full length, displaying a costume light and diaphanous, or velvet and fur, according to the season. Barouches, like nearly all modern carriages, are built much wider than in the old posting days. On visits to Ascot Heath or Doncaster Town Moor, the barouche may be properly drawn by four horses, with private postillions—what the French call *à la Daumont.*

In the country a barouche is not unfrequently driven by the family coachman, with four in hand, but it is not considered such good style as postillions.

In London the great job-masters reserve their very finest bred and high-actioned pairs for the barouches of noble and wealthy customers. A barouche-horse means something with more blood than the finest coach-horse.

Barouches are built in all sizes, down to that suitable for a pair of fourteen-hand cobs; but for such a purpose, where only one carriage is kept, the sociable landau is more useful, and generally preferred.

For persons much in society, a barouche alone is not a suitable carriage. In winter, or for night-work, it must be supplemented by a coach, a sociable, or a brougham. A full-sized barouche is quite out of place except where there is a complete establishment of horses and servants.

THE VICTORIA.

The victoria is an open four-wheeled carriage with a hood, with one seat, without a door or knee-flap, with a driving-seat, and intended for either one or a pair of horses. It is a comparatively modern invention, or, rather, it is an adaptation of the old cabriolet-phaeton, and as a fashionable carriage is a creation of the French Empire; it was in common use as a hack-carriage on the Continent long before it obtained a name in England.

The victoria has the advantage of being as easy for a lady to take her seat in or descend

from, without letting down a step, or a chance of soiling her robes on the wheels, as a brougham. It also displays better than any other carriage the toilette of the occupant, literally from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. Certainly, if it is worth while to expend a fortune on clothes, it is still more worth while to show them at full length, and under the most advantageous arrangements. What the brougham is for the face of a beauty, the victoria is for the robes—a frame for the one, a pedestal for the other.

It has also the not small advantage to a certain class of involving, if desired, the utmost possible expense for the accommodation of the smallest number of persons—a pair of horses of great price, a coachman and footman of high class, in costly liveries; an expensive carriage to convey two persons; a carriage only available for ornamental purposes, for it cannot be used at night, or in dirty weather, or in the country, or anywhere except for the Park, for a little shopping and a little visiting. In cold, dry, frosty weather, the victoria has another merit—it may be employed as a vehicle for displaying a vast breadth and length of costly furs.

The victoria may be drawn by one horse, but that one should have very fine action. The footman may be dispensed with, when not required to leave cards and make inquiries, as the victoria has no door to open, or steps to let down.

Having given this impartial description of an essentially ladies' carriage—no man not perfectly satisfied with his lower limbs would like to be seen alone in a victoria in summer, and it is essentially a summer carriage—I will add that every lady who can afford a close as well as an open carriage, and to dress herself in the best taste and the latest fashion, should have one for the season, unless she is able and prefers to drive herself in the equally expensive, more elegant, and more generally useful park phaeton.

THE MAIL PHAETON.

We come next to the leading types of four-wheeled carriages which it is presumed that the owner selects because he likes driving himself, in which in no case is a coachman, in the strict sense of the term (that is, a ponderous artist in a gorgeous uniform, shorts, and silk stockings), employed, except by accident, and under protest on his part. The proper servant for carriages driven by the owner is a top-booted groom, dressed in a black or Oxford mixture or dark-coloured livery coat. The oldest of this class still in use is the mail phaeton, of which, in its original shape, size, and weight, very few specimens remain. Mail phaetons were a great mechanical improvement on the high-perch phaeton of the Regency. They came into use in the early part of George IV.'s reign, as a fashionable town-carriage; they were also employed for long journeys over bad roads, in all sorts of weather, to carry two persons under the shelter of a capacious movable hood, and two grooms in a rumble behind, not more exposed to rain and sleet than any of several hundred of His Majesty King George's mail-coach guards. While the body was capacious, and as strong as oak and iron could make it, the springs were of the pattern (telegraph) adopted by experience for mail and the fastest stage-coaches, and probably named after a coach of that name. To draw this heavy but admirably-balanced vehicle, a pair of active full-sized horses were required, in as good a condition as constant work and a liberal supply of old oats and beans could make them. The driver, sitting high above, and close to them, had perfect command over his team; with blazing lamps and rattling pole-chains, there was a great deal of enjoyment in a ten or even twenty-mile ride after dinner along country roads. These old-fashioned mail phaetons, built by the best houses in the trade (a select few as compared with the multitude of coachmakers who exist in the present day), were so compact between the fore and hind wheels, and "followed" so accurately, that they ran much more freely than other carriages of much less nominal stand-still

weight, on longer and wider bodies and lower wheels, and they were only found too heavy for even light blood-horses when ascending a steep hill.

Somewhere about 1827, the Earl of Clanwilliam introduced from Germany the britzska, a light posting-carriage without a perch, supported on elliptic springs, which eventually led to a revolution in the construction of English carriages. Elliptic springs took the place of C springs for all but the heavier vehicles.

By degrees, as our roads improved, and long journeys by the highways were discontinued in favour of the rail, all travelling-carriages, and notably the mail phaeton, which has always been both a town and fashionable carriage, were made lighter. The heavy mail-coach under-spring apparatus

MAIL PHAETON.

having disappeared, the word mail has lost its original significance; and when attached to a phaeton, only means a high-seated, hooded, pair-horse driving-carriage, to carry the driver and one other person beside the groom or grooms, which can be made sufficiently strong for every purpose, and not too heavy for a pair of light blood-horses, equally available for country use and the town, for the bachelor and the married man.

For the convenience of ladies, steps have been contrived, which, fitting under the driving-seat, can be drawn out and returned with great facility.

For the driver and a companion, in the prime of life, with one or two grooms behind, there is no pair-horse driving-carriage that excels the mail phaeton in pleasure and comfort.* It affords

* "Did you ever ride in a mail phaeton? My aunt used to say that it was not a proper carriage for a young lady; but I assure you it is extremely nice. . . . . In a minute Mr. Tom Beaton was beside me; the groom let go the

sufficient room to stow away any amount of men's—and even a reasonable wife's—luggage, not forgetting, in these days of dismal roadside inns, corn for the horses. The front seat is not only sufficiently high for fully commanding your horses, but for enjoying the scenery of the country through which you pass. It is well suited in town for displaying the points of the most extravagant steppers, if your fancy lies that way; while your wife or sister may, with the approbation of the most prudish maiden aunt, appear at your side. In the country, whether going to cover side, a dinner party, or even a ball, no vehicle is better calculated for conveying two over rough roads with "safety and dispatch" at as high speed as your horses can conveniently compass.

The very finest horses of the most brilliant action, "stepping and going," look their best in a mail phaeton; but if your taste and means incline you rather for utility than for ornament, for long distances rather than the solemn yet sociable parades of the Park or the Champs Elysées, a pair of low-priced *screws*, as your richer friends will term them, if with "character" and breeding, in first-class condition and workmanlike harness, will do very well. One of the economical advantages of a well-built not too heavy mail phaeton, in common with all carriages of the same class, is that it requires very little weight in the collar, unless at a very steep hill. You may harness it with a couple of hacks, or even hunters out of the hunting season, without injury to their action, and with considerable advantage to their condition. The mail phaeton, where only one carriage is kept, is especially the equipage of a bachelor. If a young couple decide to retain it for their daylight drives and excursions, they must rely on some neighbouring flyman for a close conveyance to evening entertainments after dark. A public character, whose eloquence and strict personal economy have since raised him to the highest offices in the State, once told us—it was before he had achieved greatness—that he kept his phaeton in preference to any other carriage for exercise and health, and hired a brougham, using his own groom and horses, for occasional night-work; but then he lived in the part of London where everything is to be hired.

It should never be forgotten that no one takes any particular notice of a family brougham—a sort of nursery on wheels—or any general practitioner's carriage, or in fact any carriage especially selected for economy, utility, and capacity; but a victoria, a mail phaeton, or a park phaeton, are all carriages with "pretensions"—what the French call *voitures de luxe*—and look contemptible when you see them, as you sometimes do, with varnish dull, harness rusty, and a man in shabby livery coat, with a cockade in his weather-beaten hat.

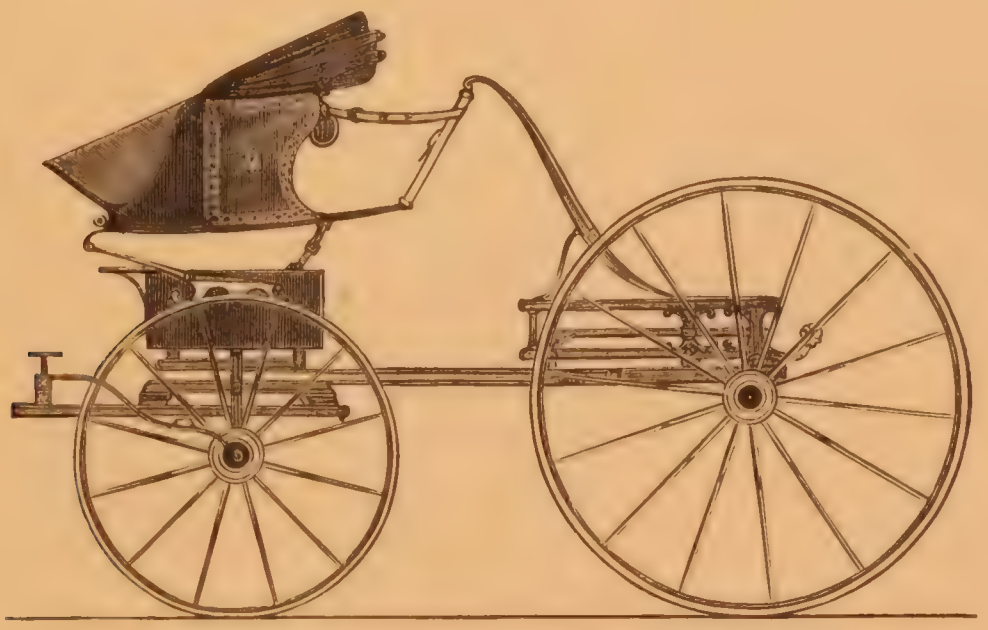
The process of getting into the hind seat of a phaeton has been reduced to quite a neat gymnastic feat by first-class grooms. Running after the phaeton to the near-side steps at No. 1, he

horses' heads, and away we went. The new Christmas moon shone out over the hedges and fields, all white with hoar-frost. The wheels crunched with a quick dull sound over the hard road; the pole-chains rattled; the horses snorted, pulled away with a fierce stamp, stamp; and for the first mile my companion did not say much, so busy was he holding them in, while I, cuddled up in a corner, with a buffalo-skin round me and my muff close to my face, only answered in monosyllables.

"Rushing through the moonlight, whilst the shadows of our swift horses travelled as swiftly before us, the icicles sparkled from the sprays on the hedges like diamond drops. The mist, rolling up from each broad field we passed, closed up the view in mystery. Fast, fast we dashed along the high road, past straggling carts, the carters crying cheerily, 'Good-night, master;' past white cottages, half shrouded in dark gleaming evergreens, through a turnpike, where a man stood to bow, so unlike the London turnpike-men, quickly turning into a dark lane through a thick wood, where the rabbits dashed under the horses' feet, and I thought of bears and robbers. It was delightful! And just after splashing through a little half-frozen stream, an echo from some neighbouring hill sent back the ringing of the chains, the whir of the wheels, and the tramping of our steeds, in a strange medley, like bells from Fairyland! . . . . One hour of such a ride is worth a whole season of the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park, at funeral pace, in a fly or brougham."—*From the Author's "Gallops and Gossips."*

springs with his *left* foot on the step, and stands straight on it; at No. 2 he brings his right leg out at right angles with his hip, and passes over the back rail on to the seat; and at No. 3 he elevates his left leg at right angles with his hip, and passes it over the wheel, and takes his seat as regularly as a soldier presenting arms at the word of command. The off-side groom of course begins with the right foot. We noted the operation as it was performed by the grooms of an officer of the Life Guards, an active member of two four-horse clubs.

We cannot give a more striking proof of the progress of the coachmaker's art than by two of the woodcuts which illustrate this chapter. The one is a modern driving or mail phaeton, copied from a picture by Mr. Alfred Corbould, painted for a Yorkshire gentleman famous for the completeness of an extensive stud of hacks, hunters, harness, and thorough-bred horses; the other the favourite carriage of the Prince Regent, "the high-perch phaeton." It was in a high-perch phaeton that Mr. Sampson Hanbury, the great brewer, used to start from his mansion at Ware at five o'clock in the morning, drive his pair of blood-horses to Spitalfields, there transact the



HIGH-PERCH PHAETON.

business of his great brewery, and then, with a fresh pair of nags, drive back to Ware in time to hunt the Puckeridge Hounds, of which he was master.

And yet Mr. Felton, from whose curious "treatise on carriages, comprehending coaches, chariots, phaetons, curricles, gigs, whiskeys," the picture of this hideous, dangerous, unmechanical vehicle is copied, says in his introduction, dated 1790, "The art of coachmaking within this last century has arrived at a very high degree of perfection, with respect both to the beauty, strength, and elegance of the machine. The consequence has been an increasing demand for that comfortable conveyance, which, beside its common utility, has now become a distinguishing mark of the taste and rank of the proprietor." Mr. Felton candidly warns his readers that the "high-perch phaeton" is apt, unless carefully driven, "to turn over in going round corners."

THE PARK PHAETON.

The park phaeton is essentially a ladies' carriage, and one of the most elegant, whether constructed for ponies or horses of all the intermediate heights up to 15 hands 2 inches, a height which should never be exceeded. The park phaeton is a carriage for town and country, and may be seen in perfection, including the fair drivers, at cover side in the pasture counties. It has

a hood, which completely protects the fair driver and her one companion from everything except a shower directly in front, but it carries no lamps. It looks light, but runs heavy; it has no room for luggage of any kind, and must be attended on by a single groom sitting on the rumble behind, who may be a very neat lad or an equally neat slim old man, but must be in a very correct costume, or on state occasions by two grooms. In former times great ladies, like royalty, were attended by outriders, mounted on ponies of the same colour and stamp as the pair in harness; but the custom is so nearly extinct that when it occurs it creates a sensation.

The park phaeton is one of the most expensive carriages in use, not excepting the pair-horse victoria, as well as one of the most delightful; because, although a groom replaces the

PARK PHAETON AND PAIR.

gorgeous coachman and the attendant Jeames, the horses or ponies must be of the most expensive character. Of whatever size, they must have quality, action, a proud carriage, irreproachable heads, necks, and tails; in a word, the symmetry of the ideal Arab, with the true action that "steps and goes." They must be a perfect match in colour, height, and action; admirably broken, yet full of courage. In a word, they must have the appearance of fiery dragons, with the docility of trained chargers, and, while they step freely, up to the bit, over the ground, shaking their long manes, not pull an ounce. The long parasol-whip should be borne, like a flag aloft, for ornament, not for use. It is difficult to say which is more detestable, to see a lady obliged to flog her horses along, or pulled out of that graceful seat, which is part of the show, by a pair of tearing brutes; very fit perhaps for a man's sporting phaeton, but quite out of place in a lady's hands. The Duchess of Wellington's park phaeton has long been one of the sights to be shown to country cousins in the Park, and recently has attracted still more attention, drawn sometimes by a pair, sometimes by three piebalds of the most brilliant action driven abreast.

There is a variety of the park phaeton, with higher wheels and shorter body, but still low down to the ground, adapted to one or a pair of full-sized, well-bred horses, which is in favour

with gentlemen of fortune who have arrived at the age or state of gout or nerves, when, while still liking to drive themselves, they do not care to trust themselves on two wheels or to climb the steps of a high carriage. Both these carriages are nicely elevated for conversation, although too low for enjoying the beauties of any landscape behind the hedges. Foreigners, who for the first time attend a crowded meet in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire, next to the mounted Amazons, admire greatly the young wives, in fur and velvet, who, with firm hands, push their gay little horses along the crowded way, conveying their much great-coated and apparently languid husbands to the hunters that wait for them. Perhaps not less appreciated at the end of a sharp run are the more mature matrons, who, from a well-stored wagonette, dispense very welcome hospitality to their friends and their friends' friends.

For country use, a park phaeton may, without any material sacrifice of elegance, be built more capaciously, so as to hold something on a railway-station journey, with higher wheels, and fitted with a pair of good lamps. Although ponies are very well in Hyde Park, in country lanes a pair of fifteen-hand horses have a more imposing appearance, which has something to do with safety on a road where market carts and traps are liable to be met in the dark. When park phaetons came first into use—they grew out of the pretty pony phaeton invented for George IV. in his declining years, when he lived at the cottage by Virginia Water—the lines were all curved and undulating. Fashion has since introduced carriages composed of straight lines and right angles—and fashion makes the eye bear everything however hideous—but it is difficult to believe that coach-builders will permanently abandon "the line of beauty."

THE STANHOPE PHAETON.

The stanhope phaeton, originally contrived by placing the body of a stanhope gig on four wheels, with a boot behind for a servant, is an improvement on the old heavy cabriolet phaeton, being lighter and easily drawn by one small blood-horse. It has also the advantage of being cheap. For those who like to drive themselves it is a pleasant carriage, although it does not give so commanding a seat as the mail phaeton, or so much accommodation as the wagonette. It is adapted for either one or a pair of light horses, and is easily made to come within the four hundredweight limit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's 1870 Budget. The stanhope has been varied in two directions; in its original shape it was an open carriage, like the gig. In the first instance it was increased in weight by the addition of a fixed or movable head, and sometimes by being enlarged in width, without the perch or heavy under-carriage, to the dimensions of the pair-horse double-groomed mail phaeton. In the other and later direction it has been cut down in size, the hind seat narrowed so as only to hold one person, hence called from its shape a T-cart—a name adopted by the Guardsman who invented it; an example of that "pride that apes humility."

The demand for the four-wheeled stanhope, which was at its height about 1858, has materially diminished amongst the middle class since the rise of a more generally useful wagonette, which can be converted at pleasure into a phaeton; but it is still a very fashionable bachelor's carriage.

THE FOUR-WHEELED VIS-À-VIS PONY PHAETON.

One more four-wheeled type of carriage, equally in demand in town and country—an essentially family carriage—is the pony phaeton, in which perhaps as much amusement and happiness is packed as in the most costly and gorgeous vehicles (not excepting the Court chariot of a lady who has so risen in the world as to be presented at Court, to the envy and amazement of the manufacturing town from which her husband sprung; or the City sheriff or provincial mayor on his way

to receive—the result of a fortunate fluke—the honour of knighthood, and return Sir Peter or Sir John) whether of clothes-basket shape, of wicker or of iron wire, or of unpainted wood, low to the ground, drawn by a small, cheap, docile animal, for the express benefit of mamma, or the nursery governess, or the nurse and half-a-dozen children, either with or without the assistance of the gardener or the gardener's boy as driver.

A good many years ago, before the principle of simplicity had fully taken possession of the British Budget, before all extra demands were settled by an income-tax, with now and then an extra penny, a Chancellor of the Exchequer attempted to mollify a class of taxpayers, which included a great many clergymen, half-pay officers of the army and navy, and others of the poor, proud, and prolific classes, by exempting all springed vehicles from assessment which had wheels not more than 30 inches in diameter, and were drawn by pony, mule or ass, under 13 hands

FOUR-WHEELED PONY PHAETON.

high. The result was the creation of a variety of cruelty-vans of the most ingenious description. Low wheels mean much friction. The problem to be solved was to get the greatest number of persons on four untaxed wheels. The nineteen guinea dog-cart that never carried dogs, and the eighteen-inch wheel pony phaeton were bred by the same Budget. The barbarous law applied to the wretched little ponies was, it is to be presumed, on the principle that *de minimis non curat lex*. When Mr. Lowe returned triumphant as a Cabinet Minister to the Treasury benches, in framing his Budget he brought to bear information obtained in travels during his enforced vacation. He had made a trip to the United States, and brought back with him, for use between the Croydon railway-station and the cottage at Caterham where this financial Cincinnatus cultivated his cabbages, one of those four-wheeled hooded "buggies," built in Philadelphia, which weigh very little more than a gardener's high-sided wheelbarrow.

In due time the Cabinet Minister's Caterham cart supplied the principle on which the four-hundredweight fifteen shillings carriage-tax was founded. This tax gave a fatal and well-deserved

blow to the cruel little-wheel system, abolished the distinction between two and four wheels, and by the premium in the difference between a licence at fifteen shillings and a licence at two guineas, called into use an enormous number of light carriages, still low to the ground, but with wheels of a reasonable size.

The first light carriages, invented at Croydon, were of wicker-work, or as it is sometimes called "osier," which had the advantage of being very light and very low-priced, if not cheap. For a time they were quite the fashion; but of late years a number of materials have been used for low-priced carriages which are more durable, and more easy to clean and keep clean, than osier. There is a large and legitimate demand for low-priced carriages by classes who either like an occasional change of form and fashion, or who are indifferent to fine finish, for country use. The most numerous of these want a handy conveyance, and find that it suits their income better to pay £25 than £50. To supply this want during the twenty years that followed the International Exhibition of 1851 there sprung up in the metropolis, and in almost every market-town of England, a host of builders prepared to meet every variety of taste in cheap family and sporting vehicles. Fine flatted paint and varnish were superseded by plain paint, or wood merely varnished over its natural colour; iron wire superseded costly and little durable cane-work, and even wicker-work was imitated. For morocco leather lining, American cloth was substituted; and stained wooden splash-boards took the place of patent leather. In a word, supply followed, and to this hour continues to follow, demand. The carriage which the Japanese Ambassador purchased, at five minutes' notice, for £45 at the Smithfield Club Show of 1872, was a sort of cross between a cheap pony phaeton and a victoria.

Amongst the various forms of family pony-phaetons, boat or clothes-basket shaped, or wagonette, or *vis-à-vis*, fit for a cob, a twelve-hand pony, or even a donkey, all tastes and nearly all incomes could be suited. With the very plainest harness, with a breast-plate instead of a collar, and a pony, plucky and free, perfectly steady, but without a particle of shy in him, even if rather shaky on his fore-legs, you have something that will do for the daily exercise of the children, and for use as a market or a luggage-cart, or to take any one to the station at five minutes' notice; accessible, without a let-down step, to the feeble and the fat. The first cost is trifling, the tax nominal; the cost of the pony, a truss of hay a week and an occasional feed of oats. In no description of vehicle is there more choice in any part of the country, of any material, from the more costly and highly-finished to the simplest demands of utility, new or second-hand, at all prices, from £5 upwards.

SPORTING, RURAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS FOUR-WHEELED CARRIAGES.

The names of the four-wheeled carriages intended solely for country use, which go under the name of dog-carts, although many of them have barely room to stow away a full-sized tom-cat, which have been invented since 1852, would alone fill many pages. There is the dog-cart proper, on high wheels, which carries four persons—two facing the horse or horses, and their backs to their two fellow-passengers; with room beneath for dogs, if needful, or a great quantity of baggage of any kind. This is a compact class of vehicle that follows well, having the fore and hind pairs of wheels near together; the body so constructed that fairly high fore-wheels will lock completely under. In a word, it is a very good *man's* carriage, although it may be used at a push by ladies. It is a carriage in which severe utility should be the rule, and no money wasted on mere ornament. Of this class of vehicle, where great capacity is an object, and one full-sized or a pair of small horses can be used, the style known as the Perth dog-cart is one of the best. In its largest form it holds six, and one or two more may be packed in for a short journey. Its luggage-holding

powers are enormous; and instances have been recorded where a very good sleeping apartment for a couple of tired sportsmen has been arranged in a four-wheeled Perth cart.

There are also a considerable number of dog-cart variations of the American type, with the improvement of a complete lock-under, built expressly for lightness, strength, and high speed. The best type of these was constructed for Captain Oliver, a Northamptonshire sportsman, who after an accident, which prevented him from riding for a season, took to hunting on wheels; he did not confine himself to high roads or parish roads, but occasionally turned into "the open," and is even accused of having successfully charged more than one gap in a hedge with a ditch on the taking-off side.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the machines for effecting such feats must be constructed with the very best materials and workmanship.

Amongst the eccentricities of sporting-carriages, the "boat carriage," invented for the use of luxurious Highland and island sportsmen, must not be omitted. Mounted on four wheels, it may be used as an ordinary driving-carriage, or with post-horses to reach some remote loch or firth; then the body launched is a stout gig—nautical, not equestrian—fully equipped with oars and sails.

An account of American pleasure and sporting-carriages, which present in their class specimens of extraordinary mechanical perfection, will be reserved for the chapters on the American horse. Much as American carriages are to be admired as pieces of handicraft, they are modelled on forms and with objects unsuited to English tastes. Very few English gentlemen, and no ladies, desire to travel behind horses at the rate of more than fourteen miles an hour, and eight miles an hour satisfies most. To have a carriage which cannot be reached or descended from without the agility of an acrobat, and that will not turn round in a narrow lane without being lifted up like a wheelbarrow, is not the style for John or John's wife. The best points of these extraordinary specimens of lightness and strength have been embodied in carriages suited to English tastes and requirements, with wheels of hickory imported from America. For building a match trotting-cart on two, or wagon on four wheels, none excel and few can equal the mechanics of the United States.

Other four-wheeled carriages, open and closed, there are, whose name is legion—"no pen could trace their infinite variety"—but the preceding descriptions and illustrations will give a sufficient idea of the different types from which, with one exception, may be selected the carriage or the several carriages required to furnish any establishment, from the most modest and utilitarian to the most lavish ever indulged in by the unexpected successor to a rich estate, or the fortunate speculator who has awakened some fine morning and found himself a millionaire; who has a wife, several daughters, and a son, quite prepared and anxious to enjoy the best of everything.

The one exception is the four-horse coach of the London driving clubs—the "Four-horse Coach Club" or the "Four-in-hand Club." A subject so important, involving not only a description of the most modern improvements, but instructions in the most refined mysteries of coachmanship, demands and deserves a separate chapter, which will follow in its proper place.

TWO-WHEELED CARRIAGES.

The oldest carriages of which we have any historical or pictorial record were on two wheels. Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures, the chronicles of the Old Testament, and the poems of Homer, all prove that the use of chariots preceded that of cavalry in war. Egyptian and Assyrian kings are represented in bas-reliefs preserved in the British Museum, and copied in the Crystal Palace, doing battle, hunting wild beasts, and taking part in processions in two-wheeled chariots; behind

the war chariots, saddle-horses are sometimes led, to be used, acccording to Mr. Bonomi's idea, for escape in case of defeat.

It is not a little curious that while the chariots of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, and, later still, of the Greeks, the art pupils of the Assyrians, were ornamented with exquisite taste, studded with precious stones, adorned with ornaments in gold, silver, and bronze work, and carvings in ivory, which displayed taste and skill of the highest order, the mechanism of the wheels and axles was of the rudest order, and the cars were without springs of either wood or iron. These splendid cars, real works of art, moved more roughly than a brewer's dray. The royal driver and his companion

ASSYRIAN CHARIOT (FROM A BAS-RELIEF).

javelin-bearer were compelled to stand upright, balancing on their toes to resist the shocks created by the pace of their Oriental steeds.

It is a still more curious fact that while even the barbarian Britons whom Cæsar fought and conquered had their war chariots—a grand name for a vehicle that most closely resembled a springless costermonger's cart—the nomad Indians of the American plains, who display so much ingenuity in the construction of canoes and of implements for use in war and peace, have never contrived to invent a wheeled carriage of any kind to which the horses they have learned to tame and ride could be attached. The Aztec races, so highly civilised up to a certain point, had no horses to harness. In the migrations of the Red Indians, the tent-poles are dragged along the ground, although the smooth stoneless prairies are much more suited to wheeled carriages than Boadicea's Britain. But Boadicea (spite of a certain famous picture) had no such splendid blood-horses as are to be seen on the Assyrian bas-reliefs preserved in the British Museum. She no

doubt drove to do battle with Cæsar on a car as rude as the wine-cart of modern Portugal or of Chili, drawn by three or four diminutive shaggy ponies, such as still run about wild on the moors of Devonshire and mountains of Wales.

THE CURRICLE.

At the period when the heroes of Miss Austen and Miss Fanny Burney paid their state visits in "chariots and six," the most fashionable town-carriage was the curricle. Amongst the other extravagancies reported of the nabobs of the period was an order in Long Acre of "a few curricles for the spring." Mr. Felton, in the book already quoted, describes and gives pictures of no less than four curricles and gig curricles, with contrivances for occasionally using one horse only, or on very narrow roads shafts, and a leader ridden by a postillion, and not one four-wheeled one-horse phaeton fit for modern use.

The curricle—with a body something like that of its successor, the cabriolet—hung on C springs, on two wheels, drawn by a pair of horses perfectly matched in size, colour, quality, and step; the harness profusely decorated with silver ornaments, united by a silver bar, which supported a silver-mounted pole; preceded or followed by two grooms, mounted on another pair of horses equally well matched with the first, secured the driver and his companion—frequently a lady—a superb effect, which combined the maximum of expense with the minimum of convenience. Four horses and two grooms to carry two persons! After a time economical reasons prevailed, and, at some sacrifice of contour and elegance, the horses of the two grooms were dispensed with, and they were provided for in a sort of rumble behind the curricle, which was not without use in balancing the pole and taking the weight from the backs of the horses.

The mail phaeton as improved, and the cabriolet as perfected, killed the curricle. These, while nearly as expensive, were much less difficult to produce in perfection, and infinitely less dangerous.

The most original curricle of the last century, built at the order of that caricature of a dandy, Romeo Coates, was of copper, in the shape of a nautilus shell.

The first carriage set up by Charles Dickens, after he awoke one morning and found himself famous, was a curricle. It was in a curricle that he drove to pay his first visit to the young and rising artist, the painter of "Dolly Varden," since a Royal Academician, W. P. Frith. A curricle is one of the "properties" in the story of "Nicholas Nickleby."

Count d'Orsay was the last dandy who drove a curricle in the Park, and sent the costly, neck-breaking, magnificent carriage out of fashion, when, as Whyte Melville says, "with his whiskers and his cabriolet horse, he took the town by storm."

It was somewhere about 1846 that I saw the great Duke of Wellington driving himself in a sulphur-yellow curricle, with silver harness and bar, over Westminster Bridge, to take part in a review at Woolwich; the late bridge was very steep, and he walked his horses up the ascent from Westminster. In after years his favourite carriage was an "equirotal."

THE CABRIOLET.

The cabriolet—which is still a favourite with a select few rich Guardsmen, fast stock-jobbers, and the survivors of the last generation of men about town, solely for Park use, and was the height of fashion in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign—is a curricle with a pair of shafts, and without the groom's rumble. Mrs. Gore, in one of her novels, makes it the carriage of a married couple of rank and limited fortune. That was before the invention of the one-horse brougham. It took the place not only of the curricle and the stanhope gig, but of the chariot and the *vis-à-vis*, for every use except Court drawing-rooms. Palace Yard was full of cabriolets on the night of 1835 when

Lord John Russell carried the "Irish Church Appropriation Clause," when Sir Robert Peel was defeated, and the clause was buried, not to be dug up again until Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the place of his early mentor, "grave Sir Robert."

The cabriolet required one horse only, but a horse of great size and beauty, with good legs and feet, and superlative action in his slow paces; and one groom hanging on behind, so small as to be of little use for any other purpose than display.

While the fashion lasted, and cabriolets were to be hired by the day or week, they were to be seen in miserable condition, in most unsuitable places, with most unsuitable persons; as, for instance, when a half-starved horse and a heavy ill-dressed servant conveyed a general practitioner on his rounds, or when a hired cabriolet was employed as a conveyance to and from a Richmond

CURRICLE.

dinner. It was a very pleasant bachelor's carriage when perfectly appointed, as well as very imposing; magnificent for short slow parades, and especially as an easy pedestal for gossip under the shadow of Achilles Wellington. The grand horse, the miniature groom at his head, the languid, well-gloved, dandy driver, formed a favourite picture with the novelists of the period, from "Pelham," "Coningsby," and "Pendennis," to "Digby Grand."

It was in a cabriolet that Theodore Hook used to drive home in the morning, after spending the night at Crockford's, when his physician ordered him "not to be out in the night air." Planché, in his memoirs, relates that Sam Beasley, the architect, "who never had five shillings, but could always find five pounds for a friend," once drove him home from a Greenwich dinner, and on his remarking on the convenience of a private carriage, answered, "Yes, I am rather a curious fellow. I have a carriage and a cabriolet and three horses, and a coachman and a footman and a large house, and three maid-servants, and half-a-crown!" Thackeray gives an idea of the general effect when, at Bungay's great dinner, he describes the arrival of the Honourable Percy Popjoy:—
"As they talked a magnificent vision of an enormous grey cab-horse appeared and neared rapidly.

A pair of white reins, held by small white gloves, were visible behind, a face pale but decorated with a chin tuft, the head of an exiguous groom bobbing over the cab-head. These bright things were revealed to the delighted Mr. Bungay." But luxury has advanced since those days. Mrs. B—— would not now "disport in a one-horse vehicle;" she would have her brougham.

THE STANHOPE GIG AND DOG-CART.

Before the cabriolet came in, the gig, improved from the original "whiskey" shape depicted by Gilray in "Dr. Syntax's Tour," had made its way to the front against the curricle, and become a carriage in which ladies of fashion condescended to appear in the Park, at Ascot and Brighthelmstone. Different coachmakers brought out the tilbury, the dennett (invented by Bennett, a coachmaker in Finsbury, whose B was changed at the West End to D), and the stanhope shape. This last was invented by Fitzroy Stanhope, a brother of Lord Petersham, afterwards the Earl of Harrington, who married Miss Foote. He had previously invented the tilbury; and Mr. Tilbury, the coach-builder, insisted that the last should bear the designer's name. Mr. Musters, Byron's successful rival with Miss Chaworth, was driving a lady in a gig in Hyde Park when the quarrel occurred which led to his duel with a colonel, and several other curious passages in the fashionable history of the time, recorded in a punning caricature. Gentlemen have now ceased to fight duels, and ladies of fashion no longer take drives in Hyde Park in gigs or any kind of two-wheeled vehicle. A writer in the old *Sporting Magazine*, in 1817, mentions that, "under the patronage of the Prince Regent, the gig had in a great measure superseded the curricle and tandem as a fashionable carriage."

Of the different shapes of gigs, the stanhope is the only one that survives as a town-carriage. It is still built in the most expensive manner, by coachmakers of high repute; and is patronised by young gentlemen of fashion fond of a quick high-stepping blood-horse, for it is a kind of vehicle which shows off that class of horse in great perfection. For many years between the decline of the cabriolet and the rise of the brougham, a town-built stanhope was rarely seen on the stones; but since 1870 there has been a revival, chiefly due to the officers of the Guards and their numerous imitators.

At the time of Thurtell's trial for the murder of Weare, a witness gave "keeping a gig" as a proof of respectability, and the words have since been crystallised into one of Mr. Carlyle's favourite epithets descriptive of his favourite aversion, the British Philistine. But the general diffusion of carriage-keeping on two and four wheels since 1852 has quite deprived the joke of its point. The class who once drove gigs now ride in broughams or in dog-carts, which last are not in any way a sign of gentility.

A gig, like all two-wheeled carriages of its class, requires careful construction to avoid the very disagreeable motion called technically "knee-action"—an irritating jogging motion, arising from the spring of the shafts. A number of inventions have been patented to cure this disagreeable motion, and some of them are very successful. At the commencement of the century, Fuller of Bath made a reputation by an invention of this kind; but now every builder of a dog-cart has his remedy, at the cost of two or three extra sovereigns. The man who cares for his neck, and rides on two wheels, should look to his shafts. They should be of lancewood, and Mr. Ransome recommends that they should be divided, lined with a steel plate, and cramped together. A shaft should never have a bolt through it.

The gig type, under other names, was very much influenced by the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1843, which has already been alluded to in our account of pony-carriages. Desirous of throwing a sop to the ever-distressed and discontented agricultural interest, he exempted all two-wheeled carriages not costing more than £21 from the assessed tax, provided

the name of the owner was painted in letters not less than 4 inches in length (nothing was said about the breadth) on a conspicuous part of the vehicle. This exemption created a new and large class of two-wheeled vehicles, which, although the exemption has been repealed, flourish to this day under the name of dog-carts, Malvern carts, Leamington carts, Whitechapels, Norfolk shooting-carts, &c. The first crop were actual dog-carts, constructed to carry four persons, each pair being, instead of *vis-à-vis*, *dos-à-dos*, mounted on very high wheels, sometimes called "Oxford bounders." With ample room for the conveyance of dogs or luggage, long letters of attenuated shape made the name of the owners almost illegible. A bill which, duly receipted for £20 19s., satisfied the tax-gatherer, was followed by another bill for extras, in the shape of seat-cushions, rugs, and lamps, which brought up the total cost to from £25 to £30, at which prices plenty are to be had at the present day.

This exemption not only introduced a two-wheeled carriage into families who were previously too proud to drive a market cart, but raised a number of ingenious country wheelwrights to the rank of coach-builders, at a time when none of the great men of Long Acre would condescend to build anything that was not finished and varnished like a piece of cabinet work, lined and stuffed like a drawing-room couch, strong enough and heavy enough to last for a generation, at a cost of at least seventy guineas, in its simplest stanhope gig form.

The cheap dog-cart builders discarded the finely-painted, flatted, and ornamented panels first for plain paint, and then for wood simply varnished of its natural colour ; adopted cheap contrivances for springs, sacrificed durability to price, and after a time consulted the wants and wishes of a class of family customers of both sexes, who, requiring the cheap carriage, would submit to the title of dog-cart, although they kept neither greyhounds nor pointers, but decidedly objected to perching on lofty wheels at the mercy of a stumbling horse. For them were devised an endless variety of two-wheeled carriages, Ballesden, Leamington, Nottingham, Worthing, Worcester, &c. &c., suited to every size of animal, from the curate's pony to the rector's coach-horse, running so low to the ground as to make the worst calamity of a tripping-horse the breaking of his knees.

Railroads, just beginning to spread, assisted the Chancellor of the Exchequer's exemption to popularise cheap carriages amongst the economical and the genteel poor. Although the exemption has long been repealed, the result remains in a number of low-priced, two-wheeled vehicles, equally convenient for domestic and sporting purposes, for carrying children, small parcels, or luggage to the station. "I will send the dog-cart to meet you," is the common postscript of a letter from either a mansion or a farm-house. The term has been naturalised in France as the "To-cart."

The reduction of the carriage duty, already mentioned in the chapter on four-wheeled carriages, &c., has had an immense effect on two-wheeled vehicles. The sporting character of the original dog-cart has been attenuated to nothing, and the wheels, assisted by modern ingenuity in the management of axle-trees, are made of the best height for draft, while the body is kept low enough for safety and convenience. The family or private two-wheeled carriage may be classed in three types :—

1. To hold two only.
2. To hold four, *dos-à-dos*.
3. To carry four inside, on the old Irish inside car pattern.

The sporting types are the original Oxford dog-cart, admirably calculated for tandem driving; and the old whitechapel, more favourably known since the Prince of Wales made Sandringham his country seat as "the Norfolk shooting-cart," the most capacious of all two-wheeled sporting and family carriages; which may be built plain enough to take pigs to market, and

handsome enough to convey a party of cavalry subalterns to the meet of a crack pack, or with dogs and guns to a shooting party at the "Duke's." To ride safely in a high two-wheeled carriage, you require a horse with good trotting action and sound feet. A very groggy horse can safely pull a four-wheeler.

THE PRIVATE HANSOM, THE INVALID CARRIAGE.

In this list of English pleasure-carriages, which might be extended, in the shape of a catalogue, to volumes, the private hansom, so called after the original ingenious and unfortunate inventor, Mr. Hansom, architect of the Birmingham Town-hall, must not be omitted. It is essentially a man's carriage for town use, in favour amongst surgeons in such practice that they can also afford to keep a brougham for inclement weather, surveyors, contractors, and others, who require to hurry about on business and get in and out frequently. The hansom has the advantage of air, and affords a very healthy pleasant sort of exercise. Although built to hold two, it suits one with very little luggage better, and is quite out of place where the ground to be traversed presents many steep hills. Ladies like a ride in a hansom, by way of a change, but for constant use prefer a single or miniature brougham, which is more generally useful, and on the whole not more expensive. A private hansom requires a better horse than a brougham, if not so fashionable, because, in spite of the very best balancing, there must be some weight in going down hills; and he should also be fast, equal to at least twelve miles an hour when required—fourteen are better. Pace and ease of motion are the features of this vehicle, which is a very useful addition to a well-furnished coach-house at a mansion where no severe rise intervenes on the road to a railway station, to and from which the head of the establishment has frequent occasion to travel. The hansom should be provided with one or two brilliant lamps. The horse should be driven with a simple or ring-snaffle, according to his mouth. A curb-bit is altogether inadmissible, in consequence of the weight of the long reins.

It is not necessary to say much about the carriages for conveying invalids by road or rail—with the best arrangement of springs the cleverest mechanics can devise, to avoid as much as possible all jolting; provided with wheels with india-rubber tires; with a shifting couch, which can be carried into the bedroom of the patient, and, when loaded, slid through the rear of the carriage—because these are always hired, and are generally to be had at every principal railway-station.

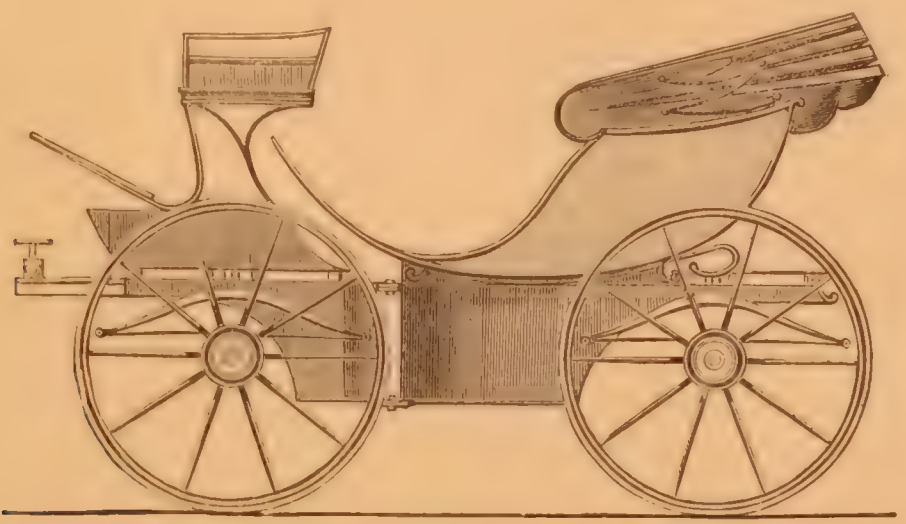
INDIA-RUBBER TIRES.

India-rubber tires are a great luxury; they give to a wheeled carriage the smoothness of a sledge on hard snow, and subdue nearly all the rattle and noise of wheels. But they are usually made on a wrong principle. If india-rubber is stretched, every cut continually widens, and the tire is speedily destroyed. Tires made on a directly opposite plan will endure for an unlimited period; that is, a thick hollow tube of india-rubber shrunk on an iron core shorter than the rubber, and coiled round a wheel grooved to receive it. This kind of india-rubber has been used for many years on two carriages by Mr. Ransome, the agricultural implement maker, of Ipswich.

THE IRISH CAR.

We hope we may not be considered to have added one more to the grievances of Ireland by declining to treat the Irish car so famed in song, "the low-backed car," as a vehicle worth transplanting from its native soil. With one horse and two wheels the Irish car has one merit—a capacity almost as unbounded as the corricolo of Naples; it will hold as many passengers and as much luggage as the horse can draw. It has another—it is almost impossible to upset it. But as

the latter advantage is shared with numerous types of village carts, and the former cannot be favoured by any "merciful man," the Irish outside car remains a convenient vehicle for pic-nics and fishing excursions—less expensive, but not more sociable than a wagonette. The driver either sits sideways, with the least possible control over his horse, or on a seat in front, which unduly throws weight on the horse's shoulders. The Report on the Carriage Department of the Dublin International Exhibition of 1853 only notices and gives a woodcut of one carriage—an Irish car, in which the driver was placed, as in a hansom cab, aloft and behind; so that while he balanced the shafts he overlooked and overheard the conversation of his passengers, which might be agreeable if he were the friend of the family or a privileged joker, with the slight drawback that if the horse stumbled or fell he would be pretty sure to fall on their heads. The South Kensington Museum has in its curious collection of carriages, a Neapolitan corricolo as simple in construction as a costermonger's go-cart, carved with all the richness of a South Sea Islander's paddle.



THE EQUIROTAL.

The most curious carriage that ever ran on the stones of London was the equirotal built for the late Duke of Wellington, in 1830, by the late W. Bridges Adams, which was the favourite carriage of the Great Duke for conveyance to the Horse Guards or the House of Lords up to the time of his death, arranged as a one-horse vehicle, and driven by a groom. This could be converted into two carriages, viz., a cabriolet or a curricle as to the hind part, and into a stanhope as to the front part; while, united, it formed a cabriolet phaeton for one or a pair.

It ran very lightly, but it was very costly, and subject to extra taxes amounting to about £7 a year. The taxes have been reduced, and it is a question whether it would not suit the purpose of some of our country coach-builders to construct a wagonette the fore part of which might be quickly converted into a two-wheeled dog-cart. Good workmanship and Bessemer's tough iron would be needed to secure safety at the junction (see Illustration), which is of a kind with which our agricultural implement makers are familiar. Briefly, the principle of the equirotal is that the hind and fore wheels are of the same diameter, and the fore and hind bodies are united by a sort of hinge.

The following is the author's own account of the advantages of his equirotal cabriolet phaeton:—

"First. The horse drew it with great ease, as compared with an ordinary carriage of similar form and weight.

"Secondly. The driver was always square behind the horse, whether locking or not, as his seat turned with the front wheels, and consequently he had the same command over his horse as in a stanhope gig. In ordinary four-wheeled vehicles, serious accidents frequently arise from restive horses when locking, as in that position the driver loses the greater part of his power over them.

"Thirdly. The springs, being all at one horizontal level, played exactly alike, with uniform motion, very easily, and, as one of the men remarked, 'Like a boat on the water.'

"Fourthly. In consequence of the smoothness of the turning-centres and the absence of a wheel-plate, there was none of the unpleasant rumbling noise common to ordinary carriages. For persons of delicate nerves this is a most important advantage.

"Fifthly. The carriage, though turning with perfect freedom, was yet perfectly firm, and free from tremulous motion from end to end.

"It is evident that these carriages, from the simplicity of their construction, require much less labour to cleanse them; and for the same reason, their general durability must be much increased. When fitted up with the circular spring-wheels, and the improved springs hereafter described, the author conceives that they will leave little to be desired so far as regards ease of motion. The name by which he proposes to distinguish them from carriages of the ordinary class is, 'equirotal carriages.'

"The plate [copied in the figure on preceding page] is a design for a pony phaeton, with the connecting framework of the lockers so constructed that the bottom is within fourteen inches of the ground; the ends being arched upwards to rest on the elliptic springs above the axles. On the hinder locker is placed a seashell-formed body, behind which there is room for a boy to stand when the head is up, or to sit when it is thrown back. A low platform is placed on the front locker, and to this is attached a driving-seat, capable of being removed when the sitters wish to drive themselves from the body. The lines of this carriage harmonise well together, the locker beneath being merely a basement, which in the construction would scarcely be seen at all, as the eye would look downwards at it in perspective; whereas in the drawing it appears much more prominent, owing to the geometric elevation. This carriage would run very lightly behind a pair of small ponies or cobs, and look in good proportion. The locker beneath would serve as a well to carry light luggage or parcels, without the slightest inconvenience to the sitters. By removing the front driving-seat and platform, and placing a trunk there instead, a convenient light travelling-carriage would be attained." A country coach-builder has on my recommendation prepared drawings of an equirotal wagonette, which would supply a two-wheeled dog-cart as well as the other vehicles enumerated in the description of the wagonette.

THE SLEDGE.

One of the most delightful carriages for a winter in a country house, in any county where the snow lies long enough and deep enough, is a sledge holding two or four, besides a groom perched out of earshot behind, and driven with a single horse, a pair, or a tandem. Sledges are generally imported from Canada or the United States. They are in universal use in Russia, Scandinavia, Poland, Hungary, and Austria, in the winter months. They cost a great deal to fit up in proper style, with furs and bells; but the mere sledge may be made by any village wheelwright or carpenter, at very little expense. The body should be very light—it does not require the strength of a wheeled carriage of European make—so that it may be handled with ease. A Canadian sledge to hold four *vis-à-vis* which I purchased one summer for £5 only weighs 300 lbs. There are many occasions when you have to handle a sledge like a wheelbarrow; for instance, when you upset it. The harness may be of the simplest character, breast-plates instead of collars; sash-line

rope traces will do very well, as they will be nearly sixteen feet long; it is scarcely worth while to provide leather traces for a vehicle that can only be used for a few days each time, at intervals of two or three years. The only safe plan for enjoying sledging in England is to have the carriage, harness, and all the paraphernalia stowed away ready for use at a moment's notice. To begin to build or repair a sledge when the first snowstorm appears is to manufacture disappointment. Bells in driving on dark nights are necessary, for the sledge makes no sound; but sheep-bells, for want of better, will make the needful noise. As the horse is so far from the carriage, a tandem whip is requisite. Coloured blankets may fill the place of those splendid bear or buffalo robes which are so essential a part of the display in sledge-driving countries; there are very few seasons in England when it is worth while for persons of moderate means to prepare for a sledge drive as a matter of fashion, and furs laid by are very apt to get moth-eaten. On the other hand, at an insignificant expense, a vehicle with harness may be got up and put by in a country house which will afford a great deal of social fun when a heavy fall of snow has stopped skating, after a frost has stopped hunting. If there is in the family a mighty hunter from tropical or hyperborean regions, all his spoils of the chase may be utilised with excellent effect, whether of tiger, deer, bear, or buffalo. You may either drive one horse, or a pair to a pole, or in the Russian fashion, with one in shafts, united by a wooden arch painted bright blue or red, and hung with bells, and the other galloping alongside him harnessed to an outrigger.

Tandem is a favourite style in Canada, but it must require an exceedingly steady and staunch leader and a clever whip, sitting very low if he sits alongside the lady, and he is not very high if he stands behind and drives over the heads of two.

THE CARRIOLE.

Since Norway has attracted crowds of sportsmen and tourists from time to time, a carriole, the posting-carriage of the country, has been imported, and used occasionally in country-side places; but it has not held its ground, for the obvious reason that it is not suited for roads where you are likely to meet any one. The recumbent position of the driver gives him the least opportunity of looking out; in fact, he must trust in a great measure to the sagacity of his horse. Although nothing could be better suited to crossing the moorland roads, if roads they can be called, of Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, driving a carriole through a Devonshire lane on a dark night, especially on the evening of a market or fair, would certainly be rather risky work. There was a lady who used to drive a carriole to meet the New Forest Hounds; and I met several, years ago (just after the Norwegian Railway was completed, with English capital, by English engineers), meandering about Surrey; but they are, after all, a curiosity, although worth the attention, from their simplicity and lightness, of colonists and travellers in lone prairie lands. Much of the merit of the carriole depends on the skill of the Norwegians as carpenters.

"It is a curious-looking machine, this national carriage (the carriole), but there is no vehicle better adapted to the difficulties of mountain roads, nor is there any more enjoyable mode of travelling than in a carriole, when you are accustomed to its peculiar motion. It is a large-wheeled, spider-bodied vehicle, somewhat resembling the corricolo of Italy. Its shafts are long and elastic, and serve instead of springs; the body, which is placed well forward, resting upon them by cross-pieces. In driving, the legs are brought nearly to a horizontal position, so that there is no danger of being pitched out should one's horse come to grief down a steep hill. Not that the Norwegian ponies are addicted to making mistakes; you may look at hundreds of these hard-worked animals without discovering a broken knee. In sureness of foot they are, perhaps, unrivalled. The carriole is constructed only to carry one, but behind the driver's seat is a board upon which one's box or

portmanteau can be strapped, and upon this the boy who accompanies the pony takes his seat. The strength of the carriole is wonderful. I have seen the wheel of one coming down hill at full speed go clean over a large stone nearly three feet high, by the side of the road. As the wheel rose in the air I held my breath, expecting to see the other wheel, upon which the whole weight of the carriole and its driver was thrown, shiver into pieces. My fear was groundless. The *tolk* who was driving appeared unconscious of what had happened; but then a kind Providence protects people in a certain condition.

"Farmers are compelled by law to lend their horses for posting purposes, often at times when their services are of the greatest value to them at home. The absurdity and injustice of the *Skydt's* laws cannot fail to strike the attention of every English traveller in Norway. In many cases it is difficult to determine which is the worst treated—the station-master, who, for the small sum of four skillings, *about twopence*, has to travel fourteen or sixteen miles in all, to procure a horse for you; the farmer, who has to take his horse from the hay-cart, go seven or eight miles to the station, thence convey you nine or ten miles on your journey, and return sixteen or eighteen miles home again, for the magnificent recompense of thirty skillings, a sum equal to *one shilling and threepence;* or the horse, which, after several hours' work in the hay-field, is compelled to undertake a journey of nearly forty miles. All one's pity would be for the horse, did he not thrive so well upon his constant toil. His fare is of the scantiest, his work of the hardest, and yet he is never unwell, is always willing and docile, and will serve his master for more than thirty years. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of the great superiority of Norwegian horses in health and usefulness over others of European breed. What can be the secret of the equine longevity in Norway? Have we ever known a horse in England serve its master well for forty years, as that one, the skeleton of which is to be seen in Bergen, is declared by the master of the Cathedral School to have served him?"*

The age Norwegian ponies attain is only extraordinary in consequence of the hardships they endure. Horses in England, as a rule, are worn out in their feet and legs long before their constitutions have suffered. Had Frank Usher extended his Wanderings to the United States he would have found that famous trotters there run great races at twenty-one and even twenty-four years old.

In winter the Norwegians convert their carrioles into sledges, by simply taking the bodies off the shafts, and putting them on runners.

PUBLIC CARRIAGES.

Public hired carriages have closely followed the changes in private vehicles. As long as family coaches and chariots were in use, they descended by degrees, still retaining the hammercloth and armorial bearings, to the coach rank. The sexagenarian of 1873 can remember when the only conveyance for hire in the streets of London was a rickety, creaking, generally dirty vehicle, drawn by a pair of miserable broken-winded screws, driven by a very ancient "Jarvey," in a much-patched, never-cleaned, many-caped, outer-garment, who descended very slowly from his perch, opened the door, and unrolled the steps with grating clang, drove away with much cracking of whip, and some oaths, at the rate of about four miles an hour; and at the end of a journey, however short, was rarely to be satisfied with less than half-a-crown. When a family coach does come into the market in the present day, if used at all, it is blacked, and converted into a "Black Job." An octogenarian friend of the author used to describe a visit he received from Beau Brummel, on a financial question,

* Frank Usher's "Northern Wanderings" ("Illustrated Travels").

in Finsbury Square. The Beau talked of his carriage, and offered a seat in it to the West End. The Beau's carriage turned out to be a hackney coach, such as I have just described.

In Paris, in the time of Louis XVIII., the ordinary common street vehicle was a one-horse cabriolet, a dilapidated edition of that which ten years later became fashionable in England. The dirty ragged French driver sat inside beside his fare.

The introduction of the cabriolet in London as a private carriage created the first London cab and cabdriver, that high-wheeled, rapid, dangerous, two-wheeled vehicle, immortalised by the pencil of Seymour and the pen of Charles Dickens—the cab that conveyed Mr. Pickwick to Charing Cross.

Private broughams that had seen better days were the first one-horse four-wheeled vehicles that plied for hire in London. They soon killed off the pair-horse coaches; and the "Jarvies" followed their twin-brothers, the "Charlies," the Dogberries of London. The example led to the manufacture of the regular "four-wheeler," the "growler" of the present hour, and the hired brougham, becoming the "fly," superseded the glass-coach.

Dublin, Liverpool, and Birmingham had long employed the two-wheeled inside car.

The hansom came next, and superseded Mr. Pickwick's cab; about the same time the omnibus, imported from France, rolled slowly into use. Every one travels in them now, but Theodore Hook considered he had reduced his Whig peer to the lowest pitch of degradation when he made him travel in an omnibus. In the early days of the omnibus Messrs. Wimbush, the great job-masters, started one as a means of exercising their stud. It plied between Belgrave Square and Waterloo Place; the fare was one shilling. Sombre in colour, steady in pace, coachman and conductor both "welter weights," nothing could be more respectable; but it did not last in competition with its cheap and vulgar rivals.

For some mysterious reason, the best omnibuses are found in Glasgow, the best hansoms in Birmingham; and while Ireland, with a damp climate, adheres faithfully to open outside cars (from which, however, by-the-bye, England learned what one horse in harness could do), Cornwall, with a like weeping sky, has for an unknown period travelled to market in a covered cart, adopted in genteel rural circles in 1852, and renamed a "coburg," and has for periods beyond the memory of man done the regular stage-coach business in a vehicle much resembling a showman's van.

Under the same influences the yellow post-chaise, which up to 1800 was always conducted by a postillion—a writer in the *Sporting Magazine*, in 1797, protests against the effeminacy of "the boy" driving from the bar—has been completely superseded on great roads by the fly brougham. The commercial traveller, when he journeys on wheels at all, has taken to some of the forms of four-wheeled phaetons. The gigs in which so much posting was done at one shilling a mile before railroads abolished post-horses, are at the present day replaced by dog-carts or whitechapels, and here and there, especially in river-fishing resorts, by basket and other pony-carriages.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES ON CARRIAGES.

There are a number of details in the construction of a carriage into which purchasers should enter, unless they are prepared to trust entirely to the coach-builder.

WHEELS.

The safety and comfort of the occupants of a carriage depend on the wheels being designed on sound principles, and executed by skilful workmen, in the best materials. However strong a carriage may be in other respects—and some carriages will survive through more than one generation—wheels will wear out and require to be replaced at times varying with the work and the state of the roads travelled over.

That low-priced wheels are not usually the cheapest may be judged from the following description, by an old coach-builder, of hand-made coach-wheels :—

"The hind-wheels of a coach vary in height from 4 feet 3 inches to 4 feet 8 inches; the fore-wheels are from 3 feet 4 inches to 3 feet 8 inches. The number of felloes in the circumference varies according to the number of the spokes, two spokes being inserted in each felloe. Fourteen spokes are the usual number to a hind-wheel of ordinary size; twelve to a fore-wheel. When the nave of elm wood has been turned to its size in the lathe, it is marked for the spoke mortices, and firmly fixed at a convenient height at such an angle with the horizon as corresponds to the intended dish of the wheel. Two holes are then bored in each mortice in succession, after which they are squared out with proper chisels. Truth of eye and skill of hand are the workman's only guide in this operation; though it is evident that it is the most important operation of the whole, as upon it depend the accuracy and solidity of the wheel when finished. The tenons of the spokes—which are portions of dry rent oaken saplings—are then cut to fit the mortices, parallel in their thickness and slightly wedging in their width. The other parts of the spokes are only partially prepared. Every alternate spoke is then driven by blows of a maul, the workman guiding it as well as he can in a proper direction till it abuts upon the shoulder. But it is evident that the position which each spoke will take is by no means certain. The spokes are driven very tight, and wood, not being of a homogeneous texture, will yield more in one part than another; and the mortice, cut as it is by sleight of hand, must be uncertain. Every alternate spoke being driven, the remainder are then driven in between them in the same manner. After this, the spokes are finished to their proper form; and the lengths being measured from the nave, the outer tenons are cut to a cylindrical form, leaving the back shoulder square, to abut on the felloe with more firmness. The back of the spoke is rounded to a semicircular form in nearly its whole length behind; in front it is worked to a knife-edge, for the sake of a light appearance. The felloes are then fitted on the spokes, and jointed together. Holes are then bored in the ends of the felloes, and a small piece of wood, called a dowel, is inserted, which serves as a tenon to connect them together. The felloes being then driven home, wedges are inserted in the ends of the spokes to keep all firm. After this, the tire, welded into a solid hoop, is heated and put on. As it shrinks in cooling, the wheel cracks and compresses beneath the force. Iron pins are then driven through tire and felloe, one on each side of every joint, the points being riveted inside the felloe upon a small round plate of iron called a burr.

"The result of this mode of making a wheel is that it is very imperfect when finished. Scarcely any two wheels are alike. Scarcely any spokes in a wheel radiate alike; some are apart an inch more than others; and as the shrinking of the tire varies, some wheels, as a consequence, get more dish than others, the spokes either compressing in the nave mortices, or yielding elastically in their length. To get them at all accurate, it is necessary to employ very skilful workmen; and as very skilful workmen are not very numerous, the cost of wheels is very much increased, beyond similar work in other branches. Another disadvantage attends them: a workman may put his work badly together, and there is no means of detecting it except in practice. A badly-framed wheel may show as well to the eye as a good one, and until it breaks down, no one, neither the master wheeler nor his customer, can detect the inaccuracy. Unless the master watches every wheel while the spokes are driving, he can only depend on the good faith of his workman. There is no remedy for this evil except substituting machines for men's hands."

This description was written by the late Mr. Bridges Adams, who was a good mechanic, many years ago; it still applies to the wheels of small workshops. But within the last twenty years machinery has been largely introduced into the manufacture of the parts of wheels, and a degree

of accuracy obtained which is impossible where hand work alone is employed. In the United States the manufacture of wheels and the parts of wheels occupies great factories, employing steam power, and many mechanical appliances for working in wood, in which the Americans so much excel. A large trade has sprung up in the importation of American wheels. The spokes of American wheels are of the best hickory; the felloes are of two sections only; the spokes are fitted into holes morticed by an accurate yet simple machine into the nave and felloes. Recently, in order to save the freight of wheels in their finished state, several firms of London coachmakers have imported American machine-made hickory spokes, and introduced in their workshops the American morticing machine, which is in fact a Transatlantic adaptation of one of those machine-tools for cutting metals which our own great mechanics, Roberts, Field, and Whitworth, brought to perfection for constructing cotton-spinning and locomotive machinery.

The introduction of mechanical processes for superseding and excelling manual skill at first excited some opposition in the London workshops, which has now altogether died out.

When the woodwork of a wheel is finished, an iron tire must be applied to bind it firmly together. As the value of tire-iron varies by fifty per cent., it is evident that this one item may render a low-priced wheel not cheap.

Narrow wheels and tires look light, and are appropriate on small light carriages, and a fashion of having beveled or rounded tires has recently largely prevailed for light broughams; but since tramways have been so widely extended in the suburbs of the metropolis, rounded wheel-tires have been found dangerous—they will not easily leave the track of the tramway. Whenever the owner of a carriage resides in a district where he must constantly pass along and over tramways, he will do well to use a set of strong wheels, with rather wide flat felloes and tires.

The height of wheels cannot be regulated in a pleasure-carriage entirely on mechanical principles; facility for ascending and descending from the seats and for turning round must be considered. On level ground a horse will draw a vehicle with the greatest facility *when the centre of the wheel is a trifle lower than the point of draught*, viz., the point where the traces are affixed to the collar; but in practice this would be inconvenient, the height of the axle would make the rider's seat uncomfortably high, and it would be necessary to ascend from behind. For this reason the total height of the wheels of two-wheeled vehicles usually varies from 3 feet to 4 feet 6 inches. The necessity of locking, or turning under, prevents the construction of carriages with fore-wheels as high as the hind-wheels; the height of the fore-wheels must be regulated by the height at which the body hangs. To avoid this difficulty the equirotal principle was invented, which might perhaps be revived and usefully applied to wagonettes.

SPRINGS.

Springs formerly bore a great number of names, as nutcracker, telegraph, tilbury, &c.

When every fashionable town-carriage carried at least two stout footmen behind, either standing on a footboard or sitting in a rumble; when every landau and barouche intended for long journeys had ample arrangements for carrying baggage in boots behind and before, if not on the roof; extra precautions were required to enable the under-carriage to bear the inevitable jerks and twists of the road at post-horse pace—say ten miles an hour—over roads of all degrees of roughness; and springs were required of a strength and weight at present unnecessary.

The greatest improvement of the early part of this century in carriage springs was the introduction, or rather improvement, which resulted in the C spring, which was further assisted by the elliptic spring, borrowed from the German britzka, a posting-carriage. C springs can only be used with a perch under-carriage. They are still much used for coaches—for the more fashionable

barouches, and, as already stated, for a few luxurious broughams. The old form of barouche and of landau, with C springs and perch under-carriage, required in town a pair of large heavy horses, and in posting at least four horses.

Successive improvements in construction and material have enabled coach-builders to make the body do the part of the perch. The majority of modern four-wheel pleasure-carriages are placed on elliptic springs, with the advantage of a saving in weight, and yet ease for the passengers.

The modern barouche, in its lightest shape, on under elliptic springs, has even been adapted on the south coast—Hastings and Worthing—to one horse; those hung on C springs, which are more luxurious, and more fashionable, require a pair, which may be light and well-bred. Whenever C springs are used, and the body hangs loose from the under-carriage, like a boat, there is an extra weight in starting and in ascending hills.

Elliptic springs have been materially strengthened, without adding to their weight, by clamping them together instead of uniting them through holes bored and pierced with a screw. As I observed about gig-shafts, every hole in wood, steel, or iron is a source of weakness, to be avoided if possible. A purchaser should therefore understand that it is to the superiority of such details as these that a considerable difference may properly exist between a low-priced and a high-priced carriage, after deducting the extras due to fashion, reputation, and the special trade expenses of a metropolitan workshop.

LENGTH, BREADTH, AND HEIGHT OF CARRIAGES.

According to popular opinion, the shorter the carriage the lighter it will run. But this is not altogether correct. The long carriage of equal weight with a shorter one will be more ponderous in crossing the angle of a ridge; but on a straight hill-side or on level ground, a long carriage and a short one of equal weight and equally correct construction, will present just the same amount of friction. A broad carriage presents much more resistance than a narrow carriage. The tendency of modern coach-building is toward wide carriages of light material.

Light carriages are never so easy to travel generally in as heavy ones, for the concussion of a rough road takes more effect on a light carriage, in causing rebound, than on a heavy one. But this consideration has become of less consequence since roads in this country have become so sound and level.

The height of the splinter-bar from the ground should fall on a straight line from the horse's shoulder to the centre of the hind-wheel. This is not always convenient in practice, as the fore-wheels regulate the height of the framing of the under-carriage, to which the splinter-bar is affixed.

Practically, except as regards symmetry, nice calculations are not of much consequence in regulating the arrangements of modern pleasure-carriages, because it may be taken for granted that a pair of horses are able to draw any landau, brougham, or phaeton, with a full load, without bending to the collar like omnibus horses.

The special luxury of a modern pleasure-carriage on modern roads is that the horses can do their work with ease and positive enjoyment, carrying their heads high, and stepping "out of the ground."

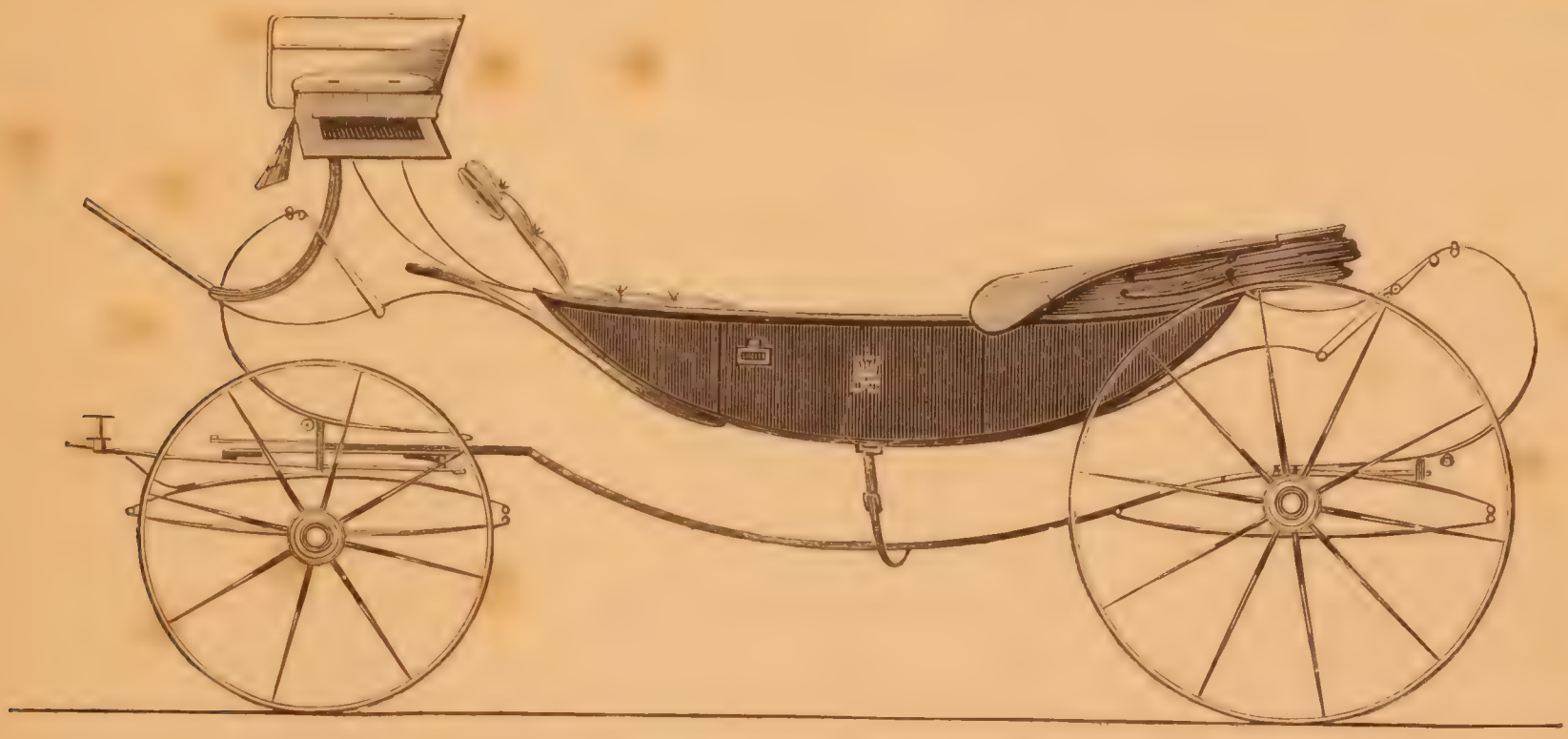
A writer on the subject in 1837, before railroads were common, says, "The macadamised streets of London, and excellent coach roads generally, permit the use of elliptic springs, which are found too hard on the rough paved streets of Paris."

LAMPS.

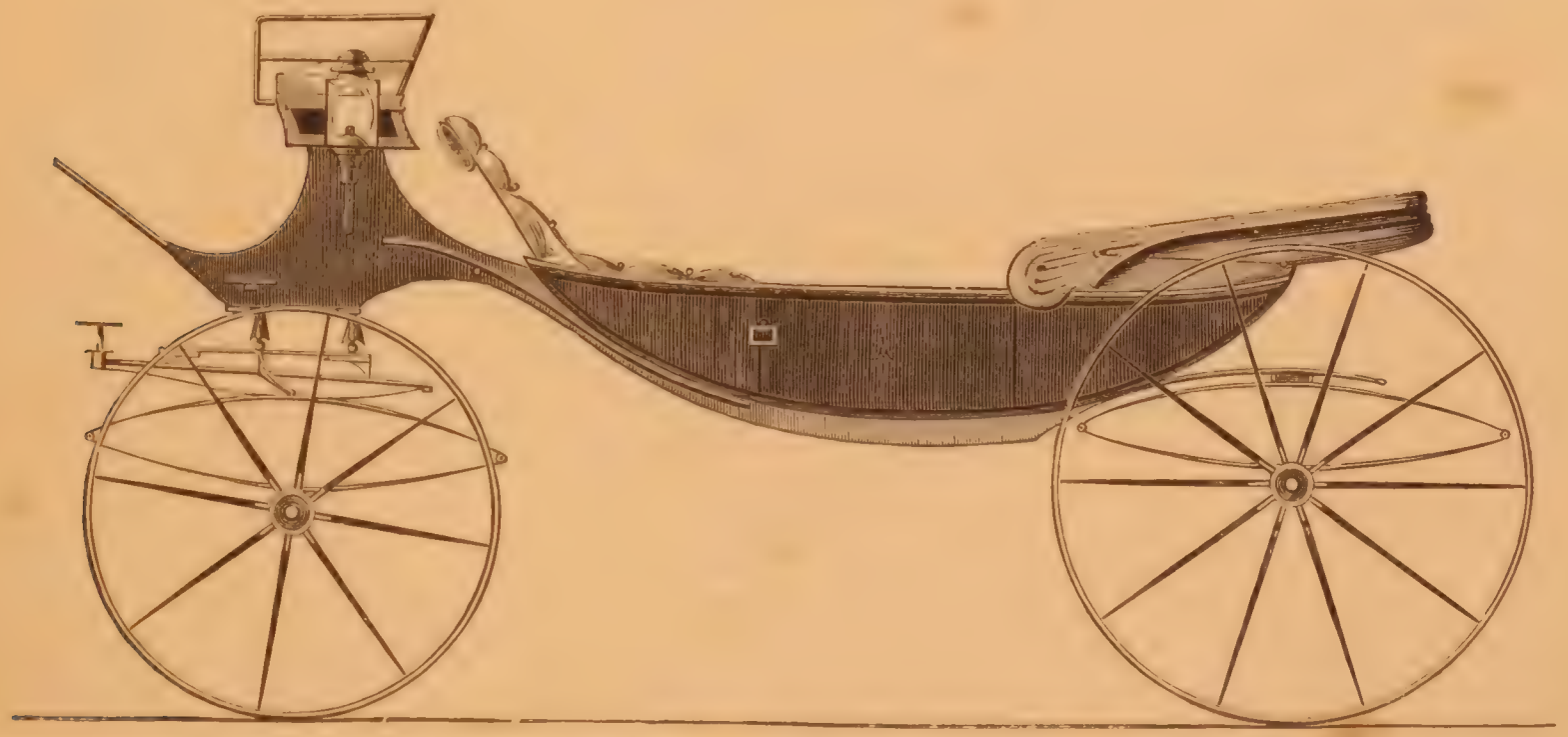
Carriage-lamps are at the present day almost universally fitted for burning wax or composition candles, the manufacture of which last kind has been carried to great perfection, since all customs

and excise duties affecting them have been removed. The use of oil-lamps in private carriages is almost confined to four-horse drags and hansoms.

When candles are used, the owner should insist that in winter the lamps be always supplied with new candles whenever they are used, and that the springs on which the candles rest be



PAROUCHE ON C SPRINGS.



BAROUCHE ON ELLIPTIC SPRINGS.

regularly examined ; otherwise he may find that lights are wanting when most urgently required. The value of lamps is not so much to show the coachman the road as to prevent careless drivers from running into him on a dark or foggy night.

AXLES.

Although Collinge's axles, which will travel without fresh oiling for three months, are the best for civilised countries, a simpler plan—the old mail-coach axle—will be found more suitable for

the colonies, or in the wild out-of-the-way tracts of Europe, where the niceties of mechanical construction are unknown.

SHAFTS.

In describing the manufacture of a brougham, tubular iron shafts were recommended. It is, however, right to mention that there is one objection to their use—viz., if by any means strained or twisted, they cannot be returned to their original shape in the coachmaker's shop, as tough wood can, but must be sent back to the manufacturer for that purpose under any circumstances. It is a good plan to keep a pair of spare shafts in the coach-house.

POLE.

The pole for a pair of horses should be made of the best ash—hickory has been used, but it is the opinion of eminent coach-builders that hickory poles do not wear so well in this as in the American climate. The breaking of a pole is a very dangerous affair; it is therefore of very great importance that it should consist of a sound, well-seasoned spar. The greatest strength is secured by a perfectly straight pole, which will bend, if required, like a fishing-rod. In many carriages, in order to obtain the necessary rise from low fore-wheels, the butt-end of the pole must be bent. In such instances extra precautions are required by the pole-maker.

It should always be remembered that the strength of a carriage, and consequently the size of a pole, should be proportioned to the size and weight of the horses. This is well explained in the following passage from the report by Mr. George N. Hooper, on the Dublin Exhibition of Carriages. After observing that the results will not be satisfactory unless carriages are properly horsed, the reporter proceeds to say: "Not unfrequently a carriage is ordered for one horse only. When it is partly made, or perhaps finished, fittings are ordered for two horses; and it sometimes happens that the two horses put to the light one-horse carriage are coach-horses, between 16 and 17 hands in height. Such horses, although well adapted to a heavy family carriage, are quite out of their proper place attached to a light one. Although they can draw it at a good pace, and over almost any obstacle in the road, and do their journey without fatigue, the carriage suffers sooner or later. The lounging of such horses against a light pole, the strain thrown on the pole in case of a horse tripping, the certain breakage that must occur in case of a fall, and the risk of overturning the carriage, should all be considered before putting a very light carriage behind very large horses. It also sometimes happens that miniature broughams, and other very small carriages, built as light and as slight as safety will allow, are afterwards used with a pair of horses. In such cases, if accidents do not occur through the great strain of a long pole acting as a lever on a very light mechanism, the parts become strained, do not work as they were intended to do, and necessitate constant repair from not being adapted for the work put upon them. Carriage-owners should, in their own interest, have their carriages and horses suited to what they ought and can undergo, bearing in mind that there are advantages and disadvantages both with heavy and light carriages. The former are easier and more comfortable to ride in; they are safer for horses, drivers, and riders; and the necessary repairs are less frequently required. The lighter carriages follow the horses more easily, and can therefore do a longer day's journey; and although the necessary repairs may come more frequently, the saving of the horses may be an advantage that many persons will consider of the utmost importance. Such light carriages should, however, be made of the choicest materials and workmanship, that they may do the work required of them."

DRAG OR BRAKE.

When breeching is not used—and blood-horses well ribbed up, with good quarters, look better without breeching or hip-straps—a drag of some kind must be used in the country, and a lever-

drag in town. The old-fashioned drag consists of an iron slipper attached to a chain. It is applied and removed by hand, and may be seen in daily use on omnibuses descending Ludgate or Pentonville Hills. It would be a nice statistical inquiry to ascertain what has been saved in drags, harness, wheels, and horseflesh, by the abolition of Holborn and Skinner Street hills. The lever-brake, already alluded to in the description of the wagonette, by which a graduated pressure is applied generally to the circumference of the hind-wheels, but in four-horse drags to both fore and hind, is a foreign invention, first applied as a screw-brake to French diligences and the carriages which with this aid descended the steep and curved slopes of Alpine roads at a trot. Since breeching went out of fashion, brakes have been simplified and improved by English mechanics. The most general application is by a lever placed at the right hand of the driver, but it is in some instances arranged so as to be moved by his foot. Tramway cars are always stopped by a strong screw-brake, and never by the horses. In the chapters where the subject of driving is treated, the abuse as well as the use of the lever-brake will be noticed.

Persons who have not paid any attention to the subject, on the principle that none are so daring as those who are ignorant of danger, may object to the extra expense of a lever-brake, even when the harness is without breeching and the country is hilly. What is the result? In descending a hill all the pressure is thrown on the horses' necks and fore-legs. If the horses trot steadily, and the pole bears the extra pressure without breaking, all goes well. But the safest, steadiest horse sometimes trips, or shies, or bolts, startled by some unaccustomed sight or sound, or stung by an insect—he gives a sudden snatch at the pole, and at the critical moment the timber snaps. With a screw or lever-brake the pressure on the neck, when a good coachman is driving, is entirely removed, the horses run loose beside the pole, with pole-chains nearly loose, and, in case of an accident, the carriage can be stopped with exceeding ease. But a stupid driver will wear out a lever brake with needless rapidity.

When posting-chariots and carriages were in use they were frequently fitted with locks. Sir George Jackson, in his Memoirs, relates that when the Duke of Wellington went out in his chariot whilst Commander-in-Chief of Paris, in 1814, he placed a brace of loaded pistols in the pocket in front of him, and then locked both doors inside, in order, as the duke explained, that he might not be dragged out if attacked by a mob. But posting-carriages are quite out of date. Spring-locks are occasionally used, and found convenient for broughams. The drawback is, that unless of the best workmanship, and consequently expensive, they soon fall out of order with the constant banging. A loose door may cause a serious accident; therefore, a common handle and hasp should always accompany the spring lock.

LANDAU HEADS.

Within a very recent period great improvements have been made in the arrangements for opening and closing the head of the landau. The English reporter on the carriages of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 observes that "the greatest novelty was Morgan's patent landau, the head of which was readily raised and lowered by turning a handle, which acted on a screw connected with a combination of levers; next to it was Fuller and Martin's, in which the power was applied by a steel cord passing over a series of wheels, in conjunction with levers, regulated by the action of the cord; while in Rock's landau the closing of the head was facilitated by a series of very carefully-adjusted steel springs fixed in the body, which assisted in overcoming the resistance of the weight that has to be lifted in closing the heads of ordinary landaus. In the Prussian division, Henning showed a landau made to open and close by means of a lever, placed on the side of the driver." The reporter proceeds to say, "Simple as this system appears, it is not so effective as Morgan's;

the force required is so great that only a powerful man could work it. By combining this invention with Rock's plan, the latter would become a self-acting head, instead of a merely balanced head rather more easily opened and closed than on the ordinary plan."

Since this report was written immense strides have been made in improving the mechanism of landau heads. No less than eleven patents are in existence for this object. The labour of closing has been reduced to a minimum, and can be effected in any situation. Under the first contrivances it was necessary that all four wheels of the carriage should be standing on an even surface. Landaus were exhibited at Agricultural and International Shows, in 1872 and in 1873, the tops of which lay perfectly flat, yet so perfectly balanced that they could be closed and lowered almost instantaneously.

CARRIAGE EXHIBITION OF 1873.

The International Exhibition of 1873 contained a show of above 200 carriages from the manufactories of the best London and provincial coach-builders; but the most curious part of the show was found in the state carriages of Her Majesty, of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and of the Lord Mayor; which proved by their ponderous construction that, in the age when these carriages were manufactured, six or eight horses were a necessity as well as a matter of pomp and show, for they were the type of carriages then in ordinary use. These state carriages well deserved to be studied by the curious in carriage-building, as well as the series of ancient vehicles from the South Kensington Museum, in which the gradual advance from a cart to springs, first of the rudest and finally of the most perfect arrangement, could be traced. Photographs of the state carriages of Austria, Spain, and other Continental States were also exhibited, and displayed very elaborate ornamentation, combined with very rude mechanical contrivances. Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly sent pictures of Mr. Pickwick's two-wheeled cab, of one of the first four-wheeled cabs, and of a gentleman's coach in travelling order, as county gentlemen with large families used to travel in the pre-railway era. At that period when a certain duke came from the West to town he travelled in solitary dignity in his post chariot and four, whilst his valet followed in a post-chaise and pair.

The collection of modern carriages was excellent: of course the best men sent their best carriages and the cheapest men their cheapest; yet, except in numbers, there was little to distinguish it from the show at any great carriage bazaar in the height of the season, but a great deal, I might say everything, to distinguish it from any show that could have been gathered together before 1852. The universal tendency of modern carriage-builders is towards lightness. There was a decided revival of four-in-hand coaches and "drags," all fitted up with most luxurious completeness for picnicking, none for long journeys. Broughams, from the country as well as the town, were shown in great numbers, and were used as vehicles for the display of the only remarkable novelties in close carriages since 1862. One of these had an automatic door-opening and closing apparatus, which, if it will stand wear without falling out of order, will be well worth the extra five or six guineas which the "magic door" costs. The other was an indicator. A dial-plate inside the carriage communicates with a twin plate on the splash-board; by turning a handle, after pulling the check-string or sounding a whistle, a hand points to "Right," "Left," "Stop," "Fast," "Slow," "Home," &c.

The display of four-hundredweight open carriages was very complete, iron bent to right angles being extensively employed. There was one very remarkable skeleton phaeton composed almost entirely of this material, which was said to weigh only three and a half hundredweight, and seemed very strong.

The latest improvements in wagonettes consisted in contrivances for enabling a person inside

to pass into the driving-seats without ascending over the wheels, and for entering a boot-shaped carriage between the wheels.

One sign of the times we found in a very light brougham, lined with a reddish-brown satin, the work of a coach-builder of high position and reputation for grave and solid work. He excused himself in his show-card for this apparent deviation into frivolity, by stating that this brougham had been designed for "Americans and foreigners, who often require something lighter and smarter than the usual English fashion." While examining this carriage we remembered that Foote, in one of his comedies, makes a beau say that he had spent a week in Long Acre, "studying and selecting the lining of a chariot that would suit his complexion," and wondered whether blue, pink, or brown-red satin would be more likely to suit the complexion of the future purchaser.

A LIST OF CARRIAGES.

A wealthy merchant, with a large family of children, residing within forty miles of London and three miles of a railway station; a man who farmed a little, hunted a little, and shot a good deal, entertained his friends and neighbours with great hospitality, without any pretensions to state or show, and attended regularly at his place of business four days a week, had, at the time this chapter was written, the following carriages in use at his country house, which are enumerated to show the effect of the reduction of taxation:—

1. A barouche, for a pair of full-sized horses.
2. A double brougham, used either with one large or a pair of blood phaeton-horses.
3. A stanhope phaeton, horsed like the preceding, with one or a pair.
4. A private hansom.
5. A wagonette brake, with high-driving seat for four-in-hand, if required, holding six inside, with two seats outside for grooms.
6. A private omnibus, for conveying the whole household to church in bad weather and luggage to the station on migrations to the seaside.
7. A two-wheeled crank-axled boat-shaped pony carriage.
8. A full-sized Norfolk game-cart.

Under the old system of cumulative taxation, this merchant would have paid fully £150 a year in taxes for carriages, horses, and grooms.

TAXES ON CARRIAGES.

During the period extending from the great Continental wars, when every necessary of life in food, clothing, and building was taxed either for revenue or by way of protecting some manufacturing interest, down to 1843, sumptuary taxes were maintained which were supposed to be inflicted on the luxuries of the rich, and to in some way console the labouring poor for the taxes they paid on everything they ate and drank and wherewithal they were clothed.

Thus, the owner of six four-wheeled carriages paid a tax of £6, but if he kept eight then he paid £8 16s., for each, and £3 for the additional body of every carriage which was contrived for two uses. Two-wheeled carriages with one horse paid £3 5s. and curricles, £4 10s. The tax on a single horse was £1 8s., increased in proportion to the number, until each of ten cost £3 3s. 6d. Men-servants were taxed on the same principle, with the addition of £1 on every servant kept by a bachelor.

It does not seem that, until the world of finance was turned upside down by free-trade agitation, any of the Chancellors of Exchequer, from Goulburn to Peel or Baring, suspected that these taxes on luxuries were taxes on labour—on saddlers, coachmakers, smiths, painters—in a

word, a tax on trade. The progress of the reduction of taxation, already noticed incidentally in the sketch of the history of modern carriages, may be thus summarised :—

In 1842 the first sop was thrown to the class represented by country clergy and half-pay officers, by the exemption from tax of carriages whose hind-wheels did not exceed 30 inches, drawn by ponies not more than 12 hands (48 inches) high. In 1843, nominally for the benefit of the agricultural interest, an exemption from tax was created in favour of two-wheeled carriages, costing less than £21, and bearing the name, occupation, and address of the owner in letters of a certain length. A few years later the taxes on carriages were reduced, the exemption of dog-carts was abolished, and also the rising scale of taxation on carriages, horses, and men-servants. Thus the rates remained until, in 1870, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer Lowe substituted licences for assessments, and fixed the tax as follows :—

Carriage of any number of wheels, weighing over four hundredweight	£2 2 0
Ditto ditto ditto under four hundredweight	0 15 0
Horses, each	0 10 6
Men-servants, each	0 10 6

Thus he completed the tax reform, which had so large an effect on carriage-building between 1852 and 1870, and a revenue tax was substituted for a sumptuary law. But even to these moderate imposts on locomotion Mr. Samuel Laing, M.P., objected, when he claimed the repeal of the laws on railway passengers.

HINTS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF A CARRIAGE.

A carriage should be kept in an airy, dry coach-house, with a moderate amount of light, otherwise the colours will be destroyed. There should be no communication between the stables and the coach-house. The manure-heap or pit should also be kept as far away as possible, as the ammonia exhaled from it cracks varnish, and fades the colours both of painting and lining.

Whenever it has to stand for days together, a carriage should always have on it a large linen cover, sufficiently strong to keep off the dust without excluding the light. Dust, when allowed to settle on a carriage, eats into the varnish. (N.B. Care should be taken to keep the cover *aired*.)

When a carriage is new or newly painted, it is better for it to stand a few weeks before being used. It will, however, even then be liable to stain or spot, unless care be taken to remove the mud before it dries on, or as soon afterwards as possible.

A carriage should never under any circumstances be put away *dirty*.

In *washing a carriage* keep out of the sun, and have the lever end of the setts covered with leather. *Use plenty of water*, which apply (where practicable) with a hose or syringe, taking great care that the water is not driven into the body, to the injury of the lining. When forced water is not attainable, use for the body a large soft sponge. This when saturated squeeze over the panels, and by the flow down of the water the dirt will soften and harmlessly run off, then finish with a soft chamois leather and an old silk handkerchief.

The same remarks apply to the under work and wheels, except that when the mud is well soaked, a soft mop, free from any hard substance in the head, may be used. Never use a spoke-brush, which, in conjunction with the grit from the road, acts like sand-paper on the varnish, scratching it, and of course effectually removing all gloss. If persisted in it will rub off the varnish and paint, down to the wood. Never allow water to dry itself on a carriage, as it invariably leaves stains.

To remove spots or stains, a few drops of furniture polish, reviver, or even linseed oil, on a dab made of woollen rags (using as little of the fluid as possible), will generally suffice. If the panels

are very bad, nothing but a regular flattening down and hand polishing, or even revarnishing, will be effectual.

Patent leather may be easily revived in the same way.

Enamelled leather heads and aprons should be washed with soap and water, and then very lightly rubbed with linseed oil. The enamelled heads of landaus, barouches, and phaetons should always be kept up at full stretch in the coach-house; and aprons of every kind should be frequently unfolded, or they will soon spoil.

In cleaning brass or silver, no acid, or mercury, or grit should be used; the polish should be obtained solely by friction.

To prevent or destroy moths in woollen linings, use turpentine and camphor. In a close carriage the evaporation from this mixture, when placed in a saucer, and the glasses up, is a certain cure.

Be careful to *grease the bearings* of the fore-carriage, so as to allow it to turn freely. If it turns with difficulty the shafts or pole will probably strain or break.

Examine a carriage occasionally, and whenever a bolt or clip appears to be getting loose tighten it up with a wrench; and always have little repairs done *at once;* should the tires of the wheels get at all slack, so that the joints of the felloes are seen, have them immediately contracted, or the wheels will be permanently injured—"A stitch in time saves nine."

Collinge's Patent Axles, in regular work, will run about three months without being cleaned and oiled, and about six months without new washers. With the Mail Patent it is better to have a cleaning every two months, using neat's-foot oil. A little of this may be supplied to the caps more frequently, care being taken not to cross the threads or strain them when being replaced, as in that case they will be liable to drop off on the road.

Keep a small bottle of black japan and a brush always handy to paint the *treads and steps* when worn by the feet; nothing tends to keep up the tidy appearance of a carriage more than this. Lay it on as thin as possible.

Never draw out or back a carriage into a coach-house with the horses attached, as more accidents occur from this than any other cause.

As a general rule, a carriage with gentle work retains its freshness better than if standing for long periods in a coach-house. If the latter is necessary, draw it out occasionally to air.

See that the coach-house doors can be so fastened as not to blow to by the wind.

A good carriage kept as here recommended will always be a credit to every one concerned.

COACH-BUILDING TERMS.

Axle-tree Arm	The part of the axle-tree which passes through the centre of the wheel, on which it turns.
Axle-tree Boxes	Metal tubes fitted to the arms of the axle-tree, fixed firm in the wheel-stock, to contain oil or grease.
Axle-tree Washer	An iron collar or shoulder, fitted to the large end of the axle-tree against which the wheel wears, for the purpose of keeping in the grease; a washer of leather is also used in all pleasure-carriages.
Dashing or Splashing Leather.	An iron frame, covered with leather, to prevent mud from splashing passengers or panels. Sometimes, for cheapness, made of wood.
Felly or Felloe	A wooden section of the outside circle of a wheel round which the tire is fixed.
Fore-carriage	The under-part of a four-wheeled carriage, to which the fore-wheels are attached.
Futchells	The timbers or iron of the fore-carriage, to which the pole is fixed.
Hammercloth	An ornamental covering of the coachman's seat, only used now for Court and full-dress carriages, when footmen always stand behind.

NAVE	The centre or stock of a wheel, in which all the spokes are fixed, and through which the axle-arm goes. In the United States it is called the "hub."
PERCH	A long pole of timber or rod of iron which unites fore-wheels and hind-wheels of certain four-wheeled carriages; notably all which have C springs.
POLE	The lever by which a four-wheeled carriage or a curricle is conducted.
POLE PIN	A round iron pin which passes through the futchell-ends and pole, to keep it in its place.
POLE PIECES	Of leather, or pole chains, which fasten the horses to the pole.
SPLINTER-BAR	The fore-bar attached to the fore-carriage, to which a pair of horses are fastened by passing the looped ends of their traces over the ROLLER BOLTS— viz., strong bolts, with flat heads. Three splinter-bars are also hung to the end of the pole, for four horses in hand, which have hooks instead of bolts for the traces. The American call the splinter-bars "whipple-trees."
SPOKES	The sticks which support the rim of the wheel from the centre.
TIRE	The iron which forms the rim of the wooden felloes of the wheel.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE PURCHASE OF HORSES.

Purchase from a Horse-dealer—From a Farmer—At a Fair—By Advertisements—Comparative Advantages—Anecdote of the Duke of N—— —Precautions Required at Auctions—Tattersall's Rules—Copers and their Tricks—The Effect of Harness-work on Riding-horses—Stallions, Geldings, or Mares—To Choose a Horse Know what you Want—Useful Soundness and Warrantable Soundness—Judges of Form—Anecdote of a Blind Squire—Points of Soundness Important—Eyesight—Wind—Whistling and Roaring—Degrees of Lameness—Broken Knees not always a Fatal Objection—Vice and its Degrees—Warranty—Its Value Dependent on who gives it—The Law of Warranty—Colours—Light Grey and Piebald Objectionable in Hacks—Action—Its Varieties—Safe and Slow—Fast and Safe—Brilliant and Slow—Brilliant and Fast—Action of a Funeral Coach-horse—Of a Race-horse—Value of a Good Walker—Trotting—Slow and Fast—Pace not the Principal Point in a Gentleman's Horse—Value of Courage—Cutting and Brushing—Various Boots—Value of Aged Horses—Sights and Sounds—Shying from Ignorance—From Defective Eyesight—From Freshness—From Vice—A Patient Horse-breaker Required with a Colt—Examples—Pullers and Runaways—A Horse that Bridles well—Value of a Suitable Bit—High Condition and Want of Exercise—Excitement—Vicious Habit—Value of a Martingale—Constitution and Temperament—Bad Feeders—Crib-biters liable to Inflammation—Value of a Placid Temperament—Violent Vice Hereditary—Effect of Cruelty—Bad Breaking—Slugs—The Best Class of Horse Courageous and Placid—Exercise Essential for High-couraged Horses—Mares and Riding Hacks may be Driven in Harness.

THERE are several ways in which horses may be purchased, as, for instance, from a horse-dealer, at an auction, from a farmer who breeds or who buys colts and breaks them, at a fair, from persons who advertise in the newspapers, from a friend who happens to have to sell the sort of animal you want. There are advantages and disadvantages in all these methods.

If high-class and therefore expensive horses are required, and if—an important point—you know exactly what you want, there is no better plan, if you reside in London, than to go the round of the leading dealers on both sides of the water; then, if you cannot find anything to suit you, to place yourself in the hands of one of them, with or without a limit as to price, according to the state of your finances.

Respectable horse-dealers never buy an unsound horse if they know it; and when they take a horse that makes a little noise, or has some other defect, within the list of what makes a "useful screw," they generally send it to be sold as a screw, at screw price.

At a first-class dealer's, in town or country, you must expect, for obvious reasons, to pay a full price. The trade-expenses of such dealers are very large; besides the rent, wages, and fodder of an extensive establishment, there is the interest on the capital invested in horses purchased raw from the breeder, or at great prices at the sales of famous studs, and all the losses by death, sickness, and deterioration from—to use the veterinary surgeons' phrase—"diseases of the visual and respiratory organs."

"There's a horse," said a great dealer, "by which I shall lose two hundred pounds. I gave two hundred pounds for him as four-year, and expected to make at least three hundred by him as a hunter. He had the influenza, and when I began to get him into condition he made a noise, so, as he was of no use for hunting, I ordered him to be broken to harness. The first time

he was put in the brake he threw himself down, blemished his hocks, and broke his tail; so now he's barely worth twenty pounds." Then long credit and bad debts form not a small item of loss or expense. The ideas on payment of certain distinguished members of the fashionable world used to be very curious; at the present day the tide of opinion is rather turning toward discount for cash payments. A late noble patron of the turf and everything that was expensive, owed a large sum to an eminent firm of horse-auctioneers for the purchase of yearlings. When his lordship sold a large stud of hunters, under the hammer of the same firm, he was very much surprised that he did not receive a cheque for the sale-money, and was both astonished and indignant when reminded that, even after deducting the proceeds of the hunting-stud, there was still a considerable balance on the wrong side against him.

The advantages of buying from a first-class dealer are considerable. In the first place, there is the opportunity, worth at least ten per cent. of the purchase-money, of a full trial; then there is a warranty of soundness and freedom from vice; and, finally, the opportunity of changing if the animal does not suit, although this arrangement of course involves some additional cost. Consequently, it becomes rather expensive to people who "never are but always to be blest," who never know their own minds, or are constantly seeking an ideal and impossible horse—

"The faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."

The old Duke of N—— was showing his agent, a plain, blunt man, his last acquisition in hacks. "Very nice, indeed, my lord, and he ought to be, for he cost your Grace a thousand pounds." "A thousand pounds!" the duke incredulously repeated. Upon which Mr. Y—— proceeded to prove how the original purchase at two hundred and fifty pounds had within twelve months grown by successive chops and changes to the four figures named.

There are also some disadvantages in purchasing from a dealer's stable, for which a novice must be prepared, amongst others, that nine horses out of ten never look so well anywhere as in dealers' condition in a dealer's yard resplendent with bright red sand. The horses are so fat, round, and sleek; they are bedded up to their knees in beautiful clean straw; the grooms are so neat, silent, and attentive; the break-men, or riding grooms, such masters of their arts; the whole *mise-en-scène* so perfect, that the leading actor, the horse, never again appears to such advantage. Add to these attractions the astounding eloquence of the salesman, by which no one but a deaf man could be entirely unaffected.

But it must always be remembered that there are "horse-dealers and horse-dealers" of divers grades, including, the most dangerous of all, the gentleman who has seen better days, down to the professional coper, whose trade it is to look out for unsound horses of splendid form and action, for the benefit of the large crop of conceited fools to be found every day in a great city; that while there are members of the trade whose word may be as safely taken as that of the bankers with whom they deal, there are many with very little capital, credit, or character, yet so clever that they only require honesty to make a permanent instead of a precarious livelihood.

Although London attracts, in harness-horses and finished park hacks, as in almost everything else, the best and most expensive, especially in harness, there are establishments in the country only second, if second, to the leading London firms. Every hunting-county supports at least one local celebrity. Some dealers only purchase horses at least five years old which have been partly broken, others make a point of securing from the breeders every promising colt, and regularly fill their stables in the autumn with four-year-olds to be prepared for sale in the spring.

Men of established fortune and position have their horse-dealer just as they have their tailor and their bootmaker. This tradesman is always on the watch to secure the class of animals his patron requires. People of moderate means cannot afford so great a luxury. The man who wishes to possess harness-horses of extraordinary action must be prepared to secure them whenever they come into the market, whether his stable be full or not, because the number in existence is limited. Of course the man who goes for the first time to buy a single horse, cannot expect to be as well treated as the regular customer who purchases on a great scale. As a rule, those who require horses highly trained and broken (except hunters) are most likely to suit themselves in the stables of London dealers; those who like unfinished harness-horses or hacks, on the farms of country dealers.

The sales by auction, except where studs of great celebrity are submitted to the hammer, afford opportunities of purchasing at much lower prices than from a dealer, with the disadvantage of a very imperfect opportunity for examination, and no satisfactory trial. You must set the advantage in price against the risk, which you may well do when you want useful animals at a comparatively low price, if you have the assistance of a competent adviser, and can learn something of the biography of the nag you fancy. The difference between auction price and dealers' price generally affords a pretty good margin for insurance against mistakes in a series of purchases, but auctions are for the young and the strong. The timid and the aged must venture on no rash experiments in horses they require for their own riding.

For more than twenty years, until the Franco-German War raised prices so inordinately, we always bought low-priced general utility horses at Tattersall's, and never made a serious loss; but then we sought good professional advice, seldom relying entirely on our own judgment. To purchase with any safety at an auction, you must be certain that it is honestly conducted, and not an affair got up between some unknown auctioneer, with no reputation, and the proprietors of a lot of screws made up for the occasion. Horses sold from a stud of reputation will fetch more by auction than they ever will again when sold singly. Even when the auction is conducted with the most perfect integrity, the intended purchaser must be on his guard against the contrivances not only of professional copers, but of "gentlemen" who send in a complete stud to get rid of two or three worn-out or vicious brutes. In fact, you want to know not only something about the horses, but about the owners. In this pursuit a few half-crowns judiciously administered to the attendant grooms will prove good investments. The lots most to be distrusted at an auction are the very good-looking ones, with no description. When a horse is described as "quiet in harness" that is a warranty; but "has been regularly driven in harness" is no warranty. So, "quiet to ride" is a warranty; but any variation in these words is suspicious. "A good hack" has been held in a court of law to be a warranty against lameness. "A good hunter" and "quiet in harness" is a very good warranty, for a good hunter must be perfect in eyesight and clear in the wind—whether he need be a good fencer is a doubtful point.*

A single horse usually sells cheaper than one of a good stud; and at Tattersall's, when an owner offers not more than two, either may be ridden for your information by the groom attached to the establishment for the purpose.

An unpractised rider or whip should never venture on purchasing a horse of whose previous history he can obtain no information.

Farmers who hunt have often very good horses, made handy in summer as hacks and in

* "The Condition" at Tattersall's is, that "the purchaser of any lot warranted in any way, and not answering the warranty given, must return the same on or before the evening of the second day from the sale, otherwise the purchaser shall be obliged to keep the lot with all faults."

winter as hunters. They are dealers, in fact, and ask as much money as dealers. They seldom have highly-finished harness-horses, and often lose a profit by not taking enough pains to complete the education of good-looking young hacks. A quarter of the value of a handsome riding-horse depends on his manners.

An inexperienced person who goes with his groom to a fair to pick up anything better than an unbroken pony, out of a Welsh or Irish drove, deserves the fate of Moses Primrose. Advertisements in the London daily and sporting newspapers offer opportunities of purchase from private individuals, who, in consequence of a death, or loss of fortune, or some other honest cause, desire to sell genuine horses; but there are a great many advertisements concocted and inserted day after day by organised gangs of swindlers. Whenever you find that the advertiser is "willing to allow a month's trial," you may take it for granted that he is a coper. When you read of "a pair of horses, quiet in harness, excellent hacks, and perfect hunters, the property of a gentleman deceased; price not so much an object as a good home," then you may be sure the thing is a swindle. There is, however, one test as infallible as Ithuriel's spear—propose an examination at the Royal Veterinary College.

The victims of coping advertisements are generally people who know nothing yet desire to secure wonderful bargains, or the very clever, conceited people who, knowing a little, fancy they know everything, and that nobody can take them in. A coper, in a moment of gin-and-water candour, confessed that his principal victims were country clergymen and Indian officers.

There is one axiom which, whether true or not in literature, is strictly true in horse-dealing: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." If Nature has given you a good eye for proportion, and a natural talent for observation, when you have successively bought a horse with every fault you will begin to be able to choose one for yourself.

If you know nothing when you commence, you must trust some one, and the great point is to trust one whose knowledge and experience deserve your confidence. Veterinary surgeons, like the medical attendants of human beings, are of all degrees of aptitude and experience. Natural aptitude, cultivated by constant practice, makes a veterinary surgeon a judge of soundness, action, temperament, and constitution. But as there are people whom no amount of instruction will ever make musical, so a man may pass his life amongst horses and not learn the difference between one good and one good-for-nothing.

The simplest plan, if your stud does not justify retaining the constant services of a veterinary surgeon, is to make an arrangement that for a fixed sum he shall select and examine until you have found the sort of animal you require, with so much more if the purchase turns out a success within so many months. Of course veterinary surgeons make mistakes, as other doctors do, but they are less likely to make mistakes than those who have little experience and no scientific training. There are several great London dealers who never accept a purchase until it has been examined and passed at the Royal Veterinary College; there would be more if this horse-hospital was situated within western limits.

Assuming that your intended purchase is substantially sound—that is, "competent to do the ordinary work of an ordinary horse"—and that he is not vicious, and is broken to ride or drive, or both, there are several other important points to be taken into consideration before you are sure of "a good horse," which, unless you have a much longer trial than can usually be expected, must be taken on trust; for instance, temperament and constitution, and other faults that do not amount to actual vice or positive unsoundness.

Before entering on these questions, it may be convenient to observe for the benefit of the economical, that almost all horses and ponies that have been ridden for several years may

also be broken to and driven in harness, under proper conditions, not only without injury but with positive advantage.

The opinion that harness-work destroyed the fine action of a riding-horse or hunter was quite true in days gone by, when all roads, in wet seasons, were at least fetlock deep in clay or mud, and when all the carriages were from one-half to one-third heavier than at the present time. In the early part of the present century, "a devil's wagon" was the slang term for a kind of four-wheeled phaeton supposed to be in favour amongst the richer manufacturers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green; for it was then considered impossible for one horse to draw a respectable four-wheeled carriage.

If a horse, in order to draw a family brougham or any other capacious vehicle, has to throw himself into the collar and haul away by his weight, he must lose that balance which is essential to pleasant riding action; the drudgery of such a load will soon destroy the courage or break the heart of a well-bred horse. But if a single horse is put to a light carriage, with a proper height of wheels—a carriage that he can set in motion without effort, and which, having four wheels, casts no weight upon his shoulders—then, so far from a reasonable harness journey being a tax on his power, it may be a seasonable relief from weight under a saddle. Still more is this the case where a pair of horses are put to a modern phaeton, wagonette, or light brougham—the exertion is child's play to them—and ten or fifteen miles at a reasonable pace healthy exercise. Colonel Fitzwyram recommends driving in a light brougham as the best summer exercise for a couple of hunters; my experience quite agrees with his advice. Of course this is taking for granted that the horses have not been worked in the winter so hard as to require entire rest in the summer. The convenience of having horses which can be both ridden and driven, as well as the advantage of being able to exercise two horses in harness at once with or without one servant, are obvious. The exercising of horses is always a great difficulty where exercise-ground is not under the master's eye.

To secure this general utility, it will frequently be found necessary to break riding-horses to harness after they are six or seven years old, but generally aged horses seem to submit to harness even better than colts.

There are of course exceptions—there are horses that the most skilful breaker, with the best tackle and the greatest patience, cannot persuade to harness satisfactorily. We have put every horse we ever possessed in harness, and never met with but one mare that it was impossible to drive either in single or double harness. Horses inclined to kick occasionally go best in single harness, furnished with a sufficiently strong and properly applied kicking-strap. Horses inclined to jib—that is, stop suddenly and back—will frequently go satisfactorily in double harness. But more details will be given on this part of our subject in the chapter on "Breaking to Harness."

There is one class of horse that should never "look through a collar"—that is, a lady's horse. Some ladies trot—not a very graceful action for them at the best, although a good change for the horse; but a horse in harness, except the leader of a team, should never canter.

There are horses which, perfectly quiet in the harness, will not submit to be ridden; and there are more frequently horses too high-couraged for harness that become perfect under saddle. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my notice lately. A gentleman who keeps a complete stud of hacks, hunters, and carriage-horses, purchased for his barouche a most beautiful horse, which it was found impossible to match—without vice, he was so fast, high-couraged, and impatient that he outpaced and outworked every horse put alongside him. It struck the owner's son, an officer in a light dragoon regiment, that the horse, which had been bought as one of a pair, and had never been ridden, would make a charger. Put into the military riding-school,

and being intelligent, he became docile, was soon passed for service, and was noted as one of the handsomest and best chargers in the brigade during one of the early autumn manœuvres. It is by no means uncommon to meet with advertisements of cavalry chargers which are also hunters and quiet in harness.

STALLIONS, GELDINGS, MARES.

Stallions are seldom used in this country for harness, hunting, or as hacks. Now and then a stallion of extraordinary beauty and gentleness is met with amongst parade chargers and park hacks; in nearly every hunt you will hear of some wonder of a stallion; but as a rule half-bred horses are castrated as yearlings, and thorough-bred horses as soon as they are thrown out of training and brought into ordinary use. It must be confessed that there is a grandeur, especially about the neck and fore-quarters of a full-aged stallion, a special character, that is very picturesque. But in this country, whether from the higher system of feeding that prevails, or from the impatient character of our grooms, stallions are extremely troublesome; while in France, Spain, South Germany, and Russia, stallions are in almost universal use for light harness and saddle.

It would be difficult to decide whether we gain or lose more by our system of castration. On the one hand, we do prevent a great many useless, ill-shaped brutes from reproducing their defects; on the other, we reduce to sterility the whole class of magnificent animals that form the studs of the pasture counties. The French writers on breeding attribute the superiority of our horses in a large degree to our preference for geldings.

In Prussia the system of castration is carried still further. No one is allowed to keep or use a stallion that has not been approved, branded, and registered by a Government officer.

All things being equal, a gelding will fetch more money as a hunter, carriage-horse, or hack, than a stallion or mare. Indeed, a stallion, if aged, unless with a character as a hunter, or remarkable action, and warranted quiet, is very difficult to sell at all, unless thorough-bred or of the heavy draft breed. Railroad companies charge double or nearly double fare for a single stallion, and often compel you to take a whole box.

The common theory is that for saddle a gelding is worth at least £5 more than a mare equal in every other respect. For harness purposes some persons will not use a mare at all. High-priced pairs of full-sized carriage-horses are always geldings. Job-masters have scarcely anything else in their stables; but on turning to the advertisements of sales by auction at Albert Gate, or to the catalogues of horse shows, it will be found that a very large number of hacks not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches are described as quiet to drive as well as ride, and that a very large per-centage of these are mares, which, when well bred, are usually handsomer than geldings, and have more character.

You find a great many mares worked in harness in light carriages both single and double. In our time we have had more mares than geldings, always drove them in harness, and never met with a serious accident; but then our horses, although full-fed, were never idle, a condition which in horses as well as men is the root of all evil.

A good mare must not be rejected, although a gelding is decidedly to be preferred for harness purposes, for it will presently be shown, on undeniable evidence, that a number of very valuable harness-horses are mares, and equally good in harness and under saddle. Before the Franco-German War a light-boned grey mare was the by-word for the most unprofitable unsaleable article in horseflesh; but since that cavalry-consuming epoch there is a price for a good horse of either sex or any colour.

To horse suitably is much more difficult than to buy a carriage, because horses cannot be made to order. The first point is to know what you want. But many people do not, and more cannot

make up their minds without the eloquence of a salesman to assist them. Suppose it is for a brougham, promised by the coach-builder to be ready in the course of two months. Your first brougham! Is it to be ornamental, or useful, or both? Does a lady only require it to take her into the Park, on a round of visits every afternoon in the season, and through a course of shopping; or is it to be a family vehicle, to hold all the children, and crawl out on constitutionals as a sort of nursery on wheels? Or, again, is it intended for country use and long expeditions, to run morning and evening several miles to and from a railway station, or to convey a quartogenarian fox-hunter fifteen or sixteen miles to cover? Is it for a general practitioner going his mill-horse rounds in Peckham or Clapham, or the physician in whom duchess-mothers put their trust? Is it to draw a light phaeton, and be used on alternate days as a hack? When this point is settled, the choice can be made with more or less difficulty, in proportion to the degree of perfection required. Useful animals, strong, slow, and steady, with no pretensions to beauty, sufficiently sound for all practical purposes, and others active and fast but without beauty and that action which is in horses what "style" is in women, are comparatively plentiful, and to be purchased by those who know how to go to market at comparatively moderate prices. Before the Franco-German War our limit for such horses was £40, and we have purchased very useful ones at £25; but the war changed all that, and it is impossible to say when, if ever, the price of horses will fall.

A horse may be serviceable without being absolutely sound. A one-eyed horse may go very grandly, and a horse touched in the wind will not always make a noise in his trot; harness hides many blemishes and original defects. A pig-eyed coffin-head, or a rat tail and scanty mane, will seriously depress the price of an animal otherwise excellent. Where immediate hard work is not essential, it is cheaper to buy a horse thin and out of condition from hard work; for then, if constitutionally sound, he improves every day under the effects of regular exercise and sufficient hard food, while a horse fat from grass or in dealers' condition begins by melting away.

But before purchasing it is important to ascertain that the horse is sound enough for your use.

We make this reservation because perfectly sound horses that have been worked long enough to know their business are as rare as landed estates without a flaw in the title; and if an unwilling purchaser desired to cancel a bargain, there are very few horses in which a clever veterinary surgeon could not detect some defect. On the other hand, a horse may be apparently sound and yet have disease, or the germs of disease, which only a trained and experienced professional eye can detect. There is also a third contingency, when, from carelessness, or to conceal ignorance pure and simple, and be on the safe side, a veterinary surgeon rejects every horse presented to him with whose history he is not perfectly acquainted. We lay great stress on practical experience, because no amount of study in the library, the lecture and dissecting-rooms, will make a man a good judge on a question of soundness, unless he has constant practice in examining horses, and the natural gift of correct observation and comparison.

Some people have this gift of comparison, or, as phrenologists call it, "form," so highly developed, that if they once get the proper conformation of a horse in their eye they become better judges than others who have had practice from their earliest years.

We have particularly observed this faculty (in which we are ourselves extremely deficient) in eminent engineers and artists, who did not become owners of, or interested in, horses until they arrived at thirty or forty years of age.

There are persons whose sense of hearing is so accurate, that after listening to a horse trotting on hard ground, they will discover without seeing on which leg he goes lame or short.

We once accompanied the late Mr. Foljambe, of Osberton, celebrated as a breeder of horses, hounds, and Leicester sheep, on a visit to the late Rawcliffe stud, for the purpose of choosing a stallion for his hunting mares. His observations from hearing alone (he became blind at about forty years of age) on the paces of the horses led out were most accurate. He had then been blind about twenty years.

There is truth in an old Yorkshire proverb, that "you must buy a horse with every fault before you are fit to buy in a fair."

If you are a novice, get a competent person to advise you; and the most competent is a veterinary surgeon who is daily engaged in examining horses. There are amateurs and grooms who are excellent judges, as far as form and soundness of limb are concerned. Where low-priced horses are in question, you may risk something, and you must always risk a great deal in buying by auction and at fairs. But where you want to purchase a high-class animal, at a proportionate price, it is well worth while, as in every other business transaction, to pay for competent professional advice.

Harnessed in brilliant carriages, and mounted by very fashionable personages, you may see every day in the London season horses with all sorts of defects—very old or very groggy, or touched in the wind, or defective in eyesight—but used because they possess some real or imaginary merit of action or form. Wonderful are the cripples which draw about the old-fashioned chariots of wealthy old maids and well-dowered dowagers who will not condescend to job their horses. The following are a few of the points to which attention should be directed:—

A hack should have two good eyes; so should a hunter, although in every hunting-field there is a tradition of some Cyclops, an extraordinary performer. One of the best mares we ever rode hunting had been foaled blind of one eye. But a horse that has lost one eye from disease is very likely to lose the other at no distant date. A one-eyed horse, in other respects perfect, may do very well in double harness with the blind side to the pole; indeed, if economy is an object, and the roads in your district are good, you may put up with one totally blind horse in a pair if his courage, form, and action make him look worth at least three figures; but it is as well to know of the defect, and get it allowed in the purchase-money.

In dealing, the only safe way is to peremptorily reject a horse with any weakness or defect to the eyesight, and listen to no excuse, unless you are prepared to buy a blind horse at a blind price. A certain class of persons always have a plausible excuse for every suspicious appearance, whither it be a blind eye or a pair of broken knees.

The "wind," to use a popular term, that is the state of the lungs, windpipe, and throat, demands careful examination; any signs of past or present affection of the lungs is a fatal objection to any horse valued at more than £6. The defects of roaring or whistling are matters of degree and of price. A roarer may be for certain purposes a useful animal, but it does not pay to buy one without knowing the drawback.

Copers, who make a trade of purchasing unsound horses of fine figure and action, have a way of temporarily subduing the signs of broken wind. A broken-winded horse may be compared to a man far gone in asthma. Broken wind is an incurable disease of the lungs; but there are many degrees between absolutely broken wind and what is called "making a little noise."

Whistling and roaring are caused by thickening or some other defect or disease of the windpipe, and may exist with very good although not the highest speed.

A horse turned out of a first-class hunting stable for whistling or roaring may be used for years as a slow hack or for harness without being heard. Very recently one of the sensation horses of the Park, ridden daily in the season by a lady of title—the two a perfect picture—was a rank

roarer at any pace beyond eight miles an hour; but this beautiful mare's beautiful mistress was judicious, and knew when and how long to canter and when to drop into a graceful walk.

There are, we believe, horses that are not stopped in their gallop by roaring, but it is difficult to understand how any one can have pleasure in riding them, however good. We once heard Charles Payne, huntsman of the Pytchley, cry out in cover that he "could not hear the hounds for this roarer."

So, too, there are degrees in lameness, from the grogginess and dottiness of the old hunter—still good on soft ground—and the stiffness that goes off in harness-work and returns in the stable, to positive disease of the feet or the joints, or absolute breaking of the tendons. For instance, a horse of fine courage, good shoulders, and strong hocks, loins, and back—that is to say, with strong propelling powers, may go well as long as you do not ask him to gallop on hard ground or jump into hard roads. Amongst hired hack hunters there are many such game old cripples. It is on such well-bred, clever, but terribly groggy animals that a good horseman of light weight in a soft winter will go along as well and better than millionaires mounted on hunters that cost more pounds than the screw did shillings.

Foot-lameness, where the cause is not obviously a thrush or a slight corn, and therefore curable, is a fatal objection, because there are no ways of patching up a foot, whilst a good deal may often be done with a leg. A horse will work a long time in double harness after he is not safe in single.

Broken knees, when not grievously disfigured, are not a fatal objection to an otherwise useful horse; if he has good action and sound fore-feet you may believe that accident has caused the damage. Scores of hunters sell at three figures in spite of broken knees, but then they come to the hammer with established characters.

No one will knowingly buy a lame horse if he wants it for immediate use, but there are many who will speculate in a lame horse when it is supposed that the lameness is curable and the price justifies some risk. For instance, a horse may be lame from thrush in neglected frogs, from corns caused by bad shoeing, or other curable causes. But the man with a small stud, and especially the man who knows nothing about horses, had better have nothing to do with a lame one, however fascinating.

Herring-gutted "washy" horses are generally deficient in endurance. They will not last long days, but, if suitable in other respects, they may make very good hacks for gentle exercise. A narrow chest is considered liable to inflammation; an extravagantly broad chest may be found on a trotter, seldom on a pleasant or fast galloper.

It is one more illustration of the folly of human nature, that horses sell best when in the very worst condition for useful work, viz., "hog fat," although every one who buys a horse ought to know that the only use of fat on a horse is to conceal defects.

Age may be known up to seven by the teeth, and may be pretty nearly guessed by experts up to twenty. At six a horse has passed all infantine diseases. If a horse that has been fairly worked is sound and fresh on his legs and without vice at ten years old, he is far more valuable than a promising five-year to the person who keeps only one horse. A pair of barouche-horses, the property of Mr. East, the great job-master of Mayfair, which took a prize at the Royal Agricultural Society's Horse Show in 1864, were both not far from twenty years old.

After unsoundness comes vice, which broadly means either "not quiet to ride or not quiet to drive," or dangerous in the stable, or quiet in double and not in single harness, or *vice versâ*. Vice again is a matter of degree. A timid person would call that vice, perhaps justly, which a bold horseman would treat as play.

These preliminary observations bring us to the important question of *warranty*. No sensible person purchases an expensive horse by private contract without requiring a warranty, either general or special, of soundness and freedom from vice. We should never think of depending on the warranty of a low-priced horse; in fact, we should not ask for it, unless from a seller on whose word we could depend, because it will not pay to go to law for a small sum of money.

The first value of a warranty depends on the way it is expressed, and the next on the solvency of the person who gives it. Professional horse-copers never hesitate to give the most unlimited warranties, just as they also offer a week or a month's trial to the purchaser who is foolish enough to part with his cheque without a veterinary examination.

A warranty, to be of the greatest practical value, should be in writing, because, although a verbal warranty is held good in law, it is extremely difficult to prove what has been said; therefore, a trial on a verbal warranty resolves itself into a contest of hard swearing.

A horse must be of considerable value, and the defendant must be rich enough to pay damages and costs to make it worth to venture, as plaintiff, into the expensive annoyance of that worst of lotteries—a lawsuit. Sir James Stephens, a solicitor, wrote a book, with the title of "Caveat Emptor," at the beginning of this century—which made a great sensation, and has run through many editions—in which he gives the whole law of horse warranty, and paints so picturesquely the pitfalls open for purchasers, that it is almost a wonder how any novice can venture to buy a horse after reading it. But for the purposes of the present work, we have nowhere found all that a purchaser should know so simply and plainly laid down as in an essay by A. T. Jebb, Esq., barrister-at-law,* from which the following extracts are abridged:—

"A representation that a horse about to be sold by auction is sound does not afford any warranty to the purchaser at auction. According to Maule I., the contract commenced when the horse was put up for sale, and ended when he was knocked down to the highest bidder. But if a person sell a horse for a particular purpose—as a hunter, as a hack, to carry a lady or a child—he could not fix on a purchaser a liability to pay for it unless it were a horse fit for the purpose for which it was required. Whether a hunter must jump well is a question for the jury; but he must not be blind or wrong in the wind. In like manner, it has been decided that a horse sold as 'a good hack' must not be lame. The servant of a private owner entrusted with selling a horse, '*not at a sale or mart*,' cannot bind his master by giving a warranty. It remains a doubtful question whether a special agent, entrusted with the sale of a horse in a fair or other public mart, is or is not authorised to give a warranty. But where a horse-dealer or livery-stable keeper employs a servant to sell a horse, any statement made by him equal to a warranty will bind his master."

It must, however, be carefully borne in mind that the seller of a horse may tell a great many lies and use a number of laudatory expressions that will not amount to a warranty. Hence the necessity of a written warranty.

"The rule as to unsoundness is that if at the time of sale the horse has any disease which either actually does diminish the natural usefulness of the animal, so as to make him less capable of work of any description, or which in its ordinary progress will diminish the natural usefulness of the animal—or if the horse has, either from disease (whether such disease be congenital, or arises subsequently to its birth) or from accident, undergone any alteration of structure that either actually does at the time, or in its ordinary effects will, diminish his natural usefulness—such a horse is unsound. The importance of the term 'natural usefulness' in this definition must be borne in mind, for 'one horse with a heavy fore-hand is liable to stumble, and is continually putting to hazard the neck of his rider; another with an irritable constitution and a washy make, loses his

* "The Field Quarterly Magazine," May, 1872.

appetite, and begins to scour if a little extra work is exacted from him.' To this it may be added that such defects as cutting, speedy cut, and overreach, which arise from imperfection of form, though impairing the usefulness of a horse, do not impair his natural usefulness, and therefore cannot be pronounced a breach of warranty of soundness. As long as he is uninjured he must be considered sound. Although it was otherwise held by Mr. Justice Eyre in one case, and by Mr. Justice Coleridge in another, it would appear to be now well established that a warranty of soundness is broken if a horse at the time of sale has any infirmity upon him which renders him less fit for present use and convenience; and his subsequent recovery is no defence to an action on the warranty. In conformity with this principle, Lord Ellenborough laid it down many years ago that it was not necessary that the disorder should be permanent or incurable. 'While a horse has a cough,' he remarked, 'I say he is unsound, although that may be either temporary, or ultimately prove fatal.' And in a later case, Mr. Baron Parke, in summing up, said, 'I have always considered that a man who buys a horse warranted sound must be taken as buying for immediate use, and has a right to expect one capable of that use, and of being immediately put to any fair work the owner chooses.' Still more recently the judges in the Court of Exchequer, after a full previous consideration, arrived at a precisely similar conclusion."

The best form of warranty is—"Received from A B the sum of £ for a chestnut horse, warranted sound (quiet in harness or to ride), six years old, and free from vice."

Where a horse does not answer the warranty, the purchaser has no right to return it unless the power to do so was part of his bargain; his only course is an action for damages. "As soon as a breach of warranty is discovered, the purchaser should immediately tender the horse to the seller, and if he refuse to take him back, sell him as soon as possible for what he will fetch." The purchaser is also entitled to charge against the seller as damage the expenses incurred in keeping the horse for a reasonable time, until he can be properly disposed of. "I can conceive no case," observes Lord Denman, "where a purchaser returns a horse, in which the seller may not be answerable for some keep."

COLOURS.

The trite proverb that every good horse is of a good colour, like a good many other familiar quotations, is not true. There are colours that diminish the value of an otherwise excellent horse in a very annoying manner for the breeder. In England many object to ride a light grey horse, although it is a favourite colour on the Continent, and one of the most common colours in the East.

On the other hand, foreigners object to English horses, when either bay, chestnut, or black, with white marks, which would be no detriment to their value in our markets either as harness-horses or hunters, or even as hacks, if their action was satisfactory.

For harness all *distinct* colours are good, even piebalds, but bays, browns, and dark chestnuts are most in favour: greys are not fashionable; but those who fancy a pair of good greys, whether mottled or iron grey, have to pay an extra price for them. In 1872 there were only two grey thorough-bred stallions advertised in the annual list. Where horses are to be ridden by men any extraordinary colour is objectionable. If a lady rides a piebald or a white horse it ought to be unexceptionable in form and action.

ACTION.

In horses, as Demosthenes said of Greek oratory (the maxim does not apply to English), action is the first qualification. Fine and appropriate action will counterbalance many defects in form. Harness action is of two kinds, safe and not too high, esteemed in roadsters and phaeton pairs, or dog-cart horses required for country use, and high "up to the curb-chain," esteemed for the Park, the parade, and Champs Elysées when Paris is not in revolution.

In fact, action may be safe and slow or safe and fast without any brilliancy, or it may be brilliant and slow or brilliant and fast. When a horse can do six miles and fourteen miles an hour with equal grandeur, moving all round, that is perfection.

A portrait of Mr. Charles Baynes's Columbine, which took the first prize in the Single-harness Class for horses not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches, at the Agricultural Hall in 1872, forms one of the coloured illustrations of this work. Columbine was a brown mare, 15 hands 1½ inch high, very fast—in fact, so fast that her owner was unable to match her—and very grand in her slow paces. The price put upon her was 400 guineas.

WALKING.

In making these observations, we are taking it for granted that a horse is required for pleasure. If you want nothing better than a mere drawing-machine, the cab-horse of a four-wheeler will serve your purpose.

The extremes of vile action may be found on the race-course and in a funeral procession—in race-horses that extend their fore-legs as straight as crutches, and kick every pebble in their way when they walk; and in the solemn, much-maned, long-tailed, herring-gutted, black Hanoverians, that bend their knees up to the curb-chain, and flourish their feet while making the least possible progress when drawing a hearse or a mourning-coach.

A horse with really good action moves each of his four legs evenly, bringing the hind-legs well under him at every movement; but this is a fine degree of machine movement long sought and seldom found. To say that a horse moves all round is to say a great deal in his favour. Hearse-

Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith.

SINGLE HARNESS PHAETON HORSE "COLUMBINE" PROPERTY OF CHS BAYNES ESQRE

1ST PRIZE FOR ACTION & PACE, AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL HORSE SHOW 1872

horses to the eyes of a horseman are brutes, but they do their duty in the state to which they have been assigned to the perfect satisfaction of the people who use them. Race-horses, with the most wretched walking and trotting action, often gallop fast and win races, which is all their trade requires them to do. And there are hunters, too, the most generally useful class of horses, that cannot walk decently. Jack-a-Dandy, the best horse of that celebrated master of hounds and horseman, Assheton Smith, was so bad a hack that he was always led to cover.

A horse of general utility should be able to walk in regular time—one, two, three, four. No riding-horse is worth his corn that cannot walk, for it is one of the principal paces of a hack in town

TROTTING.

or country—one of the greatest luxuries of a studious or hard-worked man. There are a great many gradations in walking. Four miles an hour done in harmonious cadence, without stumbling, dropping, shuffling, or breaking, for an hour at a stretch, is a very good pace, although every good walker is said to do five miles an hour. The style is the first consideration; after four miles an hour is reached and exceeded, to do five miles an hour in good form is a very rare performance. We have had hacks that would do five miles an hour nodding their heads and carrying them in the right place, without tripping or shying, *when going home*, or when competing with another horse; but the most famous Piccadilly dealer once said to us, "I will go a long way to see a horse that will begin and walk at the rate of five miles an hour alone on *leaving* his stable." Hacks walk well in Rotten Row, when it is crowded; they are full of emulation, and there is no better place for teaching them to walk without breaking. A heavy man should find out if the hack offered him for

purchase can *stand still under him*, and walk down hill without a trip or drop. Begin, therefore, when selecting a horse for generally useful purposes, by finding out whether he can walk, first led with a loose rein and then with a rider on him. A good walker is a treasure not to be expected if the animal is also good-looking, for a low price. If you want to ride for pleasure have nothing to do with a bad walker at any price.

The faults of walkers are dropping, tripping, brushing, and cutting. Dropping is a very unpleasant defect, it gives a sensation as if the horse was about to fall on his knees; if he never has fallen perhaps he never will, but it is generally the sign of overwork or old age, or both, and if of old age incurable. A horse may be useful and go in very pleasant style in harness which is not at all fit to ride. At the same time, after a change from a heavy man to a light one, horses will sometimes cease to drop. If a horse trips while fresh, look to his shoeing; bad shoeing will make the very best horses stumble, and the very best horses will stumble and trip when they are tired. A horse not in condition is very soon tired, then stumbles, trips, brushes, cuts, and perhaps knuckles over with hind or fore-legs.

It is a common phrase that a horse that walks well can do every other pace well. No maxim can be more fallacious. A broad-chested horse may walk magnificently, but he is likely to be slow, and will probably roll in his gallop. A horse may walk well and not be able to trot any pace; finally, a magnificent walker may be a perfect slug. Amongst the horses ridden by the police patrol are to be found examples of fine walkers that can by no persuasion of whip or spur be made to do more than six miles an hour. The best hack we ever possessed, with no pedigree, but supposed to have a cross of thoroughbred and Barb blood, could walk five and trot sixteen miles an hour with a loose rein. This mare rolled in cantering in a most ridiculous manner, and could not gallop faster than she trotted; she never broke in trotting, however pressed. She continued sound until fourteen or fifteen years old, and then died from the effects of an accident. We also had a thorough-bred hack, by Voltigeur, afterwards the favourite of an earl's daughter, that walked admirably and cantered perfectly, but could not trot six miles an hour.

A hack that can carry weight, and do nothing else but walk really well, stepping "briskly out of the ground," "carrying his own head," is worth money, provided always that he has "character" and "good manners." The customers who most value such an animal are heavy, no longer young, and rich. They do not want to gallop at all, and a very slow smooth trot or canter is enough for them.

The trot is the all-important pace in harness, and the favourite pace of Englishmen riding. It may be fast or slow, or both, but to be perfect it should be performed with the most mechanical precision by all the four legs. Under saddle, a good trotter can do six miles an hour in good form, and increase the pace up to eight, ten, or twelve miles an hour; beyond twelve miles an hour with most horses, except in harness, it is better to turn to a hand-gallop. For park work or on the stones, eight miles is quite fast enough in either saddle or harness. In harness a horse ought to be able to do ten or twelve with ease. Mail phaeton horses and the wheelers of a four-horse coach are not perfect unless they can do what the Americans call a "square trot" of fourteen miles an hour. Beyond fourteen miles an hour it becomes racing pace, only expected from sporting publicans or American millionaires displaying their really wonderful carriages and trotters. The class of young gentlemen who in England would indulge in a well-appointed mail phaeton or four-in-hand would in the United States have one or more 2.40 horses, that is, horses that can trot a mile in two minutes and forty seconds.

Pace is not the principal point in a gentleman's horse except it may be in a cover hack or railway station trapper. A horse or pony that can trot eight miles an hour in good form, bending

his knees, and carrying himself like "a gentleman," will fetch more money than a vulgar brute with no other merit than extraordinary speed.

Pages might be employed, without giving any distinct ideas, in trying to describe what good trotting should be; but it is a subject that, after all, must be studied from the live animal. The trotting action that is admirable in harness, combining a fast pace with a sprightly or a grand style, may be perfectly detestable under saddle; a degree of high, even rough, extravagant action, may be accepted and much admired in harness, which under saddle would wear the rider to death and

A GOOD SHOULDER.

make him look ridiculous. So, too, a large number of horses perform with perfect safety, and even brilliantly, in harness, which could not carry even a boy in saddle; because all horses intended for riding as well as driving must not only have riding "shoulders" with good legs and feet, but the proper riding action, which, as before observed, will soon be spoiled if put to draw heavy weights; and they should bridle well, which no horse can do which has not a head joined to his neck in the proper way. The accompanying engraving gives an idea of what we mean by good shoulders and bridling well. In its proper place a chapter will be devoted to the anatomical description of a well-shaped horse.

A horse may have extravagant knee-action, and yet not be safe to ride. Safety depends not only in lifting each fore-foot fairly up, but in the way it is put down. It is because it is comparatively more easy to accustom young horses to a "square trot" in harness than in saddle, that we consider that light harness-work improves them as hacks.

It is, however, much easier to find an ordinarily useful harness-horse than an ordinarily useful and safe riding-horse, for one important reason, amongst several, *i.e.*, good shoulders are rare in all horses, and still more in ponies. Without good sloping shoulders, no horse can be perfectly safe in saddle, but one with rather straight shoulders, low withers, and ribs so framed that a crupper is indispensable if the saddle is to be kept in its place, may run well, look well, and never tumble while properly driven in harness.

There is, however, one quality common to all good horses, which is much more essential in harness than in saddle, that is courage—the courage that will keep him trotting all day long up to the bit and into the collar without whipping. A harness-horse that requires really whipping is only fit for a four-wheeled cab or a hired fly. A horseman can make a saddle-horse go up to the bit, and increase his pace without any visible demonstration, by a squeeze of the legs or a more or less sharp touch with the spur; a really good horseman can, as it were, mesmerise the animal he is riding Some of the very best hacks are inclined to be lazy at starting on the road; besides, a hack has alternations of walking, trotting, and cantering. A harness-horse has to trot for hour after hour. High courage and fine action will atone for a multitude of shortcomings and defects in harness; but it must never be forgotten that a horse to draw a heavy carriage must have weight and power, good back and loins, and powerful hocks and thighs.

It takes at least six months to break an average pair of well-bred horses, or a single brougham horse, fresh from the country, to town use, although many go well in six weeks. A horse that has once kicked or lain down in harness is never safe. Some horses will only go double, some will only go single, and some will never go safely in harness at all. A harness-horse should stand stock still, and yet be always ready to trot and trot on gently pulling at the bit, without ever requiring the whip. The slug is even more dangerous in the streets than the hard puller. As a rule, horses regularly worked in town become quiet, probably from being occupied by a multiplicity of sights and sounds.

Those to whom horses are a necessity and economy is an object, may purchase good-looking useful animals, with unimportant defects, at a reduced price at the end of the London season.

Amongst the defects to which fast-trotting horses, and particularly young harness-horses, are subject are cutting and brushing.

Brushing is striking one ankle against the other; cutting is striking the foot or shoe against the other leg. A horse that cuts or brushes with the fore-legs is a very dangerous animal under saddle. Almost all green horses, fresh from grass or recently broken, cut or brush with their hind-legs when put first in harness.

The first step with horses which are from any cause weak is to protect the part wounded, and the next to get them into hard condition. The defect will often entirely disappear with age and condition.

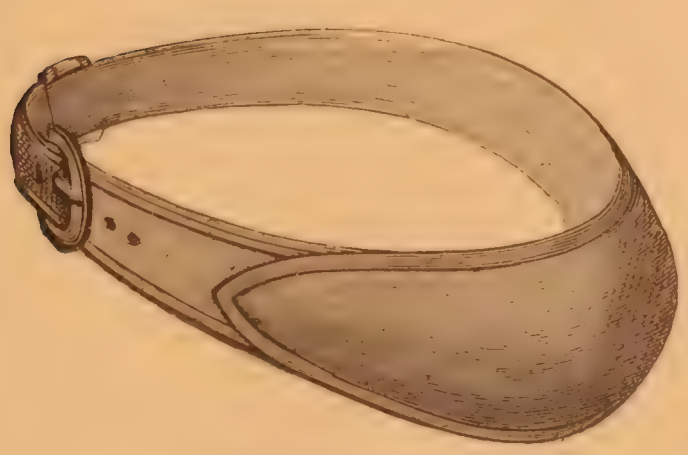
In breaking colts into harness there is no better precaution than the Yorkshire boot, a piece of thick woollen cloth tied with a string so as to fall double round the fetlocks. But if a horse cuts or brushes, it is better to resort to a proper boot or other protection before a raw is regularly established and a permanent blemish created. Boots are sold of leather and of india rubber, fastened with one or more buckles. This contrivance has often a mischievous effect. The buckle is drawn tighter and tighter to prevent the boot from turning, thus first inflammation and then an enlargement

is created. A boot to guard against cutting may be of either leather lined with cloth, or of unlined india-rubber; whichever is used should be laced outside the leg, like a boot.

A very good boot for the fetlock joint of the hind-legs is made of leather in the shape of a pear split open, united at the back and buckled at the front of the fetlock. From its exact fit, this boot is not likely to turn from the stroke of the opposite leg, or to require tight buckling.

A saddler at Bishop's Stortford has patented a spongy material of india-rubber for boots and saddle-linings, which promises to be useful. For a particular way of cutting common to fast trotters, a very good contrivance was invented by the late Mr. Quartermaine, the Piccadilly dealer, for a famous fast harness-trotter. It consisted of a strap padded to the thickness of a forefinger, and buckled between hair and hoof of the hind-leg. Both this and the boot described in the last paragraph are shown in the figures.

HIND-LEG BOOT.



QUARTERMAINE'S STRAP.

These faults of cutting and brushing are much aggravated by forcing young raw horses beyond their pace. When first noticed the shoes should be carefully examined and altered by an intelligent smith. The great point is to stop the defect before it becomes a habit. If, however, a horse in trotting or galloping strikes the inside of one fore-leg with the shoe of the other—in technical phrase, "speedy cuts"—have nothing to say to him for saddle or for harness in a two-wheeled carriage, for he may come down at any moment as if shot. It is a fault which, if not incurable, is too dangerous for experiments by amateurs.

AGE.

Aged horses, if sound in legs and wind, are the best for harness, because they are seasoned, and safe from a variety of ailments and diseases incident to juvenile horseflesh. An organised system of tampering with the teeth, in the breeding-counties, makes three-year-olds seem four, and four seem five. An honest seven, or nine, or ten, with good legs and wind, is cheaper than a dishonest five. Few veterinary surgeons can detect the deception.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

Shying, when it amounts to a full stop or a complete turn round, is vice, and most dangerous; but there are many intermediate stages. Shying arises either from ignorance, or defective eyesight, or freshness, or a confirmed vicious habit. Colts shy from ignorance, because they are afraid of almost everything they meet, and continue to shy at various objects until, by practice and gentle treatment, they have learned that nothing is going to hurt them. With pains and patience, almost any horse may be trained to meet without flinching railway trains, military parades, elephants, camels, and other most alarming objects. But it is not only colts that are ignorant; aged horses, if brought from the country to the town, or brought in contact with troops in scarlet uniforms, omnibuses, windmills, or road locomotives, will generally turn round and often try to run away.

If, as is not uncommonly the case, a horse shies because his eyesight is defective, either from a sort of short-sightedness or from the commencement of blindness, the fault is incurable, and the only resource is to put him in harness with very close winkers. We once had a mare of an extremely placid temperament that always started and shied violently at the sight of anything white—a white horse, a cow, a hen, or dog, in the road threw her into mortal terror, although nothing else seemed to disturb her. We fancy this was the result of some defect in her eyesight.

Some horses will shy when they are very fresh, just as they will kick up their heels on coming out of the stable, and after an hour or two's work take no notice of the objects which at first seemed to alarm them. If, then, a horse shies, take means to ascertain whether there is any defect in his eyes. If he shies at objects on one side only, the probability is that the eye on that side is affected. Dark stables have a tendency to make horses shy. We once observed that all the hunters of a hard-riding farmer shied, and we found on inquiry that he kept them in loose boxes in a dark barn. A horse that has been some time in use, and shies at everything he meets, especially if it is coming towards him, has most probably defective eyesight. A good horseman may continue to use him in the country, but it is madness to ride such an animal in a town, because a bound of a yard or even of a few inches may bring horse and rider on the pole or the wheels of a carriage. Supposing the eyesight all right, there are few cases of shying—that is, alarm—that may not be cured; but it must be done by some good-tempered, patient person, that will give up days to the task.

There is nothing at which horses are more commonly alarmed than camels. The proprietor of a circus informed me that after being shut up in a stable within sight of camels for a few days, he found that all horses, even thorough-bred stallions in high condition, paid no more attention to a hideous double-humped dromedary than to a horse. Railway trains at first alarm horses very much, not only from the strange sight of a big black object rushing along belching out white steam, but from the hideous sound; but if a horse is quietly led and firmly held in a field or road running parallel to a railway train, but with his head *away from it* as it passes him, after a very short time he will treat the train, the smoke, the fire, the steam-whistle, and the steam-cloud, with perfect indifference. A hansom cab horse, that could be with difficulty held by half a dozen men the first time he saw and heard a train at the Great Eastern Station, having been treated as above described for a few days, stood on the rank facing the arrival trains and never flinched. It cannot be too strongly stated that whipping, spurring, forcing a horse to face the object that excites terror, or any violence, may do a great deal of harm, and cannot do any good. A cavalry officer informs us that in his experience he only knew one horse out of hundreds that could not be broken to stand regimental sights and sounds.

Few gentlemen have the time or the patience required for breaking a colt or a full-aged horse of his terrors. It is much better to confide the task to a man whose business it is, and whose

system discards the use of whip and spur. The best horseman may not only be dismounted by a shying horse wheeling round when least expected, but find himself under the wheels of a butcher's cart driven at butchers' pace. A fine-tempered but high-couraged hack, when ridden in London for the first time, found so many sights and sounds alarming that it was a work of danger to get him from Kensington to Westminster. In a short time, by quiet firm treatment, he became accustomed to meet, pass, and be passed by omnibuses, pleasure-vans, and all the ordinary vehicles of the street; but with the time at our disposal we were less successful in accustoming him to three particular objects of his aversion—a fizzing railway train passing under a bridge he had constantly to cross, a line of guardsmen on the march, and the drum and pipes of Punch. On one occasion, cantering up the slope of a bridge just as an engine passed blowing off its steam, he stopped and reared round so suddenly that he tore off a hind shoe. We sent him to an anti-whip-and-spur horse-breaker; and, after a fortnight of daily practice, he met locomotives, drums, firearms, and scarlet banners, as calmly as the oldest trooper in the life-guards. When very fresh he would curvet a little, but never attempted to turn round. Previous to this breaking he would try to run away at the sight of soldiers in line or on the march.

Well-bred horses, properly broken, are more courageous than coarsely-bred horses. Indian sportsmen say that only a high-bred Arab can be depended on in spearing a fierce boar or leopard. Therefore, although thorough-bred horses resist violently, they are easily taught when once put in such a position that they cannot resist.

We had a thorough-bred mare, full of fire and courage, that no train, sight, or sound, seemed to alarm. She would face the foot-guards, marching with their band, as if she enjoyed the sight, and was perfectly steady, although excited; but taken into the hunting-field for the first time, being then at least ten years old, as soon as she heard the hounds give tongue in cover, she plunged violently, and was in a few minutes covered with sweat and foam. When the hounds broke cover she became perfectly frantic. On the other hand, we have known an old hunter, of the quietest temperament, become perfectly unmanageable at a review, when the forces advanced in line with bayonets at the charge.

We mention these examples to show how great a mistake it is to be angry with a horse that is frightened at any unaccustomed sight or sound.

A nervous horse, which cannot be accustomed to strange sights and sounds, is as dangerous as a really vicious horse; but a young or very fresh horse should not be condemned because he starts at sounds, and shies, on first leaving the stable.

PULLERS AND RUNAWAYS.

A horse that "bridles well," that is, one that neither knocks out your teeth nor pokes his head like a pig, but one that bends his neck and champs the bit with a good natural mouth, that has been really well broken, can easily be soothed and restrained, when boiling over with high spirits from want of exercise, or excited by a gallop over grass fields. But there are a great many intermediate stages between the best mouth and a bull-headed brute.

If a horse from his shape cannot or has not been taught to bend his neck at the will of the rider, there is very little pleasure in riding him, however good he may be in other respects.

With a new horse the first thing is to find out what bridle suits him and you. An accomplished steeplechaser may ride a horse and make him do what he likes with a racing snaffle or even a halter; another less perfect horseman may get on very well with a plain double bridle; a lady, or a man deficient in strength, may require a very powerful bit—a Chifney, a Hanoverian,

or even an Iron Duke. A horse may go perfectly well on five days of the week; but in high spirits, or frightened by something, or differing with his rider on the sixth day on the propriety of taking a ditch in cold blood, he will try to bolt. If he succeeds, or if he has been in the habit of succeeding, and if he has a mouth at all, you must get a bit that will hold him, acting on the maxim of "ride on the snaffle, but have plenty of bit in his mouth."

We speak with a good deal of experience on this head, because, from the effects of an early accident, our left arm is not stronger than a boy's of ten years old; and in the course of our journeys as Assistant Commissioner to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and on agricultural tours, we frequently hunted a dozen different horses in the course of a month. We always carried with us a contrivance for making an ordinary bit more powerful, to be hereafter described.

If you find that with no bit can you comfortably hold a horse, get off him, and get rid of him. A horse that cannot be controlled and stopped is dangerous, not only to the rider, but to every living being he comes across. But a really good horse should not be given up without a fair trial with different bits and bridles. Let a horse once feel that you can master him, and in nine cases out of ten he will not try to rebel, or will give up the attempt at the first hint from the curb-rein.

Some horses become positively mad with fright or the mere excitement of galloping; they will rush without hesitation at iron bars or a brick wall. Others, scarcely less dangerous, are cunning, and will thread their way through forest trees, to the infinite danger of the rider's brains and knees. Other horses gallop off merely because they are fresh, and if it is on the way to cover, with a clear country road, you may go on at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour without pulling, persuading them that they are going your pace.

A good horseman, when he knows the country, and his pulling hunter really knows his business, will take the opportunity of a sharp run to ride across a line of his own fifty yards wide of the hounds, and alongside them, and never let the animal know that he is running away. The very best horses pull when they are fresh, and require daily exercise. Some of the most perfect harness-horses cannot be left two consecutive days in the stable without showing that "they are above themselves." When you are young and strong, and a tolerable horseman, you will not find fault if your saddle-horse plunges and pulls a little when he leaves the stable; but a horse in harness, driven in town, that cannot be stopped is a most dangerous animal.

If a harness-horse carries his nose in the air, as some very fine steppers do, to hold him you must put a standing martingale on him, fastened to his nose-band, or buckled to the rings of a snaffle, as the case may be. A light-mouthed horse of this kind will often go best with a ring-snaffle and martingale. A severe bit on a high-couraged horse, driven in harness, soon entirely spoils his mouth. For such cases Blackwell's Patent Reins are to be recommended, especially for coachmen with heavy hands. A coachman must be able to turn quickly and stop short. He can do neither if he cannot hold his horse.

After making due allowance for the effects of idleness, that is freshness, if a horse is found bull-necked, with a leather mouth, get rid of him for the benefit of some hansom cab. A runaway horse in harness may cost you not only life or limb, but hundreds of pounds of damages in a few minutes.

A horseman is in less danger with a puller, except in a town. In a field he may ride him in a circle until he gives way to the bridle; on downs or sands he may ride him until he slackens his pace. In a word, when a new purchase, in other respects to your mind, pulls hard, and would run away if he could, try the effects of regular exercise, and find a bit that will make him bend to your hand; try every kind until you find what suits him, but have nothing to do with a mad or vicious runaway brute at any price.

The very fine horses occasionally found in hansom cabs, "steppers," without a blemish, are generally vicious horses that nothing but daily hard work can keep in decent order

All these subjects will be treated in more detail in the chapter on "Bits and Bridles."

CONSTITUTION AND TEMPERAMENT.

No horse can be placed on the list of *useful* that has not a good constitution. He may be sound, good in all his paces, handsome to look at, pleasant to ride and drive, quiet in the stable; but if he is always sick, easily tired, or incapable of a long day's journey, he is out of place except in the long stud of a rich man. There he may be a luxury—admirable for park and parade purposes—just able to do a little gentle exercise, and then rest, after being fed by the ounce; but to the man of moderate means he is useless.

The greatest defect in this line is bad feeding, in fact, bad digestion; and, consequently, bad appetite. You may meet with a horse that will bound from the door, the picture of health and strength, at a rare pace, and so continue for a short time, then flag, drop to a slow jog-trot, and require the whip to keep up a decent pace—this occurring when in full hard condition. Another form of the same defect is where the horse goes bravely all day, but on returning, after a reasonable day's work, say twenty miles with a bait, refuses his provender, and hangs his head the picture of misery. If you can give him a day's rest, perhaps he will come again for a short turn, quite fresh; but if you work him from day to day he loses flesh, his coat stares; in fact, he starves in the midst of plenty.

I have known a hunter that would perform in the most brilliant manner with stag-hounds for a burst of twenty-five minutes, galloping in the first flight, and clearing every kind of fence, including water and lofty bullfinches, in grand style; at the end of that time she would tumble over a sheep-hurdle, or roll helpless into a ditch without an effort.

This weakness must not be confounded with the failure of horses fresh from grass, or in dealers' condition; in both those cases it requires time, slow exercise, and proper food, to get them "fit" for hard or fast work. But where, after a fair day's work in harness or saddle, a horse that is not sickening with any malady will not eat heartily, get rid of him, unless you have a place for him as a fashionable luxury.

There are also horses, especially crib-biters and wind-suckers, which are subject to attacks of colic. This is probably unsoundness, but it may be difficult to prove it. A gentleman of our acquaintance had a capital hunter that was attacked with colic after every hard day with hounds. So regular were the attacks, that the groom was always provided with a colic draught. At length he sold him at the hammer, out of condition. He was bought by a small tradesman fond of hunting, for a small price. Meeting him, or rather recognising the horse one day in the field, we asked how he got on with the colic. "Very well, indeed; he has never had but one attack. I feed him myself, am never out more than three hours, and in that time give him two stale rolls I carry for the purpose." He was a sporting baker.

Another dangerous defect of constitution is a tendency to inflammation of the lungs, or the membranes of the lungs (pneumonia), which often accompanies a narrow chest. Your veterinary adviser should protect you against purchasing a horse with any outward and visible signs of tendency to such maladies, but if a horse of any value is attacked and cured, sell him as soon as possible; in the case of a low-priced horse with an acute attack, we are convinced that the cheaper plan is to have him killed at once. He will be three months on the sick-list; the surgeon's bill, night-work included, will be ten or twelve pounds; and if he comes out a roarer, as he probably will, he will not be worth that sum, unless he is big enough and strong enough for a plough or harrow horse.

"I understand, sir, perfectly; you want a good hack with a placid temperament." These words were addressed in our hearing by George D——, the celebrated steeplechaser, and then horse-dealer at Kensington, as much noted for his picturesque horse language as his astounding pluck, to one of his customers famous in days of health as a fine horseman; a hard man in the hardest riding counties, then reduced by rheumatism and gout to hobbling feebly on foot with the help of a stout cane, or riding in a low park phaeton.

The phrase, given after George's manner with a most insinuating accent, set us thinking often since how much the comfort of a rider or driver is dependent on his horse's temperament —a temperament suited to his age, his health, spirits, and occupation. The horse in which a lieutenant of light cavalry or a hunting undergraduate would delight, would be mounted misery to a Queen's Counsel for his morning exercise, to an invalid taking his first ride after months on a bed of sickness, or to a middle-aged master hunting his own hounds, however consummate a horseman. And just the same rule will apply to driving-horses. With twenty miles of clear highway before a pair of mail phaeton horses, you can, if an experienced coachman, with undamaged nerves, put up with an amount of impetuosity, especially if your carriage is strong and your seat high, that would be absurd and dangerous for a pleasure-drive in a crowded city.

Age, hard work, anxiety, sickness, tell on the finest and the most finished horseman; the first alone brought, at last, that brilliant cavalry leader, Field-Marshal Lord Combermere, to a thirteen-hand pony of placid habits. That being the case, in spite of the exceptional and extraordinary horsemen of threescore and ten and fourscore years, it is much more necessary to consider temperament when selecting horses for men who never have been famous for their skill in equestrian arts, and for ladies whose courage is so often greater than their experience.

No one will willingly select a vicious horse for pleasure purposes. We mean a horse that from hereditary disposition, or imperfect breaking in early life, or cruel treatment, has become incurably spiteful; seeking opportunities to bite or kick those who approach it; kicking persistently in harness; rearing, kicking, plunging, and bolting, when mounted; not from excess of high spirits, but with the deliberate intention of dismounting the rider.

There are persons who, confident in their strength and skill, will tackle such brutes when they possess extraordinary qualities as hunters or trappers, and with success, when the horses are not confirmed in vice by age, and are treated by persons who have patience and time to spare, as well as strength and skill. This was the practice of a very famous master of the Pytchley and Atherstone hounds. But such accomplished equestrians want no advice from us.

We know no social offence more unpardonable than that of the man who takes a horse known to be a kicker amongst other horsemen. Next to a really vicious horse a nervous horse is the most dangerous, because he is uncontrollable when once he takes fright, and will in an instant spring into a chalk-pit, or dash against the vehicles of a crowded street. Nervousness may be much mitigated by care and kindness; but where it is hereditary, and this is not unfrequently the case with very beautiful high-bred animals, they are not fit for town use. Nervousness is sometimes the result of cruelty. Certain Irish dealers, who bring over strings of superior horses to English fairs, make a practice before bringing one out for a customer of putting the unfortunate animal against a wall, and flogging it for several minutes; then only, after a considerable application of "ginger," is the horse considered fit to be shown.*

* Mr. Grout, the dealer, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, who is our authority for this statement, tells that, on the last day of a York fair, he requested an Irish dealer to show a particular horse without flogging or ginger. "Faith!" was the Irishman's reply, "the divil's mine, and as long as he is mine I shall do as I like; when he is yours, you can show him as you like."

The reverse of a high-couraged animal is a slug. Slugs suit a certain class of customers very well—dowagers, and their fat, sleepy, autocratic coachmen; single ladies, who make pets of their ponies, and pass most of their drives at the walk; and the middle-aged stout men who ride, not for pleasure, but on medical advice. There are also naturally sensible horses, that seem to understand what they are wanted to do with a very little showing; and others so stupid that they are only fit for a mill-horse round.

The best class of horse unites the greatest willingness to go at a walk, trot, canter, or gallop, when called upon, with immediate obedience when starting, stopping, or turning is required, and perfect indifference to strange sights and sounds. With such horses you may thread your way, driving off a race-course, yet make an excellent pace when you reach a clear road. With such a hack you may walk up the most crowded streets of London in the height of the season; steadily he will proceed, noticing nothing, and obeying the slightest indication of your hands or legs.

The spirit or courage of a horse is a good deal affected by his breed, age, food, and work. Coarse-bred horses, if inclined to be restive, are generally stupid and stubborn; high-bred horses are more sensible, and, if violent at all, more violent. The most sensible, tractable, and yet high-couraged horses, are to be found amongst blood-horses, English or Oriental. But many horses have their tempers destroyed by the tricks of stable-boys.

Young horses, as a rule, require more exercise to keep them "within themselves" as distinguished from "above themselves," but we have known horses fourteen years old which, although perfectly docile with regular exercise, required "a man on them" after a few days' idleness on corn and beans.

This question of natural temperament is of the greatest possible importance in selecting horses for those who are not practised horsemen or finished coachmen, who have not nerve, strength, and practice. When you are young, bold, confident, experienced, in "fit" condition, nothing is more delightful than to mount and master violence, whether arising from high spirits and high courage, or naturally bad temper.

The great sporting novelist of our day has admirably described the two opposite temperaments in two thorough-bred hunters of the highest steeplechasing class. A young dragoon goes to an Irish farmer to see an untried mare; and here is a scene drawn by a master hand—a first flight man in Northamptonshire and many other counties:—

"Over the rough paved yard, through the stone gap by the peat stack, not the little cropped jackass himself could have behaved more soberly; but where the spring flowers were peeping in the turf enclosure beyond, and the upright bank blazed in its golden glory of gorse bloom, the devilry of many ancestors seemed to pass with the keen mountain air into the filly's mettle. Her first plunge of hilarity and insubordination would have unseated half the rough-riders that ever mishandled a charger in the school. Once, twice, she reached forward with long powerful plunges, shaking her ears and dashing wildly at her bridle, till she got rein enough to stick her nose in the air, and break away at speed. A snaffle, with or without a nose-band, is scarcely the instrument by which a violent animal can be brought on its haunches at short notice. But Daisy was a consummate horseman, firm of seat and cool of temper, with a head that never failed him, even when debarred from the proper use of his hands.

"He could guide the mare, though incapable of controlling her, so he sent her at the highest place in the fence before him; and, fast as she was going, the active filly changed her stride on the bank with the accuracy of a goat, landing lightly beyond, to scour away once more like a frightened deer. 'You can jump,' said he, as she threw up the head that had been in its right

place hardly an instant, while she steadied herself for the leap, 'and I believe you're a flyer; but, by Jove, you're a rum one to steer!'

"She was quite out of his hand again, and laid herself down to her work with the vigour of a steam-engine; the turf fleeted like falling water beneath those smooth, sweeping strides. They were careering over an open, upland country, always slightly on the rise, till it grew to a bleak, brown mountain, far away under the western sky. The enclosures were small; but notwithstanding the many formidable banks and ditches with which it was intersected, the whole landscape wore that appearance of space and freedom so peculiar to Irish scenery, so pleasing to the sportsman's eye. It looked like galloping, as they say; though no horse, without great jumping powers, could have gone two fields. It took a long Irish mile, at racing pace, to bring the mare to her bridle; and nothing but her unusual activity saved the rider from half a dozen rattling falls during his perilous experiment. She bent her neck at last, and gave to her bit in a potato ground, and they arrived at that mutual understanding which links together so mysteriously the intelligences of the horse and its rider."

In the contrasting scene the hero's wife is in the first flight of a desperate stag-hunt in the Vale of Aylesbury, and determined to keep it.

"Norah roused Boneen; that good little horse, bred and trained in Ireland, seemed to combine the activity of a cat with the sagacious instinct of a dog. Like all of his blood, *he only* left off being lazy when his companions began *to feel tired*. 'I could lead the hunt now, Daisy, if you'd let me,' cried Norah. 'Little Boneen's as pleased as Punch; *he'd like* to pull hard, *only he's such a good boy he does not know how*.'"*

Thus Satanella was the pet of a wild subaltern of light cavalry; but little Boneen, who could go as fast and jump as far, was the horse for a lady.

There are, however, in reference to temperament, two conditions that have always to be taken into consideration. A horse never shows his real temperament until he is in high condition. The race-horse or the hunter that can scarcely be kicked into a trot at the end of a hard season, may require a very good man with a powerful bit to hold him, after rest, gentle exercise, and proper food have had their usual effect; and the same may be said of harness-horses.

Again, a horse with fine shoulders, with a good place for the saddle, where the rider has plenty before him, a barrel that affords a good grip for the thighs and legs, and a mouth which, without being morbidly tender, yields to the bit, may be violently high-couraged, plunge, do everything but fall backwards in rearing, and still with "ample verge and room enough," be brought to reason.

In harness, unless a horse has the vile trick of carrying his nose in the air, a tender mouth is not a serious objection. You may drive with reins held as if they were a worsted thread. Moderate horsemen, and horsewomen, too, are puzzled by the delicate mouths which masters of the arts of horsemanship would play upon as Arabella Goddard or the Abbé Listz play on the piano.

Average riders hold on a great deal by the bridle—that is, when any unusual start or bound takes place. Most men like a hunter that "takes a good hold" at his leaps; so that while nothing is so dangerous as a horse that can neither be turned or stopped, a horse that can only be ridden with a worsted thread is "caviare to the multitude." There is an important difference between the horse that when fresh must be ridden a mile or so to calm him down, and the brute that, increasing his pace from a walk to a trot, and from a trot to a wild gallop, goes where he likes, if he does not set his mind, by plunging, kicking, bucking, and starting, to get rid of his rider.

* Whyte Melville's "Satanella."

MARES. RIDING AND DRIVING THE SAME HORSES.

We have said something in another page about a common prejudice against riding and driving the same animal in harness, and traced the origin of the objection back to the time when carriages were at least one-third heavier than they are at present. We have also noted the objection to mares for harness.

In the course of an examination of the catalogues of the Agricultural Hall Horse Shows, we have collected the following not uninteresting evidence bearing on both these questions.

It was not until 1868 that classes were made for any harness animals except ponies, so that the catalogues previous to that date do not afford much information on the important questions which this chapter is an endeavour to elucidate. But in 1867 the chestnut mare Beauty, 15 hands high, entered in the name of Mr. Banks, of Gray's Inn Lane (but well known as the property of Mr. Purday, a great amateur of steppers), took a first prize in hacks. In the following year the same mare took the first prize in single harness. This mare was sold more than once at over £300.

In 1868, in a class "for horses of the best shape with park action, exhibited in single harness," out of nineteen entries, eight were also entered in riding-classes at prices of from one hundred and twenty to two hundred guineas, and eight of the entries in this harness class were mares. The same proportion of mares was found in the two harness classes for ponies.

In the following year the same proportion of mares and riding and driving entries prevailed. Amongst those entered as hacks and for single harness was a most beautiful horse, the property of Captain Robert Campbell (Campbell of Monzie.) In 1870, Mr. Frisby, of the Stock Exchange, well known as the owner of horses with extraordinary action, took with his mare Daisy the first prize in the cover hack class and the first prize in a single harness class. He also took the first prize in single harness for horses not over 14 hands 2 inches, with Dunstan, who was also entered in a riding class ; while Colonel Burnaby, of the Guards, carried off the prize for phaeton pairs with the mares Empress and Queen, and Queen was also entered in a class for park hacks.

The late Captain Spiers, of the Guards, took the prize for harness pairs in 1867 with a pair of harness mares for which six hundred guineas was refused. In the following year Mr. Walter Gilbey's Lily and Lilac took the first prize for phaeton pairs, and Lily was highly commended in a class for park hacks. For this pair of mares the sum of eight hundred guineas was refused ; six hundred being offered for Lily alone—perhaps the finest stepper in both slow and fast paces ever exhibited at any show ; indeed, it was found impossible to match her in her fast paces. The second prize in the single harness class, in which Lily took the prize, was a piebald, which also competed in a hack class.

It is not necessary to pursue the subject further. These examples are sufficient to show that in horses between 14 hands and 15 hands 2 inches, of remarkable action, and of the greatest value, a large per-centage are mares, and a large per-centage fit both to ride and to drive. In horses of less value, the proportion of mares useful for the two purposes is still greater.

CHAPTER IV.

USEFUL HORSES AND PONIES.

A First-class Brougham-Horse, Description of—Brilliant Action, to Preserve—Prince Esterhazy's Steppers—Ponies—What is a Pony in Leicestershire, in Suffolk, in Nottinghamshire, in Devonshire?—The Shetlander—The Exmoor—A Visit to Exmoor—Description of the Modern Exmoor Bred by Mr. Knight—Competition of Scotch Sheep—Sir Thomas Acland's Ponies—New Forest Ponies—Fancy Ponies—Mr. Milward's Annual Lot—How Bred—His Ideas of Size—The Pannier Pony—Instructions for Saddles of—Harness Ponies—Breaking to Harness—Riding Ponies—Galloways and Cobs—The Cob of Luxury—The Cob of Utility—The Country Hack or Roadster—Boswell on Riding Post—Description of a Roadster's Form and Action—The Cover Hack—Pace and Easy Motion not Beauty—Diminished Numbers—Lavengro's Irish Cob—North American Horses—Extract and Story from Butler's "Great Lone Land."

As we have before observed, the commencement in carriage-keeping by a family is most frequently with the horse, and that a strong animal, capable of drawing a family brougham or landau, or other covered carriage. Some begin at once with everything in the most correct style—carriage, horse, harness, coachman—others work up by degrees, and are contented to begin with the simply useful. Perhaps it will be better to take it for granted that the best is required, and describe the brougham-horse as he should be where a lady is to be pleased and economy is not an object.

A BROUGHAM-HORSE.

A first-class brougham-horse (according to a great authority at Knightsbridge, who long had the exclusive selection of the late Emperor Napoleon's harness-stud) should be long and low, full-barrelled, and from 15 hands 2 inches to 15 hands 3 inches high, according to the size of the fore-wheels of the carriage. Nothing looks worse than a horse too small or too tall. In the one case he seems buried in the shafts and harness; in the other he is constantly pulling up the wheels, and by his size dwarfs the brougham. He should have a broad chest, a lofty crest, a broad back (if rather hollow it is no objection), a flowing mane, a full tail, well carried, presenting a combination of breeding and power. His action should be grand, stately, machine-like, forward action all round, each foot keeping time as truly as Sir Michael Costa's baton. Champing his bit, arching his neck, and bending his knees, he should trot eight miles an hour, and be able to do twelve; for although the brougham is not intended, when drawn by one horse, to be rattled along like a hansom cab, there are times when you are really hurried—late for an appointment with a lady, or a Secretary of State—then it is very provoking to have your coachman whipping, and your two-hundred-guinea purchase see-sawing like a rocking-horse, "all action and no go."

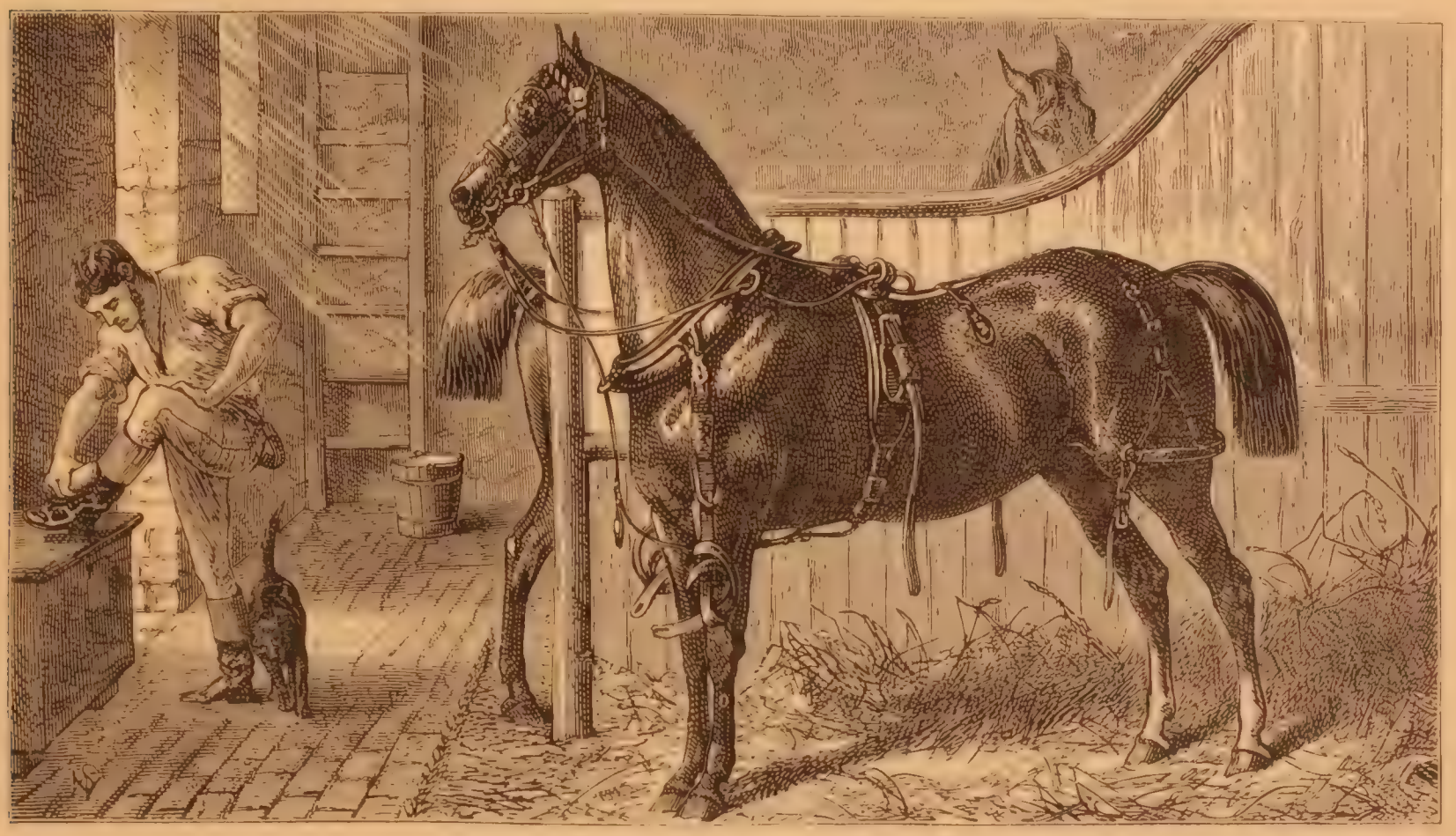
There is no mistake greater than selecting horses too large for single harness—15 hands 3 inches is high enough for any brougham; above that height they may do for parade purposes, but they wear themselves out with their own weight on anything like a journey, say from Kensington to Highgate.

There is another point that ladies who admire a sensational horse should remember. In harness, as in many other conditions of life, ornament and hard work do not agree well. That rare and costly quality, high action, requires as much care as a tenor singer's voice or a tea-

taster's palate. To develop it in perfection the coachman must be a genius in his way, with fingers as delicate and sympathetic as the fashionable violinist of the hour; so that whilst the high-couraged horses rush forward at each step, he, as it were, sustains them in the air. After having, then, retained the artist—the coachman—the instruments must be always in tune, stuffed with corn and beans above their work, with just enough exercise to keep down fever.

A very short season of steady, regular day-by-day morning concerts, afternoon visits, and park drives, will bring five-hundred-guinea action down to a hundred, or even forty. This is a fact it is very difficult to make ladies understand.

Prince, then Count, Esterhazy was once famous in London for the magnificence of his



BROUGHAM-HORSE.

equipages, and particularly for the beauty and action of his harness-horses. His secret lay not only in buying horses of splendid action—that many of greater wealth could do—but in always having his pairs *above their work*. For that end he had six horses to do the work of three. The pair that excited murmurs of admiration in the Park, or at a Sion House or Chiswick fête, one day, rested the next, with one hour's slow exercise in a brake; and if any one horse showed the least symptoms of flagging, he was at once sent for a holiday in a loose box at the farm of his mentor, Mr. Phillips, of Willesden.

If, however, the question turns from the ornamental to the useful, there is no doubt that more pleasure-horses are ruined by too much and irregular rest, too many oats and beans, stables too hot, and very little exercise, than by hard work and hardships.

As a matter of course, no one who enjoys riding would think of riding a regular brougham-horse or any other horse that drew a heavy vehicle. The moment a horse begins to bend and throw his weight into the collar, he loses that elasticity that makes the pleasure and the safety of a good hack.

There is, however, no reason why the single horse driven in a stanhope phaeton or other carriage equally light, should not also be used in saddle. Still more suitable are pairs driven in any light carriages — broughams, victorias, wagonettes, mail phaetons—if selected for the double purpose of riding and driving.

PONIES.

Next to or before the brougham-horse in general utility comes the pony, which is a sort of equine servant of all work, the *souffre-douleur*—the whipping-block on which the boys and girls learn to ride, and the ready resource in any emergency, when the boy-page or groom has to hurry off with a letter or telegram, or to fetch some forgotten article for the cook.

The late Sir Robert Peel did not ask a more difficult question when he invited the House of Commons to tell him "what is a pound" than the man who, in a company of horsey men collected from the four points of the compass, inquires, "What is a pony?" In Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire, anything under 15 hands 2 inches is called a pony. The famous steeplechaser, the Lamb, which twice won the Liverpool Steeplechase, and stood 15 hands 2 inches high, was called "The Pony" by the professional reporters of his struggles and his triumphs. In Suffolk, which for some unexplained reason is great as a horse-breeding county, the height of a pony is settled at 13 hands 3 inches.

In Nottinghamshire, as will be seen from a letter of great authority presently quoted, the height is considered to be anything under 14 hands 2 inches; whilst in Devonshire and Somersetshire "the oldest inhabitants" consider any pony more than 12 hands high as the degenerate result of some foreign cross of the ancient Exmoor breed.

Strictly speaking, a pony is one of a tribe reared for generations untold on mountains and moorlands, without shelter and without other food than the natural herbage. The true pony is bred because nothing of a greater size can be reared under the circumstances of soil and climate. The smallest size for any useful purpose is about 9 hands (*i.e.*, 36 inches); well-shaped ponies under that height are only fit for pets or for the establishment of a showman. Two very perfect pairs of ponies 9 hands high, of totally different styles, have come under our notice within the last few years. The first, a pair of brown stallions, respectively named Jack and Jill, were exhibited by the Countess of Hopetoun at the Islington Horse Show in 1871, in a curiously ugly wagonette; one took a prize in the small stallion class. In form they were admirable Norfolk trotters. The other two were a perfect tandem, the property of Mr. Myring, of Walsall, exhibited in 1872, and were miniature hunters of perfect shape.

THE SHETLAND PONY.

Where a pony under 12 hands is required, the Shetland breed is rarely excelled. In the Shetland Islands the soil and the climate make it impossible to breed a large animal of any kind, whether ox, sheep, or horse. There, as also in Devonshire and in Clydesdale, is a tradition that the native breeds were improved by stallions which escaped from the wrecks of the Spanish Armada. But there is not the slightest historical evidence of this cross, and it is much more likely that the Shetland is the descendant of the Norwegian pony, considering that the islands were long part of the Scandinavian Kingdom. In districts and countries bordered by lands which will rear a full-sized horse, there is a constant temptation to the breeder to put his mares to large-sized sires. In the Shetlands there is not, and never has been, any such temptation; and, therefore, symmetry has not been neglected in favour of size. The breeds, however, have been very much influenced by the demands of the export trade. Lord Ashley's Acts, which came into

operation about the year 1840, and forbade the use of boys as beasts of draught, created a demand for ponies small enough to draw coal-trucks on underground tramways. For the last thirty years they have been bred for that purpose rather than for riding or drawing pleasure-carriages. The "Druid"* visited the Shetland Islands for the express purpose of adding a description of the ponies to his Agricultural Notes. He says: "Every one uses the ponies of the country. The Norwegian colours, dun, with black mane and tail, and a black stripe down the back, are in request; bays and blacks are most common, greys and chestnuts scarce. Piebalds are to be found, but are not in favour with many native buyers, from an opinion that they partake of an Iceland cross, and are softer and slower than the true native Shetlander. The Icelanders average two hands higher than the Shetlanders. They are often imported in great numbers at Granton and Aberdeen. The best Shetlanders come from Unst. They are bred on a thin soil, studded with large red stones and kinds of rocks, amongst which one sees scores of ponies picking the green grass which the light of heaven and the breath of the Gulf Stream force up from a barren-looking bed. Unst may be regarded as the heart of Shetland—a sunny, genial-looking spot when other parts of the country are dismal enough in the late spring. If well kept, the ponies reach 44 inches (11 hands), but the average is 38 to 42 inches. Each cottar has generally a few ponies on the hill, which they catch and offer to the dealers for sale in May and October. When the trade in ponies for the coal-pits was at its height, five hundred were taken every year (not thirty mares amongst them), and about two hundred for general use, of all ages, from two to twelve years. These heavy sales, continued for some years, drained the Shetlands of aged ponies. Of late the dealers' purchases have fallen off. In 1867 a good horse pony was worth £7; a mare, unless a wonder, £2 less. The chief demand of mine-owners is in January and February.

"In the Durham collieries Welsh ponies outnumber the Shetland. The Scotch have the lead in Northumberland, where larger ponies are required. The Scotch ponies, bred chiefly in Argyllshire, Mull, and Skye, and the western part of Ross-shire, average 12 hands 2 inches, the Iceland. 12, the Welsh 11, and the Shetland 10.

"Some of the ponies have not seen the light for fifteen years. In well-regulated pits they are kept in as good condition as hunters, with green food in summer, and a full allowance of oats, beans, and peas, crushed and mixed with hay, chaff, and bran. They suffer most from indigestion, viz., greedy feeding when hungry, scarcely ever from diseases of the lungs or eyes. The average work is twenty miles a day, half with empty tubs. Accidents of broken legs and backs are frequent."

The Orkneys had once a galloway or garron, now pretty well extinct; it would have been better if they had been quite extinct, so that some better animal might have been found than the half-broken, out-of-condition brutes which the "Druid" shipped at Kirkwall and rode to Kensington, an expedition which no doubt shortened his industrious life. Some of the best Shetlands are bred on the Balfour estate, in Orkney.

"The Druid (a stallion) headed the Shetland pony contingent. His mares are duns, browns, mealy-bay, and a piebald. Colonel Balfour, the grandfather of the present proprietor, began pony-breeding at the beginning of the century. He improved the form. Where the colours did not come as the natives expected, they laid the blame on the black Ocadian water-kelpie, 'Sprunky,' who was, they say, the sire of the finest original or aboriginal ponies of the island. Three celebrated piebald sires and a grey are mentioned by the Druid. The stock are shifted from island to island as the grass suits. They require careful drafting to keep them down to 9 hands" (36 inches).

* "Fold and Fern," North.

THE EXMOOR.

Exmoors are another famous breed of ponies, on which very careful and costly experiments, with the view of improvement, have been tried by one family for a long series of years. The following account of them, written by us many years ago, has been brought down to the present day by information recently gathered on Exmoor itself. The Exmoors are interesting in a historical point of view, because they so clearly show how sparse feed will dwarf and good feed increase the size of horse stock.

"Exmoor, afforested by William Rufus, continued up to 1818 to be the property of the Crown. It was leased to Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, who has an estate of a similar character close adjoining. He used its wild pasture (at that time it was without roads) for breeding ponies and summering the flocks of Exmoor sheep bred in the surrounding parishes. There are no traces of any population having existed in this forest since the time of William Rufus. The Romans are believed to have worked iron mines on the moor, which have recently been reopened. Exmoor consists of 20,000 acres, at an elevation varying from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea, of undulating table-land divided by valleys, or 'combes,' through which the river Exe, which rises in one of its valleys, with its tributary, the Barle, forces a devious way, in the form of pleasant trout streams, rattling over and among huge stones and creeping through deep pools—a very angler's paradise. Like many similar districts in the Scotch Highlands, it has from primeval times been the resort of the red deer. It is still called a forest, although the trees with which its valleys were once filled have long disappeared.

"The sides of the steep valleys, of which some include an acre and others extend for miles, are usually covered with coarse benty herbage, here and there with heather and bilberry plants, springing from a deep black or red soil. At certain spots a greener hue marks the site of the bogs which impede, but are never deep enough to engulf, the incautious horseman.

"Exmoor may be nothing strange to those accustomed to wild barren scenery. To one who has known country scenes only in the best cultivated regions of England, and who has but recently quitted the perpetual roar of London, there is something strangely solemn and impressive in the deep silence of a ride across the forest. Horses bred on the moors, if left to themselves, rapidly pick their way through pools and bogs, and canter smoothly over dry flats of natural meadow, creep safely down the precipitous descents, and climb with scarcely a puff of distress these steep ascents, splash through fords in the trout streams swelled by rain without a moment's hesitation, and trot along sheep paths bestrewed with loose stones without a stumble; so that you are perfectly at liberty to enjoy the luxury of excitement, and follow out the winding valleys, and study the rich green and purple herbage.

"A sight scarcely less interesting than the deer was afforded by a white pony mare, with her young stock, consisting of a foal still sucking, a yearling, and a two-year-old, which we met in a valley of the Barle. The two-year-old had strayed away feeding, until alarmed by the cracking of our whips and the neighing of its dam, when it came galloping down a steep combe, neighing loudly, at headlong speed. It is thus these ponies learn their action and surefootedness.

"It was a tract of hill land such as we have traversed, entirely wild, without enclosures or roads or fences, that came into the hands of the father of the present proprietor, Mr. Frederick Winn Knight, M.P. He built a fence of forty miles around it; made roads, enclosed farms for his own use near Simon's Bath, introduced a large breeding-stock of Highland cattle on the moor, and set up a considerable stud for rearing full-sized horses, to which the pony stock formed only a secondary consideration.

A DONGOLA HORSE. FROM A PICTURE BY THE LATE JAMES WARD R.A.

"The Simon's Bath stud consisted of through-bred sires, and about thirty large well-bred Yorkshire mares, together with several thorough-bred ones. It contained, among others, two entire horses and three mares of the Dongola breed (of which more hereafter), and a very few ponies. The result was the production of many valuable hunters, hacks, and harness-horses.

"For many years, when the staghounds or foxhounds of this wild district faced the open hills, the Exmoor-bred horses soon went ahead, and in a long moor run were not unfrequently the only horses left with the hounds at the finish. Twenty-eight horses of the Simon's Bath stud were at one time going as the best hunters with the various packs of the neighbouring counties, besides those selected by the owner for his own hunting stables.

"The Exmoor stud was sold at the demise of Mr. Knight, Sen., in 1850, by his executors, and the Simon's Bath farm lands were let.

"The efforts of the late Mr. Knight for the improvement of Exmoor did not meet with the success they deserved. He persisted for many years in following the four-course system of cultivation, under which he had seen, in his own time, a larger tract of sandy and far more barren heaths in the north of Worcestershire converted into excellent turnip and barley land. His numerous ox-teams and large corn-fields were not suited to the elevation and climate of Exmoor; his mode of cultivation rather opposed than encouraged the production of improved permanent grass land, for which the soil and climate of these hills have since been proved to be so well adapted. The great increase in the prices of sheep, cattle, and dairy produce, and the improved facilities afforded by railways for reaching the Bristol and London markets, are now rapidly augmenting the value of the grass lands of North Devon.

"Coming, as we did, from a part of the country where ponies are the perquisites of old ladies and little children, and where the nearer a well-shaped horse can be got to 16 hands the better, the first feeling on mounting a rough, little, unkempt brute, fresh from the moor, barely 12 hands (48 inches) in height, was intensely ridiculous. It seemed as if the slightest mistake would send the rider clean over the animal's head. But we learned soon that the indigenous pony, in certain useful qualities, is not to be surpassed by animals of greater size and pretensions. We crossed the stream, not by the narrow bridge, but by the ford, and passing through the straggling stone village of Simon's Bath, arrived in sight of the field where the Tattersall of the West was to sell the wild and tame horse-stock bred on the moors. It was a field of some ten acres and a half, forming a very steep slope, with the upper part comparatively flat, the sloping side broken by a stone quarry, and dotted over with huge blocks of quartz. At its base flowed an arm of the stream we had found margining our route. A substantial, but, as the event proved, not sufficiently high stone fence bounded the whole field. On the upper part a sort of double pound, united by a narrow neck, with a gate at each end, had been constructed of rails upwards of five feet in height. Into the first of these pounds, by ingenious management, all the sale ponies, wild and tame, had been driven. When the sale commenced, it was the duty of the herdsman to separate two at a time, and drive them through the narrow neck into the pound before the auctioneer. Around a crowd of spectators of every degree were clustered—squires and clergymen, horse-dealers and farmers, from Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire, as well as South Devon and the immediate neighbourhood.

"These ponies were the result of crosses made years ago with Dongola and thorough-bred stallions on the indigenous race of Exmoors, since carefully culled from year to year, for the purpose of securing the utmost amount of perfection among the stallions and mares reserved for breeding purposes.

"The modern Exmoor seldom exceeds 13 hands; has a well-shaped head, with very small ears. The body is round, compact, and well ribbed, with good quarters and powerful hocks;

legs straight, flat, and clean, the muscles well developed, by early racing up and down steep mountain sides while following their dams. In about forty lots the prevailing colours were bay, brown, and grey; chestnuts and blacks were less frequent, although black was one of the colours of the original breed.

"The sale was great fun. Perched on convenient rails, we had the whole scene before us—the auctioneer, rather hoarse and quite matter-of-fact; the ponies, wildly rushing about the first enclosure, were with difficulty separated into pairs to be driven in the sale portion. When fairly hemmed in through the open gate, they dashed and made a sort of circus circuit, with mane and tail erect, in a style that would draw great applause at Astley's. Then there was the difficulty of deciding whether the figures marked in white on the animal's hind-quarters were 8, or 3, or 5. Instead of the regular trot up and down of Tattersall's, a whisk of the cap was sufficient to produce a tremendous caper. A very pretty exhibition was made by a little mare, with a late foal about the size of a setter dog.

"The sale over, an amusing scene ensued. Every man who had bought a pony wanted to catch it. In order to clear the way, each lot as sold, as wild and nearly as active as deer, had been turned into the field. A joint-stock company of pony-catchers, headed by the champion wrestler of the district—a hawk-nosed, fresh-complexioned, rustic Don Juan—stood ready to be hired, at the moderate rate of sixpence per pony, caught and delivered. One carried a bundle of new halters; the others, warmed by a liberal distribution of beer, seemed to stand

'Like greyhounds on the slip,'

as much inspired by the fun as the sixpence. When the word was given, the first step was to drive a herd into the lowest corner of the field, in as compact a mass as possible. The bay, grey, or chestnut, from that hour doomed to perpetual slavery and exile from his native hills, was pointed out by the nervous, anxious purchaser. Three wiry fellows crept catlike among the mob, sheltering behind some tame cart-horses. On a mutual signal they rushed on the devoted animal; two, one bearing a halter, strove to fling each one arm round its neck, and with one hand to grasp its nostrils, while the insidious third, clinging to the flowing tail, tried to throw the poor quadruped off its balance. Often they were baffled in the first effort, for with one wild spring the pony would clear the whole lot, and flying with streaming mane and tail across the brook up the field, leave the whole work to be recommenced. Sometimes, when the feat was cleverly performed, pony and pony-catchers were to be seen all rolling on the ground together, the pony yelling, snorting, and fighting with his fore-feet, the men clinging on like the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, and how escaping crushed ribs or broken legs it is impossible to imagine. On one occasion a fine brown stallion dashed away, with two plucky fellows hanging on to his mane. Rearing, plunging, fighting with his fore-feet, away he bounded down a declivity among the huge rocks, amid the encouraging cheers of the spectators. For a moment the contest was doubtful, so tough were the sinews and so determined the grip of Davy, the champion wrestler; but the steep bank of the brook, down which the brown stallion recklessly plunged, was too much for human efforts. In a moment they all went together into the brook, but the pony up first, leaped the opposite bank, and galloped away, whinnying in short-lived triumph.

"After a series of such contests, well worth the study of artists not content with pale copies from marbles or casts, the difficulty of haltering these snorting steeds, equal in spirit and probably in size to those which drew the car of Boadicea, was diminished by all those uncaught being driven back to the pound, and there, not without furious battles, one by one enslaved.

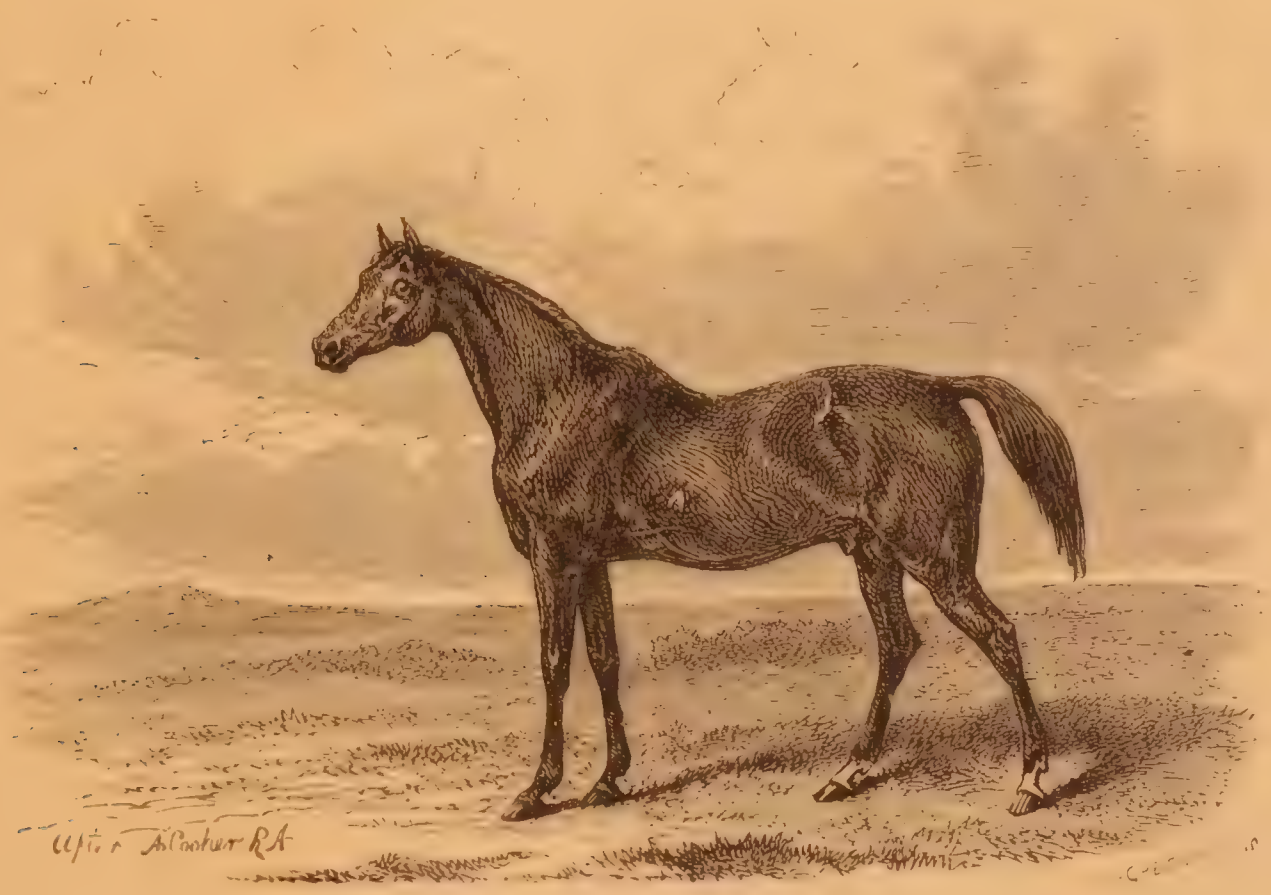
"Yet even when haltered the conquest was by no means concluded. Some refused to stir, others started off at such a pace as speedily brought the holder of the halter on his nose. One respectable

old gentleman, in grey stockings and knee-breeches, lost his animal in much less time than it took him to extract the sixpence from his knotted purse.

"Yet in all these fights there was little display of vice; it was pure fright on the part of the ponies that made them struggle so. A few days' confinement in a shed, a few carrots, with a little salt, and gentle treatment, reduces the wildest of the three-year-olds to docility. When older they are more difficult to manage. It was a pretty sight to view them led away, splashing through the brook—conquered, but not yet subdued.

"In the course of the evening a little chestnut stallion, 12 hands (or 4 feet) in height, jumped, at a standing jump, over the bars out of a pound upward of five feet from the ground, only just touching the top rail with his hind feet."

Simon's Bath was too far from the rail to continue long to be the site of these sales. They were removed to Bampton, where the ponies were sold by auction in the fair—Bampton Fair



BORACK.

being *par excellence* the pony fair of the West of England. Later on a little more breaking was bestowed on the ponies, and for several years the sale lots were sent by rail to Reading to meet the buyers.

But the Cheviot ewe, offering a lamb and fleece for sale every summer, found its way to the Exmoor pastures, and entered into competition with the pony, which required three or four winters before he came to the hammer. The black cattle have given way to the Cheviots, and the ponies are reduced to a decreasing herd of about 100 head, which, instead of finding themselves as of yore, masters of the position, eke out a grudged existence among increasing thousands of Scotch sheep, tended by Border shepherds.

In 1860* the tenant of an Exmoor farm tried to breed galloways between 13 hands 2 inches and 14 hands. With this view he employed as a sire a son of Old Port, the diminutive progeny

* "Scott and Sebright."

of Sir Hercules and Beeswing, and afterwards the celebrated pony sire Bobby, descended through two degrees on his dam's side, from Borack, an Arab of celebrity on the Madras racecourse, the sire of some of the best ponies sold at the sales of Mr. Milward, of Thurgarton Priory. But the experiment was not a success, for the foals required to be wintered in paddocks and fed with hay as two-year-olds, and, being necessarily reared on the improved lands, cost as much to breed as would have produced larger and more valuable animals.

The true original Exmoor ponies, which were foaled and fed on the moor without any other food than they could pick up in winter on the moors after the Exmoor sheep had been removed to their winter quarters in the surrounding parishes, and which in hard winters sometimes perished of starvation, belonged to Sir Thomas Acland, who for many years rented the forest from the Crown. They are still bred uncrossed by the present Sir Thomas Acland, but without much improvement either in size or value, at Winsford Hill.

In 1864, when the Exmoor ponies were sold at Reading, three unbroken geldings averaged forty guineas each; a blood-bay filly, 12½ hands high, four years old—a perfect model of what a hack pony should be—was sold unbroken for thirty guineas. These were, however, the rare exceptions, and an average of £12 to £15 was a poor return for a lot of good-looking and useful ponies of from three to five years old. A cross between the mares of this breed and a thorough-bred horse produces the blood-like animal of 14 hands high, so much sought for London use. But the unimproved Exmoor hills will not produce that half-bred pony, and on the improved lands sheep-stock pay better.

The older ponies live on the hills all the winter, and seek certain favourite spots well known to the herdsmen, who build up stacks of rough hay well protected for the purpose, from which in very hard winters they give out supplies to the snowed-out ponies.

The weaned foals and yearlings, which are well wintered on hay, are now drafted from their dams, so that the picturesque sight of a mare with the progeny of three years is no longer to be seen. The progress of sheep-farming, assisted by growing root and rape crops, has, while reducing the number, enabled Mr. Knight to improve the size of his ponies, which have two great merits for family use—sure-footedness and hardy constitution. Exmoors are sometimes grey; occasionally chestnut with white marks, after a remote ancestor of the speedy Velocipede; bay with mealy muzzle is the favourite Exmoor colour; rarely black, and never piebald, although piebald Exmoors are constantly advertised in the London papers.

Exmoor ponies, both of Sir Thomas Acland's and Mr. Knight's breed, are to be found in October at Bampton Fair, in reduced numbers, but in fair competition with the other ponies of the south-west.

WELSH PONIES.

With respect to Welsh ponies, both north and south, it is very difficult to say where the districts to which they originally belonged begin and end. So many industries have been established in Wales; so many mines and manufactories opened; so many watering-places raised into importance; such numbers of settlers and summer travellers have been drawn thither by the facilities created by good roads and railroads, that the principality is no longer isolated, and nearly all its live stock has been crossed by lowland breeds. Welsh ponies early in this century were largely crossed by thorough-bred stock, with the usual result, fine individual specimens, which were quite incapable of enduring the hardships of the native mountain breeds. The best are bred in districts like that near Wynstay, where farmers have the use of Sir Watkin Wynne's blood sires.

ENTIRE PONY HACK 'DON CARLOS'

NEW FOREST PONIES.

In the New Forest, which is Crown property, the wildest absence of all attempts at breeding by rule has always prevailed. Three hundred persons enjoy rights of pasturage, under which for the greater part of the year they turn their horses and ponies to graze in the Forest. Amongst these have always been stallions of all breeds, sizes, and ages, with every kind of defect to which horseflesh is heir. These, enjoying promiscuous intercourse with the mares, have raised up just such a mongrel race as might be expected from what Horace Walpole described as the "daughter of nobody by the son of anybody."

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have been repeatedly pressed to exercise control over the New Forest sires, with the view of excluding those likely to propagate offspring either ill-shaped or diseased; but the work seems to have been at once too practical and too troublesome for these often over-zealous servants of the Crown.

MR. MILWARD'S AND OTHER PONIES.

Those who require ponies should pay not the slightest attention to the tales as to "from whom descended and by whom begot"—tales which are probably not true, and if true, of no consequence—but confine their investigations to the merits of the animal presented to them.

In addition to the real ponies of Wales, Exmoor, Dartmoor, the New Forest, and the Shetland Islands, and all the ponies sold under the time-honoured names of these places, there are a certain number bred by farmers and gentlemen out of good animals, which, from their symmetry and price, are quite removed from the category of cheap family ponies; on the contrary, they are amongst the luxuries of the stable. Anxious for information on this class, we applied to Mr. Richard Milward, of Thurgarton Priory, Notts, an active member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, a Nottinghamshire squire who has for many years made breeding and buying ponies a profitable hobby. We lay stress on profitable, because raising superior live stock of any kind without profit does nothing for its permanent improvement.

Mr. Milward writes to us (April, 1873):—"About twenty-five years ago it was very difficult to find any ponies with good shoulders. After the success of my sales became known, ponies were offered me by farmers on all sides. Nine out of ten were under-bred, bad-shouldered brutes. I was always a buyer of anything really good, so I showed them their defects, explained what was and what was not worth buying at any sale in my neighbourhood (Nottinghamshire), and they began to breed a better sort of animal. And now, although I send about twenty ponies every year to Tattersall's between 13 hands 3 inches and 14 hands 2 inches high, they have nearly all good shoulders, and most of them are considered to be without a fault as regards symmetry.

"There are two modes of breeding ponies (I call everything a pony under 14 hands 2 inches), either from a small thorough-bred mare foal put to a Yorkshire (Norfolk?) trotter—this was how Don Carlos, Lord Calthorpe's celebrated stallion hack, was bred*—or, more commonly, by a small thorough-bred sire out of a Welsh, Irish, or other pony. I hold that, to produce anything worth rearing, either sire or dam must be thorough-bred. I have had a few good Norfolk ponies, but they had not first-rate shoulders. Two Thousand, sold at my sale to Lord Hastings, for 120 guineas; Dunstan and Crisis, with which Mr. Frisby carried off several prizes at the Agricultural Hall shows; Rarity, which was sold at the hammer for 160 guineas, had all fine harness-action, but none of them quite good shoulders.

* See Coloured Plate I.

"My best ponies have been bred in Shropshire and Cheshire, the sires thoroughbreds, belonging to Lord Combermere and Sir Watkin Wynne. A very celebrated pony stallion was at one time in this country—Bobby. Bobby was bred by Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton; his sire Robin, a son of Dr. Syntax and a Cotton mare dam by Borack, an Arab (see page 89). Brunette, which was purchased at my sale for 110 guineas by Lord Stamford, and ridden hack by him for a dozen years, was by Bobby; and also a piebald which fetched the same price, and was driven for years by Lady Caroline Kerrison. Most of my ponies for this year's sale (1873) have, at least, two crosses of blood. They are by Fingall, Park-keeper, Porto Rico, Chit-chat, Antwerp, Medas, Mr. Sykes, Dublin, Hercules, and Alchemist.

"You ask what is a cob? I hate the term, and never use it. I think pony covers every horse under 14 hands 2 inches, and hack all riding-horses above that size not being hunters. My object is to get ponies from 13 hands 3 inches to 14 hands 2 inches, as much like good hunters as possible; and I flatter myself, if I may believe the best judges, I have often succeeded."

It will be seen from this that Mr. Milward claims nearly all Arabs as ponies, for an Arab over 14 hands 2 inches is an exception.

London is the best mart for the purchase of a well-broken pony of any kind; and next to London some of the great manufacturing towns of the north, such as Manchester, where the great patron of a good pony, the sporting publican, abounds. We say this advisedly, because the Royal Agricultural Society and the Bath and West of England Society have more than once offered prizes for ponies at Southampton, in the New Forest district; at Plymouth and Exeter, near the Exmoor and Dartmoor districts; at Chester and at Cardiff, for North and South Wales; but the entries in these places have been limited in number, and never remarkable for quality, whilst at all the Agricultural Hall Shows, where the entry fee is more than four times that of Agricultural Societies, the great trouble of the manager has been to keep the entries of ponies within fifty—and the excellence of the harness-pony classes has repeatedly called forth the admiration of the judges. In 1872, when the judges were the Earl of Shannon, Lord Calthorpe, and Colonel Maude, C.B., the Crown Equerry, the class for ponies not exceeding 13 hands 3 inches was "highly commended;" and again in 1873, when Sir George Wombwell acted with Colonel Maude.

Those who are willing to speculate in unbroken ponies may suit themselves at English fairs, where droves of Welsh and Irish colts are regularly sent, as well as at local horse fairs in Wales and in Devonshire. As a rule, the best ponies are bred on mountain regions, where short sweet herbage abounds, where keen winters carry off the cripples and the narrow-chested, and where they learn activity and the full use of their limbs while running beside their dams. A mountain-bred pony never falls unless over-weighted or over-tired, and it is very difficult to tire one.

Ponies bred on wild rough land are certainly not so subject to the numerous diseases of an inflammatory character that are the curse of studs, where horses of the finest pedigree are bred and reared with as much care and more expense than is bestowed on the most aristocratic babies. Like Red Indians, only those of stout constitution survive the hardships of infancy or foalhood; ponies that have reached maturity and been broken to harness or saddle are more likely to be sound than full-sized horses, because only the best are worth sending for sale out of their native localities.

PANNIER PONY.

The pony that is to carry panniers balanced by two babies should be good-looking, because such an arrangement is essentially a luxury. A good-tempered donkey is a safer conveyance

although not so aristocratic. Therefore the pannier pony should have a nice round pannel and broad back, "two good ends," viz., a pretty head and well-carried tail, should walk well and freely, and above all be perfectly quiet, insensible to the strangest sights and sounds, and incapable of an excess of freshness.

By a good walker is meant an easy, willing, elastic walker—one that glides smoothly along, and does not by its harsh, rough movement put its infant burdens to torture. It is painful to witness the heads of young children rolling as if they were mandarin toys.

A pannier pony should be as well trained to walk in hand as a Norfolk trotter. This may easily be done by a system of rewards and mild discipline, scarcely punishment, with touches from a gig-whip held in the left hand of the person who leads the pony, and applied behind his back to the hind-quarters of the animal. When the pony runs up from the whip he should be caressed and encouraged with a carrot, apple, or lump of sugar.

A very good way of leading a pony or any horse is with a bamboo stick fitted with a swivel snap-hook. This keeps his head straight. We first saw this contrivance in Nottinghamshire, where a mounted groom thus led the blind Squire of Osberton to meet his friends at cover side.

A pannier pony may also be driven with light cord reins carried through terrets fixed on to the panniers, where used by a mamma fond of long country walks.

The harness of a pannier pony should be complete, and consist of a snaffle-bridle with large loops, the bit also attached to the flaps of the saddle by flap-reins. The pack-saddle must fit well, and be furnished with a crupper and a breastplate. The girths should be broad, on what is called the Melton pattern. The children should not sit back to back, but with their faces toward the horse's head. They should be well-balanced by weights, if one child happens to be heavier than the other, or great mischief may be done. In a word, the whole arrangement needs the watchful eye of a mother or a kind intelligent nurse, who understands the ways of ponies as well as of children.

Pony panniers became more popular after a very pretty photograph had appeared of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, holding the rein of a long-maned, cream-coloured cob, which carried in panniers two young princes.

The pannier pony may also be made useful in harness to draw a four-wheeled carriage of suitable weight. Indeed, the very first step in the education of any pony too small to carry a man should be to break him to harness. As to size, the pannier pony should not be so tall that the children cannot be easily placed in and taken out of the seat by their ordinary attendant.

HARNESS PONIES.

For hard work in harness, day after day, there is nothing in the equine line so enduring, so safe, and, where required within trotting limits, so fast as a pony. Straight thick shoulders are the common defects of ponies, and of horses bred in a state of nature, and withers so low that there is no good place for the saddle. This arises, according to the opinion of an experienced West of England pony-breeder, from the habit of grazing transmitted for generations; and he considered that the fine, sloping shoulders, which are so essential a part of a well-shaped horse, are partly the result of careful artificial selection, and that the well-carried head may have something to do with food provided in racks and mangers; but this is a theory rather thrown out for discussion than as a grave assertion. At any rate, there are thousands of ponies that may be made useful and even ornamental in harness which no one would care to ride for pleasure

In this country size gives value to every average horse; therefore, all things being equal, you can purchase ponies for less money than full-sized horses. There are a great variety of carriages,

from the lightest pony-trap up to expensive hooded phaetons for a pair or four, which may be "horsed" with ponies of 12 hands high and upwards, quite as satisfactorily as by large and more expensive horses, if there is no grown man in the family who desires to ride.

For many years the absurd system of taxation, or rather of exemption, already described, gave a premium on the employment of ponies under 13 hands high; but all those exemptions having been abolished, and a uniform tax of half a guinea imposed on all pleasure-horses, big or little, there is no advantage in looking out for ponies under 13 hands high. Thirteen hands and a half is an excellent height for all family purposes.

A considerable economy will thus be effected in first price, in keep, and in wear and tear; for ponies last longer at work than most full-sized horses, and can travel at least as far, generally farther, and quite as fast as any reasonable person desires. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to tire out a pair of good mountain or moor-bred ponies.

These observations particularly apply to ponies of average step, action, and quality. Anything of extraordinary merit will always fetch a fancy price. A pony under 11 hands high, which was afterwards presented to the late ex-Emperor of the French for the Prince Imperial, was sold at auction for sixty-five guineas; and a hundred pounds was refused for an extraordinary leaping-pony of the same size. Since polo came into fashion, the latter has become an ordinary price where pace is found along with beauty.

The modern school of coach-builders, with their light carriages and high wheels, under the four-hundredweight low licence duty, have done a great deal to encourage the employment of ponies for pleasure purposes.

BREAKING PONIES TO HARNESS.

This subject and breaking to harness will be treated of at length hereafter, and we only mention it here because there is a difficulty in breaking ponies of high courage to harness, as it is impossible to have the assistance of the double-brake and brake-horse, which plays so important a part in training for harness according to our English system. The loss of this check upon kicking propensities needs to be remembered, because it is well known that any horse, big or little, that has ever kicked in harness is likely to kick again; it is therefore most important that a pony intended for harness should be treated in a sensible manner. After following the preliminary directions for breaking given in the chapter which will be devoted to the subject, in the way of accustoming an unbroken animal to the streets, to the harness, and to the meaning of reins, get a strong two-wheeled carriage of suitable size, fasten a splinter-bar to it by way of outrigger—you may see the arrangement during London winters, when, after a heavy snow-storm, four-wheeled one-horse cabs are turned into pairs—attach a steady, perfectly-broken old pony to the outrigger, if it is a riding pony, with a boy riding postillion, and put the unbroken pony into the shafts. With the harness and kicking-straps, you have the young one under perfect control; with patience and daily lessons, a good driver will not only teach him all his duty, but prepare him for the saddle. His mouth may be made by lessons from a competent person on foot, in the absence of a four-stone jockey-boy. Boys are so cruel and thoughtless, that they can rarely be trusted with the task of teaching a colt without the supervision of some older hand.

RIDING PONIES.

"Of all the sights of London in the month of June, there are few prettier than Rotten Row at that hour in the morning when grave judges, merchants of mighty name in the City, and the hard-worked of Her Majesty's Cabinet and Her Majesty's Opposition begin to ride away to their daily,

never-ending duties; while the Park is alive with little mobs of boys and girls galloping, trotting, and walking as little as possible, with papa, or mamma, or sister Anne, or mostly with some stout and faithful Ruggles, panting and toiling after his precious charges. How bright they look, how happy with innocent excitement glowing on their rosy faces! No thought of heavy acceptances or of doubtful parliamentary contests, or of ungrateful Minister of State, checks their ringing laughter, or their cheerful and childish talk. And then what pluck the little creatures have; and how gravely they imitate their seniors, in handling ponies a little bigger than Southdown rams!

"In those admirably planned and picturesquely arranged rides in the wood provided by the Emperor of the French for the inhabitants of his capital, the magnificence of the equipages on a great fête-day—a Gladiateur day—leaves nothing to be desired. Our Ladies' Mile is left in the shade by the splendour of a series of four-horse postillioned barouches, with liveries of every brilliant shade of velvet and satin, from the brightest canary to the richest ruby, beside hosts of grand steppers in broughams, and other triumphs of carriage-building art well copied from the London style. Horsemen are there, too, in very fair numbers, to whom a critical eye would most probably object that the horses are too good for their work, and that the men ride too well, too correctly, too seriously for pleasure—that they are perfectly taught, but are not to the manner born. Yes, the wealth of modern Paris rivals London in everything that is gorgeous for grown-up people. But when it comes to the little people and ponies, Paris is a blank.

"Pony-boy-ship, not horse-man-ship, is the crowning glory of these equestrian islands. The word pony is feebly represented in other languages by two words implying little horse or dwarf horse; and the French have been obliged to borrow the term without being able to borrow the thing. In a brilliant horse show at Paris in 1866 there was only one real pony. There are small horses in many countries, but it is only in this among civilised nations that the let-alone system of education allows the family pony to develop into an institution. Good horses and horsemen are not confined to England. There are foreign artists who know well how to draw the single Arab, the war-horse of Job, or a whole charge of cavalry, but it is only in England that John Leech could have found his immortal boys on ponyback; above all, that genuine Master George on his Shetlander, his soul on fire speaking in his eyes, and eager for the hunt streaming away on the other side the brook, answering the piteous 'Hold hard!' of the much-enduring Ruggles; 'it's too wide and very deep,' with the happiest self-confidence, 'All right, we can both swim.' Master George did not mean to be saucy to the old coachman, or to be witty, like those royal and imperial boys who make such wonderful *bon-mots;* he only meant, in the language of the Ring, 'business'—that there was a brook to be done, and, dry or wet, Master George meant to do it.

"The family pony, ridden at all hours, with and without saddle, along bridle-roads, over the moors, in the hayfield, and through the wood, up hill and down dale, teaches the boy to go alone, to defend himself, to tumble cleverly, and to get up again without making a noise at a bump or two. As far as teaching the art of horsemanship goes, perhaps the completest plan with boys, as well as girls, is to allow no riding until they are eight or nine years old, and then to commence with first principles. Still, habits of independence are of more importance than perfect horsemanship; therefore fathers living in the country, with a stable as well as a library, if wise, will not neglect the pony-branch of education, but will let the boy, as soon as he likes, go wandering about the park, the farm, the village, learning how to take care of himself and his steed. With girls it is different. A girl can no more learn to ride gracefully than to dance gracefully, without being carefully taught, from the first lesson to the last."

These words were written in 1866, before France had passed under the "Caudine forks" of victorious Germany, and when Charles Dickens, in whose "All the Year Round" they were

published, seemed built to reach at least fourscore years; but in the main they are true still. At any rate, it is not from the need of physical energy that the decline and fall of England, prophesied any time this fifty years by envious foreigners, will take place. We ride, young and old, and both sexes, harder than ever, and as wealth grows so grows the number of the equestrian race.

A pony to carry a little girl should have room for the side-saddle, and carry its head and neck in the proper place, not like a donkey or a pig. A crupper will generally be required. Cruppers are out of fashion for riding-horses, except those of the military and the police; but those ponies which can carry a saddle safely without them are the exception; but in choosing a pony on which your boys are to learn to ride, take one as much like a good hack in shape, and as little like a donkey, as possible.

In a woodcut by John Leech, "The First Meet of the Season," which appeared many years

MOUNTAIN PONY.

ago, there is a serious drawing, not a caricature, of a blood-pony arching his neck proudly, and champing his bit, which gives a good idea of what the fore-hand of a riding pony should be. A donkey is a very useful animal, but the worst possible tutor for future horsemen, because he has no shoulders, a straight neck, and a mouth of leather, which never objects to the deadest pull. A boy's pony should be narrow, so that his little legs may have some real grasp. The fat round barrel of a family cob may do for panniers or a side-saddle pad, but a boy as soon as he begins to ride, say nine years old, should sit in as good form as when in later years he bestrides a full-sized hunter. The numbers who can afford to purchase perfection are limited in every mart, but it is well to have the eyes accustomed to correct forms.

GALLOWAYS AND COBS.

The moment we turn our backs on ponies we reach a mob of animals, including everything up to the full-sized horse (the proper height of which, in England, may be taken at 15 hands 2 inches), amongst which are the most useful, the cheapest, and the most expensive, as well as all sorts of inferior nags. The word "galloway" has gone out of use, yet it was a convenient word to

express what was too big for a pony, too small for a Yorkshireman or Leicestershireman's idea of a horse, and more active, more slim of limb, than the "stocky, weight-carrying cob."

The famous Dumpling, that carried Julia Mannering's lover over the Cumberland hills behind the immortal Dandie Dinmont, is always associated in our mind with a galloway of the right sort.

Old books on the British horse described a number of local breeds not thorough-bred, which were supposed to be peculiar to various districts of England. The Irish alone still often bear a national character. All these distinctions except Norfolk trotters have long since disappeared under the perpetual use of thorough-bred sires. Nearly all who go into horse-breeding for profit

RATTLER, IN HARNESS.

endeavour to produce a big animal, because it is always easier to sell a good big horse than a good little one. A good, big, well-bred horse may turn out a hunter; if not a hunter a barouche-horse; and if not handsome enough for that a trotting van-horse, and so on, descending in the scale. It is only gentlemen breeding for amusement, and trying to perpetuate favourites, the produce of favourite mares, who seriously set about breeding cobs or small horses of any kind.

As a matter of course, the size of horses to be found in any particular district is, to a certain extent, affected by the size of the county. In hilly regions, and counties where small enclosures prevail, the average size of the horses used for riding as well as driving will be regulated by the size of the mares in common farm use, and by the size of the hunters in use, and will therefore be small; while in counties where fields of fifty acres and upwards are common, tall horses will be the rule. Putting hunting in flying counties out of the question, and carriages used for fashionable purposes, there is no doubt that more general utility will be found between the heights of 14 hands and 15 hands 2 inches than any other size of horse.

On the question of size we are able to give some reliable statistics from the entries of ten horse shows held at the Agricultural Hall, London. The prize lists were altered from year to

year for seven years, so as to obtain as full entries as possible for each class above 14 hands and under 15 hands 2 inches. The following is a summary of the entries in various classes in the year 1872. As the expenses of exhibiting each horse, including a £2 2s. entry, on an average rather exceed £10, it may be presumed that the majority of these horses are good of their size. We begin with the smallest class after ponies:—

"The class not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches high, to be exhibited in harness." Twenty-six of this size were described as good hacks. In the class for "Park Cobs, High Steppers," there were twenty-one. Of these fourteen were described as quiet in harness, and many more were on sale as broken to harness. Of class "Park Hacks and Ladies' Horses, not exceeding 15 hands 1 inch," there were thirty-two, more than forty entries being rejected for want of room. There were also twenty-one entries of park hacks, not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches. Of these two classes many were described as quiet in harness, and several were also entered as hunters. In the two cob classes, one for saddle and the other for single harness, the majority were well-bred little horses, but certainly not what is conveyed by the idea of a cob; that is to say, a hack to carry a heavy bishop or banker. Many of the cob classes were described as hunters. These figures justify us in looking for the most generally useful horses, fit to ride, fit to hunt in a country where the fields are not too big; fit to trot in harness, single or double, in a carriage weighing not more than four or five hundredweight for each horse, without injury to their riding action, and in much heavier carriages when not required for riding purposes amongst small horses and cobs. Our illustration on page 97 is a portrait of Mr. Spence Leese's Rattler, 14 hands 2 inches high, which took a first prize as a hack, and also a first prize in single harness, in 1873, from a picture in the possession of that gentleman.

The cob proper of modern England is of two kinds—the priceless animal of grand symmetrical form, short legs, a round barrel, well ribbed up, a well-bred, intelligent head, and a neck beautifully set on and carried, a tail to match; in a word, the strength of a dray-horse, the quality of a race-horse, the manners of a perfect gentleman, and at least two good paces, both easy—a square walk over four miles an hour, and a square trot of eight miles an hour—or a very perfect slow canter, performed quite on the haunches. With these merits, a cob of a proper sober colour is worth at least two hundred guineas to a dealer, and to the dealer, when a heavy-weight millionaire comes to him in despair, any price he chooses to ask. We have known £400 given for a perfect cob, to carry a timid seventeen-stone man. But such cobs are the few and far between exceptions—more difficult to find than even a heavy-weight hunter, because they are only bred by chance.

The vulgar idea of a cob is a diminutive cart-horse, and such, even without action, if very fat and not absolutely hideous, are constantly sold to ignorant people with plenty of money in their pockets, at double their worth, because they fancy that thick legs (perhaps carefully shaved) and a fat body imply strength. One of the safest tests of a weight-carrying cob is to try if he can walk down a steep hill with weight on his back and a loose rein.

The other, the ordinary cob, which may be worth anything between £50 and £100, if it is sound, has substance, can carry fourteen stone, move at a fair pace, with useful not showy action, and nine times out of ten will go well in harness. It is in consequence of their weight that cobs are of the generally useful class; as distinguished from light blood hacks, their weight enables them to pull a loaded carriage. Those riders who are fastidious will not, if they know it, buy a cob that has ever been in a collar; but as such animals are, in nine cases out of ten, bred by chance, and work their way by degrees into good society, after graduating in country bakers' or butchers' carts, the odds are in favour of their being accustomed to the collar, even if they do not bear its blemishing mark.

The already-quoted statistics of the Agricultural Hall Shows prove that harness "is the badge of all their tribe."

In 1872, a cob, 14 hands 3 inches high, five years old, rather plain than otherwise, which won a leaping prize, was purchased by a heavy-weight financier at eighty guineas, for use as a constitutional park hack; he was disfigured by a collar blemish, yet was sold a year later at a profit.

This sort of cob decidedly comes within the list of useful family horses. He may carry any of the family, including the girls, except the small, short-legged boys; he may run in single harness; or two will afford more riding and driving than any other class of animal. He may be used by the servants or the master; his size, his strength, his constitution, make him fit for anything or anybody's use. Placid, not to say stolid, and in the worst form stubborn temperaments are more frequently found amongst weight-carrying cobs than amongst light-weight blood hacks.

A hunter, or a covert hack, and many kinds of harness-horses may not be able to walk well; but a cob that cannot walk at a good pace and in good form is not worth feeding with oats. To describe what a cob ought to be would be only to confuse the readers who do not know—a live original is the best guide, and next to the real thing a good picture. The engraving at page 104 represents what may be called a blood cob, very old when he was painted. In his own county (Hertfordshire) he was a good hunter and hack; and he looks fit for every useful purpose, his one fault being his colour—grey—but some people do not dislike it. That eminent lawyer, the late Judge Park, always rode a grey cob, followed by his groom on another.

Nothing is more difficult to get together than a number of well-shaped, weight-carrying cobs, with the safe and pleasant action which is the combined result of a large cross of blood and fine symmetry.

THE COUNTRY HACK, OR ROADSTER.

The roadster hack of our grandfathers is almost a thing of the past. For want of demand the supply has ceased. The memory of them is contained in many novels, from Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" to G. P. R. James's perpetual "two horsemen."

"In the shady silence of Mayfair, over a corner public-house, is exhibited a signboard in a more elaborate style of art than is usual in modern public-houses, where the art is generally alive and behind the bar. A sprightly youth, in the costume of the "pampered" of the time of George II., with a long pole in his hand, is stepping away at the rate of some six miles an hour—not fair heel and toe be it understood, but an easy trot.

"The sign represents an ornamental luxury that died with the last famous or infamous Duke of Queensbury, who figures as Lord March in Thackeray's novel, "The Virginians," and whose latter life at his mansion in Piccadilly is told in one of Lord Brougham's volumes of Biographical Sketches. The running footman, when he was really of any use, ran before and alongside the fat Flemish mares which drew the coaches of the Sir Charles Grandison period, warned innkeepers of the coming illustrious guest, and helped with their long staves the caravan-like vehicle out of the numerous ruts and sloughs that intersected the northern and western roads. Good roads substituted post for the family horses, and killed the profession of running footmen, leaving nothing but the costume and the long staff, which, turned into a gilded cane, is still the symbol of the gorgeous creatures who hang behind Court chariots, the coaches of Lord Mayors, and do ornamental duty in the vestibules of great houses."

With the decline of the running footman, and, from the same cause—the improvement in posting and stage coaches—began the decay of the famous British hackney or roadster. We may be sure the roads were very bad, and that travelling on wheels was very expensive, when the feeble

deformed poet, Alexander Pope, rode to Oxford through Windsor Forest on a horse borrowed of the Earl of Burlington, and met on his road the bookseller, Bernhard Lintot, also riding a horse borrowed of his publisher, "what he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt."

Those roadster hacks had qualifications rarely found, because not required in these days of Macadam and iron roads. But the qualities are latent and exist, for they are found in horses of British breed in our Australian colonies, as proved in many an overland cattle-driving expedition, in which the wonderful tales of the endurance of Arab horses have been at least rivalled.

They were seldom much over 15 hands high. A tall horse is not often so enduring in long days, or so hardy in every way. When the dashing Peninsular general, Sir Thomas Picton, ordered his infantry chargers for the Spanish campaign, he fixed on 15 hands as the proper height. These roadsters were strong, for they had to carry, besides the horseman in his heavy jack-boots, leather breeches, and broad-skirted coat, a horseman's cloak, saddle-bags, and holster pistols. They were tolerably swift, for the rider might have to owe his safety to his nag's pace. They had good shoulders and plenty before the pommel, capital legs and feet, and action more sure than showy, neither daisy trot, yet with that knee-action which is essential for admiration in the fine charger or the park-hack. They were hardy in constitution, or they could not have borne long days of rough weather, coarse fodder, and indifferent stables. They were required to carry their riders not for an hour or two occasionally, for the sake of constitutional exercise or fashion, but from day to day, for two or three hundred miles, and that with an easy even walk, trot, or canter.

Boswell, writing in 1766 to his friend Temple of a journey to Glasgow, says, "I shall chaise it all the way—thanks to the man who invented that comfortable method of journeying! Had it not been for that, I dare say both you and I would have circumscribed our travels within a very few miles. For my own part, I think to dress myself in a greatcoat and boots, and get astride a horse's back, and be jolted through mire, perhaps through wind and rain, is a punishment too severe for all the offences I can charge myself with." This praise of the post-chaise reminds us that Dr. Samuel Johnson, the demi-god of Bozzy's idolatry, considered riding in a post-chaise with a pretty woman one of the greatest luxuries of life. Yet even the ponderous Doctor, as little like a horseman as any literary man, ancient or modern, provided himself with a pair of silver spurs, and rode post-horses—the only mode of conveyance during his journey through Scotland and the Hebrides.

After half a century of stage-coaches had tempted most travellers on to wheels, came railroads, and destroyed the roadside inns, where the horseman used to find a warm welcome after a long, hard day. On the great north road, where twenty years ago the crack of the postillion's whip and the blast of the guard's horn, the rattling of hoofs and the jingling of pole-chains, resounded night and day, you cannot now make sure of a dry bed, a decent meal, or even a feed of corn. As for ostlers, the race is extinct; if you choose to ride or drive, you must bring your groom, or groom your horse yourself.

This decay of inns renders impossible feats performed by men of our own time, though of the last generation. Old Dick Tattersall, the uncle of the present head of that famous firm, had a relay of hacks on the road between London and Grantham. He used to mount, after a hard day's work in the auction pulpit at the abolished Corner, ride down one hundred and eight miles before morning, hunt the next day with the Belvoir hounds, and return by the same means to his duties. Sir Tatton Sykes, of Sledmere, the last of the real squires, who was satisfied to spend a large income at home on hospitality, field sports, agriculture, and breeding Leicester sheep, and horses to win the Derby, without troubling either the world of politics or the world of fashion,

or the world of betting men either, had a way of travelling (with as little baggage as Sir Charles Napier) to Epsom to see the Derby run, or to an equal distance to ride a race, that would now be impossible. Wherever he slept the first night, he borrowed next morning a clean shirt from the landlord, and left his own to be washed ready for his return. He repeated the operation at each resting-place on the road, returning by instalments each borrowed garment, until he arrived back at Sledmere in his own shirt. A small valise carried the satin breeches and silk stockings that replaced his leathers and long boots in the evening. The operation was ingenious, primitive, and clean ; but at the present hour the landlords with frilled shirts have followed the way of satin breeches, and are known no more.

Enduring hacks of the old sort are now only to be found in the hands of active farmers, who look over hundreds of acres before breakfast, of country surgeons, human and veterinary, of maltsters, and a few other callings which take their followers out of the main tracks on to short cuts and bridle roads. In pasture countries the young farmer fond of riding usually prefers something better than a roadster—one that will grow into money. But the majority of modern farmers prefer wheels, or are generally satisfied with anything useful that will do their day's work—very different from the time when a good roadster hackney was worth as much as, and was more carefully chosen than, the modern brougham horse.

Before railroads had ceased to be considered an unclean thing by the landed gentry, and when only a few main trunk lines had intersected the country, the tour on horseback was still to be enjoyed in perfection by a young horseman whose years, health, and spirits could defy the damp days, muddy roads, dark nights, and uncertain inns, for the sake of independence, adventure, and the abstract pleasure there is in riding a good horse.

"The sage opinion passed on Colonel Mannering, 'that a gentleman may be known by his horse,' was shared by many of the ostlers who received him into their patronising hands. Well mounted, the young adventurer was not tied by a mile or two or an hour or two, and was not afraid of getting a little wrong in trying a short cut, or investigating a promising scene, a green range of hills, or ancient manor buried in a park of ancestral oaks. Country folk were wonderfully kind and cheery to such a traveller ; stout farmers returning from market were hospitably pressing (in the northern counties) ; and squires, once assured the stranger was only travelling for pleasure, wonderfully kind on face of introduction of a well-bred nag and an inquiring face innocent of beard. Not unfrequently the adventure of Squire Western on his road to London was repeated—a chance run with hounds, and a dinner with a stranger to follow. All through the counties where, at war prices, moor land had been enclosed, there were long slips of greensward on either side of the highway, inviting a canter in the morning, and affording pleasant walking ground for the last tired mile or two. Then there were many delightful short cuts through bridle-roads, across fords too deep for wheels, and—by sufferance of lodge-keepers open to the blandishments of a smile, a pleasant word, and a shilling—through parks rich in turf, water, woodland, game, and deer. Oh, those were delightful days, when, young and full of life, and hope, and romance, with a good horse, a sufficiently well-filled purse, and more than one friend on the road, the youth who thought himself a man set out, not afraid of rheumatism, to travel some two or three hundred miles with a definite point to reach, but no particular day, or hour, or route!"

The rider of a really good hack can leave him to himself on the very worst roads, with perfect confidence that he will pick his way and put every foot down on the best place. The fore-feet of a good hack, be the pace fast or slow, are always well forward, and fall flat on the ground ; the action in the trot such that the fore-legs work from the shoulders, and are bent so that

the rider, sitting upright, can just see the knees as they rise, but not by any means "up to the curb-chain." Machine-like regularity and ease characterise all the good hack's paces—that is, the paces of a really good one—but it is astonishing how many queer animals fumble at a great rate along a good road without getting a fall. "A useful riding-horse may not have perfect shoulders," says a cavalry officer, who was a great authority in Rotten Row forty years ago; "but they must be strong, and the fore-feet not so far back as to make a horse stand over like a cart-horse, or many a useful brougham-horse." No horse can carry a heavy weight with too long a back, or without muscular loins and wide hips.

Above all things, for country use and long rides, the so-called cobs, that owe their apparent strength to a close connection with cart-horse blood, are to be avoided. Almost as a matter of course, they have straight shoulders, and their fore-feet are too far under them. For want of blood they soon tire; after a couple of miles trotting they begin to step short, then trip, and unless soon pulled up fall like logs, without an effort to save themselves.

Good shoulders do not mean, at any rate in a young horse, their being thin ("knify") at the withers; on the contrary, they can scarcely be too thick at five years old, provided they are not thick at the lower ends, while inclining their tops well back, leaving as great a space as possible between the end of the mane and the pommel of the saddle.

"There is a certain cross bone which connects the lower end of the shoulder-blades with the animal's fore-legs, which, when it is too long, throws the fore-legs back, and makes the horse stand over."

To get good fore-leg action is a great point—it secures safety to the rider—but to make a complete hack, the hind-leg action must also be good. The hock joints must when moving, whether slowly or fast, be bent well, and bring the hind-legs well forward, and under him; indeed, it cannot be too far as long as he does not strike the fore-legs. Racing trotters carry their hind-feet far before and outside the fore-legs. It is this power and regularity of hind-leg action that makes a horse easy in his slow paces. A horse with good shoulder action before, propelled by far-reaching hind-legs, whether walking, or trotting, or galloping, seems to be, as dealers say, "always riding up hill."

The chest of a speedy galloper should be protuberant and deep, but not broad; the ribs before the girths long, and behind the girths short. When the ribs are short before the girth, it is impossible to keep a saddle in the proper place without a crupper, though cruppers have been discarded for many years by the owners of hacks, hunters, and riding-horses of every kind; but at the time when George III. began his reign, as Squire Warburton sings—

"Each horse wore a crupper, each man a pig-tail."

The horse just described is the sort of animal required for country use, which may for business or pleasure be ridden twenty, forty, or even sixty miles, with comfort to the rider and without distress to the animal. The same sort makes an excellent railway station trapper, or one of a wagonette pair, without losing his saddle qualities. He has not the brilliant qualities of the park hack; but he is essentially useful.

THE COVERT HACK.

The covert hack is the nearest representative of the roadster hack of our grandfathers, and in his best form is a pony hunter. But the improvement of roads, the consequent facilities for using wheels, and the extension of railroads, have had the effect of greatly reducing the number of a class of animal that up to 1836 formed an indispensable part of every hunting-stud with any

pretensions to completeness. Even in the pasture counties, where everything that is most expensive in the way of sporting appliances is the most esteemed, you do not see one-tenth of the number of genuine covert hacks come rattling up to covert-side from all points of the compass just as hounds are moving away that you did when William IV. was king, when those model hunting squires, Sir Charles Knightley and Sir Tatton Sykes, were still first flight men in Yorkshire and Northamptonshire. Deduct those who come in one of the many varieties of dog-cart, phaeton, mail and park wagonette, four-in-hand drag, and pair-horse brougham—generally the middle-aged, and not least sensible—those who make the hunter do hack's work at all meets within from five to ten miles, or make one hunter a hack for the day and ride another when the serious work begins—not counting the sporting medicos and curates, the combined vet and dealer, and the many of the class who use a nondescript general utility animal, or those who, in quite another direction, make their London luxury, the fine park-hack, do covert-hack duty in the country (we have seen the late Mr. Green, of Rolleston, a master of the Quorn in his day, cantering along bridle roads on his favourite park hack, a white Arab-like pony)—and the residuum of real covert hacks will be found very small indeed.

The undergraduate's idea of a covert hack used to be a thorough-bred weed, that plunged and kicked for the first five minutes and then ran away, or galloped at any rate at top speed, for the next hour.

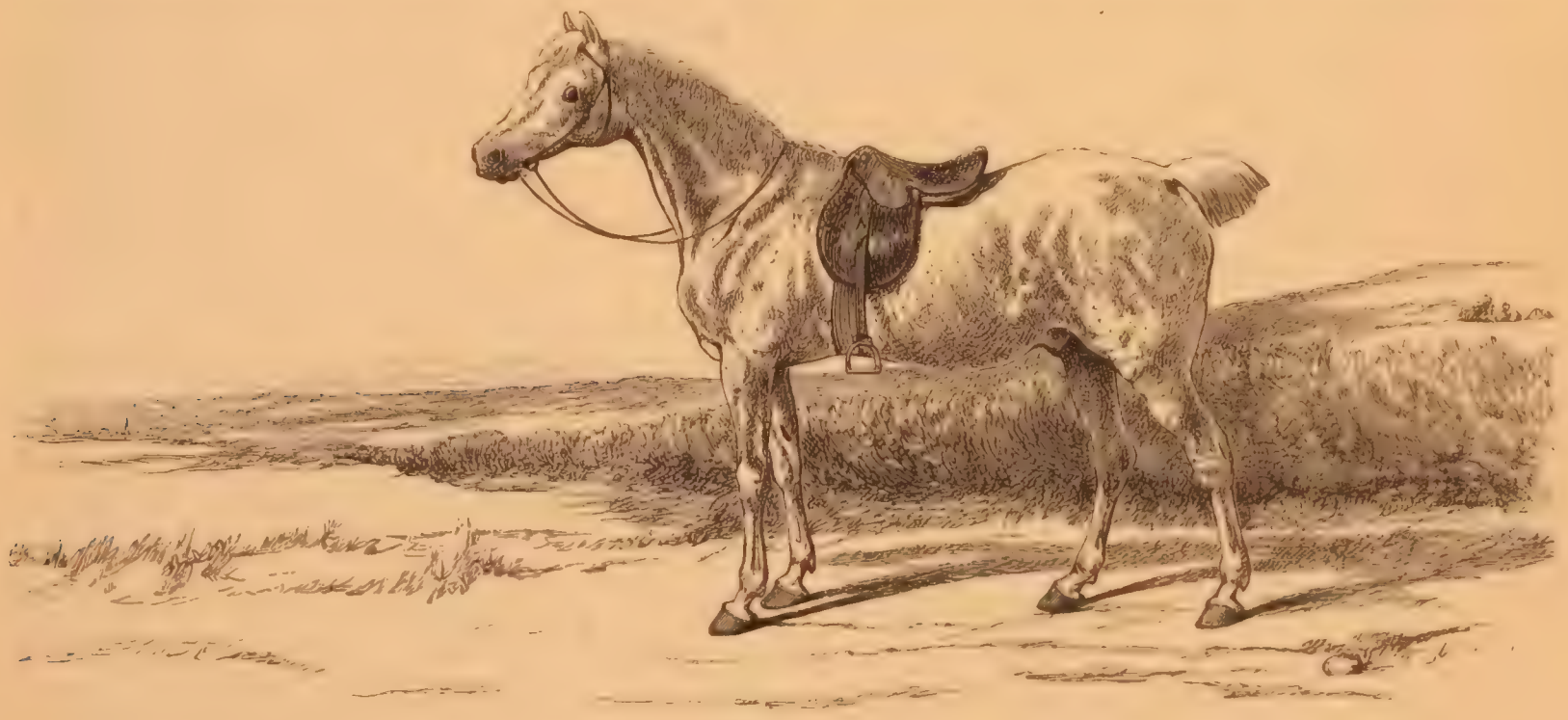
A perfect covert hack must do all his paces smoothly, with comfort to the rider. He should not be over 15 hands, should walk freely, and either trot thirteen miles an hour or canter fifteen miles an hour with a heavy weight on his haunches, and gallop twenty miles without making it a trouble, blowing, or shaking his tail at the end of the journey. This sort of animal, which could not do the work if he had not sound lungs and capital legs and feet, is just the horse for any one who lives and rides in the country, although he never sees or wants to see a hound. It may be a vulgar-looking animal, and too nervous to ride over stones amidst the sights and sounds of a city. Pace is of course essential, but easy elastic action, which is only to be found in well-shaped, well-bred animals, is equally essential; otherwise you may arrive at the end of your journey as much beaten as if you had driven in a springless cart.

For a trap for country use any horse with pace may find a place in harness; but for saddle, whether it be a pony or a full-sized hack, hack action is essential. With good action you may overlook a coarse head, a rat tail, a goose rump, ragged hips, and any defects of shape that do not affect the ease of your travelling.

At the present time (1873), as there has been any time for the last fifty years, there is a grievous outcry on the decline of the English riding-horse from the form and stoutness of those on which our cavalry were mounted in the Peninsular War. Horses, like every other article of agricultural produce, are subject to the laws of supply and demand. Horses for long distances are not required, and are therefore not specially bred. The whole gambling spirit of the nation, which formerly had many vents, is now concentrated on the race-course. As the greater number of races are for a distance of six furlongs, with weights not exceeding and generally under eight stone ten pounds, as a race-horse is old ("the old horse") at six years, and as the many sporting newspapers proclaim far and wide the temporary triumph of animals which have snatched a handicap race of six furlongs, carrying six stone, it is not astonishing that many sires get custom which are anything but calculated to get "sound and useful horses." A man purchases the son, the grandson, or the cousin five times removed, of one of these wretched handicap winners, for a low price, prints a card of his pedigree more or less true, travels him at two to three guineas a mare, and gets plenty of custom, first because the fee is low, and next because the customers

are smitten with a superstitious and ignorant admiration for the triumphs of the turf. They desire to breed a horse that can walk and trot, nevertheless, they select a sire that, if he can do anything, can only gallop, with perhaps imperfect wind, bad feet, straight ankles, low withers, and a vicious temper.

Lavengro describes the Irish cob on which he took his first ride as "barely 15 hands high, but he had the girth of a metropolitan dray-horse; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back; his chest was broad and fine, his shoulders models of symmetry and strength; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short—in a word, a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at present nearly extinct." "There," said the groom, "with sixteen stone



A USEFUL SORT.

on his back, he will trot fourteen miles in one hour, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it." As already observed, this picture by Abraham Cooper of a fifteen-hand hunter and hack, in Hertfordshire, painted when the horse was nearly twenty years old, gives a good idea of an excellent stamp of generally useful horse for the country.

But although riding-horses of great endurance are scarce, this country possesses the breed, which only requires careful selection and cultivation in those colonies and countries where the road and railroad luxuries of England are not to be had, to be reproduced in their pristine excellence. This has repeatedly been proved in Australia and South Africa, and in the crosses of the English with Continental horses in Germany and Italy.

HUDSON'S BAY HORSES.

That accomplished writer in *The Field* on all equine subjects, "Vieille Moustache," has recommended the importation of Canadian and American horses for cavalry purposes. His opinion of their hardiness is confirmed in the following interesting description of the endurance of the horses in the Hudson's Bay Territory in a work which, from its temporary interest, is not likely to remain long in circulation.*

* Captain Butler's "Great Lone Land."

"It was the last day of October, almost the last day of the Indian summer; the horses trotted briskly on, under the care of an English half-breed named Daniel. My five horses were beginning to show the effect of their incessant work, but it was only in appearance, and we increased instead of diminished the distance travelled each day. We had neither hay nor oats to give them, there was nothing but the dry grass of the prairie, and no time to eat but the cold frosty night. We seldom travelled less than fifty miles a day, stopping one hour at mid-day, and going on again until dark.

"My horse was a wonderful animal; day by day I feared that his game little limbs were growing weary, and that soon he must give out. But not a bit of it; his black coat roughened, his flanks grew thinner, but still he went gamely on. When I dismounted to save him, and let his companions go on before, he never rested until I mounted again, and then he trotted briskly on until he regained them. At the camping-place my first care was to remove saddle, saddle-cloth, and bridle, and hobble him with a bit of soft buffalo leather twisted round his fore-legs, and then poor Blackie hobbled away in the darkness to seek his provender. After a time we drove all the horses down to some lake, where Daniel would cut little drinking-holes in the ever-thickening ice. Then up would bubble the water, and down went the heads of the thirsty horses at the too often bitter spring; for half the lakes and pools between the Assiniboine and South Saskatchewan are harsh with salts and alkali. Sometimes night would come down upon us whilst still in the midst of a great treeless plain, without shelter, water, or grass. Then we pushed on in inky darkness, and Blackie stepped out briskly, as if he could never tire. On the 4th of November we rode over sixty miles, and when we camped in the lee of a little clump of bare willows, Blackie and his comrades went out to shiver through their supper on the cold snow-covered prairie, the bleakest scene my eyes had ever looked upon."

So pathetic is the story Captain Butler tells of the end of poor Blackie that we cannot omit it, although not exactly within the scope of this chapter. The party had to cross a half-frozen river.

"Would the river bear, that was the question. We went out early testing it with an axe and sharp-pointed poles. In places it was very thin, but in other parts it rang hard and solid to the blows. The dangerous part was in the very centre of the river. One light horse was passed safely over. Now came Blackie's turn. I was uncomfortable about it, and wanted to have his shoes off, but my experienced companion demurred, and I foolishly gave way. Blackie was led by a long line; I followed close behind him. He took the ice quite readily. We had got to the centre of the river, when the surface suddenly bent down, and to my horror my poor horse plunged into the deep, black, quick-running water. He was not three yards in front of me when the ice broke. The horse, although he plunged suddenly down, never let his head under water, but kept swimming stoutly round, trying all he could to get upon the ice. All his efforts were useless. A cruel wall of sharp ice cut his knees as he tried to lift them on the surface, and the current repeatedly carried him back underneath. I got almost to the edge of the hole, took hold of the line, but could give him no assistance in his struggles. Never shall I forget how the poor brute looked at me. If ever dumb animal spoke with unutterable eloquence, that horse called to me in his agony; he turned to me as one from whom he had a right to expect assistance. 'Is there no help for him?' I cried to the other men. 'None,' was the reply; 'the ice was dangerous all round.' I rushed back to the camp where my rifle lay, and back to the spot where the poor beast still struggled with his fate. As I raised the rifle, he looked so imploring that my hand trembled; another moment and the ball crashed through his head. With one look, never to be forgotten, poor Blackie went down under the cold ice. I went back to camp, sat down in the snow, and cried like a child."

CHAPTER V.

PARK HACKS—PHAETON STEPPERS—CARRIAGE HORSES.

The Park Hack—The Many Sorts in Rotten Row—Morning Rides—The Chief Justice—The Queen's Counsel—The Greek Merchant—Baron Bullion—The Engineer—The Physician—The Park Hack Proper—Form, Action, Mouth, Manners—Description of Form—Must Behave like a Gentleman—The Bad Rider spoils the Good Hack—The Horse suitable to the Rider's Size, Age, Weight, and Character — Reminiscences of Rotten Row — Lord Althorpe and Top-boots — Lord Melbourne — Susannah and the Elders — Count D'Orsay, Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Sefton, the Last of the Dandies — Military Horsemen: Lord Anglesea, Lord Combermere, Lord Londonderry — High School—The Duke of Wellington; his Horses — Lord Palmerston's Roadsters — Jacob Omnium — Earl Russell on his Pony — Anecdote — Modern Ministers on Horseback — Proposal for Cabinet Hacks—Polo Ponies' Fashion and Origin—Mail Phaeton Pair Steppers — State Coach, Chariot, and Barouche-horses—Phaeton Pair Steppers Scarce—Require Lofty True Action, Beauty, Good Mouths, Courage, Fine Temper—Always Easy to Sell—Colours and Matches—Must Settle your Size—Must be Symmetrical—Grooms, Neat, Active, not too Big—Steppers must be Shown not Used—Ornamental Knee-action must be Protected—Coach, Chariot, and Barouche-horses of Great Size—Demand for Town Use—Court—Full-dress Entertainments—Park Parades—England the Last Country adopting Pleasure Carriages—Beckman's Account of Neapolitan Caretta, Thirteenth Century—Early Picture of a Charette—Taylor the Water Poet's Protest—Flemish—The Fine, Fashionable Carriage-horses—Cromwell's Coach Upset—Queen Anne—Sir Charles Grandison—The Coach-horses of George II. same as of Roman Cardinals, 1848—Her Majesty's State Cream Stallions—Black and White Hanoverians Discontinued—Anecdote of William IV. and Plaiting Manes of State-horses—The Cleveland superseded Flemish—The Blood-horse extinguished Cleveland—Blood Carriage-horse reached Perfection in the Time of George Prince Regent—The Horse of the Period what the Period Requires—The Modern Carriage-horse for Pleasure, not for Journeys—Must Look Well Standing—Bearing Reins, Advantage and Disadvantage of—Grand Action—Eight Miles an Hour Fast Enough—Colours—Barouche-horses more Blood than Coach-horses—The Large Horses almost entirely in Hands of Job-masters—Experiment with German Coach-horses a Failure—Evidence of Colonel Maude, C.B.—Joshua East—Edmund Tattersall before a Committee of the House of Lords—Principles of Selecting Coach-horses, from Gervase Markham.

THE park hack is essentially an ornamental animal. He may be an extraordinary weight-carrier, strong as an elephant; but to deserve the prefix of "park," he must have style, if not elegance. He must not be coarse.

It is quite true that people who ought to know better ride horses in Rotten Row in the height of the season which are as much out of place in that scene of equestrian luxury as a coalheaver, in the costume of his trade, in the stalls of the opera. Some ride coach-horses, of camel-like proportions; some ride brutes that would be useful in a carrier's cart, and call them cobs; some ride weeds with every sort of defect, and no merit except a head and tail derived from an illustrious and remote ancestor. Tall men are to be seen on ponies, and short men on giraffes. Country gentlemen appear on old hunters; valuable animals in the field, no doubt, very safe conveyances over a cramped country, but showing, in round stiff joints, a poking neck, and many scars, anything but the action and appearance of an old gentleman's hack. Ladies who have declined to go into a weighing machine, in spite of the tempting invitations at every metropolitan railway-station, are to be seen risking their lives on screws two stone under their weight; but, perhaps the very worst class of horse will be bestridden by some rich man, who tells you, with all the fond pride of a parent, that he "bred it himself."

These remarks only apply to Rotten Row at the hours in the season when everything most correct in style and costume is to be found there or thereabouts, on foot and on horseback. Nothing need be said to those unpretending people who frequent the Park at early hours simply for exercise, not to see and be seen, and learn the gossip of the hour.

Anything useful and safe—the latter quality is most important—will do for exercise, because the matutinal promenaders are not presumed to be sacrificing to appearances. But no sight can be more ridiculous than that of a well-dressed man or woman parading, with an intense air of self-satisfaction, on a hideous or broken-down nag at mid-day, in the height of the season; dirty gloves and unblacked boots are quite as excusable in such a place.

In the morning rides one Chief Justice prefers a Leicestershire hunter; another learned brother a fat pony; a Queen's Counsel, the terror of prevaricating witnesses, seems to have a fancy for the cast-off weeds of a racing stable. The young Greek merchant, at whatever hour, is always to be seen on a *steppare* valued at three good figures; and when Greek meets Greek to the number of half a dozen, they will "step" along in a row, a wonderful sight, with nearly £2,000 worth of horseflesh in a line.

Baron Bullion generally prepares for the city on a creditable weight-carrying cob. Engineers are, as a rule, well mounted, according to their weight, because they are a class who, if they appear above the ruck of respectable at all, endeavour to get the best article in the market, and they take a first-class dealer into their confidence; but fashionable physicians, when they do ride abroad, seem often to resort to livery, and do not get the best hacks.

The following sketch is from the pen of a famous Piccadilly dealer, well known as a finished horseman and fine coachman in London and Paris. Need we name the Mr. Sago who sold Digby Grand his first cabriolet-horse:—

"The park hack should have, with perfection of graceful form, graceful action, an exquisite mouth, and perfect manners. He must be intelligent—amongst horses senseless brutes are legion—for without intelligence, even with fine form and action, he never can be pleasant to ride. Thorough-bred is to be preferred; and if not quite, as nearly thorough-bred as possible, of any colour except mealy or foul marked. White marks often much improve, sometimes quite disfigure a horse.

"The head should be of the finest Oriental type; the neck well arched but not too long; the shoulders light at the points, long, and grown well into the back. The loins should be accurately arched, and the quarters level and nicely rounded, not drooping abruptly toward the tail (like many capital hunters, famous race-horses, and useful road hacks). The mane and tail should be full, straight, without the least suspicion of a curl, and every hair as soft as silk; four clean, well-shaped, well-placed legs, the fetlocks rather longer than would be chosen for a hunter—from such a form action pleasant to the rider may be confidently expected, and paces agreeable for even the commonest observer to follow.

"The walk of a park hack should be perfection—fast, springy; the legs moving as it were independently of the body, without apparent exertion, with all the certainty of machinery, the head carried in its right place, the neck gracefully curved, and the tail displaying a full flag gracefully keeping time with the foot-falls. From the walk he should be able to bound into any pace, in perfectly balanced action, that the rider may require."

A slight defect in the wind will not be noticed if the rider knows when to drop from too sharp a canter to a walk; as for age, there are horses, the daily admiration of the Row, so beautiful and so gay that they might be taken for colts, although they have nearly reached man's majority. Perfect symmetry with perfect temper, the high courage that no sight or sound alarms, perfect

temper, luxurious paces, and, as a crowning glory, perfect manners, both as regards his rider and other horses, will command a fabulous price in spite of the defects above described.

When a great man, celebrated for his park hacks, departs this country, or this world, there will be nearly as many competitors for them as for his pedigree pictures, his old Dresden dinner service, or his own-imported cigars.

Manners are, above all, important—indeed essential—for a first-class park hack. He must conduct himself like a gentleman,* not only to his rider but to other horses—a degree of liveliness (not to put too fine a point upon it) that may be all very well in a deer park, is quite out of place in Hyde Park. Good manners are founded on a naturally good disposition, cultivated by a professor of the art of horsemanship, one who has taken at least a "double first," with a perfect seat, fine hands, and impassive temper; this education maintained by constant practice. A heavy-handed, ill-tempered, or idle, careless groom, will soon spoil the mouth and manners of the finest hack; therefore, once found, no pains should be spared to keep this instrument of pleasure in the finest tune. For, as we venture to repeat from a sketch written many years ago, "The army of pleasure-seekers who work in England hard at amusement—the gatherers and distributors of wealth—find in a perfect park hack a luxury, a rest, a healthy excitement, a pleasant fatigue, a medium for grave or serious converse, for light lively gossip, for making love, for making friends, for patching up quarrels, for selling bargains, or arranging political combinations, which the old-fashioned squire, the provincial manufacturer, and the man who never rides, but looks on horses as mere machines for betting on, cannot understand, and therefore despise. Character as well as manners are indispensable in the park hack. A hunter may have a plain head and a rat tail, may be a stumbling slug on the road, or a hard puller in the field, but if he fence brilliantly, and can gallop, and live through a first-class run in a first-class country, he will command a long price, because all minor faults are forgiven in consideration of his perfection in his trade."

The hack of every man or woman who aspires to fashionable distinction, or who from any cause has become a public character, should be handsome, if ridden by the young, and have "character" if the rider be neither young nor of a good horseback figure.

The horse should be as suitable to the rider as his clothes. The pink cravat that may become a young officer of the Guards in mufti would look absurd on a country banker; the hack that suits a slim and perfectly-dressed figure may be quite out of character with a horseman whose waist is dumpy and whose legs are short.

There are horses which, without any pretensions to elegance, have a well-proportioned compactness, and a regular perfection of action suitable to middle-aged riders of serious pursuits.

Under ordinary circumstances, a town hack should not exceed 15 hands in height, because horses of that size are the most handy and safe in turning corners and walking over slippery pavement. Indeed, it may be laid down as a rule that every inch after about 15 hands adds in geometrical proportion to the difficulty of getting a perfect horse. But tall men of position require tall horses; a man of six feet wants a horse 16 hands high.

Before the year 1873 we should have said that a park hack might be of any height in proportion to the length of the rider, from 14½ hands to 16 hands. Formerly a number of very fine horses,

* "The late Duke of N—— mentioned, as an instance of the ill-luck that had pursued him through life, that at the grand review of the Volunteers held by the Queen, he, who was a good horseman, was the only Lord-Lieutenant who was thrown. 'But, why,' he was asked, 'did you stick to the bridle, and allow yourself to be dragged about in a ridiculous manner?' 'Because my beautiful horse was such a vicious beast that he would have flown at and attacked the horses of the royal suite.' Why then, was the natural question, did he ride such a vicious beast?" [A horse without manners.—Ed.]—*Hayward's Essays.*

both cob-like and blood-like, were ridden into the city. In the last century a lively competition in fast-trotting hacks existed amongst the younger representatives of banking and brewing firms; but at the present time the horsemen of financial position who pass farther than Westminster Bridge may be counted on the fingers of one hand, although the embankment affords a tempting ride, free from stones, through both parks to Blackfriars Bridge; and this route has recently been adopted by equestrians of the Temple and Printing House Square, who previously tempted Providence in the crowded ways and slippery roads of Fleet Street and the Strand.

The tall men, to whom personal appearance is a matter of importance, require tall park horses, which are, in fact, of the same stamp as those "first chargers" which the commanding officer of a crack cavalry regiment expects his officers to reserve sacredly for parade and review purposes; at any rate, not to use as so many chargers are used, for hunting and for harness.

Within our time the whole style of park riding, amongst the park riders *par excellence*, has changed as much as their costume.

Our earliest recollections of Rotten Row carry us back to the first years of the reign of William IV., who was no horseman—at any rate, in his later years. One of the most familiar and remarkable equestrian figures between Kew and the House of Lords was his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, attended by General Quentin, remarkable specimens of the stiff Hanoverian style of horsemanship.

On our first visit to the Park, we saw at the end of the Row facing Apsley House, a ponderous man, with a pleasant good-humoured face, dressed in white cord breeches, top boots, with silk stockings seen between them, a blue coat with gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed hat—we took him for some rich farmer from the country. This was Lord Althorpe—celebrated as a breeder of short-horns, which he loved much more than politics—the 'Honest Jack' of his friends; the Chancellor of the Exchequer under Earl Grey; the man whose accession to the House of Peers on the death of his father, Earl Spencer, was the excuse of William IV. for sending Lord Melbourne and his Cabinet, of which he had long been heartily tired, about their business. We took him for what he was by taste, a great farmer and sportsman, for he was a politician only from a sense of duty. He had been, before his friends Lords Grey and Brougham formed a Cabinet, Master of the Pytchley Hounds. But he was not the only gentleman of high degree who wore top boots in the park in 1832—Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir Thomas Acland, and other landed squires of ancient pedigree, still adhered to a costume which was the height of fashion in the days when the Prince of Wales, Charles James Fox, and Brinsley Sheridan were friends and allies.

While the old gentlemen still adhered to top-boots, there used to gather every afternoon in the season—the noonday rides were not in existence, and the City had not colonised and conquered Tyburnia—a group of a tribe now quite extinct, the legitimate successors of Beau Brummell and his "dandies."

Three were remarkable, and caught the eye and dwelt in the memory of every young man from the country who saw them for the first time. The Antinous Count D'Orsay, the Alcibiades of that age, resplendent in a costume which Maclise has handed down to posterity in his portrait of the then young Charles Dickens, seated on what we should now call a sensational bay hack, pawing the air. Alongside him was his copy, save that the profuse curls were golden instead of raven black, and his horse a flea-bitten grey—white-cuffed, primrose-gloved. From time to time, in reply to the salutes of many pretty hands, he raised a hat of shape now consigned to perfumers and dancing-masters, with a grace his ancestor, Earl Chesterfield (of the "Letters"), would have approved and admired. The third of the party was Lord Sefton, the Ulysses of the Whigs and the world of

fashion, famed for his tact, his wit, his dinners, and the extravagant example he had set in the hunting-field when master of the Quorn. Lord Chesterfield survived these, and almost all the gay companions of his youth. Sharing neither the accomplishments, nor the wit, nor the wisdom of D'Orsay and Sefton, he retained to the last, when "time had thinned his flowing locks," a style grand and graceful courtesy which reminded one of the grand seigneurs of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

We mention these three men, "the admired of all admirers" in that day, because they were types of a class utterly extinct and impossible in this generation.

The Earl of Chesterfield has one claim to be remembered in every history of the modern horse. He established the first pack of foxhounds at Rome, and gave the Italian nobility a taste for horses that could gallop and jump. The improvement—we may say the transformation—of the dull Roman and Neapolitan parade-horse into a creature of life and courage dates from Lord Chesterfield's winter in Rome.

Cotemporary with the top-booted squires, and the dandies tittupping up and down the Row, the toes of their varnished boots (a new invention) just touching their stirrups, were to be seen distinguished soldiers, survivors of the great Continental wars—the Marquis of Anglesea; Lord Combermere, who at seventy years rode like a young man; and the Marquis of Londonderry—all distinguished cavalry generals, and living examples of the almost forgotten, if not lost, as far as England is concerned, *haute école*—the high school of horsemanship. Of the three, the Marquis of Anglesea, a tall, thin, elegant man, on his celebrated thorough-bred charger Pearl, presented the finest example of the "balanced seat"—horse and horseman both perfect, a very triumph of art. All three generals, as they rode along, *passaging* and *piaffing*, evidently demanded the admiration they deserved. No British general officer of the present day, however accomplished, would venture on such exhibitions of horsemanship in public.

The Duke of Wellington never shared the taste of his companions-in-arms for parade chargers and high-school horsemanship. The thorough-bred chestnut Copenhagen, which carried him so stoutly at Waterloo, was only 15 hands high. His horse was a hunter class of animal, a good walker, ridden in a snaffle bridle, like a huntsman's horse, without a thought of showing off the animal's paces. Before age had bent him, his seat was remarkably upright; lost in thought he passed along, mechanically acknowledging with his upraised forefinger the many hats raised to salute the Great Duke.

As he grew old and infirm, instead of bending forward like most old men, he leant back, and literally hung on by the bridle, generally going down St. James's Park to the Horse Guards at a huntsman's shog-trot.

The duke could not bear to be helped to do anything he thought he could do himself. Haydon, the artist, who visited him at Walmer Castle to paint his portrait, says in his Journal, "The duke told me he brushed his own coat, and would like to black his own boots." In the same spirit, the duke's groom had a very difficult task in assisting him to mount when he grew very feeble, without his Grace finding him out.

Lord Melbourne rode exactly the powerful, useful, easy-paced hacks that might have been expected from his character—luxurious, and indifferent to appearances. Like the Duke of Wellington, he rode constantly in the streets, but streets were not so crowded as they are now; omnibuses were scarcely established, and hansoms were not in existence.

R. B. Davis, the brother of the celebrated huntsman of the Queen's Buck Hounds, who became an artist under the patronage of George III., painted an equestrian group of the girl-queen Victoria riding in Windsor Park, attended by her Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of State, and others of

less note in England's history. The engraving of this picture had considerable temporary popularity, and from it the caricaturist of the day, "H. B." (the father of Richard Doyle, who delights the present generation in a very different style), produced "Susannah and the Elders"—Her Majesty riding between Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. It was very funny, but did not hit off the essential difference in character between the horses of the Premier and Lord Palmerston.

Lord Palmerston rode tall blood-horses; if they were up to weight, with the best possible road action, could trot ten miles an hour, and gallop, he did not ask for manners, airs, or graces.

The late Jacob Omnium (Mr. Higgins) the brilliant writer in the *Times* and *Pall Mall*, who was nearly seven feet high, a bold horseman in the hunting-field—not able to say six sentences on a platform—seldom went beyond a very slow trot in Rotten Row. He was an excellent judge of a horse of every kind, which was shown by the high prices his stud fetched at Tattersall's after his almost sudden and much-lamented death. Amongst them was an extraordinary example of docility—a little hack purchased at an Islington Show from the well-known Dick Webster, of Leicestershire, which leaped standing at the word of command, and would follow his owner over any fence like a tame dog.

One of the most elegant park horsemen of the period was Lord Herbert of Lea, much better known as Mr. Sidney Herbert. Tall, elegant, with a pale, pensive, aristocratic countenance, simply dressed, without a particle of affectation, always riding on a tall blood-horse of the highest character, I never saw any one who more perfectly realised the idea of a cavalier and a gentleman—an impression sustained by his eminently courteous and frank address.

Amongst the statesmen of the departed generation, Sir Robert Peel was certainly, if not the very worst, the most awkward horseman that ever bestrode pigskin. He appeared to have no pleasure in the exercise, and performed his ride as a matter of duty, for the sake of health and companionship with his several more or less illustrious colleagues. Sir Robert was killed by a shying hack purchased for him by an excellent judge of horses, the late Lord Ossington, at Tattersall's. But the best judge in the world cannot tell whether a horse shies or not without trying him, the moral to be derived from the lamentable event which deprived this country of a great statesman is, that when a man immersed in deep affairs requires a horse for exercise, he should not go to an auction, but place himself in the hands of a first-class dealer.

There has been much nonsense talked and written of late years on the propriety and necessity of Government interfering with the view of improving the breed of horses. Considering that country gentlemen have made the English horse what he is—the best in the world—and that the best-managed Government departments have never done better than adopt many years in arrear the accepted improvements of private persons in ships, small-arms, and big guns, nothing could be more absurd. But if any of those Continental ideas of Government patronage are to be adopted, one of the most pleasing and economical would be a *rôle* to be dispensed by the Crown Equerry or some other permanent officer, for providing every Cabinet Minister who chose to ride with a park hack suitable to his distinguished position, weight, and age, handsome in form and perfect in manners, so as to do credit to the ruling powers of a nation of horsemen. To suit the character of each Cabinet Minister might be more difficult than to fit his height and weight. This one would be on a pony, that one on a sixteen-hand thoroughbred, the other on a stout cob; this fiery, that placid, but all perfect in their way.

We do not seem to have any one capable of producing equestrian caricatures after the fashion of those published by Maclean, which gave the politicians of the time of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington so much amusement. The two ages of man were admirably expressed in the Earl of Westmoreland, father of the musical earl, bending over towards his

horse's ears in the old jockey style, trotting a big hunter fourteen miles an hour, as "Old Rapid;" and Lord Castlereagh, son of the statesman, sitting back galloping his pony with a loose rein, as "Young Rapid."

The last representative of high-school riding in Rotten Row disappeared with Lord Cardigan, "the last of the Cardigans;" and he, although highly accomplished in the manége style, was but a pale copy of the Waterloo Marquis, still the talk of sexagenarians in Dublin, recalling the time of the Anglesea viceroyalty—for no man with two sound legs ever made a finer display in the artificial style of horsemanship than the cavalry general who had left one leg at Waterloo.

George IV. rode a great deal in his younger days, although not within the memory of any living man. He had a preference for hollow-backed horses and for greys. A scarce mezzotint represents him in his teens, in a hussar uniform, sitting on his horse—an impossible, prancing, Flemish horse—with the long stirrup and straight leg of the Prussian school of the last century. It is related in the life of Sir Fowell Buxton, the slave emancipator, that the king was particularly struck by a very powerful blood-horse ridden by the baronet, which, in the midst of a mob howling and hissing as the king passed in his carriage, stood, like some fine statue, with head erect, ears pricked, and nostrils breathing hard with excitement, perfectly still. The reply of Sir Fowell to a request—king's requests are generally considered commands—to "name his price" was, "John Bull is not for sale." This was not the only refusal the king sustained in the matter of horses. Matt Milton, a celebrated dealer, went to Edinburgh to purchase for His Majesty a celebrated trotting hack belonging to the Duke of Hamilton (known as "The Proud Duke"). Milton began by offering a thousand guineas for the trotter. The reply was, "Tell the man I can afford a thousand-guinea horse as well as the king can."

William IV. never rode on horseback after he became king.

The Prince Consort had no great passion for horses, but rode daily for the sake of health and society. He had the advantage of horses broken with a perfection only to be found in the riding-schools of very great personages. His Royal Highness preferred driving, and designed several carriages, amongst others a sledge, of which an engraving will be given.

The Princess Royal, now Princess Imperial of Germany, was an excellent horsewoman, and seemed thoroughly at home and happy cantering gaily with her royal father but a very little time before his lamented death.

In 1873 polo, or hockey on horseback, imported by a cavalry regiment from India, became one of the fashionable amusements of the London season. Hog-maned and short-tailed polo ponies, which do not much exceed 14 hands, were introduced as park hacks, ridden by men whose feet were within a few inches of the ground. What will not fashion do?

"Rohilla," a correspondent of the *Field* newspaper, writes: "Polo, called 'chaugân,' was one of the favourite amusements of the great emperor Ackbar (temp. A.D. 1555—1608). The popular name of the game, 'polo,' came to us from Munnipore, in Assam, the people of which country are great proficients in the game. It was from Munnipore that the game was first introduced to Europeans in India some ten years ago, and it at once secured a footing among us. The hardy and quick little ponies of that country are still considered much the best polo ponies that are to be had. They are certainly the safest to play on, and they are so sharp and intelligent that they themselves seem to pick up the game, and to know the right thing to do at the right time. They will follow the ball unerringly, and require very little guiding. It is certainly risky to play, as I have seen men do, on full-sized horses, or even galloways; and when this is persisted in, it is not surprising that three sad deaths from accidents in the *melée* have already occurred in India.

"The game of chaugân seems to have long been a popular one in Central Asia. The

Emperor Bábar, in his memoirs of his own time (A.D. 1494—1530), says that it is played all over Thibet. Vigné says, in his 'Travels in Cashmere,' that it is there popular; and, *àpropos* of that country, I may remark that in the time of Akbar a King of Cashmere, Ali Khán Chak by name, died from the effects of an injury received in a game of chaugân, having been thrown violently on the pommel of his saddle.

"Dr. Henderson, in his lately published 'Story of the Expedition of 1870 to Yárkhand, under Mr. T. D. Forsyth, C.B., C.S.,' tells us that every Thibetan village has its polo ground, if sufficient level space can be found for it; and he thus describes a game which he saw played at Paskyum, in Ladák, at an elevation of 10,870 feet above the sea :—

"'In front of the rest-house at Paskyum is a fine polo ground, shaded on the south side by a row of very tall poplars; and here we saw played the national game of polo already mentioned. The polo ground is quite level, about 300 yards long and 50 yards broad. The number of players was usually about fifty, all of them mounted on the hardy little ponies of the country, and each man armed with a very curious-looking club, about three feet long. Two leaders are selected, who alternately choose men for their respective sides; or men from one district play against another district. In the excitement of the game it is of course necessary to be able at once to distinguish to which side each man belongs, and this is managed by each side wearing a head-dress of a particular colour; thus, one side had red turbans, the other side white ones. The musicians, who seem to be quite indispensable whilst polo is being played, took up their position cross-legged near the centre of the ground, and a little to one side; and we, the spectators, sat in a verandah in the upper story of the rest-house. The musical instruments consisted of half a dozen small drums, and as many rude clarionets, which produced a lively but very monotonous air, not unlike a "pibroch;" and as soon as everything was ready and the music began, the leader of the side which had the ball rode along at a gallop, followed by all the others, and when he arrived near the centre of the ground he threw up the ball and very cleverly struck it with his club, sometimes succeeding at the first stroke in driving it to the goal. Usually the ball was intercepted, and a very animated scene then ensued, each side trying to urge the ball towards their own end of the ground; and the side which first succeeded in driving it beyond the boundary mark at their end won the game. Each game lasted only for a few minutes, but the fun was kept up for several hours; and sometimes there was intense excitement and very great skill in horsemanship displayed. At last both men and horses seemed to be quite exhausted, and we then had a series of entertainments requiring less active exertion."

MAIL PHAETON PAIRS—STEPPERS.

The mail phaeton of the pre-railway generation required a pair of powerful horses, nearly if not quite 16 hands high. The modern phaetons, which have taken the place of that ponderous carriage so useful and pleasant in its way, intended either for country use or park parades, are so much lighter that full-sized horses are quite out of place in them. A phaeton of suitable size may be perfectly well horsed in every respect by horses of from 14 hands 3 inches to 15 hands 1 inch. When a pair of horses are used for several purposes—to draw a full-sized brougham or landau, as well as a mail phaeton—15 hands 2 inches may be found a more useful size. Beyond that height, unless exceedingly well-bred, it is difficult to find horses which are pleasant for a gentleman to drive.

As we have already observed, in the chapter on this class of carriages, if simple utility for country use is all that is required, it is easy to get horses which, without being by any means exactly matched in size or character—they must be matched in pace—will go together pleasantly enough for all ordinary purposes; but if you aspire to make a good appearance, not to say a

sensation, in the fashionable circles of London or Paris, then you have a task before you which requires a good deal of knowledge, not a little trouble, and plenty of money.

Sensation horses, that is, steppers in the Park meaning of the phrase, are very scarce. One of the notabilities of London as the owner and driver of this particular class of horses, a gentleman who has won prizes year after year, at every show where classes were opened for harness-horses, to whom we applied for information, answered, "I always purchase a really good stepper of the size I use when I meet one, whether I want it or not, if he (or she) is fairly sound, and seems to have a good-wearing constitution, because this class of horse is so scarce. I do not meet with a superior stepper, of which I have not heard before, once in a year. They are scarce because, in order to be of the first class they require such an extraordinary combination of qualities; that is to say, high true action, beauty when harnessed, good mouths, courage, and fine temper. The last quality is essential, because horses that are to be driven, and driven slowly, in crowds, must know how to behave themselves in the society of other 'gentlemanly' horses."

"A superior stepper, if he does not die, is not an expensive horse in one point of view, because, if fairly bought, you can always sell a horse with a reputation at a profit; and this rule still more applies when you have succeeded in matching a pair. There are always persons willing to pay an extraordinary price for harness-horses, if they are unquestionably the best article of the kind. A nonpareil phaeton pair is much easier to sell at 400, 500, and 600 guineas than a pair of ordinary useful ones that have cost £80 each. And a pair of horses that match perfectly in size, character, pace, action, and style of going, will be worth four hundred and five hundred together that may not be worth more than half that sum separately."

A match in colour is excellent, but if you delight in steppers you must never hesitate to purchase a match in all other respects, of whatever colour. There are certain colours that go very well together by contrast, as chestnut and well-mottled grey, a skewbald or piebald and a chestnut or a grey; but even where the colours do not harmonise there is always the chance of matching one of the two. You must also make up your mind to the size you mean to drive, because the carriage must fit the horses and the horses the carriage for park purposes; 15 hands 2 inches in a phaeton meant for 14 hands 2 or 3 inches looks as much out of character as a tall man in a little man's clothes. In this class of equipage everything must be in keeping, everything the best of its kind, as far as they can be bought for money. If the owner cannot drive well he must learn, if he would not look ridiculous. The grooms must be neat, active, not too big, and know their business. In a word, the phaeton with a stepping pair cannot be done economically; expense must not stop the owner from obtaining the best of everything. He invites attention and criticism by his horses' action, and is bound to present something complete and perfect, "as far as money will supply it."

At the present day there are two popular styles of phaeton horses. Either may be selected, but whichever is chosen should be adhered to in the whole stud. They may be light and blood-like, or cobby, but they must have symmetry and character. Two pairs are the least with which a man can appear daily behind *steppers*.

One all-important point remains to be noticed as regards park steppers. Having purchased them you must not use them, you must only show them. There is an old story which perfectly applies to this case. An English lady went to a celebrated Paris artist for a pair of shoes. In a few days she called and complained that one shoe had split. The *cordonnier* looked at the triumph of his skill with an injured air, and exclaimed, "Why, madame has been walking!" So you may drive your steppers generally very slowly, and a little fast if they shine in a fast trot, for two hours or so every day; but if you want to drive to Brighton, or even to go ten miles out of town and back, you must fall back, on a useful pair or hire post-horses.

There are exceptions, but as a rule brilliant knee-action is ornamental, and to be used, guarded, and preserved like any other costly ornament.

COACH, CHARIOT, AND BAROUCHE HORSES.

For no class of horses is there a more regular and increasing demand than for large, sufficiently well-bred animals, not under 15 hands 3 inches, averaging over 16 hands, exclusively required as harness pairs for heavy and expensive carriages, like coaches, chariots, barouches, and landaus, which are chiefly used in great cities like London and Paris. One of the coloured illustrations of this book is a portrait, painted by special permission, of a state carriage-horse the property of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, fully 17 hands high, with superb action.*

During the last twenty years a steady change has taken place in the direction of using smaller and lighter horses for all country and many town carriages. Full-sized harness pairs are valuable in proportion as they combine with size and power the style of beauty and of action esteemed for state occasions and fashionable parades. They are to be seen in perfection in the equipages of royal personages. They are one of the principal parts of the show on the days of drawing-rooms and levées. They catch the eye on their way to state dinners, to garden parties at Chiswick or Sion House, and the suburban villas of the leaders of fashion and the pillars of finance—the harness, like the liveries of the coachmen and footmen, gorgeous; the carriages brilliant, and fitted to the horses. They are also one of the sights of London, in less magnificent trappings, but not less proudly stepping, in the height of the season in the daily parades of the Park, when cotton stockings replace the silk of the much-calved footmen and coachmen on Court days. As a matter of course, in the several thousand pairs at work in London alone, every degree of merit down to simple utility is to be found.

Specimens of this class of horse ascend as well as descend in the same scale; sometimes they rise from drawing one of the huge spring vans of a city warehouseman to be one of a pair in the Court chariot of a duchess or the barouche of a millionaire; more frequently they fall, after losing their action, to drawing fly-broughams.

Horses must have been used to draw wagons, carts, and sledges from the earliest ages of Britain, but ours was the last country in Europe to adopt pleasure-carriages. Italy, which in the civilised sixteenth century stood at the head of everything connected with horses, Spain, France, and Germany, had all employed some kind of ornamental *coche* in their royal pageants before England had given up the "hobbie" as a conveyance for her young queens and aged judges.

Beckman tells us that when Charles of Anjou entered Naples (towards the end of the thirteenth century), his queen rode in a *carctta*, the outside and inside of which was covered with sky-blue velvet, interspersed with golden lilies. In 1294, Philip the Fair of France issued an ordinance for suppressing luxury, and forbidding citizens' wives the use of "cars." *Carctta*, transformed into *cars* and *chares* in France, finally became *charats* with them, and "chariots" with us.

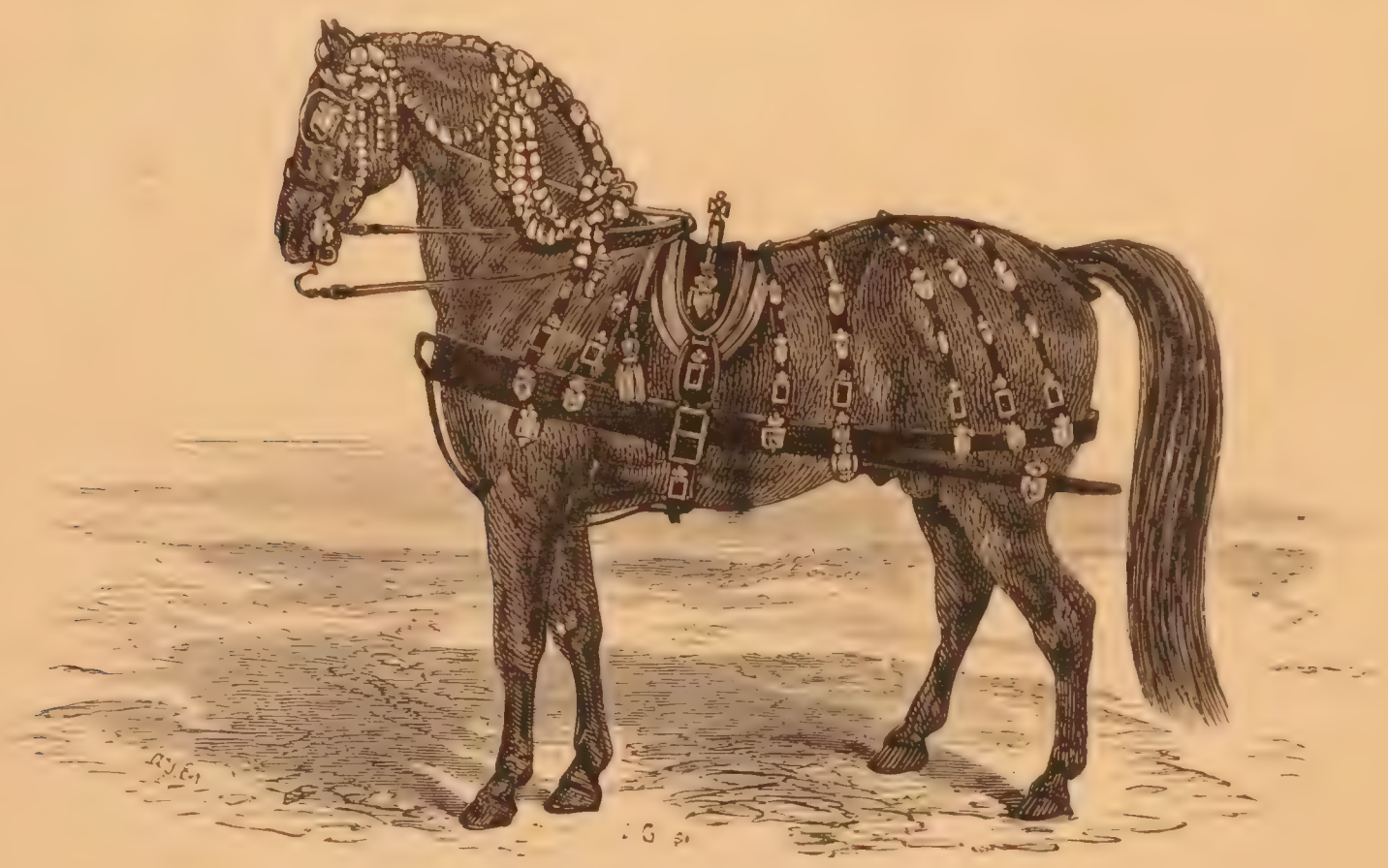
In the "Anciennes Chroniques de Flandres," date 1347, a beautiful illuminated illustration is given of the flight of Ermengard, wife of Salvard, Lord of Rousillon. The body of the *charette* is of carved wood, the hangings of purple and crimson. The outer edges of the wheels are coloured grey to represent a tire of iron; the horses are harnessed to the carriage in the way at present in use. That the wheeled carriage was known, although not used in England, probably

* A horse like this is worth from 400 to 500 guineas; but they are so scarce that no money would buy a team without some months of search.

for want of roads, is shown in the following modernised extract from the "Squire of Low Degree,"* supposed to be before the time of Chaucer. The language has been translated into modern English. The father of the Princess of Hungary promises—

"To-morrow ye shall on hunting fare,
And ride my daughter in a chare :
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And cloths of fine gold all about your head ;
Your pomelles† shall be inlaid with gold,
Your chains enamelled many a fold."

But these vehicles so magnificently adorned were really springless carts, drawn at a foot pace



ROYAL HANOVERIAN COACH-HORSE.

by mules or draught-horses. A cotemporary picture exists of the coach in which Henry IV. of France was riding when he was assassinated. It is an ornamental cart.

According to Taylor the Water Poet, "The first coach ever seen here was brought out of the Netherlands by one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who gave it to Queen Elizabeth, for she had been seven years a queen before she had any coach ; since when they have increased with a mischief, and ruined all the best horsekeepers, to the undoing of the watermen by the multiplication of hackney coaches." To the Queen's coach, a sort of moving temple, four horses, driven by a postillion, like a French diligence, were harnessed.

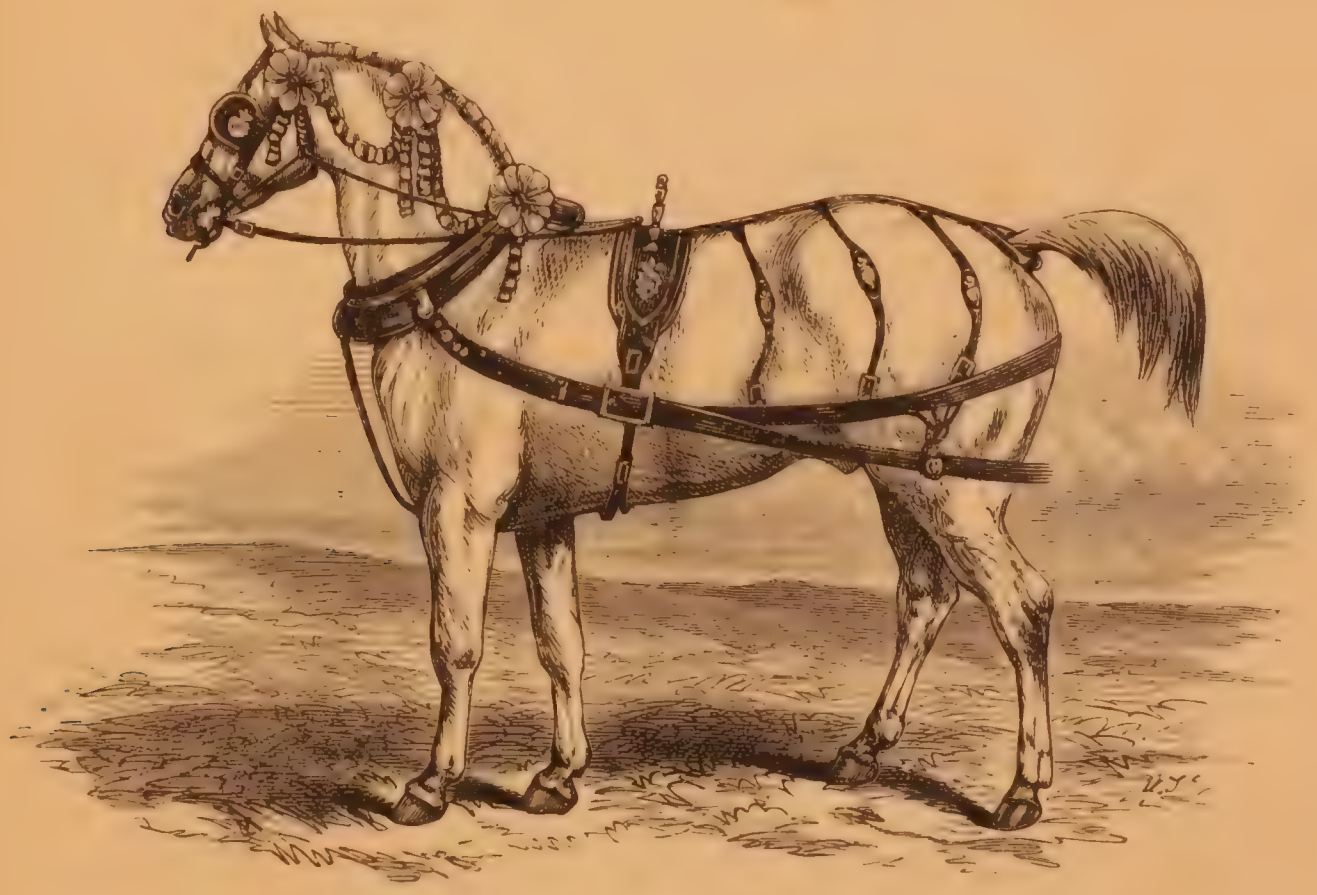
The favourite horses were of the Flemish breed which figure in portraits of kings and generals by Rubens and Vandyke. The comedies in the time of Queen Anne contain frequent allusions to the fashionable equipage of six Flanders mares. Six Flanders mares, with long tails, drew the chariot of Sir Charles Grandison. The ordinary style of harnessing was like that still preserved by

* Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Poetry, Translated into Modern English."

† Pomelles were handles to hold on by when unusual jerks occurred.

the Lord Mayor of London, a coachman driving four-in-hand, and a pair of leaders conducted by a postillion. Oliver Cromwell, attempting to drive four Flemish mares in hand, which he had received as a present from the Dutch Republic, upset his coach in Hyde Park and afforded an early example that a fine horseman may be a very bad whip.

The type of the coach-horse of the time of Queen Anne and the greater part of the reign of the first two Georges was the same as that which was lately found in the coaches of the cardinals at Rome—of great size, as fat as an ox, proud and prancing at starting, "all action and no go." It is still preserved in the royal stables, in the shape of the cream-coloured Hanoverian stallions, which were once invariably employed to draw the royal coach when the British Sovereign pro-



A WHITE HANOVERIAN LEADER.

ceeded in full state to open or close the Houses of Parliament, or on any other ceremony of equal importance.

Since the death of the Prince Consort the state coach and its team of eight gigantic cream stallions has never been used, but the breed is still carefully preserved at the royal breeding paddocks, Hampton Court. During the reigns of the four Georges and until the death of William IV.—when the kingdom of Hanover passed, by the operation of the Salic Law, to Her Britannic Majesty's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland—the royal stables always contained, beside the creams, two other sets of Hanoverian state horses, one black, the other white (albinoes), the last being representatives of the white horse of Hanover. These were regularly imported from the king's stud farms in Hanover. Since the Prussian conquest and the incorporation of the kingdom of Hanover with the German Empire, the breeding-stud has disappeared, and when we made inquiries in Germany in 1870, with the view of purchasing a team of white horses, we failed to hear of a single specimen. There is a picture at Windsor Castle, by the late R. B. Davis, of the procession of King William and Queen Adelaide to their coronation, in which the carriages with six black stallions, six white stallions, and several sixes of Yorkshire bay geldings precede the state coach containing the king and queen, drawn by eight creams.

By the kindness of Colonel Maude, C.B., the Crown Equerry, three of the original oil sketches for the picture have been engraved for this work. The manes of the creams are plaited with purple ribbons, the whites, blacks, and bays with crimson. This ribbon-plaiting, a most elaborate and almost artistic operation, takes a deal of time. In 1831 it assumed the importance of a political incident. When Earl Grey and Lord Brougham waited upon the Sailor King, to request him to dissolve the Parliament, which had all but rejected the first Reform Bill, at the last moment, when all the king's scruples had been overcome, the Earl of Albemarle, the Whig Master of the Horse, protested that there was not time to plait the manes of the state carriage-horses. The answer of the king, that he "would go down in a hackney coach," was soon spread through the country, and for the time he was the most popular of European monarchs.

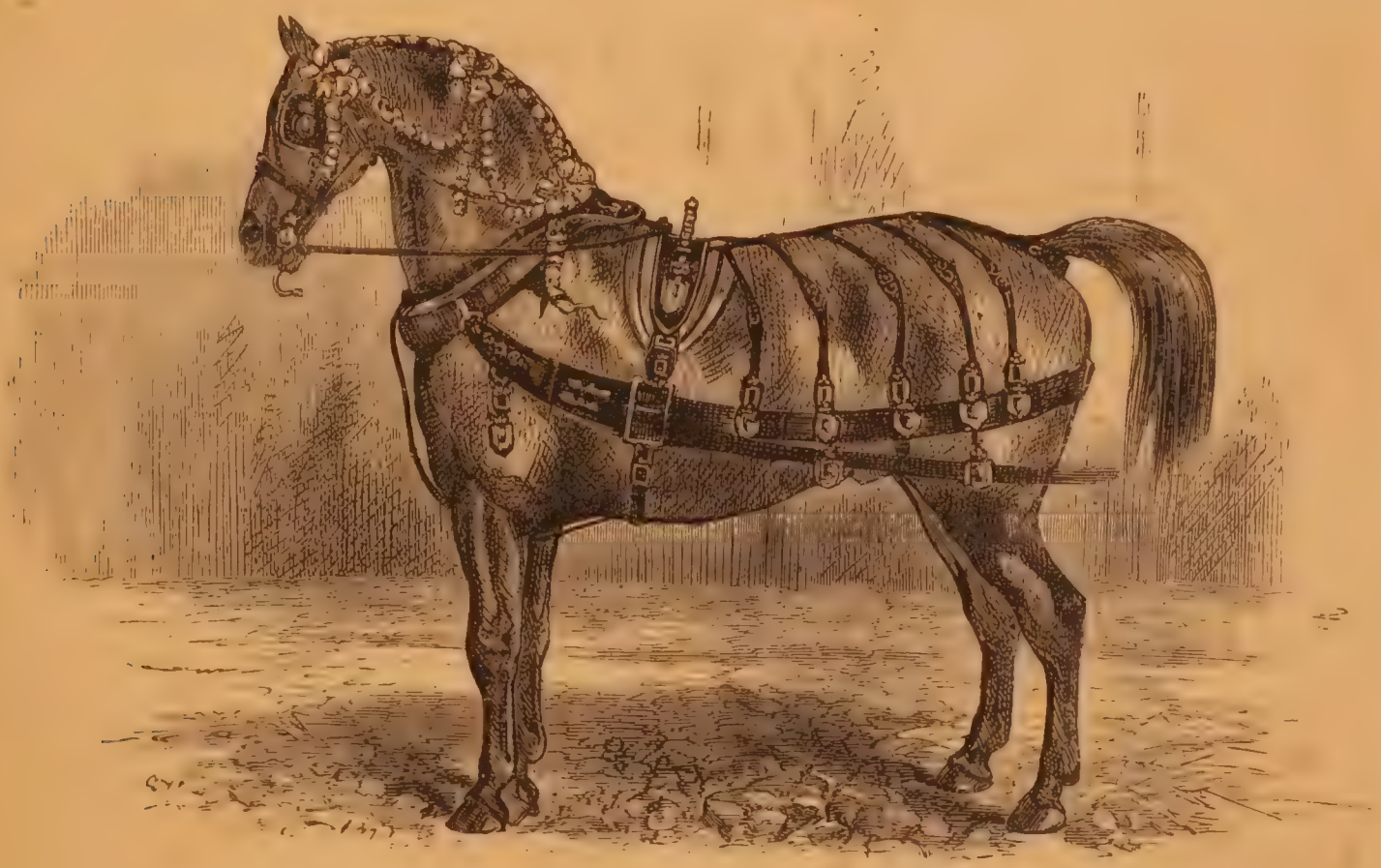
The Cleveland bay superseded the German coach-horse when the highways, improved for mail-coach use, increased the pace of travellers, whether with their own or with post-horses. Yorkshire horses, as far as can be ascertained, have always been large. The Cleveland was probably the result of a cross between the large native horse referred to by Gervase Markham and the blood-horses that early took root in that horse-loving county. According to pictures, the old Cleveland bay was very much like the coarser specimens of the Yorkshire coach-horse stallion, of which a few specimens still travel the northern counties; but according to the latest authorities, the real Cleveland bay, partly by repeated crosses of blood-horses, and partly by the large exportation of mares between the years 1830 and 1860, has been almost improved out of existence, and is only now to be found in perfection in Her Majesty's stables.

The English coach-horse arrived at perfection as a powerful well-bred animal, with really fine moving action, early in the present century, under two influences, the high roads made for the mail coaches, and the wide distribution of thorough-bred sires, which it was part of the dignity of every local magnate to keep and to breed, in order to be represented at the county races. A portrait of a carriage-horse, by Benjamin Marshall, the property of Henry Villebois, Esq., engraved in "Laurence's Delineations of the Horse, 1810," is as fine a specimen of a powerful blood wheeler as could be found in any modern coach.

Before stage-coach travelling and posting were brought to the perfection of pace which was extinguished with the coaches and the horses by the railway system, every great landed gentleman, peer, or squire kept a large stud of coach-horses, and performed all journeys within a hundred miles, certainly all within fifty, with his own horses. Great noblemen travelled from Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire with their own horses, by easy stages. A squire of two or three thousand a year, in the midland or northern counties, did not consider his stable furnished without five or six full-sized, well-bred coach-horses. Noblemen counted this part of their studs by the score. The heads of the noble families, like the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Darlington, the Earl of Derby, Earl Grosvenor, and the Duke of Portland, seldom rode out in their carriages with less than four horses and as many outriders. If they visited the local race-course, six horses were attached to the family coach. These horses were in greater part bred by themselves. The favourite race-horses of these great noblemen, when removed to the stud, covered the half-bred mares of their tenants and neighbours at nominal fees.

Thus in 1780 one of the most famous horses of the day was the Earl of Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, of which Sir Charles Bunbury wrote, when he first arrived a colt at Newmarket, "Lord Derby has sent a coach-horse here;" shortly afterwards, "The coach-horse can gallop;" a little later, "The coach-horse is the best horse here." This tradition of breeding coach-horses as well as race-horses was maintained at Knowsley up to the time of the lately-deceased earl, Edward Geoffrey Stanley, the great orator At the present day, and for many years past, a horse as famous as Sir

Peter, when placed in the stud, would only be permitted to serve a limited number of thorough-bred mares at fees of from fifty to one hundred guineas; and however admirable as a sire, would do nothing for increasing the number and quality of any except race-horses. But the Earl of Derby, as a kind of county potentate, patronised his neighbours, and allowed them the use of Sir Peter. For many years afterwards every gentleman in Lancashire who prided himself on his coach-horses had or claimed to have at least one brown Sir Peter in his stable; Lord Grosvenor did the like service for his tenants and neighbours in Cheshire and in Shropshire, which was long famous for its hunters. The same system was at work in every horse-breeding and racing county in England and Wales, before roads and railroads centralised horse-racing and effaced county dignities and



CLEVELAND BAY STATE CARRIAGE-HORSE.

distinctions. Thus there was at the same time a demand for large harness-horses with good travelling action which are not now required, and facilities which do not now exist for obtaining the services of superior thorough-bred sires.

The horse of the period is always what the period requires. The carriage-horse of the present day is essentially a horse more for pleasure than for use. Ten miles in and as many out again, with a rest between, is considered a long day's journey for carriage-horses. Nine pair of carriage-horses out of ten, or more probably ninety out of a hundred, are not required to leave the limits between Hyde Park and Richmond Hill once a year, or to extend their trot in Paris beyond the *Bois*.

What, therefore, is required in a carriage-horse is an animal that will look well in harness, although he may be rather mean out of it. He need not be able to walk, but he must be able to stand, after being properly borne up by the bearing-reins,* like a statue. There are very useful

* Bearing Reins.—We have received several communications protesting against the use of bearing-reins, as exhibited in the illustrations of the earlier chapters of "The Book of the Horse." The *pros* and *cons* of this important question, as well as of blinkers, will be treated at length in the chapters on Harness and on Driving. In this chapter it will be enough to say that bearing-

riding and driving-horses, and very brilliant hunters and race-horses, that "stand over" with the fore-feet approaching the hind-feet in a very ugly manner—like a goat. Such a form is out of the question for a carriage-horse of high price. On the contrary, standing with the fore-legs projecting as far as a line drawn from the nose, in a sort of statuesque position, is a habit natural to a few and taught to a great many carriage-horses. The neck may be much too long for a riding-horse, and the whole fore-hand what is called "peacocky," a very expressive term; but the neck must be able to bend, either naturally or by artificial means. The mane should be plentiful, and fall well.

The shoulders may be anything but riding shoulders, if they are so shaped as to be consistent with imposing action, which may be so rough that it would be unbearable in a riding-horse. The back may be hollow—indeed, a hollow back, if the loins and quarters are strong enough to stop a heavy carriage, is considered rather a point of beauty in harness—but every pair of horses intended for heavy carriages, which must be stopped quickly and turned sharply, must have strong loins, thighs, and hocks. It is of importance that a state carriage-horse should have a full, not too long, tail, and carry it well. As for pace, eight miles an hour, looking like twelve, is quite sufficient for ornamental purposes.

The best colours for full-sized carriage pairs are bay with black legs, brown with tan muzzle (a very fashionable colour), and dark chestnut. Greys were worth £10 each more than any other colour during the time that the Prince Regent led the fashion. Grey stallions of a high class were maintained in the royal stud. It is at present difficult to get greys sufficiently well-bred. One ducal family has discarded iron-greys in favour of browns. The late Duke of Beaufort used to horse his barouche in the country with four piebalds *à la Daumont*, but that was quite an exception. True blacks are rarely met with it in great stables, for the same reason perhaps as greys—there are very few black thorough-bred sires. The Earl of Harrington, who married the great actress Miss Foote, was the last nobleman who drove the old black long-tailed coach-horses in his unique equipages—his chariot, or extinct *vis-à-vis*. Amongst Arabs black is the rarest colour, while grey is the most common. Lord Aveland, true to Lincolnshire fen traditions, drives roans, a very difficult colour to match in large horses.

This class of harness-horse, in addition to the varying gradations of excellence which exist between the simple utility which satisfies those who never look at their horses, and only consider them as machines, and the perfection required either by the taste and ambition, or the social position of others, may be divided into coach-horses proper and barouche-horses.

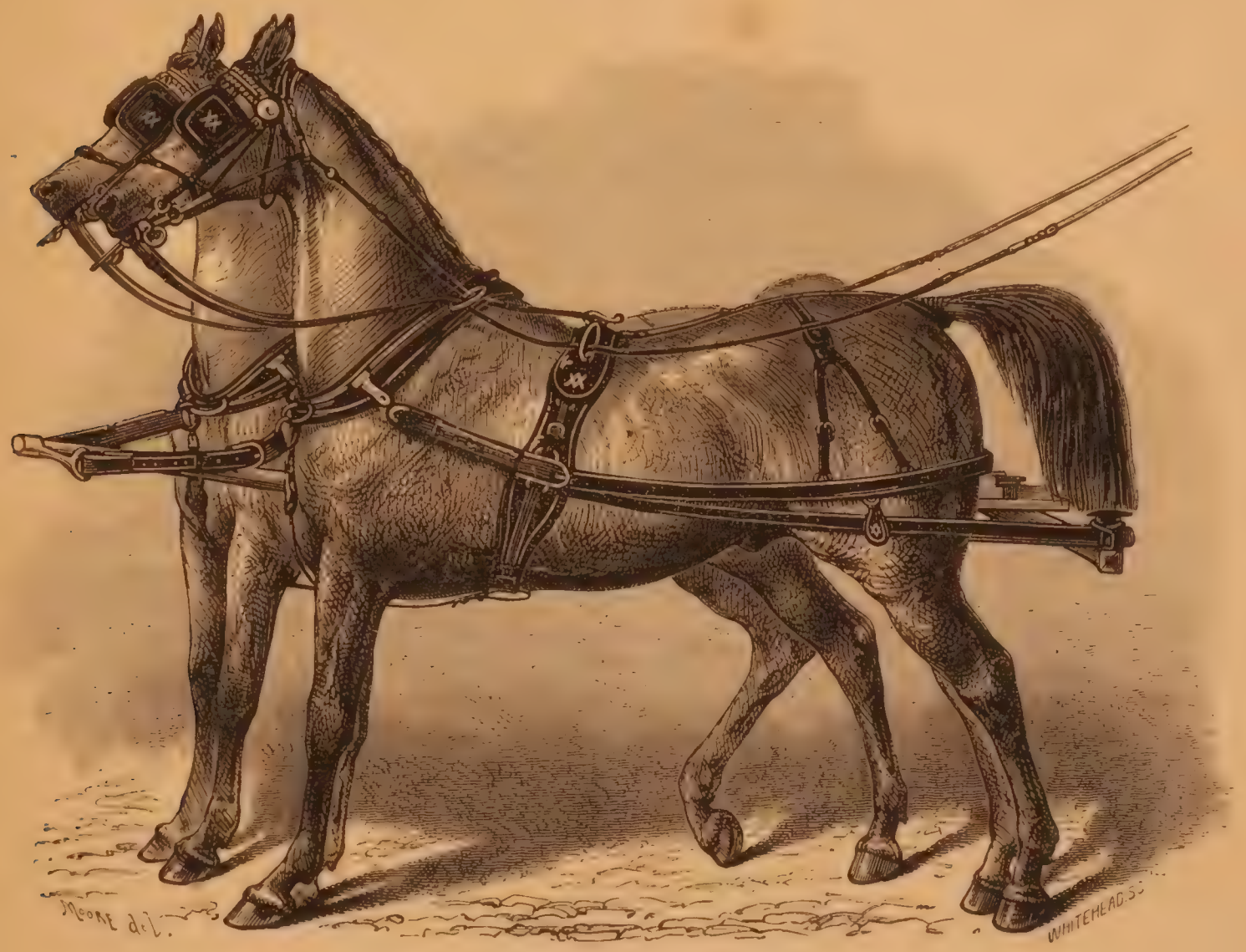
Barouche-horses are expected to show more blood and quality, to be better travellers, and would be selected for a suburban visit rather than grand elephantine-stepping coach-horses; indeed, the best barouche-horses are very like the best hunters. The illustration on the preceding page is from a pair which were one of the glories of the Bois de Boulogne before the German siege of Paris.

The system of jobbing large carriage-horses, which has been in existence for more than half a century, has within the last twenty years assumed extraordinary proportions.

In the first place, as already explained, the same class of horse is not required in town as in the country; in the next, space has become so valuable in the metropolis that very few establishments can obtain the stabling necessary for horsing the carriages required daily in season for

reins need not be, but often are, an instrument of torture. For town and parade work there are very few horses that do not require bearing-reins when standing still. When the horse moves they should be loose enough to enable him to make the utmost exertion without pressing on the bit. Ladies who drive fresh lively horses without bearing-reins are, to say the least, rash. On long journeys bearing-reins are generally a mistake; but the cheeks of the bits must not be looped at the bottom, lest a horse should get one of them over the end of the pole, and tear the bridle from his head.—S. S.

morning concerts, garden parties, shopping, dinner parties, operas, and a succession of balls and receptions. Less than four horses, probably six, would not do the season's work of a family with daughters which lives in the full swing of a London season. But besides the carriage-horses, there are three or four riding-horses, perhaps a pair of high-priced mail phaeton or park phaeton horses, which require room. A stable to accommodate half a dozen horses is pretty large. In town stalls for a dozen could only be provided at extravagant expense, not counting the outlay of the horses not required for daily use, but which must be provided to take the place of one lame or sick, if the head of the family decides to drive nothing but his own horses.



PAIR OF PARISIAN BAROUCHE HORSES.

In this dilemma the job-master appears as the *deus ex machina*, and provides for a fixed sum per pair not only one or more pairs of horses, but undertakes to replace any one disabled, at any hour of the day or night. For £100 a year, or £20 a month in the season, a pair of first-class horses are provided; and for thirty-five shillings a week in addition, they may be fed, foddered, and shod. The conveniences of the system have caused its adoption by many noble families who a few years ago would disdain the idea of hiring horses. Under the jobbing system, in the height of the season, one pair of stalls will hold in turn all the horses that can be used in one carriage.

In the "Post-Office Directory" for 1873, the names of one hundred and forty persons calling themselves job-masters appear. Some of them, no doubt, are in a very small way of business, but there are two who each job five hundred pairs of horses, besides single brougham and victoria horses; there are others who job over one hundred each. The stables of these are open to supply the sudden demands of their customers all night during the season.

Formerly the great job-masters never dreamed of purchasing any horse under 15 hands 3 inches, the preference being for at least 16 hands; but now the popularity of light single broughams and victorias, many of them hired from the coach-builders for the season, compels them to purchase suitable animals, even as small as 14 hands 3 inches, of the right style and action.

About the year 1860 the great job-masters of London thought that they had discovered a mine of wealth in purchasing the largest class of carriage-horses in Holstein, Mecklenburg, Hanover, and North Germany generally; all countries whose war-horses were famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These carriage-horses were for the most part the produce of crosses between English sires and German mares. They had imposing fore-hands and high action, and they were twenty-five per cent. cheaper than English geldings of the same size. One of the greatest job-masters, in the course of a tour made for the purpose, purchased several hundred pairs. After a trial extending over more than ten years, the result is pronounced not satisfactory. The majority of these German horses showed the defects that Gervase Markham pointed out two hundred and fifty years ago—they were soft. They flourished about very superbly from shop to shop, from street to street, or up and down the drive in Hyde Park; but if they were wanted to go to Richmond, for instance, the chances were that they could scarcely crawl back again; "and if they fell sick of influenza, or anything of that kind, they were sure to waste to nothing or die." A dealer and job-master who had had a great many of them through his hands, attributed their softness to the want of corn when between three and four years old, and added, "Most of them, like hearse-horses, have neither arms nor thighs;" that is to say, are conspicuously deficient in the most important muscles of the motive limbs.

The evidence before the Earl of Rosebery's select committee of the House of Lords on the supply of horses, issued in August, 1873, while these pages were passing through the press, contains a mass of valuable information, from which the following passages, bearing especially on this subject, have been condensed.

COLONEL G. A. MAUDE, C.B., CROWN EQUERRY.

In answer to a question from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Colonel Maude said, "Formerly all the (royal) work was done by coaches and chariots, now there are broughams and clarences; for these we buy smaller horses. We have nothing under 16 hands in the town carriages. The smaller horses are much more durable; in fact, if it were not for the look of the thing, they would draw the big coaches much better than the bigger Clevelands. The smaller horses are more fashionable, more bred, and therefore more easily obtained; they are much less likely to become roarers than larger horses. We hardly ever had an instance of a harness-horse not over 15 hands 3 inches becoming a roarer, whereas almost all big bay horses end by being so. We never buy foreign horses for the Queen's stables if we know it, but we do sometimes. They are as harness-horses very inferior. I have seen some as nice Prussian saddle-horses as any bred in this kingdom, but the Mecklenburg harness-horse which is imported is a very bad animal. . . . Since Hanover has been independent of England, we breed our cream-colours in England. We have imported no stallions, and breed in-and-in; but, extraordinary to say, they are getting larger. We keep four breeding-mares; the produce never has a bit of white. We never sell any."

William Shaw, another witness before the same committee, who has been for "thirty-six years an entire horse leader in certain districts of Yorkshire," and for the last seventeen years in the East Riding, said, "There has been a great change since I began. It was the old-fashioned coach-horses that were in vogue at that day—the old-fashioned Clevelands. At the end of five years,

beginning from 1836, my custom fell off by more than two-thirds; there was a change in the trade, a new fashion in horses came up. The London gentlemen then wanted a first-class fashionable horse, that stepped up higher. Formerly a big coach-horse, now a blood-horse is wanted, with high-stepping action. Seventeen years ago I began to lead a roadster, and continued for eleven years, then I took a blood-horse. A blood-horse is all the go to-day, and I would have nothing else."

MR. JOSHUA EAST.

"We have over a thousand carriage-horses (all geldings) at work on jobs. We are obliged to purchase about three hundred horses a year to keep our stock up. We sell about that number by auction at St. Martin's Lane, without reserve. We do not lose above two and a half per cent. by deaths. . . . Seeing that the best Yorkshire mares had gone to Germany, on the persuasion of my German friends, I went after them. They were nice handy horses to buy; they were broken, which ours were not. The German horse was more ornamental than ours, and £10 to £15 cheaper. He had good action, and was capital to sell, but he was like Peter Pindar's Jew's razors—he was worth nothing to use. If you got him to Brentford you would never get him farther. . . . They were the worst brutes I ever saw, and I should soon have lost all my customers if I had stuck to them, so I got rid of them all. . . . At this moment we have three hundred horses lying by, not earning a shilling, that we may have them ready when we want them in next May or June. Our horses vary in size, from 15 hands 2 inches to 16 hands 2 inches. We like them bred from a thorough-bred horse and a half-bred mare."

MR. EDMUND TATTERSALL.

In the preceding pages the question of the price of horses has been carefully excluded, partly in consequence of the rise that has taken place in their value within the last few years, and partly from the want of any reliable statistical information. The latter has been supplied by the evidence of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, the head of the greatest firm of horse auctioneers in the world. Messrs. Tattersall sell, of every kind of horses, except cart-horses, in the course of the year, between five and six thousand—a considerable increase in number having taken place since their time-honoured mart at Hyde Park Corner was pulled down, on the expiration of their ninety-nine years' lease, in order to make way for the splendid improvements on the Westminster estate, and their consequent removal to more extensive premises at Albert Gate. Mr. Tattersall took, for the information of the committee, one average day in each month through a succession of years, and divided them into two classes, the first class being of more value than the second class; then adding up the price of each horse, he arrived at the average value of horses in each class in each year. The following is the detailed statement in his own words:—

"This is an average of about forty or fifty horses sold on one day in each month throughout the year; there are about forty horses in each class. For the year 1864 the average was, for the first class, £21 11s.; for the second class, £40 19s. For the year 1865 the average was £21 13s. for inferior horses, and £44 10s. for the superior horses. In the year 1866 the averages were £24 7s. and £45 18s. In 1867 the average, for the first class, was £24 9s., and £57 5s. for the second class. In 1868 the average was £26 10s. for the inferior horses, and £52 17s. for the superior horses. In 1869 the average was £29 18s. for the first class, and £78 15s. for the second class. In the year 1870 it was £29 12s. for the first class, and £80 14s. for the second class. In the year 1871 the average was £34 7s. for the first class, and £91 7s. for the second class. In 1872, the last year for which I have taken any figures, it was £36 10s. for the inferior horses, and £90 for the better ones. Comparing last year, 1872, with 1864, it appears that there was an

increase of price between those years of 70 per cent. on the general horses, and of more than 100 per cent. on the hunters, &c."

While writing on harness-horses, we think it not out of place to give a quotation from Gervase Markham, a very accomplished gentleman and experienced horseman, who flourished in the reign of James I., and who was, considering the limited advantages which the age afforded, one of the most acute and shrewd writers on the subject. The principles he laid down in that remote period are just as applicable now as then. We have better roads and streets, lighter carriages, more highly-bred horses; but his advice is still sound.

"The use of coaches hath not beene of any long continuance in this kingdome, especially in that general fashion they are now used; for if formerly they were in the hands and for the ease of particular great persons, yet now they are grown as common as hackneyes, and are in the hands of as many as either esteem reputation or are numbered in the catalogue of rich persons. . . . Neither is it my profession to meddle with the shapes of hunters, nor will I speak of the several customs or fashions of Italy and France, because, as far as I can judge, whatsoever we practice in this art of coach governing is but an imitation of the shapes and chaunges of those kingdomes. Therefore, for my own part, I mean only to handle some few notes, touching the charge of coach-horses, their keeping, and appareling.

"First, then, to speak of the charge of coach-horses. Some are of opinion that your Flemish horse is the best for that purpose, because he is of strong limbes, hath a full breast, a good chyne, and is naturally trained up more to draught than burthen; others doe preferre before these horses Flemish mares (and I am of that opinion also), both because of their more temperate and coole spirits, their quiet socialleness in company, and their bringing up, which only is the wagon, by which means, travelling with more patience, they are ever of more strength and endurance. Yet both these horses and mares have their faults ever coupled to their virtues; as first their paces are ever short trots which contain much labour in little ground, and so bring on fastness of spirit in little journeys, whereas a coach-horse should stretch forth his feet, and the smoother and longer he strides the more may he be ridden, and the sooner comes to his journey's end without tyring. Next their limbs from the knees and camtrells downward are so rough and hayrie, and the horses themselves so subject to sault and fretting humours in those parts that neither can the coachman keep them from the paines, scratches, mallendars, sollandars, and such like diseases, nor the farrier ofttimes with his best skill cure them when they are diseased. Lastly, they are for the most part of resty* and hot spirits, so that although they shall be excellent and forward in the draught, yet in our English nation, amongst our deepe clays and myrie trailes, they are not able to continue, but grow fainte and weary of their labour; and it is ever a rule amongst them, that after they have been once tired there is no means to restore them to their metall or spirits.

"Now to tell you mine opinion which is the best coach-horse either for streetes of cities or journeying upon the high waies, I hold not any horse comparable, either for strength, courage, or labour, with the large-shaped English gelding, for he is as milde and sociable as the Flemish mare, more able to endure travell, better shaped, and long continued in service. Next to him is the Flemish mare, and the last is the Flemish horse.

"The Pollander (Polish) is exceedingly good, but he is somewhat too little and too fierce a nature; but for tiring, that he will seldom or never do with any indifferent order.

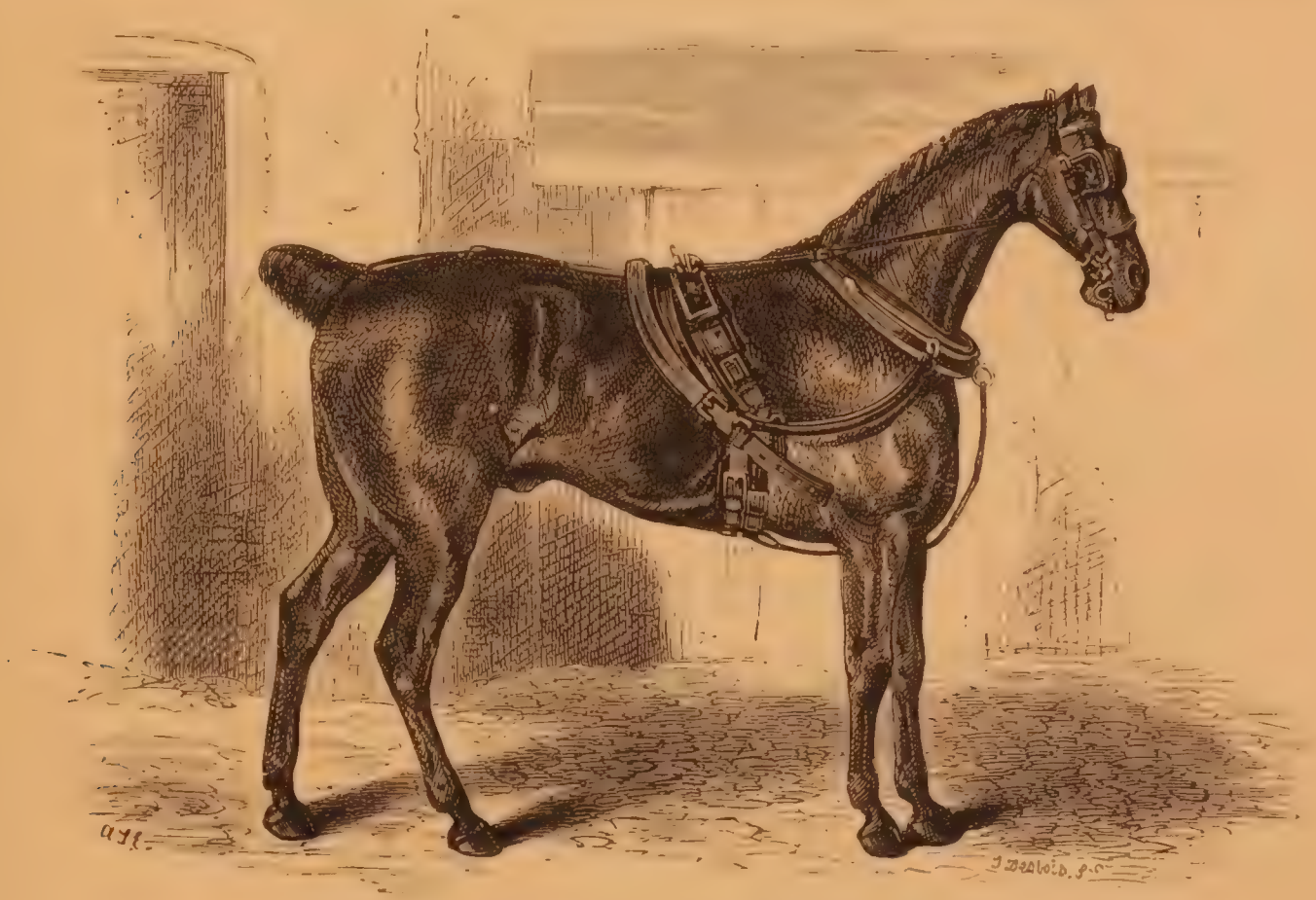
"When you have determined touching the breed or race of your coach-horses, you shall then look to their shapes and colours. Observe that your coach-horses be all of one colour, without

* Our country people still talk of a horse rusting—*i.e.*, refusing—"He rusts at the lane corner."

diversitie, and that their marks be also alike; thus, for example, if one have white starre-bald face, white foot, or be of pide (pied) colour, that then the other have like also.

"For their shapes you shall chose a lean-proportioned head, a strong firm neck, a full, broad, and round breast, a limbe flat, short-jointed, lean and well hayred, a good bending ribbe, a strong backe, and a round buttocke. Generally they should be of broad strong making, and of the tallest stature; for such are most serviceable for the draught, and best able to endure the toyle of deepe travell.

"Now for the properties. They must be as nearly-alyed in nature and disposition as in colour, shape, and height; for if one be free and the other dull, then the free horse taking all the labour must necessarily over-toyle himself, and soon destroy both his life and courage; so they must be of like spirit and metall. Also you must have special regard that their paces be alike, and that the



A COACH-HORSE, A.D. 1800, DOCKED AND CROPPED.

one neither trot faster than the other nor take longer strides than the other, for if their feet do not rise from the ground together, there can be no equality in their draught, but one must over-toyle the other; whereas they ought to be of such equall strength, pace, and spirits that, as if they were one body, their labour should be divided equally amongst them.

"They ought also, as neare as you can, to be of a loving, tractable, and mild disposition.

"They should also have good and tender mouths, and ought to have their heads well settled upon the bit before they come into the coach, being learnt to turn readily upon either hand without discontentment or rebellion, to stoppe close and firm, and to retyre back freely with good spirit and courage—which are lessons fully sufficient to make a good coach-horse.

"I advise all that are desirous to better their judgment in such knowledge, to repair to the stables of great princes, where commonly are the bell-men of this art, and there behold how everything in his true proportion is ordered, and thence draw unto himself rules for his own instruction.

"This slight precept I will bestow upon him—that he have a constant sweete hand upon

his horse's mouth, by no means losing the feeling thereof, but observing that the horse does rest upon his bitt and carry his head and rein in a good and comely fashion; for to goe with his head loose, or to have no feeling of the bit, is both uncomely to the eye and takes from the horse all delight in his labour."

We cannot conclude this chapter without noticing the curious changes of fashion to which the English coach-horse's tail has been subjected since the time of Gervase Markham. He then wore a long tail flowing down to the ground, and cut square, like King Charles's charger at Charing Cross. It was adorned with ribbons on gala days, and strapped up in a leather case in winter weather; thus a certain harmony was preserved between the wig of the master and the tails of his horses. By the time of George II. a short wig and a pig-tail had taken the place of the flowing curls in which the cavaliers of Charles I. and the rakes of Charles II.'s court delighted. The brilliant idea occurred to Lord Cadogan, a cavalry officer of that period, of reducing the tails of his dragoon horses to a short dock—whether this was with the view of saving his soldiers the trouble of cleaning those long tails, and avoiding the nuisance of the splashes uniforms and accoutrements must have received from such hair streamers, or whether the debased taste of the age made him really think the appearance of his regiment improved by bobtails, history does not relate—the next step was to turn bobtails into plug-tails, by cutting all the hair for the last two or three inches of the dock. Having thus succeeded in disfiguring the hind-quarters of dragoon horses to the utmost, some monster devised the additional barbarity of cropping their ears. The operation became fashionable, like many hideous and barbarous fashions which are supposed to improve and adorn the heads of women in 1873.

It will be observed that the fine coach-horse engraved after Marshall at page 125 is both cropped and docked. The practice of cropping the ears has now entirely disappeared, although it was not uncommon to find even hunters thus tortured and disfigured as late as 1840; while to a much later date the stupid fashion of depriving cart-horses of their fly-flappers was usual in several counties. Mr. Villebois' coach-horse at page 125 is a specimen of a fine blood animal spoiled by the fashion of the day. By intermediate stages the tails of coach-horses were lengthened until the whole dock was preserved, and the hair squared off to a racing tail. In the present day the tails are cut according to the character of the horse and the style of the carriage. But this tail question will be treated at full length in a future chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

ORIENTAL BLOOD-HORSES: ARABS, BARBS, PERSIANS, DONGOLAS.

Meaning of "Quality" and "Thorough-bred"—The Reality of Equine Aristocracy—Advantages of a Cross of Blood—The English Blood-horse a Modern Creation—Assyrian Bas-reliefs represent the Blood-horse—Arabs of Reality and of Poetry—Sidonia's Arab—The Poet Rogers no Horseman—Turkish Horses Imported after Crimean War—Captain Morant's Little Turk, Hunter—Turkish Arabs of the Last Century Superior to those of the Present Day—Omar Pacha's Arab in Northamptonshire of no Value as a Sire—Parker Gillmore's Description of Barbs—The Shah's Horses—Persian Horses—Little Wonder, Account of—Lady Ann Spiers' Farhan—Mr. Adrian Hope's Black Arab; Sir Henry Rawlinson's Arab; Mrs. Turnbull's; Mr. Clayworth's Magdala; all Thorough-bred Weight-carrying Hacks—Childe's Grey Arabian, a First-class Hunter in Leicestershire—Runjeet Singh's Favourite Charger, Thirty-five Years Old—Purchases during Crimean War—Description of Anazeh Tribe—English and Arab Horses look Absurd by Turns—Description of Anazeh Stallion—Turcoman Horses Brutes—No Mares Offered for Sale—Bedouin Horse-dealing—These Arab Horses never Vicious—Anazeh Horsemanship Superior to *Haute École*—Wahabee Horses, Pure Nejed Breed, Mr. Giffard Palgrave's Description of—On Passing Certain Boundaries Arab Breed rapidly loses Beauty, Size, and Strength—Extraordinary Endurance of Wahabee Arab—The Dongola Horse, mentioned in Bruce's Travels, Imported at Suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks—Mr. Knight's Experiment on Exmoor with Dongolas—Objections to Arabs by a Breeder—Spanish and Arab Crosses—Account of Two Choice Arabs: Bad Hacks, No Hunters, No Racers—The Cross of English Blood-horses with Spanish Mares Superior to Arab Cross for English Use—Experiments with Arab Sires in 1864—Spanish Horses, Three Breeds of—Description of Spanish War-horse—Result of Cross of Spanish Mares with a Son of Sheet-Anchor—Continental Arab Studs.

In the preceding pages, the terms "thorough-bred" and "quality" have been frequently used. It may be as well to explain their meaning, for the benefit of readers who are not familiar with the early history of the horse.

Thorough-bred means that a horse's pedigree can be traced for generations from sires and mares of English pure blood, or from Arabs, Barbs, or Persians, recorded in the "Stud Book."

The blood-horse, whether English or Oriental, is the natural aristocrat of the equine race. He possesses physical qualities in bone, in muscle, and in skin, which no mode of selection, no advantage of soil and climate, have produced out of cart-horse breeds within historical times. Climate and soil may raise or reduce the size of a tribe of horses, accident may create and perpetuate singularities of colour or form; but the signs of blood can only be produced by the prepotent power of crosses of blood-horses or mares. Aristocrat, in all the countries of Continental Europe where pedigrees are preserved and valued, is expressed by a term implying well-born, such as the blue blood (*sangre azul*) of Spain, *gnadiger* of Germany.

In England, where more than in any other country attention has been paid to the pedigrees of horses, of hounds, of cattle, of sheep, of pigs, and for many years past even of the best strains of poultry, curiously enough, the pedigrees of the human aristocracy have never been treated as of pre-eminent importance. This is proved by the fact that our language has no synonym for the word *mésalliance*, which in French means the alliance of a noble with peasant, or shopkeeping, or even legal blood. Before the great French Revolution, memoir writers distinguished between recent creations as "Nobility of the Sword" or "Nobility of the Robe"*—that is law—a distinction utterly

* The friends of Alexis de Tocqueville considered that he had degraded his family by becoming a barrister—"A man of the robe! Your ancestors have always been men of the sword."—*Nassau Senior's Recollections.*

unknown in England, where military and legal eminence, and fortunate marriages, have created our greatest houses. As a matter of fact, the aristocracy of men is much more a matter of education, and position, maintained through two or three generations, than of pedigree. It would be impossible in a mixed assembly of well-to-do Englishmen and Englishwomen, for instance, at a Buckingham Palace ball or an Oxford convocation, to pick out the representatives of the most ancient families by their personal appearance, or to distinguish them from others who had enjoyed for only one generation the advantages of education, freedom from petty cares, and good society. Indeed, it has been argued, with a considerable show of reason, that our aristocracy includes so many beautiful women and handsome manly men, because our nobility have been in the habit of selecting their wives without regard to pedigree.

With horses it is quite different. It will take many generations to get rid of one cart-horse cross; the stain will suddenly reappear after many years, in the most unexpected manner. The produce of a sire and mare, both apparently of the purest blood, will show some sign of a remote ignoble alliance, in a coarse head or tail, or coarse, shaggy fetlocks.

"Quality" means evidence of blood, in the form and expression of the head, the symmetry of the limbs, and the velvet-like softness of the hair and skin.

The advantages of a large admixture of blood are not merely picturesque. Blood implies superior wind, energy, endurance, and muscular power, bones of more ivory-like texture, and tougher tendons. Our English blood-horse is, in the historical sense, a modern creation, not two hundred years old. His ancestors came from Asia and Africa. The most ancient historical horses were Egyptian. The Assyrian bas-reliefs preserved in the British Museum, and copied in Layard's great work, present faithful delineations of the Oriental blood-horse, harnessed to chariots, in war and in the chase, and carrying spear-bearing horsemen on their conquests some few thousand years ago. Egyptian bas-reliefs still more ancient than the Assyrian are in existence; but in them the horse is depicted in a conventional manner, and not with the life-like fidelity which distinguishes the work of the Assyrian sculptors. Still they are sufficiently accurate to show that the Egyptian was a blood-horse. An ancient Persian monument shows a cart-horse very distinctly.

For all ordinary purposes, the English thoroughbred is more useful in this country than his progenitors, Arabs and Barbs, and as a rule less expensive; that is to say, an English thorough-bred horse or mare, under 15 hands high, equal to carrying eleven or twelve stone as a hack, may be purchased for less money than an Arab of the same strength and quality in India, Egypt, or in Persia.

The Arabs of reality, as distinguished from the Arabs of poetry and romance, although very picturesque, admirable for their fire and endurance, and perfect as the war-horses of single combat, do not by any means realise the descriptions of famous novelists. No Arab has ever won a steeplechase in this country like that over the vales of Aylesbury, so picturesquely described by Mr. Disraeli (who has lived in Arab lands);* and only one thorough-bred Arab hunter, of which an

* "'I long to see your mare again; she seemed to me so beautiful,' said Coningsby.

"'She is not only of pure race, but of the highest and rarest breed in Arabia. Her name is "The Daughter of the Star." She is a foal of the famous mare which belonged to the Prince of the Wahabees, to possess which was one of the principal causes of war between that tribe and the Pacha of Egypt, who gave her to me.'"

She is then described with "legs like an antelope and little ears," points which no British horseman would approve. In the steeplechase that followed there were fifteen starters; in the first two miles several remarkably stiff fences. "They arrived at the brook—seventeen feet of water, between high strong banks." A masked battery of grape could not have achieved more terrible execution. A high and strong gate came next; the distance was above four miles. There were thirty leaps done under fifteen minutes; and the Daughter of the Star won "pulling double." After reading this performance, an old steeplechaser observed "that the field must have been very bad to be settled by seventeen feet of water, with sound banks;" but his reading had been confined to the *Racing Calendar*.

authentic account will presently be given, has made "a scratch" in the annals of Leicestershire. Certainly we should be very much astonished to hear of any county gentleman, like the hero of a popular lady novelist, who rode his "black Arab" over park palings, with a little girl on the pommel before him, for no other reason than a short cut home.

Samuel Rogers, banker and poet, would not allow that Job's description of the horse was poetry at all. He could not understand—

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. . . . He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!"

But Samuel Rogers was no horseman. That he did not care to talk about horses is proved by his own story of the groom who gave him notice to quit "because he was such dull company in the tilbury."

"Who," says George Borrow, "that has ever seen a blood stallion excited by the din of a fair or a battle, and heard him so distinctly neigh, 'Ha, ha!' can doubt that the author of Job painted an Oriental war-horse from life?"

The popular notions of the Arab, amongst those who know nothing about horses, are chiefly derived from the poetical descriptions of the Arabs themselves, who, full of Oriental exaggeration, describe the animal exactly fitted for their purposes—single combat and parade—and from pictures. One of the most popular, which has been repeated a hundred times, in cheap forms, since it was engraved in 1810 for Lawrence's "History of the Horse," is the beautiful grey stallion, called "The Wellesley Arabian," painted by Marshall—a horse which we have the high authority of the author and editor of the "Stud Book" for saying was not an Arab at all, but some Persian cross, and "very like an English hunter."

After the Crimean War a great many Oriental horses, or rather ponies, were brought home by our officers. The Turkish ponies had endurance and fair pace—they would canter all day. Captain Morant, Master of the New Forest Hounds, had, in 1865, a little chestnut Turk, that had won him several races in the Crimea, and proved a very good hunter in the New Forest country; but a celebrated breeder of ponies, to whom we offered him as a stallion, would have nothing to say to him, because he was deficient in the points most needed in a sire of hacks. The majority were of the same character, and seldom fetched more than £30 at the hammer; there is, however, reason to believe that the Turkish horses imported into this country between 1616 and 1700 were animals of a very different class. During that time the Padishah was the acknowledged Sultan of the Mahomedans in Africa and Arabia, he twice besieged Vienna—the second time in 1686—and received, as "Protector of the Faith," tribute in horses of the choicest breeds, from the deserts of Arabia, where the Wahabees now, and for a long time past, have defied the power of the Europeanised Sultan.

One of the most celebrated of the Crimean importations was Omar Pacha, a bay horse, belonging to the Turkish general of that name. This horse was said to have been ridden by the messenger that brought the news of the repulse of the Russians from Silistria to Varna, a distance of ninety miles, without drawing rein. The messenger died, but the horse was none the worse for the journey. He was presented by Omar Pacha to General Sir Richard Airey, who sold him to Earl Spenser. After standing some time at Althorpe, as a stallion, he was given by his lordship to Mr. J. Noble Beasley, of Pitsford House, who is a breeder of the best class of hunters. He writes us that "many Indian officers on seeing Omar Pacha (he stood over 15 hands

high) declared that he was not an Arab at all, but a 'Whaler' (an Australian horse). He had very superior action, was strong for his size, heavy in his crest, with fine shoulders, and good fore-legs His stock are sound and enduring, but have never proved valuable as either hunters, hacks, or harness-horses."

The story of Omar Pacha's ride from Silistria to Varna may be quite true; it is a feat that has been equalled and exceeded by many English blood-horses.

Sir Talbot Constable, of Burton Constable, has a breed of greys, which are called Arabs, very beautiful and graceful, with more knee-action than is commonly the case with pure Arabs; but we are told that they have been crossed with Andalusian blood.

The Barb, which has had more to do with our English thorough-bred than the Arab, although not so handsome, being frequently goose-rumped, is often a very good hack. The best we ever saw of this sort were two bay horses, a little under 15 hands, which the Duke of Beaufort imported after his visit to Gibraltar. He ran them at Goodwood, and they were nowhere; they then became the favourite hacks of the duchess. Her Grace exhibited them at the Agricultural Hall, in 1864. They were so like English thoroughbreds that only a judge of horses would have marked them as foreign bred.

Captain Parker Gillmore, writing in *Land and Water*, under the name of "Ubique," traces the merit of the American trotters to Barb blood. He says: "During an experience in the East that extended over three years, where I saw every variety of Arab, from the pure bred Nejed to the Persian, I never knew one that was a good trotter, or gifted with knee-action. Their paces are principally walking, galloping, and cantering; their movements being too close to the ground to excel in the trot.

"The districts where the high-caste Arab is reared is undulating, sandy, and sparsely covered with vegetation; there the colt and mare can without danger lay well down to gallop.

"But Barbary is rough, rocky, and mountainous, intersected with ravines, and in many portions thickly covered with shrubs. On such ground it would be impossible for a horse to gallop with safety; at any great pace he would be sure to come to grief. To avoid this he trots, keeping his legs well under him, able to turn on one side or the other with great facility. The nature of the ground causes him to raise his feet high at each step. Thus the different action of horses of Barbary and Arabia may be accounted for, assuming that they have a common origin."

In a review of the French army by the late Emperor of the French, at which we were present, soon after he assumed the Imperial crown, the field-officers of infantry regiments which had recently served in Africa were most of them mounted on Barb ponies, many of them not more than 13 hands high, with nothing to attract admiration except their astonishing manes and tails, some of which actually swept the ground. We found amongst French gentlemen engaged in breeding race-horses quite as great a dislike to the Arab cross as amongst English.

The Shah of Persia, when visiting England, brought with him two Persian horses, which, by the kindness of Colonel Maude, the Crown Equerry, we had an opportunity of closely examining,

The Shah's favourite riding-horse was a dark chestnut stallion, about 14 hands high, on short legs, well crested, very powerful, and with the peculiar picturesque style of tail of the Arab, but in other respects not to be distinguished from an English thoroughbred; his head, although very blood-like, not having the Arab character—the wide flat forehead and comparatively small muzzle. The other, which was "the Shah's war-horse," was a stallion, about 15 hands 1 inch high, grey, or rather with a white body and fleabitten neck, and a head of the true Arabian character; powerful limbs, showing work about the hocks, and a flag magnificently carried. The chestnut might have been a valuable sire for breeding ponies; neither had good action,

or any action at all according to our sense of the term. They were supposed to be each worth £1,000, or nearly four times the value of a blood English hack of the same quality and superior action.

Major Thomas Francis, who was for some time at the head of the Remount Department at Bombay, writes in reference to the very common-looking (Arab?) animal which has been engraved on the next page, from an original picture in our possession by Zeitter, a German artist, who lived some time in British India: "The horse in your picture (of a Belooch chief) is a Persian with a lot of good Arab blood in him. The Persian is the best animal to be purchased in Bombay as a hack and carriage-horse. The Government used to buy as many as they could get, at 550 rupees each (£55), at Bombay, to mount the dragoons and artillery. They are from 14 hands 2 inches to 15 hands 2 inches high, and better roadsters and chargers, and stronger than the ordinary run of Arabs. The best bred Arabs seldom exceed 14 hands 2 inches, and are more frequently under that height, although I have known a few to reach 15 hands 1 inch. A well-bred, well-shaped Arab was worth £200 in my time, and I believe they are now dearer. No breed of horses has such a hardy constitution as the Arab, and stands the alternations of temperature, heat, and rain so well; but the Persian is nearly as hardy, and a far pleasanter hack to ride."*

This picture of the Persian horse is very like a chestnut entire pony, under 14 hands, which was long well known with the Queen's Hounds as the "Little Wonder." He carried his fore-hand quite low, in the ugly style of the Persian; he was cat-hammed and goose-rumped; in fact, except his blood head and well-carried tail, very mean-looking; and yet he could gallop like a race-horse, jump wide places that would stop the best part of a field, and never tired in the longest day. On one occasion, carrying ten stone, in a field of four hundred, with the Queen's Hounds, in a run in which nine-tenths of the field were pumped out and squandered all over the country, he galloped up in the second flight when the deer was being taken; that is to say, five horsemen arrived, some on their second horses, first, and then a little clump led by one of the Yeomen Prickers. Little Wonder was the first to get his wind, and begin to crop the grass at the side of the pond where the deer was at bay.

This pony was reported to be out of a West Country pony by an Arab; but every Oriental horse, Turk, Barb, or Egyptian bred, is called an Arab in this country.

The late General Angerstein spent £10,000 and devoted many years in trying to improve the English blood-horse by crosses of Arab blood, without ever succeeding in producing either a race-horse or a good hunter. We have seen several of his breed, which were graceful little weeds, fit for park hacks to carry eight or nine stone at the utmost. One full-sized, purchased at the sale after General Angerstein's death, was converted by Messrs. Sangers, the circus proprietors, into a remarkable performing manége horse.

The best Arabs we have had an opportunity of examining may be divided into two classes—those scarcely to be distinguished from English thoroughbreds, of perfect symmetry and fine quality, but not up to weight; and those of equal quality, built like weight-carrying hacks.

In the first category we should place an Arab exhibited in 1869 by Lady Ann Spiers, in the class for stallions under 15 hands: "Farhan (Joyous), a bay, with black legs, 14 hands 3 inches high, seven years old," of the breed of the blood-horses of the Anazehs, "purchased through the British consul at Damascus, and valued at one thousand guineas, to which the first prize was awarded."

* "I think from what I have seen of the horses from the frontiers of Persia, that a profitable speculation might be made by purchasing them for the English market, and taking them home in vessels which are now carrying out iron for the railroads of that country."—*Travels on the Frontiers of Persia, by Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, K.C.B.* 1872.

Farhan was a perfect specimen of a blood riding-horse, with none of the usual defects of conformation of the Arabs imported, and much resembling a compact English blood-horse, with very good action; he was very docile, and allowed the groom to mount him bare-backed. The late Earl of Zetland came to see him, and examined him very closely. He said that he was the best of the kind he had ever seen. This horse has since been purchased by Mr. Dangar, and exported to New South Wales as a stallion.

Mr. Adrian Hope exhibited, in the same class, a very handsome black Arab of much the same character, an inch less in height, with a pedigree traced "from a filly once ridden by

PERSIAN HORSE.

the Prophet Mahomed," of which he said, "On her back is majesty, and in her womb a treasure." This Arab has up to the present time been regularly ridden as a charger by Mr. Hope with a regiment of the City of London rifle volunteers, in which he holds a commission as lieutenant-colonel.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., exhibited, in 1864, a bay Arab, ten years old, about 14 hands 3 inches high, bred by the Sheikh of the Wahabees, purchased when Sir Henry was Resident at Bagdad, stated "to have a pedigree of four hundred years." A grey Arab, of about the same size, stamp, and pace, was exhibited at the same time by Mrs. Harriet Turnbull, whose riding-horse it had been in India, said to be of the purest Nejed breed. Both these horses showed the fine quality and Arab character, especially in their heads and set of their tails; yet were up to great weight—in a word, they were what would be called thorough-bred weight-carrying hacks.

The bay was exceedingly docile, and a capital hack; but Mrs. Turnbull's grey would allow no one but herself to mount him.

In 1872 Mr. J. M. Clayworth, of Birmingham, exhibited a grey Arab, "Magdala," 14 hands 3 inches; a good hack, and little hunter in the Warwickshire county, which he had himself imported from Egypt. With the highest quality, Magdala had the back and loins of a weight-carrier, capital hack action, and was very much admired by two such judges of pony hacks as Lord Calthorpe and Mr. F. Winn Knight, M.P. A hundred guineas were offered for Magdala on one occasion, and refused.

These were as unlike the ordinary run of goose-rumped, cat-hammed, calf-kneed Arab ponies, imported at vast expense from the East, as the most celebrated thorough-bred steeplechase horses, are unlike the daisy-cutting weeds that are kept to win or lose handicap races of five furlongs.

In considering the merits of the best Arabs—common ones are the most worthless brutes alive—we must always remember that every one in England who breeds for profit wishes to produce either a cart-horse, or a race-horse, or a hunter, or a carriage-horse; and that he desires them all to be over rather than under 15 hands 2 inches high. For the purposes of race-horses, hunters, and carriage-horses, we have within this kingdom all the quality and endurance we require, if we make proper use of our best materials.

CHILDE'S GREY ARABIAN.

The following account of the one Arabian celebrated in the traditions of Leicestershire hunting was furnished by Mr. Frederick Winn Knight, M.P., son of the gentleman who sold the horse to Mr. Childe, the author of the modern system of riding straight to hounds—a system which has completely altered the character of the English hunter. The old system was to take timber with a standing jump, and all leaps with a care and deliberation quite unknown to those who aspire to be in the first flight with foxhounds in what are called flying countries, to distinguish them from those hilly regions intersected by small enclosures and embankments, where the boldest horsemen are compelled to creep, and even to dismount.

"All sporting authors agree that Mr. Childe, of Kinlet Hall, in Shropshire, was the father of the present system of *straight* riding to hounds. He was familiarly known as 'Straight Childe' and the 'Flying Childe.' He was one of Mr. Meynell's earliest followers to Melton, and for many years was the undoubted leader of the Melton fields. He only left Lincolnshire, and retired to the mastership of a pack of foxhounds in Shropshire, when later in life he found himself unable to keep his old place in front of Villiers, Cholmondeley, Forester, Germaine, and others, his pupils in the art of riding to hounds. But it is not so generally known that Mr. Childe's best horse, in the palmiest days of the Quorn under Old Meynell, was a thorough-bred Arab; although the 'Druid,' usually well-informed in such matters, has described him as a half-bred Arab. The story runs thus:—

"Lord Pigott, of Patsull, in Shropshire, who died Governor of Madras, passed most of his life in India. He sent home from time to time a selection of the best Arab horses and mares he could procure in the East, and with them established a small breeding-stud at Patsull. At the time of his violent death in India, there were a number of young Arabs of various ages running unbroken in Patsull Park.

"The whole stud was sold by Lord Pigott's executors, and the horse in question was purchased at the sale, as a four-year old, by Captain Speke, of East Lackington, near Taunton, a scion of the same family that has since produced the great African explorer. Captain Speke was then

quartered at Kidderminster, and rode the young Arab for one season with the harriers of my father, Mr. John Knight, of Wolverley. On his regiment being suddenly ordered to India in the spring, the horse was sold for him by Mr. Knight to his kinsman and neighbour, Mr. Childe, for the sum of £25.

"The little grey, as described by an old sportsman who knew him well, was hardly 15 hands high, and small below the knees, yet with large knees and hocks, and singularly powerful back and loins. He was a surprising jumper; yet his pre-eminence depended chiefly on his peculiar manner of galloping over deep ground without sinking into it. His owner named him 'Skim,' from this power of skimming over the surface while other horses were struggling along fetlock deep.

"Mr. Childe, who rode about twelve stone, at first declined to buy him, thinking him too small for a hunter, and afterwards bought him to ride in the Park. But when the horse came to Melton in the autumn, his superiority and lasting qualities soon became apparent, and for a series of years Childe's grey Arabian was the leading horse in most of the famous runs of that era, so celebrated in the annals of English fox-hunting."

RUNJEET SINGH'S CHARGER.

The following description of the favourite charger of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the "Lion of Lahore"—whose heir and representative, Dhuleep Singh, has become an English gentleman and sportsman—by Lieutenant W. C. Macdougall, of the H.E.I.C. Stud Department, 1858, shows how different are English and Oriental tastes in horses:—

"Cabouterah, a grey stallion, 14 hands 1 inch high, Dhunnée breed, supposed to be thirty-five years of age, formerly the property of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, and now in the stables of the Maharajah of Puttecallah, is an active, well-proportioned horse, with a good wiry leg; short in the cannon-bone; rather full in the hocks (but considering his great age, and that his powers for the last eighteen years have been overtaxed as a stallion, the wonder is how his hocks have remained so sound); very broad under the hock, showing great power; well-loined, broad-chested; has a long neck and tremendous crest, sloping shoulders, but too thick for our ideas of symmetry, a Roman nose, large prominent eyes, very pricked ears; has a beautiful temper, is very impetuous, but without any vice.

"Cabouterah, to a Sikh, is the very perfection of a horse, and derives his name from his carriage being supposed to resemble that of a pigeon ('*cabouter*').

"The real 'Dhunnee breed' is now almost extinct. Formerly, this description of horse was much sought after by all the Punjab chieftains.

"The horse is now as fat as possible, and is fed on two and a half pounds of sugar, two and a half pounds of fine flour (*maidah*), and one and a half pounds of clarified butter (*ghee*), besides sweetmeats of all sorts. He can neither eat grain nor grass.

"Cabouterah is an enormous favourite with the Sikhs, who treat him with the greatest kindness, and are loud in his praise. The horse will put back his ears, champ his bit, lash his tail, paw the ground, and show every symptom of rage, and in this state rush open-mouthed at any one calling his name, but upon reaching them he stands to be patted, until some one else attracts his attention.

"I consider this horse's age to be fully thirty-five years. It is eighteen years since the death of Runjeet Singh, and the Maharajah of Puttecallah informed me that the horse was very old when he came into the possession of his father—when a native allows a horse to be aged, he must be very, very old."

SYRIAN ARABS.

During the Crimean War some officers were sent to Syria to buy horses. They were provided with firmans from the Turkish Government, interpreters, horse-dealers accustomed to the ways of the desert, and an ample supply of English gold, with which they paid on the completion of each transaction. They formed camps in different convenient stations, made their errand known, and had opportunities of seeing the best horse-produce of the Bedouin tribes in that part of Asia, such as no single person, however powerful, could possibly enjoy.*

The dealings were principally carried on with the Anazeh tribe, amongst whom, "although the chiefs and men of wealth ride with Turkish saddles and bits, the appointments of the poorer men's horses consist of a coarse pad of ragged dirty cloth; a thin leather, slightly stuffed to form a seat, pommel, and cantle, girthed with a bit of coarse web, with sometimes a breast-band, forms the saddle, without any stirrups. The bridle consists of a halter, with a noseband of rusty iron links, without anything in the shape of a bit. A single rope or thong attached to this acts as a rein, and also to tether the horse when required. These accoutrements were often perfectly free of ornament, but, on the other hand, were sometimes decorated with long black and white tassels, like old-fashioned bell-pulls, suspended by ropes, which almost allowed them to sweep the ground, with red cloth and ostrich feathers stuck all over the head-stall, and more frequently with a little short frizzy black plume set between the ears.

"When armed for war the horseman carries a light lance, at least twelve feet in length. The Anazeh does not exist who does not possess a spear; but when riding unarmed, the Anazeh always carries a small short stick with a crook at the end, with which he appears to guide his horse.

"The horses are small, seldom rising above 14 hands 1 inch, but they are fine, and have great power and size for their height. They would not be much admired by a purely English horseman. Indeed, Arab horses imported to England at a fabulous cost are constantly passed over as 'ponies.' The English and the Arab horse look each absurd by turns, as the eye has grown accustomed to the other; but, to my eye, accustomed for some time to rest on nothing but the Eastern horse, they seem to exceed all that I have yet seen in point of beauty. Stallions used to be led into our camp looking like horses in a picture—the limbs flat, broad, and powerful; deep below the knee, small and fine about the fetlock, of a beauty and cleanness of outline, enough alone to stamp blood on their possessor; the neck light, yet arched; the flanks closely ribbed up; the tail carried out with a sweep like the curve of a palm branch; and the small head terminating in large nostrils, always snorting and neighing.

"It was a beautiful sight to see one of them, when he got wind of another stallion, draw himself up, with his neck arched, his ears pointed, and his eyes almost starting out of his head; his rigid stillness contrasting curiously with his evident readiness to break out into furious action. Noble, knightly, heroic!—an incarnation of fiery energy; a steed that Saladin might have mounted, and that would have matched his master!

"Grey of various shades, bay, chestnut, and brown, are the ordinary colours of the Arab horse; the commonest of all is a dark uniform nutmeg grey. Light grey, verging upon white, is not peculiar to old horses. Next in frequency to grey comes bay and chestnut, both fine and rich in quality, the latter so prized that Arabs have a saying that if you hear of a horse performing some remarkable feat, you will be sure, on inquiring, to find that he is a chestnut. In my register of horses bought from the Anazeh, I find one black, a colour so rare that if I had merely trusted

* "Blackwood's Magazine," 1859.

to my recollection I should have said I never saw a black horse in the desert. I saw no other colours except a skewbald, and cannot say whether he was an Anazeh or belonging to some of the tribes where the purity of the breed can less be depended on.

"Besides the Arabs, in our neighbourhood were found the wandering Turcomans, a nomadic people, whose forefathers came into Syria to help to resist the Crusaders; and to this day they speak not Arabic but Turkish. They possess camels, goats, cattle, and horses. The latter brutes, not taller than Arabs, are heavy and clumsy, with coarse heads, very drooping hind-quarters, legs long below the knee, and draggled, ill-carried tails. They are almost all geldings, shy, obstinate, and vicious; the mares are better-looking, but coarse and *Flemish*.

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"Our encampment soon assumed the appearance of a horse fair. In the background were the snow-streaked mountains of the Druses; to our front a grassy plain, dotted with flocks and herds; coming over a distant ridge a party of the monkey-like Anazehs, their long spears over their shoulders, their high-bred horses at a walk; near at hand a group of Turcomans, distinguished by greater size and less dirty clothing, held ugly mares and uglier geldings, accoutred with gaudily-coloured worsted head-stall, with mameluke bits, and saddles with high pommel and cantle, and shovel stirrup-irons.

"All the horses offered to us for sale by the Bedouins were stallions. I do not at this moment remember having seen a gelding in their possession; and although they frequently rode mares into our camp, they never offered them to us. The last circumstance, I believe, is owing to the estimation in which they hold their mares as a source of national wealth, and to the fact of 'public opinion' having set itself so strongly against letting the breed fall into other hands by selling them, that no individual ventures to do so. Sentimental or affectionate feeling, I should imagine, is very little concerned in the matter. I never saw the slightest trace of any feeling of dislike on the part of the Arab to parting with his horse, provided the price was good. Once let him see a satisfactory heap of gold, and he turns his beast over to you, and his whole faculties to seeing that you do not cheat him of the tenth part of a piastre on the bargain; and never, in all probability, casts a look on his horse again, unless with the object of instituting a squabble as to whether or not he is to carry off the halter.

"None of the people of these parts are easy to deal with; but the Anazeh are the most difficult of all. Suppose that you ask the price of a horse. If the owner condescends to put a price upon him, it is about three times what he means to take; frequently he refuses to do it all, but tells you to make an offer. You do so; he receives it with contempt, and the word 'Béïd' ('Far off'), pronounced with a lengthened emphasis, 'Bé-i...d,' that sets strongly before you the enormous inadequacy of your proposal. You raise your price, and a contention of bargaining ensues, which is terminated by the owner riding off with his horse as if he never meant to come back any more. After a time greater or less—in an hour or two, to-morrow, or or the day after—you find that he has come back. A fresh battle ensues, which (if it is not interrupted by a second riding off) ends in the price being fixed. All is settled; the owner seems quite content; you proceed to mark the horse, when, lo! his late master, suddenly stung by the intolerable thought that he has perhaps got less than he possibly might, seizes and drags off his beast in a fury, mounts, and goes off again. Again he returns, and again, finding you inexorable, agrees for the same sum. Again you want to mark the horse; and now he raises a dreadful outcry to be paid first. You consent, and call him into the tent. In he comes, attended by one or two friends and counsellors, sages supposed to be learned in Frank coins, and wide awake to the ring of a bad piece. All solemnly squat on the ground, and you proceed to count out the gold.

"The huffiness exhibited by Bedouins in their horse-dealing transactions, in a great measure the outburst of an insolent, overbearing nature, is seldom able to stand its ground permanently against the greater strength of their passion for money. Of a hundred Bedouins that ride off in a fury as resolved never to set eyes on you again, ninety-nine will come back again. Perhaps the hundredth will not. A Bedouin brought a horse of extraordinary size for an Arab into the camp. I did not much admire, but a sum equal to £100 was offered for him. The owner, a breechless savage, in a sort of dirty night-shirt, rode away in wrath, and we never saw him again.

"The sum total of horses bought by us in the desert was one hundred. Of these, seventy-two were Anazeh, from the Wulad Ali and the Rowallas; the remainder from the tribes of Serhan and Beni Sakhr, and from men of doubtful tribe. The following statements refer to the Anazeh alone. The highest price paid was £71 17s. This was given for each of two horses bought by private hand, of which one was the finest that I saw in the desert. Putting these aside, the highest price was a little more than £50, and the average price about £34. The average height was 14 hands 1½ inch, and the commonest age four and five years; but this would be an over-estimate both of the height and age of the mass of Anazeh horses offered for sale, as we selected the biggest and the oldest. Many of the horses brought were two and three years old, and might have been bought at much lower prices. Of the different breeds, the Kahailan seemed to be the most numerous, the Soklawye the most esteemed.

"The Anazeh inflict a temporary disfigurement upon their young horses by cropping the hair of the tail quite short, after the cadgerly fashion creeping in amongst English hunters; but leave the tails of the full-grown animals to attain their natural length. They denied being in the habit of making, as they are commonly believed to do, fire-marks on their horses for purposes of distinction; and denied also all knowledge of grounds for a report which I have seen brought forward very lately, viz., that English horses had been used to improve the breed. The foals, they said, though dropped most frequently in spring, were yet produced all the year round, in consequence of which the age of their horses dated from the actual day of birth, and not from any particular season of the year.

"With the exception of one Anazeh vicious at his pickets, I remember no instance of an Arab horse showing vice towards mankind.

"We had an Italian horse-dealer with us, a great black-bearded man, one Angelo Peterlini. He was a good and useful man in his way; well acquainted with the dodges and mysteries of Bedouin horse-dealing; cunning in guessing the price that an Arab would take for his horse, and careful to offer him only the half, that he might work up the other half in process of bargaining; sharp-sighted in detecting the two or three 'unlucky' hairs which in Bedouin estimation might lower the value of a horse, and as pertinacious in making them tell upon the price as if he believed in them; in fact, altogether well acquainted with the Bedouins, and monstrously polite to them before their faces, but with, at heart, a horror of them unspeakable (by anybody of less gifts of eloquence than himself), and with the intensest aversion to anything of the nature of what he called a '*baruffa*' with them. Dogs, thieves, hogs, *canaille*, people of the devil—I wish I could convey the magnificent and sonorous emphasis with which he rolled out these and other epithets upon them behind their backs, or the ingenuity with which he framed speeches setting forth their precise relationship with the Fiend, and the exact nature of a most curious connection with the hogs which he attributed to them.

"I must add a postscript. Do not let any man, because I have rated the average price of an Anazeh horse at £34, suppose that £34 is to buy him a striking specimen of the race; or, because I have described the Anazeh horses as fine, imagine that the very fine ones are anything but the

exception to the rule. With the Arab horse, as with everything else in the world, the average is grievously removed from the ideal, and all that you want above it you must pay for. Finally, let any one who may be tempted to seek for an Arab horse in his native deserts remember that though we, buying horses by the hundred, could attract numbers of sellers to our camp, it does not follow that he, in search of a solitary animal, could do anything of the kind, or, indeed, that he could draw together a sufficient number to offer him a reasonable choice; and above all, if he wish to avoid tribulation, let him receive as great truths all Angelo Peterlini's remarks upon the Bedouins, and shape his course so as—if he will take *my* advice—to keep perfectly clear of them."

Having given an extract which conveys so unfavourable an idea of the moral qualities of the Bedouin, of whom we have been accustomed to read such picturesque and romantic accounts, it is right to add that the British cavalry officer's admiration for the Anazeh as a horseman is unbounded; and I give his description here, although the subject does not properly come within the contents of this chapter.

"His horsemanship, when he chooses to display it, is very striking and curious. He puts his horse to the gallop; leaning very much forward, and clinging with his naked legs and heels round the flanks, he comes past you at speed, his brown shanks bare up to the thigh, his stick brandished in his hand, and his ragged robes flying behind; then, checking the pace, he turns right and left at a canter, pulls up, increases or diminishes his speed, and with his bitless halter exhibits, if not the power of flinging his horse dead upon his haunches, possessed by the Turks and other bit-using Orientals, at all events, much more control over the animal than an English dragoon attains to with his heavy bit. On these occasions, it appeared to me that the halter served to check, and the stick to guide; but I have seen the same feats performed when the horseman was carrying the lance, and, consequently, was without his stick. Our purchases in the desert amounted to one hundred horses; amongst all I saw tried, I never saw one attempt to pull, or show the least want of docility.

"Most horsemen will admit that this is an extraordinary performance, and that none will allow it more readily than those who are acquainted with the Arab horse as he appears in our hands in India, where—so far as I may trust my own experience—he is hot, and inclined to pull. Why should he display this failing with us, and not with his original masters? My own impression is that the secret lies in the different temper of the English and the Bedouin horseman. The Bedouin (and every other race of Orientals that I am acquainted with seems to possess somewhat of the same quality) exhibits a patience towards his horse as remarkable as the impatience and roughness of the Englishman. I am not inclined to put it to his credit in a moral point of view; I do not believe that it results from affection for the animal, or from self-restraint; he is simply without the feeling of irritability which prompts the English horseman to acts of brutality. In his mental organisation some screw is tight which in the English mind is loose; he is sane on a point where the Englishman is slightly cracked, and he rides on serene and contented where the latter would go into a paroxysm of swearing and spurring. I have seen an Arab stallion, broken loose at a moment when our camp was thronged with horses brought for sale, turn the whole concern topsy-turvy, and reduce it to one tumult of pawing and snorting and belligerent screeching; and I never yet saw the captor, when he finally got hold of the halter, show the least trace of anger, or do otherwise than lead the animal back to his pickets with perfect calmness. Contrast this with the 'job' in the mouth, and the kick in the ribs, and the curse that the English groom would bestow under similar circumstances, and you have, in a great measure, the secret of the good temper of the Arab horse in Arab hands."

WAHABEE HORSES.

In 1865, Mr. William Giffard Palgrave, formerly an officer in the Indian army, published an account of a journey through Central and Eastern Arabia, and his stay, disguised as an Oriental, in the capital of the Wahabees, the most bigoted tribe of Mahomedans, from which the following account of the purest race of Arabs is extracted. He describes a type which has rarely if ever been seen in England :—

"During this time I got a sight of the royal stables, an event much desired and eagerly welcomed, for the Nejed horse is considered no less superior to all others of his kind in Arabia than is the Arabian breed collectively to the Persian, Cape of Good Hope, or Indian. In Nejed is the true birthplace of the Arab steed, the primal type, the authentic model—thus, at any rate, I heard, and thus, so far at least as my experience goes, it appears to me, although I am aware that distinguished authorities maintain another view; but at any rate among all the studs of Nejed, Feysul's was indisputably the first, and who sees that has seen the most consummate specimens of equine perfection in Arabia, perhaps in the world. It happened that a mare in the imperial stud had received a bite close behind the shoulder from some sportive comrade, and the wound, ill-dressed and ill-managed, had festered into a sore, puzzling the most practised Nejdean farriers. One morning, while Barakat and myself were sitting in Abdallah's *le-hawah*, a groom entered to give the prince the daily bulletin of his stables. Abdallah turned towards me and inquired whether I would undertake the cure. Gladly I accepted the proposal of visiting the patient, though limiting my proffer of services to a simple inspection, and declining systematic interference with what properly belonged to the veterinary province. The prince gave his orders accordingly, and in the afternoon a groom, good-natured as grooms generally are, knocked at our door and conducted me straight to the stables. These are situated some way out of the town to the north-east, a little to the left of the road which we had followed at our first arrival, and not far from the gardens of Abd-er-rahman the Wahabee. They cover a large square space, about 150 yards each way, and are open in the centre, with a long shed running round the inner walls; under this covering the horses, about three hundred in number when I saw them, are picketed during the night, in the day-time they may stretch their legs at pleasure within the central court-yard. The greater number were accordingly loose; a few, however, were tied-up at their stalls; some, but not many, had horse-cloths over them. The heavy dews which fall in Wadi Haneefah do not permit their remaining with impunity in the open air; I was told also that a northerly wind will occasionally injure the animals here, no less then the land wind does now and then their brethren in India. About half the royal stud were present before me, the rest were out at grass. Feysul's entire muster is reckoned at six hundred head, or rather more. No Arab dreams of tying up a horse by the neck; a tether replaces the halter, and one of the animals hind-legs is encircled about the pastern by a light iron ring, furnished with a padlock, and connected with an iron chain of two feet or thereabouts in length, ending in a rope, which is fastened to the ground at some distance by an iron peg. Such is the customary method, but should the animal be restless and troublesome, a fore-leg is put under similar restraint. It is well known that in Arabia horses are much less frequently vicious or refractory than in Europe, and this is the reason why geldings are here so rare, though not unknown; no particular prejudice that I could discover exists against the operation itself, only it is seldom performed because not otherwise necessary, and tending of course to diminish the value of the animal. But to return to the horses now before us, never had I seen or imagined so lovely a collection. Their stature was indeed somewhat low; I do not think that any came fully up to 15 hands, 14 hands seemed about their average, but they were so exquisitely well shaped that

want of greater size seemed hardly a defect. Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, 'go raving mad about it;' a little, a very little, saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness, without any weakness; a head broad above and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of drinking from a pint pot, did pint pots exist in Nejed; a most intelligent, and yet a singularly gentle look; full eye; sharp, thorn-like, little ear; legs, fore and hind, that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out, at a perfect arch; coat smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown or heavy; and an air and step that seems to say, 'Look at me; am I not pretty?' Their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry. The prevailing colours were chestnut or grey, a light bay, an iron colour; white or black were less common; full bay, flea-bitten, or piebald, none. But if asked what are, after all, the specially distinctive points of the Nejdee horse, I should reply the slope of the shoulder, the extreme cleanness of the shank, and the full rounded haunch; though every other part too has a perfection and a harmony unwitnessed, at least by my eyes, anywhere else.

"Unnecessary to say that I had often met, and after a fashion studied, horses throughout this journey; but I purposely deferred saying much about them till this occasion. At Hazel, and in Djebel Shomer, I found very good examples of what is commonly called the Arab horse; a fine breed, and from among which purchases are made every now and then by Europeans—princes, peers, and commoners—often at astounding prices. These are for the most part the produce of a mare from Djebel Shomer or its neighbourhood and a Nejdean stallion, sometimes the reverse, but never, it would seem—although here I am, of course, open to correction by the logic of facts—through Nejdee on both sides. With all their excellences, these horses are less systematically elegant, nor do I remember having ever seen one among them free from some one weak point—perhaps a little heaviness in the shoulder; perhaps a slight falling off in the rump; perhaps a shelly or a contracted hoof, or too small an eye. Their height, also, is much more varied, some of them attain sixteen hands, others are down to fourteen. Every one knows the customary divisions of their pedigrees—Manakee, Siklamee, Hamdanee, Tareypee, and so forth; I myself made a list of these names during a residence, some years previous, among the Sebaa and Ruala Bedouins, nor did I find any difference worth noting between what was then told me and the accounts usually given by travellers and authors on this topic. Nor did the Bedouins fail to recite their oft-repeated legends about Salaman's stables, &c.; but I am inclined to consider the greater part of these very pedigrees, and still more the antiquity of their origin, as comparatively recent inventions, and of small credit, got up for the market by Bedouins or townsmen; nor is a Kahlanee mare by any means a warrant for a Kahlanee stallion. Crossing the breed is an everyday occurrence, even in Shomar. Once arrived at this last district I heard no more of Siklamee, Delhamee, or any other like genealogies; nor were Salaman's stables better known to fame than those of Augeus in Nejed. I was distinctly assured that prolonged lists of pedigrees were never kept, and that all inquiries about race are limited to the assurance of a good father and a good mother; 'as for Salaman,' added the groom, 'he was much more likely to have taken the horses from us than we from him'—a remark which proved in him who made it a certain amount of historical criticism. In a word, to be a successful jockey in Nejed requires about the same degree of investigation and knowledge that it would in Yorkshire, and no more, perhaps less, considering the stud-books. The genuine Nejdean breed, so far as I have hitherto found, is to be met with only in Nejed itself. Nor are these animals common even there; none but chiefs or individuals of considerable wealth and rank possess them. Nor are they ever sold, at least so all declare; and when I asked how then one could be acquired, 'By war, by

legacy, or free gift,' was the answer. In this last manner alone is there a possibility of an isolated specimen leaving Nejed, but even that is seldom; and when policy requires a present to Egypt, Persia, or Constantinople—a circumstance of which I witnessed two instances, and heard of others—mares are never sent; the poorest stallions, though deserving to pass elsewhere for real beauties, are picked out for the purpose.

"Abdallah, Sa-ood, and Mohammed keep their horses in separate stables, each one containing a hundred or thereabouts. After much inquiry and remark, my companion and I came to the conclusion that the total Nejdean horse census would not sum up above five thousand, and

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probably fall short of that number. The fact that here the number of horsemen in an army is perfectly inconsiderable when compared to that of the camel-riders, may be adduced in confirmation, especially since in Nejed horses are never used except for war or parade, while all work and other drudgery falls on camels, sometimes on asses.

"Pretty stories have been circulated about the familiarity existing between Arabs (Bedouins in particular) and their steeds—how the foal at its birth is caught in the hands of bystanders, not allowed to fall to the ground; how it plays with children of the house; eats and drinks with its master; how he tends it when indisposed, whilst it no doubt returns him a similar service when occasion requires. That the Arab horse is much gentler, and, in a general way, more intelligent than the close-stabled, blinkered, harnessed, condemned-cell-prisoned animal of merry England I willingly admit. Matters, alas, cannot be otherwise. Brought up in close contact with men, and enjoying the comparatively free use of his senses and limbs, the Arab quadruped is in a

fair way for developing to full advantage whatever feeling and instinct good blood brings with it, nor does this often fail to occur. If, however, we come to the particular incidents of Arab horse life just alluded to, they certainly form no general rule or etiquette in practice. Nor would any Arab be the worse thought of for rapping his mare over the nose if she thrust it into his porridge, or for leaving Nature to do the office of midwife when she is in an interesting condition. Still, I do not mean to say that the creditable anecdotes immortalised in so many books may not, perhaps, take place here and there; but, to quote an Arab poet, 'I never saw the like, nor ever heard.' For my own personal experience, it goes no farther than feeding Arab horses out of my hand, not dish, and prevailing on them, better than the spirits of the vasty deep, to come when I did call for them. The rest I cannot help classing, though reluctantly, with many other tales of the desert. After a delightful hour passed in walking up and down among these beautiful creatures, attended by grooms professionally sensible to all the excellences of horseflesh, I examined the iron-grey mare in question, saw another whose appetite was ailing, prescribed a treatment (which, if it did no good, could certainly do no harm), and left the stables with longing, lingering looks behind, whither, however, I subsequently paid not unfrequent visits befitting to a doctor.

"Farther on, when we cross the eastern and southern limits of Toweyk, we find the Arab breed rapidly losing in beauty and perfection, in size and strength. The specimens of indigenous race that I saw in Oman considerably resembled the "tatties" of India; but in the eastern angle of Arabia the deficiency of horses is in a way made up for by the dromedaries of that land. Nejdee horses are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed, in this latter quality none come up to them. To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drink and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labour conjoined, under the burning Arabian sky, for forty-eight hours at a stretch, is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of the breed. Besides, they have a delicacy, I cannot say of mouth, for it is common to ride them without bit or bridle, but of feeling, and obedience to the knee and thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, far surpassing whatever the most elaborate manége gives a European horse, though furnished with snaffle, curb, and all. I often mounted them at the invitation of their owners, and, without saddle, rein, or stirrup, set them off at full gallop, wheeled them round, brought them up in mid-career at a dead halt, and that without the least difficulty, or the smallest want of correspondence between the horses' movements and my own. The rider on their backs really feels himself the man-half of a centaur, not a distinct being. This is in great part owing to the Arab system of breaking-in, much preferable to the European in conferring pliancy and perfect tractability; nor is mere speed much valued in a horse, unless it be united with the above qualities, since, whether in the contest of an Arab race, or in the pursuit and flight of war, doubling is much more the rule than going ahead, at least for any distance. Much the same training is required for the sport of the *djereed*—that tournament of the East—and which, as I witnessed it in Nejed, differed in nothing from the exhibitions frequent in Syria and Egypt, except that the palm-stick or *djereed* itself is a little lighter. I should add that in the stony plateaus of Nejed horses are always shod, but the shoe is clumsy and heavy. The hoof is very slightly pared, and the number of nails put in is invariably six. Were not the horn excellent, Nejdean farriery would lame many a fine horse."

THE DONGOLA.

There is one Oriental blood-horse to which the term "pony" does not apply. Attention was first called to the Dongola by James Bruce, the traveller in Abyssinia. He described the first horse he purchased as a black Dongola horse, 16½ hands high, fully equal to his weight with his

heavy Turkish saddle and arms, this must have been some sixteen or seventeen stone (Bruce was over six feet high), with lofty action, but not remarkable for speed.

"Some few years after the publication of Bruce's Travels, Mr. John Knight, who afterwards purchased Exmoor, being at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, the eminent naturalist and companion of Cook in his first voyage round the world, Lord Moreton, an enthusiast in horse-breeding, Lords Headley and Dundas being also of the party; the conversation turned on the book of the day, and Bruce's description of the big Nubian horse. It ended in their each writing a cheque for £250, and handing them over to Sir Joseph Banks on account of the expenses of bringing over some specimens of the Dongolas.

"The matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Salt, the British consul in Egypt. After a delay of some years, and an expense of several thousand pounds, eleven Dongolas—five stallions and six mares—arrived in England. Mr. Knight purchased Lord Headley's share, and became possessed of two stallions and three mares. They fully answered Bruce's description, were 16 hands high, with the quality of skin of a blood-horse; had rather long legs, with white stockings, and the action of a 'school-horse,' right up to the curb-chain. The Nubian groom who accompanied them used to perform a trick common amongst Oriental horsemen; gallop them at a wall in the riding-school, and stop them dead with the cruel Turkish curb.

Some of the produce of these Dongolas, out of well-bred English mares, turned out hunters of remarkable endurance and speed. General the Marquis of Anglesea admired them very much, but he was a fanatic on the subject of manége riding, which may account for his taste.

Mr. Winn Knight, M.P., has permitted us to copy for one of the coloured illustrations of this work a portrait of the Dongola stallion, executed for his father by the celebrated animal painter, James Ward, R.A., in 1828. He writes, on sending the picture, "With the black Dongola horse, Mahmoud, came a bay, which, like the black, stood over a good deal at the knees. He was castrated, and I hunted him for several years on Exmoor with the wild stag hounds. He went well, and never tired. The black was in Scotland with Lord Moreton before he came to us, and was an old horse then."

The picture of Mahmoud is, in Mr. Knight's opinion, very faithful—certainly it is not a flattering portrait, and, in our humble opinion, offers no temptation for a repetition of the experiment. Probably this horse, with his bright eye, burnished black coat, and fiery action, produced an effect which could not be translated on canvas. But the portrait is a curiosity, because it suggests the origin of a peculiar breed of horses which are still carefully preserved by several families of the Spanish nobility.

A friend who has recently travelled in Nubia states that the tall black-and-white prancing horses are by no means rare there, and might easily be procured if required.

ARAB SIRES TO CROSS THOROUGH-BRED MARES.

The question of making use of Arab sires or Arab mares to improve the British blood-horse will more properly be considered in the chapter on Breeding. It is an idea that seems to crop up vigorously from time to time, and then die out. In 1864 a Scotch correspondent of the defunct "Sporting Magazine," who had recently imported two Arab mares by way of experiment, sent the following letter from Aleppo:—

"I have made five experiments in horses here (Aleppo). 1st. Out of thorough-bred English mares by Arabian stallions. 2nd. Out of the best Arab mares by thorough-bred English horses. 3rd. Rearing the best Arab blood on succulent forage, as in England. 4th. Rearing thorough-bred

English stock in the desert on dry food. 5th. Buying colts and fillies superior to those usually sold by the Arabs.

"The first experiment has led to no great results; the produce being merely handsomer than English horses, without being faster than Arabs.

"The second experiment has succeeded occasionally; but out of four, three are leggy, weak, and unfit for racing.

"The third experiment is a complete failure, except in increasing the size. The produce has the defects of the English horse without having the merits of the Arab.

"The fourth experiment is perfectly successful; the stock, though smaller than their parents, being better able to stay a distance. The heat of the desert; the dryness; the constant galloping (from their birth after their dams, and ridden by children from a year and a half); the she-camels' milk with which the Arabs feed their foals (and which they think imparts the camel's endurance); the oxygenation of the blood by being always in the open air; the kind treatment (preventing bad temper, which impedes development); have all a great combined effect in bringing out the good qualities of a horse. A cubic inch of the tibia of a horse so reared weighs twenty per cent. more than stabled stock. I have now a colt out of Test by Touchstone, dam Tarella by Emilius, got by Chilton by Cowl, which I offered a few days ago, in the desert, as a present to any Arab who could catch him. They tried their best, but he ran right away from them. I must say, however, that there were none present of those very superior Arabs which formed my fifth experiment. This fifth experiment is, in my opinion, the surest card of all. One has a greater choice, and need buy nothing without speed and stoutness; whereas, breed what you like, more than half your young stock will never be racers. The fact is this, there is blood and stride in the desert which has never been seen out of it.

"The Indian market is supplied by the Aghel tribe, who go about the desert buying chiefly colts rather than fillies, never paying more than five thousand piastres (£40), and sell with a small profit to the great purchasers at Bagdad and Quaid, who pass them on after a year or two to the Bombay dealers. The Arabs will not give their best blood and figure for that price; in fact, as you will have found out by this time, it is difficult to get them to sell it at all. I am perhaps the only one who has ever succeeded. I help them in their business with the Turkish pachas, prevent oppression, enable them to trade in safety with English exporters of wool; and even, after a deal of trouble on my part, I buy a first-class horse or mare from them as a great favour, and at a long price. I have just sold, for instance, two mares to the Emperor of Russia for £500. One of them was of this class, and cost me £300; she had great speed and stoutness. She belonged to the almost extinct breed of Seglawi Jedran. She would have made a fortune in India; such a stride—15 feet 1 inch. The Arabs say no one ever got such a mare from them before. I have another now in my stable which cost me £300. She is of equal breed (Maneghi Stedrudj), equal height, beauty, and lasting power; but, unfortunately, she has no great speed, otherwise I would propose to send her to you."

From internal evidence we gather that this Scotch correspondent was John Johnstone, Esq., successor of Andrew Johnstone, of Heath Hall, Annandale, the breeder (amongst other turf notabilities) of the celebrated race-horse, Charles XII. Mr. Johnstone kept, and we believe still keeps up, a racing-stud at Sheffield Lane Paddocks, Yorkshire. Before he returned to England he was a celebrity in the Calcutta Hunt Club; famed in songs celebrating the chase of the wild boar, as "Josto, King of Spears;" and very successful on the Indian turf. He bought a celebrated Calcutta Arab race-horse, Minuet, which the "Druid" relates carried his owner, weighing thirteen stone, in a famous run with Sir Watkin Wynne's horse, and could screw through or jump anything,

But a part of Sir Watkin's country is better suited to ponies than full-sized horses; indeed, before a Pytchley huntsman superseded a Welshman, the huntsman in the mountain country frequently rode a pony.

Minuet and other Arabs were put to the stud by Mr. Johnstone; but up to 1873 no race-horse and no remarkable hunter has resulted from experiments tried under very advantageous circumstances.

ARAB AND SPANISH CROSSES.

In the preceding pages we have embodied the opinions of writers who are enthusiastic admirers of the Arab; who have been charmed by his endurance, his fire and courage, and not a little by his picturesqueness, if such a term may be applied to a horse. But we should not do justice to our subject if we did not present the other side of the question, in the words of one who is in all that concerns the horse, in the strictest sense of the word, an *expert*—one who has been engaged in dealing in the best class of horses all his life; who has bred horses, trained them, ridden them, on the road, in the field, and over the steeplechase course; driven, bought, and sold them; who is as much at home in the horse world of Spain and France as of England. These are his answers to our searching questions:—

"Do I like Arabs? No. In my opinion they have not one point to recommend them for use in England, in which they are not excelled by our own thoroughbreds. They are, with very rare exceptions, very bad hacks; they cannot walk without stumbling—in fact, they are always stumbling; they have no true action in either trot or canter; they are slow in their gallop, as compared with any well-bred English blood-horse. They are too small for hunting or for first-class harness, and cannot race with common English platers. All I ever saw were so formed, with the croup higher than the withers, that they rode *downhill*.

"When I was living in Spain, a very great personage, for whom I had procured some high-class Spanish parade-horses, presented me with two Arabs of the highest caste—purchased without limit as to price, in the neighbourhood of Damascus—a black and a grey. They were as handsome at first sight as any picture of Arabs that I ever saw; about 14 hands 3 inches high, very temperate to ride, with great power in their hind-quarters, but wanting that slope in the shoulders, and that proportionate length, breadth, and power in motion which are essential to make first-class riding-action.

"I was living in Spain at that time, and had English thorough-breds and half-breds, Spanish mares of the *carnero* or Don Carlos breed, half-breds between the English blood-horse Kedger (by Colonel Anson's Sheet Anchor) and Spanish mares. These Arabs, which had cost, perhaps, not counting political influence, £1,000 a piece, were inferior in hack-action and as hacks to English or Spanish horses of one-tenth the cost. I rode the grey with a pack of harriers I kept; he was an unpleasant hack, and no hunter. I trained them both, and they were distanced by horses bred out of Spanish mares by my English blood-horse; finally, I put them to the stud, and their produce out of some twenty of my best Spanish mares were inferior in size, early maturity, and market value to the stock of my blood-horse.

"To sum up, Arabs are very bad hacks. They are too small for hunters, even where exceptionally they have hunting conformation; too small and too devoid of elegant action for harness, and too slow for race-horses; as sires, they are inferior to the English blood-horses of power and symmetry, which are to be purchased when too slow for racing at a less price than a high-caste Arab."

The one quality in which Arabs excel—endurance, and which they share with Australian

horses and Indian mustangs, is not required in civilised states, where travelling is either performed by railways or by post-horses.

THE ANDALUSIAN HORSE.

The Spaniards have been famous for their horses from the earliest historical times. The Andalusian horse was acknowledged to be the best in Europe, until the English produced the thoroughbred. Spain still possesses breeds of horses remarkable for quality and for stately action; but those which might appear likely to be of value crossed with the English blood-horse are in the hands of a few noble families, and only to be obtained at fabulous prices.

The *mares* of the Spanish genet breed (famous since the wars recorded by old Froissart) are kept and much valued as riding-horses for long distances by wealthy Spaniards. The genet, a light, slim, blood-like animal, is the evident descendant of the Barbs brought into the country by the Moors, when they conquered the greater part of Spain.

The horse of the country, familiarly known as the horse of the *contrabandista*, is a hardy, enduring, useful animal, which occupies much the same place as the Devonshire pack-horse did before roads spoiled his trade. He is probably the descendant of the horses on which Hannibal mounted his Spanish cavalry, when he fought the battle of Cannæ, and nearly conquered Italy. He is, in fact, an animal which a traveller would use in the country, but not often care to take out of it. In a portrait of the Countess Montijo, afterwards Empress of the French, which forms one of the illustrations of the chapter on French horses and horsemanship, she appears mounted on a rare specimen of this class of horse—in fact, an artist's ideal.

The third race is that of the ancient Spanish war-horse, the true *destrier*, whose form has been handed down to us in the equestrian portraits of Velasquez, and whose praises fill the pages of every writer on horsemanship up to the period when armour-wearing knights and high-school horsemanship disappeared, to be replaced by racing and hunting, and the value of blood, power, and size, as united in the English thoroughbred became acknowledged throughout Europe.

Gervase Markham, the Duke of Newcastle, Cox, Barrett, and Berenger—who wrote a book dedicated to George III., in 1771—all refer to the Spanish or Neapolitan horse as unrivalled for war and the manége, and the older writers even as a stallion to be employed for improving the breed of English horses.

For the following description of the modern Spanish war-horse—the horse on which the murdered General Prim appears mounted in the celebrated picture by the French artist, Regnier—we are indebted to Mr. Thomas Rice, of Piccadilly, who managed the stud of the late Lord Dalling when British Minister in Spain:—

"The Spanish horse stands generally from 15 to 16 hands, with rather a large bony head, in shape like the face of a Merino sheep (thence called *el carnero*), with full eye and large expanding nostrils, which denote his remarkable vigour and power, a shortish muscular neck, strong shoulders, rather narrow in the back, but with magnificent quarters—thighs, hocks, and hind-legs placed well under them; the arms, fore-legs, and feet are as good generally as can be, feet well formed, short cannon-bones, and back tendons strong and standing well out. All elasticity and action in walk, trot, canter—faster than this they should not be asked to move, as at a forced pace they lose their beauty of motion, and appear to be disconcerted from the extravagance of their action. In my opinion no horse is superior, either in the Park or on parade, to a well-bred and broken Spanish horse of the best breed, such as that known as the Don Carlos, or those of the Duke de Berwick y Abba, at Carpui, near Cordova; or those of the Marquis Alcanices, now the Duke de Sestos, a few miles from Madrid; of the Dukes de Burrowers and Abrantes, the Marquis de Perales, and several

other noblemen near Baelen and Cadiz. These families brand all the horses they breed on the rump.* This disfigures them to an English eye. The constitution of this breed is stronger than that of any other foreign horses that I have met with; roaring and whistling are unknown amongst them. They rarely fall, trip, or stumble; they are generous and free, either in riding or driving, if properly used. Although entire, they are docile. They know the value of a good horse in Spain, and a first-class one will cost from 25,000 reals to 35,000 reals, or 250 guineas to 350 guineas.

"The Spanish mares of this breed, as a rule, do not run so large as the horses. They are very seldom used or broken, but are simply kept for breeding purposes; and are rarely fed as they should be in order to produce fine animals. In the spring and summer they have plenty, but in the winter they seldom get anything but straw. They run wild in herds, and can only be approached by the men that attend them. They are powerful animals, with the best shaped legs and feet possible; rather coarse heads, and inclined to be too low at the setting-on of the tail, or, in common English, goose-rumped. I crossed several of these mares with the Kedger. This horse had a beautiful small head, a strong straight back, with tail set on high, points which exactly counteracted what was unsightly in the Spanish mare. The produce at four years old were very good-looking, with action, power, size, and substance enough for almost any purpose. In fact, I don't think it possible to have a finer cross for general use than the English pure-bred horse and the Spanish mare. I have also bred from the Cleveland coaching, and Yorkshire and Norfolk trotting stallion, also from the pure Arab. All the crosses seem to combine well with the Spanish mare except the Arab. The latter they did not appear to 'nick;' I mean, they did not increase in power or height, or give the produce the beautiful head and straight quarters that distinguish the high-caste Arab. There is nothing like what we call cart-blood in Spain; all heavy draught is done by mules. In my opinion, the Spanish mares only want the same treatment that a good brood-mare gets in this country to make the produce equal to our own. They are of all colours, many are spotted and pied. One very beautiful colour, not uncommon, is Isabel or *café au lait*, with black bands down the back, thighs, and legs."

Colonel Henry Shakespeare, writing on "The Breeding and Rearing of Horses in India," mentions the Kattiwar breed, of the same Isabel colour as the Andalusian. "They stood high for an Eastern horse, 15 hands or more; the prevailing colour a dun, with a black stripe down the back, with black mane and tail; of great power and courage. I conclude that the native mare must have been improved by a cross with the high-caste Arab; for the Kattiwar horse had the beautiful eye, breadth of forehead, and endurance of the Arab."

It is worthy of remark that the big head, with the hooked or Roman nose,† which we so much

* Naples was a viceroyalty of the Spanish Empire when Neapolitan horses were so famous; they were, in fact, of the Spanish breed. The picture of the Neapolitan horse given by the Duke of Newcastle in his great book—a Roman-nosed horse, with a drooping croup—is branded on the rump. A book published in Rome, 1669, on breeding and training horses, gives wood-cuts of 360 brands of as many breeders of horses, with a short description of the merits of each; these include the brands of the king, princes, cardinals, dukes, marquises, counts, barons, viscounts, abbots, and hospitals (see page 163).

† "The Asturian and Galician horses are described by Pliny to have been of a middling size (like the present genets), remarkable for the time and exactness with which they dealt their feet, and, so to say, regulated their motion as it were to count their steps. Martial, speaking of the Spanish horse, describes their distinct and bold action:—

'Hic brevis ad numerum rapidos qui colligit ungues
Venit ab auriferis gentibus, Aster equus.'
('This little horse, that moves his feet in time,
Came from Asturia's gold-producing clime.')

Vegetius (A.D. 392), who lived at Constantinople, and compiled a book on the art of war, says that the African mixed with the

condemn, but which Spanish horse-fanciers look upon as an essential point of distinction in the pure breed, not a little resembles the Roman-nosed Dongola, the only African or Asiatic horse that, reaching and exceeding 16 hands, has all the quality in skin and hair, and all the fire of the Oriental blood.

It may be that this *carnero* breed is the result of a remote cross with the Dongola, possessing, as he does, so much size, power, and quality, with vast back, and slow stately action; so well calculated to carry a knight in armour proudly, and bear him in a short course at a tournament or in a martial procession.

The stallions of this breed are invariably used as riding-horses. Every great Spanish nobleman has or had several in his stables (before English horses came into fashion), trained to the nicest points of manége-riding by *picadors*, that is, riding-masters, kept in every great establishment for that and no other purpose.

The use of horses for draught of any kind in Spain is quite a modern innovation. The mule, which thrives so well on dry sandy plains, beneath a burning sun, and perishes in cold clay in a wet climate, is still the draught beast *par excellence*, even in the carriages of the well-to-do, and was in the stables of royalty as long as royalty existed in Spain.

"In 1843 there were not a dozen carriages in Madrid drawn by horses. Since that date French fashions in the dress of the ladies and English fashions in the use and management of horses have largely superseded old Spanish ways."

Considering that Spanish horses were not required for draught or for hunting, according to the English idea of hunting, but only for war and for parade, the secret of their preservation may be understood with that of other curious mediæval habits and customs.

Spain has a breed of ponies valued for their extravagant action in harness. The Duke of Wellington, who has inherited a Spanish estate from the Great Captain in the Peninsular War, has generally had some specimens in his remarkable collection of horses. A pair driven by the duchess, with fiery heads covered with masses of long mane, extraordinary action, and long tails defiantly carried, were long one of the ornaments of Hyde Park.

CONTINENTAL ARABS.

On the continent of Europe, and especially in Eastern Europe, Arab sires are much more esteemed than in England, where hunting and racing have made a tall blood-horse the more valuable animal.

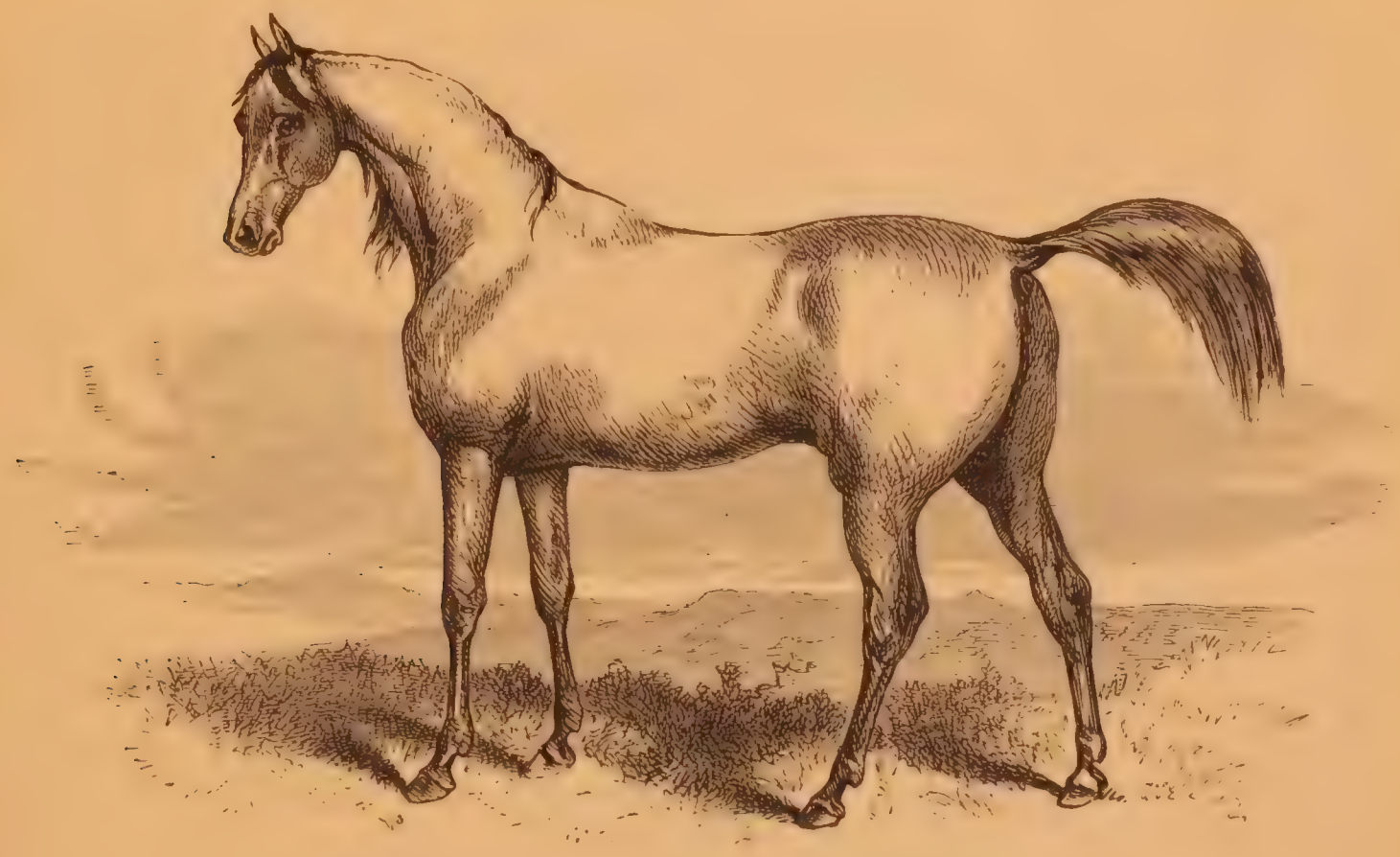
The small, active, blood-like horses of one district of France (Tarbes) have not been effaced by the popularisation of the English race-horse, because the pasture is too poor to support a well-bred horse bigger than a pony. The native horses of Poland, Hungary, and Eastern Austria are all of Eastern descent, and "hit" well with Arabs for the purposes of their owners; namely, for light cavalry, and long journeys over the rolling plains of Eastern Europe in harness. Between the eighth and the seventeenth centuries Europe was repeatedly invaded and partially subdued by the Saracens and Turks. The Saracens were defeated in the great cavalry battle of Poictiers, by Charles Martel, A.D. 732, in which their loss has been variously estimated at between half a million and one hundred thousand. At any rate, the survivors retired after the battle across the

Spanish blood produces most active and fleet horses, and the fittest for the saddle. . . Succeeding times have confirmed their character, and they stand now, as of old, most valued and most admired."—"*History and Art of Horsemanship.*" *By Richard Berenger, Gentleman of the Horse to His Majesty*, 1771.

Pyrenees, and judging by what took place after the battle of Sedan, they must have left behind them enough Oriental blood to stock the country for centuries.

"Vieille Moustache," who has seen cavalry service in Spain, in India, and the Crimea, and who has had experience in breeding, breaking, and training thorough-bred horses of the first class, in a correspondence in *The Field*, does justice to the unquestionable merits of the Arab in his proper place:—

"The truth is, that great speed for a mile and a half or two miles is not the *forte* of Arabs. The flying two-year-old races in England, or, indeed, such contests as the Derby and Leger, would not suit them; they would be outpaced for such distances. Stoutness, endurance of hunger, thirst,



TARBES ARAB.

and fatigue, enormous power of carrying weight far above what their size would appear to warrant, fine temper, and wonderful hardihood of constitution, enabling them to endure intense cold equally with great heat, and to do well on the food of any country—these are the characteristics which make the Arab horse so valuable. Their staying quality renders the admixture of their blood with that of Western-bred horses, in my opinion, most desirable, while their rare intelligence and sagacity must always win the true lover of the equine race.

"As regards the capability of the Arab to carry weight, it is difficult to convey to any man who has never ridden one any idea of their power in that way. When I first went to India I had an Arab horse given me to break. My eye was then only for the large horses bred in this county (Leicestershire), and my notion of a weight-carrier was intimately connected with 16 hands 3 inches or thereabouts. The horse I was about to ride in Bangalore was not over 14 hands 3 inches, but he certainly had both substance and quality, as well as length, which most Arabs are deficient in. Nevertheless, I did not for a moment believe the little animal could carry me. I was never so deceived in my life, for I was not five minutes on his back before I found he had the power of four ordinary horses. This very horse, I believe, is now at the stud of the Duke of

Leichtenstein. He was a grey Kohlan, named Nobbler, and was owned by the Hon. Algernon Moreton, of the 15th Hussars. Mr. Moreton sold him to Captain Fletcher, of the 12th, who again disposed of him to Sir William Gordon in the Crimea. The latter officer sold him to General Laurenson; and when I last saw him, on Warwick race-course, five years ago, his legs were as fine as the day he was foaled. He was then twenty years old. I believe he is still to the fore, and getting stock in Germany. I know that the late Mr. Bamberger purchased him from General Laurenson at a long price for that purpose. This, I submit, carries out my assertion that the Arab horse possesses a constitution of rare hardihood. Still, for cavalry chargers you must cross them with something that produces weight as well as endurance and stoutness, in order to stand the crush of a heavy cavalry charge.

* * * * * *

"In 1837 I rode in a charge of cavalry in Spain. I was mounted on a brown thorough-bred mare, than which to this day it is admitted that a better one of her inches never looked through a bridle. She was by Tramp out of Bartolozzi, was bred by the late General Grosvenor, perhaps a trifle too fiery for a charger, and was considerably heavier than most Arab horses. In the charge I speak of, with plenty of way on, I came in contact with a great lumbering Andalusian horse, mounted by a dragoon to match. The Spaniard treated me to a thrust with his lance, but missed me, for the simple reason that his great black *destrier* knocked me end over tail, mare and all, into a shallow gravel-pit half full of mud and water. Perhaps I was not so hardly done by as some of my comrades, after all."

The *Times* correspondent, describing, in October, 1873, the Vienna Horse Show, says:—"By far the most remarkable in the whole show was a string of twenty-four pure-bred Arab brood-mares, exhibited by Count Drieduszycki, of Galicia, who has for many years past devoted himself entirely to breeding Arabs. In 1845, after spending two years in Syria and visiting the desert tribes, he brought with him to Austria four Arab mares and three stallions, to form the nucleus of a stud. He has since imported many Arab sires, and has kept his stock perfectly pure from any other strain. They are all, with one exception, flea-bitten greys, and the whole string, when walked out together, formed a sight well worth seeing, and are as high caste a looking lot as one might expect to see issue from Aga Khan's stables in Bombay.

"This Vienna Show has brought prominently into notice the very great partiality felt by Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Germany for Arab blood; in fact, it would almost appear as if these four nations had combined to bring their favourite strain to the notice of the world. The following facts are remarkable:—Germany shows thirty horses in all, and ten of them are stated to be pure or half-bred Arabs. Austria shows 258 horses, of which a great number are for heavy draught, but, of the remainder, no less than fifty-two claim to be pure Arabs or of Arab parentage. Hungary shows seventy-eight horses, of which twenty-four are full or half-bred Arabs. Russia shows forty-four horses, out of which eight are stated to be pure-bred Arabs, and a large proportion of the remainder claim Arab descent. To crown the triumph of the Arab horse, Egypt sends eight desert-born stallions, of great beauty and of priceless value, the property of Sefer Pasha and Arthur Bey. These are of the Nejed and Anazeh castes, and contrast very favourably, in the eye of a judge of Arabs, with eight mares which stand near them, belonging to a Russian, Prince Sanguszko, and which are stated to be thorough-bred Arabs, although some of them measure over 16 hands.

"From Hungary, Count Julius Andrassy shows four thorough-bred English horses of his own breeding, and Count Alfred Andrassy a stallion of the Czyndery or Tartary breed. The greater part of the remainder are stallions and brood-mares, selected for exhibition from the Government

studs at Babolna, Mezohegyes, Kisber, and Debreczin. These are of English, Norman, Spanish, Lippizaner, and Arab origin; but on looking through the whole of the Hungarian horses, one cannot fail to remark the manifest preponderance of Arab blood."

We have had, some years ago, an opportunity of seeing and trying some of the best specimens of Arabs bred in German studs, but shall avail ourselves of the more recent information contained in an article on Horse Supply attributed to Sir Erskine Perry,* of the India Council, an ex-Indian judge and Indian sportsman, well known since his return in the hunting-fields of Northamptonshire:—

"At Bolzna, in Hungary, a great royal stud is maintained for breeding nothing but Arabs, which formerly enjoyed a European reputation, but, whether from the poverty of the soil or other causes, this stud, which consists of over 600 horses, has very much deteriorated.

"The late King of Wurtemberg had a passion for Arab horses. Whilst Crown Prince he rode through the last campaign against Napoleon I. on an Arab charger, which he afterwards sent into a stud he had established in 1810 near Stuttgard; but it was not till he came to the throne, in 1817, that the stud attained the large proportions which it maintained till his death, in 1864. His Majesty took extraordinary pains to obtain all the best blood from the East. By his marriage with a Russian princess, he was enabled to procure some very high-bred mares from the Caucasus;† and he sent special commissioners to Hungary, Russia, Syria, Constantinople, and Egypt for the purchase of horses at the Royas sale.

"At Hampton Court, on the death of William IV., he bought the black horse Sultan, said to have been the highest caste Arab ever brought to this country, and which had been presented to that monarch by the Imâm of Muscat. Altogether His Majesty succeeded in procuring for his stud no fewer than eighteen horses and thirty-six mares, all of pure Arab blood and birth; and in 1861 the stud contained over 100 brood-mares, fifty-one of which were Arabs. It will thus be seen that during half a century and more, during which the stud was conducted with royal magnificence, every opportunity was afforded for trying the effect of Arab crossings. Freiherr von Hügel, who was chief of the stud, writing in the lifetime of the king, speaks most favourably of the results, so far as the breeding of pure Arabs was concerned. According to him, the produce became bigger and stronger than their parents. It is to be apprehended, however, that, as in India, where the breeding from pure Arabs was also for a long time attempted, although the young produce became much longer in the leg than Arab-born horses, what it gained in size it lost in symmetry and compactness. Abbas Pacha, late ruler of Egypt, made a shrewd remark to Von Hügel when he was describing the pure Arabs in the royal stables at Stuttgard: 'Even if you succeed in getting hold of genuine Arabs, you will never breed pure Arabs from them, for an Arab horse is no longer an Arab when he ceases to breathe the air of the desert.' With respect to half-bred stock, the crossing of Arabs with Wurtemberg mares failed signally, as it did with Russian and Polish mares, but it succeeded better with those from Persia and the Caucasus. With sixteen English hunting-mares imported in 1816, and crossed with Emir, an Arab horse purchased at Damascus, an excellent strain of carriage-horses was produced. A similar importation of Yorkshire and Irish mares in 1822, which were crossed with another Arab, Mahmoud, laid the foundation of the present fine breed of carriage-horses which are to be seen drawing the royal carriages, averaging 17 hands in height. The king's favourite colours were black and grey. From the English mares and

* "Edinburgh Review," October, 1873.

† A country gentleman, at present M.P. for a county constituency, served with the Caucasians against the Russians between 1835 and 1840; he has frequently told me that the Caucasian horses were very bad, and of no particular breed.—S. S.

Mahmoud descend the greys, whilst the blacks owe their origin to mares procured from the Thakehnen stud, in Prussia." *

EGYPTIAN ARABS.

"Another great breeder of Arabs, the greatest, according to Baron Hügel, since King Solomon, was Abbas Pacha. Himself a child of the desert, for he was brought up in Arabia, where his father was Governor of Mecca, he displayed throughout life the greatest love for the horse; and his stud was brought, in 1860, to the hammer at Cairo. At the time of sale only 300 animals were left; for the successor of Abbas Pacha, a madcap youth of eighteen, had given them away right and left to every one who managed to approach him with a well-turned piece of flattery. Von Hügel attended the sale on the part of his royal master, and had to give exorbitant prices for the two stallions and three mares which he purchased, but which were of the highest caste. The sale lasted three weeks, and the bids were made in English guineas. On one day twenty-six horses fetched 5,000 guineas. Aged mares, twenty years old, were sold at from 180 to 250 guineas; colts and fillies from 300 to 700 guineas each.

* * * * * *

"According to Hammer Purgstall, the beauties of the Arab horse are celebrated by no less than eighty-six classical Arabic and Persian writers."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Of the coloured plates illustrating this chapter, the DONGOLA has already been sufficiently described.

Sir Hope Grant's white Arab pony was between 12 hands 3 inches and 13 hands high, and only equal to about ten stone. The plate is a fac-simile of an oil painting kindly lent by the owner. He was originally purchased by General Probyn, from a grass-cutter in India. Sir Hope Grant rode him all through the hunting, often thirty miles a day. He was so fast that the natives used to call him "Railway." When Sir Hope went as Commander-in-Chief in the last Chinese War, he took Railway, and rode him all through the campaign. The pony came home in a man-of-war. He became lame (spavined), from being ridden fast to covert, in Leicestershire (while Sir Hope Grant was on a visit to his brother Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.), when out of condition, and died at Aldershot, in the spring of 1873, without any previous illness, being then supposed to be about twenty-seven years old.

GOLDIE, "an Arab of the highest class, imported in 1862 from the desert, by Prince Mylowski, a Galician nobleman." Goldie is a rich chestnut; he stands 14 hands 2 inches, and is of the purest Arab type, uniting strength and quality in a very high degree. He has what few Arabs have—fine, strong, sloping shoulders, rather hollow-backed; in fact, realising more nearly than any horse we have ever seen Mr. Palgrave's description of the Nejed Arab. He seems equal to any weight, has a delightful springing walk, and high, slightly-darting, trotting action, full of quality, and docile as a spaniel. He is just the horse from which Mr. Milward, of Thurgarton, would expect to breed his class of weight-carrying hacks and ponies. Goldie's owner, Mr. George Samuel, a very hard rider in the Vale of Aylesbury in his youth, acquired his taste for Arabs when attached to our Embassy in Constantinople; he would have none that could not step.

* One of the finest Arab crosses I ever saw was of the Wurtemberg breed. He was a charger ridden in 1844 by the landlord of the "Two Swans" at Frankfort, an officer in the mounted Burgher Guard of that city—a beautiful grey, over 15 hands 2 inches, with fine charger action, very docile, and full of courage. He was old, and had never been shod; his hoofs perfect. To be sure, he had never done anything beyond walking exercise, except on days of drill and parade.—S. S.

GOLDIE, HIGH CLASS ARAB.

The same gentleman has also lent for engraving an oil painting of an Arab called Dervish (represented at page 141). The painting is faithfully rendered, but we think the artist of the original has hardly done the horse justice. His owner gives the following account of him:—"Dervish was taken in a skirmish between the troops of Ali Pacha, of Bagdad, and some of the Wahabees in the Nejed country. A friend of mine, General Chzanowski,* was in the affair, and Ali Pacha made him a present of the colt, then a yearling. The general was attached to our Embassy at Constantinople. He brought Dervish and an Arabian mare of the Anazeh breed back with him. I purchased them and sent them home in 1842. Eventually, I sold Dervish to Count Lavish, a German nobleman. The horse died in 1863, having been the sire of about 300 colts and fillies. Dervish was the Arab which old Richard Tattersall, uncle of the present head of the firm, who despised Arabs, and declined to come and look at him, declared on meeting him by accident, as I was riding to Gunnersbury, that he was 'the finest blood-horse of the size he had ever seen.' A famous hunting-man and breeder of horses, writes, in reference to Dervish, 'I remember the little bay Arab being exercised in Regent's Park. He had the most beautiful *darting* action that I ever saw in his trot—the knee quite straight long before the foot touched the ground.'"

We may also here refer again to Borack, grandsire on dam's side of Bobby. He was a brown horse, 14 hands 1¼ inch in height; and having distinguished himself as a racer in Madras, was imported to England in 1823, being supposed to be then about nine years old. In the following year an engraving of his portrait appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*, from which the wood-cut at page 89 has been copied.

* General Chzanowski, an officer in the Russian-Polish army, was concerned in the Polish Insurrection of 1830. He was afterwards employed by Lord Palmerston to collect information in the East. He commanded the Sardinian army at the battle and defeat of Novara, a disaster followed by the resignation of King Charles Albert in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel, since crowned (after another great battle and defeat) King of United Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN BRITISH HORSE.

The British Climate Favourable to Horse-breeding—William the Conqueror's Roan Cavalry—Chaucer's Horses—The Earl of Northumberland's Stud, in 1500—Henry VIII.'s Law Regulating Horse-breeding not Carried Out—Blundeville, *temp.* Queen Elizabeth—Shakespeare's Horse of Adonis not Thorough-bred—Gervase Markham, a Traveller and Sportsman, *temp.* James I.—Condition of English Horses in His Time—Hunting much Practised—High-school Riding a Luxury—The Yeomanry Rode Often and Well—Gervase Markham's Description of the True English Horse—The Courser of Naples—The Turkish Horse—The Barbarie Horse—The Genet of Spain—The High Almaine—The Fleming—The Friesland—The Irish Hobby—The pedant Michael Barrett's (1618) Vineyard of Horsemanship—Barrett's Hunter of the Period—The Running Horse—The Stag Hunting of the Nobility—The Hare Hunting of the Yeomanry—Good Queen Anne's Four-in-hand—The Traine Scent—The Wild-goose Chase—The Duke of Newcastle, 1658—His Advice on Choice of Horses—Barbary Horse beat down Heavy Flemish in Battle—His Pictures all Cart-horses with Many Names—High-school Riding by Pupils of Saumur, in 1865—Importation of Oriental Horses between 1618 and 1688—The Italian Notion of Horses Same Date—Illustration of Italian Beau-idéal.

ALL the horses in this country, on the continent of Europe, and of the English-speaking nations of America (except those employed in slow heavy draught), depend so much for their best qualities on large and repeated crosses of blood, that it is essential that any writer on the subject, however anxious to avoid unpractical disquisitions, should tell the story of the origin and gradual progress to perfection of the English blood-horse, and his effect on the races of other countries.

England, Scotland, and Ireland have, from the remotest historical times, had useful breeds of horses, suited to the requirements of the age.

The climate that suits horse-breeding so well now was equally favourable in the time of the Roman Conquest. At the period of Cæsar's invasion ponies were bred on the hills and mountains, and larger horses on the richer lowlands; but it was not until the middle of the last century that the English blood-horses competed with Spanish and Oriental horses in the favour of Continental equestrians, and it was only under the reign of William III. that the heaviest draught-horses were introduced from Holland with the engineers who drained the fens of Lincolnshire.

The followers of William the Conqueror imported the large Norman horses, so suitable to carry knights in complete armour. That celebrated work of art, the Bayeux Tapestry, represents the boats of the invading army full of red and blue horses (roan horses). Every knight had a small hack on which he rode without his armour, while his great war-horse was led by one of his squires. For this purpose the crusaders brought back to England some of those Eastern steeds which were well known and esteemed in France and Germany, and are still esteemed in Spain, as "genets."

Chaucer gives us an idea of the various kinds of horses familiar to his countrymen in the fourteenth century. His Canterbury pilgrims were all on horseback. Of the Monk, whose ambling nag was "brown as any berry," he says—

"Full many a dainty horse had he in stall;"

of the Old Knight— "His horse was good, albeit he was not gay;"

of the Young Squire— "Well could he sit his horse, and fairly ride;"

and of the Wife of Bath— "Upon an ambler easily she sat."

THE ARAB PONY CHARGER OF GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT G.C.B.
IN THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 1859 AND CHINESE CAMPAIGN OF 1860

A good notion of the stables of a great nobleman in 1512 may be gathered from the regulations and establishment of Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland :—

"This is the ordre of the chequir roul of the nombre of all the horsys of my lorde's and my lady's that are appointed to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to. say, gentell hors, palfreys, hobys, naggis, clothsell hors, male hors.

"First, gentell horse, to stand in my lorde's stable, six.

"Item—Palfris for my ladis ; to wit, oone for my lady, two for her gentlewomen, and one for her chamberer.

"Four hobys and nags for my lorde's oone saddell; viz., one for my lorde to ride, one led for my lorde, and one to stay at home for my lorde.

"Item—Chariot hors to stand in my lorde's stable yearly ; seven great trottynge hors to draw in the chariot, and a nag for the chariot-man to ride—eight. Again, hors for Lord Percy, his lordship's son and heir ; a great double trotting-hors, called a curtal, for his lordship to ride out of townes. Another trottynge gambaldyne hors for his lordship to ride when he comes into townes ; a proper amblynge little nag, when he goeth hunting and hawking ; a great amblynge gelding or trotting gelding, to carry his male."

Hobys were little hacks, described by early writers as commonly bred in Ireland.

The clothsell horse followed at the same rate as my lord ; and when he had reached a town, it was the custom for his lordship to change from his easy-trotting or ambling nag, and mount a parade-horse, in order to make his entry in the form and state expected of great personages in those days. No doubt he put aside his rough travelling clothes, and attired himself in one of those magnificent costumes which are so picturesque in the portraits of the Tudor age, and must have been so impossible as a riding-dress on the roads of either North or South.

Writers on the history of the British horse have attributed a good deal of importance to an Act of Parliament, 32 Henry VIII., cap. 13, under which it is enacted, "That no person shall put in any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste, any entire horse above the age of two years, not being 15 hands high, within the shires of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Essex, Kent, South Hants, Berks, North Wilts, Oxford, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, Wales, Bedford, Warwick, Nottingham, Lancaster, Salop, Leicester, Hereford, or Lincoln, nor under 14 hands in any other county." And it is enacted that any person may seize any horse so under size, "and, after having him measured by the keeper of the forest, or the constable of the next town, in the presence of three honest men, if found contrary to what is above expressed, to be turned to his own use." By the same statute, "all commons and other places shall, within fifteen days after Michaelmas, be driven by the owners and keepers, and if there be found in any of the said drifts any mare not able to bear foals of reasonable stature, or to do profitable labour, in the discretion of the majority of the drivers, they may kill and bury them." It was also ordered that the archbishops and all dukes should keep seven entire trotting-horses for the saddle, each of which was to be at least 14 hands high. Every clergyman possessing a living of the amount of £100 per annum, or any one whose wife should wear a bonnet of velvet, was to keep one trotting entire horse, under penalty of £20."

But it seems to be forgotten that although the imperious Henry could make any laws he pleased to dictate to his Parliament, he had no such means of carrying out his decrees as have since been invented in the centralised governments of France and Prussia. According to historical evidence, the effect of these enactments was to diminish the number of horses; for when, in 1588, in Elizabeth's reign, England was threatened by the Spanish Armada, there was a scarcity of horses. With all the enthusiasm that pervaded the nation, the queen was only able to muster 3,000 cavalry, which

Blundeville, who wrote a book on horsemanship at that epoch, says were "very indifferent, strong, heavy, slow draught-horses, or light and weak."

Shakespeare had a very good notion of what a war-horse or weight-carrying roadster should be, but the animal he provides for Adonis was neither thorough-bred nor fit to carry a man in the first flight over Leicestershire. He might have borne the Earl of Essex grandly at a tournament, or satisfactorily in hunting a buck in a great park, but would have had no chance in a modern fox-hunt over an ox-feeding county, or in a Grand National Steeplechase. As Shakespeare was never out of England, he must have seen the animal he describes.

"Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."*

Although the shaggy fetlocks show that Shakespeare's horse was half-bred, his "small head and nostrils wide" and his "thin mane" prove that he had some "quality," perhaps derived from some Spanish ancestor, some Andalusian sire, introduced under the reign of Queen Mary, by her Spanish husband, or some Syrian Arab, the prize of a Crusader.

Gervase Markham,† already quoted in reference to carriage-horses, writing in the time of James I., described all the European horses of that period, and there is internal evidence that he had at any rate travelled in France and Spain.

We therefore take the time of Gervase Markham as a stand-point for summing up the condition of the English horse before the production of the thorough-bred race-horse, which was not effected until nearly a hundred years later. Ploughing and the heavy draught of agriculture were carried on chiefly by oxen. Goods and merchandise were conveyed from one part of the country to another almost entirely by pack-horses of an active breed, the use of which had not been entirely discontinued in the West of England at the commencement of this century. The Devonshire pack-horse was one of the boasts of that county within living memory. Carriages hung on rude springs were one of the luxuries of the wealthy, and hack carriages, as already shown, had been established in London to some extent. Every knight was bound to keep horses in proportion to the military service due from him—every landed squire and squire's lady, every yeoman, kept one or more active riding-horses, and performed all journeys on horseback. There were no public conveyances. Hunting the buck and the hare was much practised, as well as running-horse matches for wagers and for bells of honour.

The high school or manége riding was an accomplishment confined to gentlemen of great

* "Venus and Adonis," Canto L.

† "Containing all the arts of horsemanship, as much as it is necessary for any man to understand, whether he be horse-breeder, horse-ryder, horse-hunter, horse-runner, horse-ambler, horse-farrier, horse-keeper, coachman, smith, or saddler. Together with the discovery of the subtil trade or mystery of horse-coursers, and an explanation of a horse's understanding, or how to teach them to do tricks like Bankes his curtall. Newly imprinted, corrected, and augmented, with many worthy secrets not known before." The first book, and all the others, are dated 1617, but, curiously enough, the second is dated 1616. Each has the same title-page, a rude wood block, representing in five circles as many shapeless brutes, described as "The Neapolitan horse for service; the Barbarie running-horse; the English ambling gelding," all with long tails; and the "English hunting-horse," with his tail tied up. Each of the eight books has two separate dedications, the first being addressed, "The most high and mightie Charles Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, York, Albanie, Rothsay, &c." In the second dedication, "to the three great columbes of this empire, the nobilite, the gentrie, and yeomanrie of Great Britaine," he says that it is an enlargement of "that small treatise on horsemanship which about sixteen years agone (when my experience was but youngly fructified) I brought forth into the world. A copie thereof being corruptly taken, and covetously offered to the printing without my knowledge, I thought as good to publish it myself with his natural wantes as to let it come abroad by others' deformities."

landed estates, and of the knightly class. Manége horses in the time of James were just as much an expensive luxury as a stud of thorough-bred Leicestershire hunters at the present day. There existed then, as the next reign proved, a large class of gentry and yeomanry possessing plenty of good horses, which they rode on the natural, as distinguished from the artificial seat of "the school," on their ordinary business as well as for their pleasure, hunting and racing. Their horsemanship differed as much from manége riding as dancing differs from running.

In the following passages from Gervase Markham, we learn whence came those horses

THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE: MANÉGE SEAT.

on which Cromwell's Ironsides, a few years later, rode down the Cavaliers, led by Prince Rupert, at Grantham, at Gainsborough, at Marston Moor, and at Naseby, all battles decided by cavalry:—

"I do daily finde," says Markham, "in mine experience, that the vertue, goodness, boldness, swiftness, and endurance of our true-bred English horses is equal with any race of horses whatsoever. Some former writers, whether out of want of experience, or to flatter novelties, have concluded that the English horse is a great strong jade, deep-ribbed, sid-belled, with strong legges and good hoofes, yet fitter for the cart than either saddle or any working employment. How false this is all English horsemen knowe.

"The true English horse, him I mean that is bred under a good clime, on firme ground, in a pure temperature, is of tall stature and large proportions; his head, though not so fine as either the Barbarie's or the Turke's, yet is lean, long, and well-fashioned; his crest is hie, only subject to

thickness if he be stoned, but if he be gelded then it is firm and strong; his chyne is straight and broad; and all his limbs large, leane, flat, and excellently jointed. For their endurance I have seen them suffer and execute as much and more than ever I noted of any foraine creation.

"I have heard it reported that at the Massacre of Paris (St. Bartholomew), Montgomerie, taking an English mare in the night, first swam over the river Seine, and after ran her so many leagues as I fear to nominate, lest misconstruction might tax me of too lavish a report.

"Again, for swiftness, what nation hath brought forth that horse which hath exceeded the English—when the best Barbaries that ever were in their prime, I saw them overrunne by a black hobbie at Salisbury; yet that hobbie was more overrunne by a horse called Valentine, which Valentine neither in hunting or running was ever equalled, yet was a plain-bred English horse both by syre and dam? Again, for infinite labour and long endurance, which is to be desired in our hunting matches, I have not seen any horse to compare with the English. He is of tolerable shape, strong, valiant, and durable."

This passage is important, because it is a popular notion that the goodness of English horses began with the race-horse in the time of Charles II., whilst the whole weight of evidence shows that our big blood-horse is the result of crosses of Oriental blood out of English mares, cultivated by careful selection and generous treatment.

Next to the English horse Markham places the "courser" of Naples, "a horse of a strong and comely fashion, loving disposition, and infinite courageousness. His limbs and general features are so strong and well knit together that he hath ever been reputed the only beast for the warres, being naturally free from fear or cowardice. His head is long, lean, and very slender; doth from eye to the nose bend like a hawke's beak. He hath a great full eye, a sharpe care, and a straight legge, which, to an over-curious eye, might appear a little too slender; which is all the fault curiositie itself can find. They be naturally of a loftie pace, loving to their rider, most strong in their exercise, and, to conclude, as good in all poynts that no forayne race has ever borne a tythe so much excellencie." The kingdom of Naples was, when Markham wrote, a viceroyalty of Spain.

Next to the Neapolitan he places the Turkish horse. All he had seen came from Constantinople, "which is part of Thrace," "not of monstrous greatness, but inclining to middle size; finely headed, almost as the Barbarie. They have excellent fore-hands, both for length, depth, and proportion. They are of great courage and swiftness, for I have seen them used at our English bell-courses. Naturally they desire to amble, and, which is most strange, their trot is full of pride and gracefulness."

Next to the Turk he places the Barbary. "They are swift beyond forayne horses, and to that use only we employ them in England."

Next to the Turk he names the genet, which he had seen in Spain. "The genet may passe a carriere (run a course in tilting), some twelve or twenty score, with great puissance and swiftness, but for running our English courses, which are commonly three or four miles, we have not seen such virtue in them." He describes them as with fine crests, naturally taking to ambling; their trot long and waving, and not full-grown until six years old.

The High Almaine horse, "of great and high stature, having neither neatness nor fineness; some men esteem him for the shock (charge) or the manége. They are much used for warres, but, I think, like their countrymen, rather for a wall or defence than either for assault or action, They are great, slow, hard trotters."

The Fleming he describes as "resembling the Almaine. His place is the draught, in which he exceedeth all other horses."

And the Friesland horse is, like the Fleming, "not so tall, of a more fiery and hot courage, but more fit for service; being able to pass a short carriere, beat a curvet, and such like," but vicious; his pace being a short, hard trot.

Last he mentions the Irish hobby,* "having a fine head, strong neck, well-cast body, good limbs, sure of foot, nimble in dangerous places, lively courage, tough in travel, but much subject to frights and boggarts;" due, Markham thinks, to the rude manner in which they were handled, which "these ruder people" know not how to amend.

That hunting had long before public races for money obtained the importance which created the race-horse is confirmed by the writings of Michael Barrett, who in 1618 wrote a fantastic book on horsemanship, full of sound precepts written in the pedantic language of the age, in which he speaks of Gervase Markham with great respect.†

Barrett's description of the hunting-horse of that age would not be amiss for the present day, except that he says not one word about leaping, although we know from Gervase Markham's account of a "catte" which we call a "drag hunt," and of a "wild-goose chase," that they rode over every obstacle; while his directions for choosing a racing-horse would have answered for selecting the half-bred or cocktail racers that were run against thoroughbreds, even in the first quarter of this century.

After advising those that require deeper knowledge to consult "Maister Blundeville" and "Maister Markham," he proceeds to sum up the merits of the horses of the day in the following manner:—

"I hold that the Barbarian and the Turkey stallions are best for all general uses, for service (that is, war), swiftness, and proud going, as well for pleasure pace as a gallant trot.

"Although the Spanish genet, the Irish hobby, and the Arabian courser are held both by Maister Blundeville and Maister Markham to be the chief for pacing and neat action, there is the bastard stallion begotten by one of them on our English mares which doth exceed either of them in toughness—the English mares to be of good stature, somewhat large, but not very high, a small head, full eye, wide nostril, a pricke ear but somewhat long, a firm thin crest with a long straight necke, well compact in the cragge at the setting-on of the head, a broad breast, deep-chested, a round backe, being barrell-ribbed, and the short ribs shot up somewhat close to the huckle-bone, the buttocke somewhat long, so as it be proportionable, a flat legge and straight foote, and a hollow hoof."

THE HUNTER OF 1618.

"For the pleasure of hunting is so great that it exceedeth all others; that if it brought no other profit than the delight to follow a pack of good dogges (having a good horse), were enough to countervail the danger, for I esteem it above all earthly pleasures. It maintains the health, causeth an agil and apt body, increaseth knowledge how to correct his horse as occasion shall be offered, whereby if he should goe upon any martial service, he will be ready to perform any desperate exploits with celerity and quickness. Beside the use of riding up and down high places and deep earths, so a hunting-horse may be made more serviceable for war, through his toughness and speed.

The hunter was to be "about 16 hands‡ in height, his head of a mean bignesse, his chank

* "Hobby," from the French *hobbin*, meant "pony;" so too "hackney," from the French *haquinée*, Spanish *haccanea*, *haca*.

† Michael Barrett, 1618. "The Vineyard of Horsemanship. Dedicated to Prince Charles, the Bishop of Peterborough, and the gentlemen of Nottingham and Lincolnshire."

‡ *Let him be of a meane stature*, that is, *some sixteene hand of height* (sic).]

thin and wide, his eare not too little, and if he be somewhat wide-eared, it is a sign of toughness, so they be sharp; his forehead broad, having a bunch standing out in the midst like a hare; his eye full and large, his nostrell wide, with a deep mouth; all his head leane, a long, straight neck; a firm, thin crest, well reared; a wide throstle, a broad breast, deep chested; his body large, his ribbes round and close, shut up to his huckle-bone; a good-filled, long buttocke, not very broad, well let down in the gaskins (gascoyne); his limmes clean, flat, straight, but not very bigge; his joints short, especially between the pasterne and the hoofe, having little haire on his fetlock, a straight foot, black hollow hoof, not over big." From which it seems that the points of a good riding-horse were perfectly understood in the reign of King James I.

The following description might stand for a modern steeplechaser:—

A RUNNING HORSE, SAME DATE.

"For the shape of a running-horse there is not much difference betwixt the shape of him and the hunter as there is in their ends of training; for the hunting-horse must endure long and laboursome toyle with heates and cold, but the running-horse must dispatch his business in a moment of time. Have as near in proportion as the former, only he may have have a longer chine, so that his side be longer, he will take a larger stroke, especially on light earths; and if his limmes be more slender and his joints more loose, and not so short at the pastern, he may be very excellent and swift for a course."

These lean-headed, flat-limbed, fine-haired hunters and running-horses formed a class completely apart from the prancing *destriers* maintained for daily amusement in the riding-school which was attached to every great house. In these schools the young gentlemen of the period practised equestrian feats, some of which are still essential to a cavalry education, but the most difficult and useless are only to be seen in circus exhibitions of the *haute école*. They prepared themselves to make a gallant figure in riding at the ring, in processions and parades of ceremony, and to hold their own in duels on horseback or in the single combats into which cavalry actions, as long as firearms played only a secondary part in war, resolved themselves. The trained war-horse was expected to take as much part as his rider—in every encounter striking with his fore and kicking with his hind-legs—making *balotades*, *croupades*, and *caprioles*.

But while great noblemen indulged in the amusements of the manége, and had the exclusive right to hunt the stag, wild or tame, the English yeomanry and wealthy farmers, a class who existed at that time in no other European State, indulged in hunting the badger, the fox, and the hare, in matches, races, and in "wild-goose chases" for proving the speed and stoutness of their horses, with as much freedom and enthusiasm as their feudal superiors; so that the cultivation of good horses did not depend, as in other countries, on the patronage of kings and great noblemen, but was pursued by cultivators who were also owners of the soil, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Almost all modern writers on the subject concentrate their narratives on what was done by kings and Acts of Parliament, and seem to overlook the steady improvement in the breed of riding-horses that took place generation after generation, through the passion of Englishmen of all ranks for hunting, and, to speak plainly, for gambling in the way of wagers on the speed and stoutness of their horses.

According to Markham, the fox, in the time of Elizabeth and James, was put on the same low level as a beast of chase as the badger, and pursued only in woods, "where a horse can neither conveniently make his way or tread without danger of stumbling." More highly esteemed was hunting the wild stag, which, however, as well as the parked deer, was nominally the exclusive

privilege of kings and very great nobles. For park hunting, rectangular rides were cut through the woods, up and down which the cavaliers and their dames cantered composedly, after the fashion practised in our own times in France and Germany—a fashion which was revived, with the costume and all the splendour of the days of Louis XIV., by the Emperor Napoleon III. The character of the sport and the moderation of the pace may be judged from the fact that our own "good Queen Anne" hunted in Windsor Park in an open carriage, driving herself four small horses in hand!

But hunting the wild stag or the moorland hare required a horse of a very different character

NOBILLISSIMO, COURSIER NAPOLITAIN, AFTER THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.

from the ambling palfreys used within enclosed parks. Markham says, "When he (a stag) is at liberty he will break forth his chase four, five, and six miles; nay, I have myself followed a buck better than ten miles forthright, from the place of his rousing to the place of his death, beside all his turnings and windings and cross passages." Evidently old Gervase was a keen sportsman, and kept his horses in pretty good condition. He goes on to observe that as stag hunting is in season between April and September, and is "most swift and violent" when the sun is hottest and the ground hard, it is not fit for training young horses, but for those of staid years and long practice. There was "a certain race of little horses in Scotland called Galway nags, which he had seen hunt the buck exceeding well, endured the chase with great courage, and the hard earth without lameness better than horses of greater puissance and strength." But the chase which he most recommends for training young horses was that of the hare, "not a privilege confined like that of the

buck to great noblemen, but a sport easilie and equallie distributed, as well to the wealthie farmer as to the great gentleman." He also recommends "the chace of a traine scent," which was nothing else than the modern "drag" hunt of Oxford, Windsor, and other garrison towns—"a scent drawn either across ploughed lands, or athwart green fields, leaping ditches, hedges, payles, rails, or fences, or running through a warren."

There was also "the wild-goose chase," the forerunner of the steeplechase (which within this century has been played at Irish horse fairs), where half a dozen mad riders tried which could set the others the most desperate or cramped and difficult leaps, and the rider who could within a certain time keep forty yards ahead won the wager.

In like manner, although racing had not assumed the importance of an art, as it did in the reign of King James's son, Charles II., yet matches were constantly made, and horses were trained to win private wagers all over the kingdom; the prize of the public race-course was only a bell, but the wagering was heavy. The principles of training were the same as now, although less intelligently applied. The "runners," as they were called, were physicked (sometimes with very ridiculous drugs), exercised, clothed, and groomed with very great pains.

Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, published an edition of his celebrated work on "Horsemanship" in French, in 1658, at Antwerp, during the time that he was an exile and Cromwell was Protector; an English edition with the original copper-plate illustrations appeared in 1667, after the Restoration, dedicated to the king, who had created him Duke of Newcastle.

The few pages which he devotes to the general subject of the horse are most interesting, because they show that fifty years after Markham, although at least one Oriental sire destined to be famous in the records of the stud-book had been introduced, the English blood-horse had not been manufactured.

His master, Charles, had obtained a footing in Africa, Tangiers being part of the dowry of his Portuguese wife, and he had imported the celebrated "royal mares" of Arab, Barb, Persian, or Turkish blood, no one can positively say which; the duke, whose whole heart and soul was in the tricks of the manége, expresses himself very cautiously as to the value of the English breed. In the following passage he speaks as if the horses of the time were presented to him in mixed lots, like the droves that used to be seen at fairs, when fairs were a much more important institution than they are at present. "If," he says, "a horse is fit to go a travelling pace, let him do it; if he is naturally inclined to make curvets, he must be put to it; and so of the *demi-airs*, *passadoes*, *terre-à-terre*, *croupades*, *balotades*, *and caprioles*. If he be not fit for any of these, put him to run the ring; if he be not cut out for that, use him as a drudge, or to go of errands. If none of these suit him"—(and here mark his contempt)—"he will perhaps be good for running, hunting, or travelling, or for the portmanteau, or for the burdens, or for coach or cart; for really there is no horse but what is fit for some use or other." And he goes on to observe, with trenchant irony, considering the character of his king:—

"If princes were as industrious to know the capacities of men for different trusts they put in them as good horsemen are to employ each horse in that which Nature designed him for, kings would be better served than they are, and we should not see confusion that passes Babel happen in States through the incapacity of persons entrusted. He that is qualified to be a bishop is not fit to command an army, &c. . . . . But leaving kings to choose their officers as they please, let us follow Nature in what concerns horses.

* * * * * *

"'What nation produces the most beautiful horse?' To which I answered that I could not decide till I knew for what the horse was intended.

"I have heard Neapolitan horses commended, but these were ill-shaped, though strong and vigorous. I have seen Spanish horses, and have had them in my own possession, which were proper to be painted, or fit for a king to mount on a public occasion; for they are not so tender as the Barbs, nor so ill-shaped as the Neapolitans, but between both. Genets have a lofty fine air, trot and gallop well, but are seldom strong, though when well chosen they bear a good character. The best breed of horses is in Andalusia, especially that of the King of Spain's, at Cordova.

"With regard to the Barbary horses, I freely confess they are my favourites, and I allow them the preference as to shape, strength, natural genteel air, and docility. I confess they have not so genteel a trot or gallop as the genets, but no horses in the world have a better movement in general, when they are well-chosen and well-instructed; though I have been informed in France, by an old officer of the army in Henry IV.'s time, that he had often seen a Barb beat down by the superior strength of a Flemish horse.* I have experienced this difference between the bone of the leg of a Barbary horse and one from Flanders, viz., that the cavity of the bone of the former shall scarcely admit a straw, whilst you may thrust your finger in that of the latter. The

SPECIMENS OF BRANDS OF ITALIAN BREEDERS OF HORSES.

generality of Barbs are sinewy, strong, swift, and good-winded. Mountain Barbs are horses of the best courage; many of them bear the marks of wounds they have received from lions."

"With respect to the Northern horses, I have seen some beautiful in their kind, genteel in all sorts of paces, and which have excelled all others in leaping. Moreover, they have a peculiar excellency in the motion of their fore-legs, which is the principal grace in the action of a horse; but they sooner come to decay than a Barb, and you will always find amongst them more horses fit for the cart than the manége.

"The best stallion is a well-chosen Barb or a beautiful Spanish horse. Some people pretend that a Barb or genet produces too small a breed. There is no fear of having too small horses in England, since the moisture of the climate and the fatness of the land rather produce horses too large.

"In the choice of breeding mares, I would advise you to take either a well-shaped Spanish one, or a Neapolitan. When these are not easily obtained, then a beautiful English mare, of a good colour and well marked.

* * * * * *

"I am no friend to astrological remarks in this case. The moon's aspect or that of any other celestial body are equally absurd in affairs of this kind; it matters not whether the moon is increasing or decreasing, or whether any other planets are in conjunction or opposition, for horses are not begot by astronomy or by the almanack."

* See anecdote of a cavalry charge by "Vielle Moustache," page 150, chapter on Oriental Horses.

But although the Duke of Newcastle expresses himself thus impartially on the merits of all the breeds of horses known to him, it is a very curious circumstance that forty-three elaborate copper-plates all represent but one style of horse—the Flemish war-horse, of large limbs, heavy crest, shaggy fetlocks, flowing mane and tail, of which the horse ridden by Charles I. in Vandyke's portrait at Warwick Castle is so fine a specimen.

There is not the slightest difference in the apparent breed of the following list of horses, which are drawn on a double folio page:—"*Paragon*, un Barbe;" "*La Superbe*, Cheval d'Espagne;" "*Mako-melia*, un Turque;" "*Nobilissimo*, Coursier Napolitain;" "*Rubtan*, un Roussin" (a thick

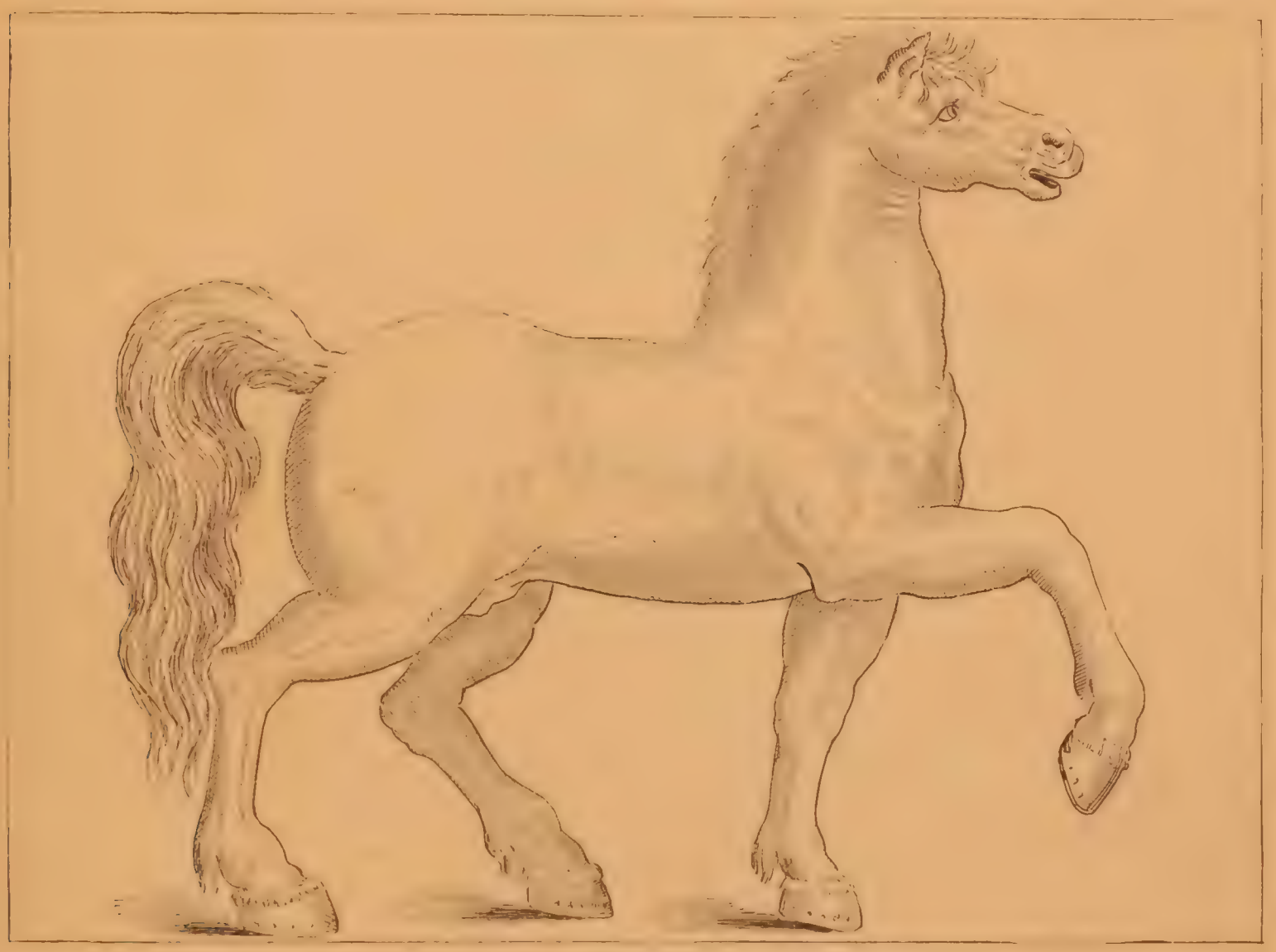
STUD HORSE, AFTER THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.

stallion of moderate size). There are also two large plates, one representing mares and foals, and the other three-year-old colts, in an enclosed paddock, gamboling in various attitudes, making natural curvets and caprioles, but all of the hairy-heeled sort, like the Norman horses that used to draw the French diligences thirty years ago, or the improved Suffolks. The Neapolitan war-horse only differs from the Barb in that he has a rather more drooping croup, and is branded on the rump with the mark of his breeder, as horses bred on Italian plains are to this day. Some of these old brand marks are represented on the preceding page.* These plates were all drawn by Abraham Diepenbèke, a Flemish artist, "under the marquis's immediate direction." Several of them represent the marquis on horseback, performing one of the feats of the *haute école*, or high school of riding, and engraved conspicuously across them are the words, "*Monsieur le Marquis Donne une Leçon.*" So that after commencing by saying that he prefers a Barb, this noble teacher

* See also note to page 147.

of horsemanship presents nothing but a series of lively cart-horses, rather heavier than the hearse-like animal on which Charles I. is mounted at Charing Cross.

This anomaly occurred vividly to us in 1865, when present at the opening of a French Horse Show in the Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysées. A troop of the pupils of the cavalry school of Saumur appeared in the arena, dressed in the style of Louis XV., with small three-cornered hats with ostrich plumes, green and gold coats, white leather breeches, and black boots, mounted on well-bred horses. They commenced by drawing up in a line, and at foot pace *passaging* (moving sideways) in front of the Emperor's box, each man as he passed saluting by



ITALIAN HORSE, 1688.

raising his plumed hat; the horses keeping an exact line, every foot rising along the line at the same moment—a performance we had often seen attempted at professional hippodromes, but never with horses so fine or men so admirably trained. Other feats followed, the least successful of which was the leaping of low hurdles. After this very pretty exhibition, the troop retired, and presently returned mounted on fat Norman horses with buckskin demi-piqued saddles, without stirrups, their manes plaited with ribbons, their tails plaited and tied on one side. The moment we saw them we exclaimed to a friend, "Why, here are all the horses and pupils of the Marquis of Newcastle!" So they were, for they proceeded to execute ballotades, caprioles,* and all the tricks delineated in the elaborate copper-plates of Abraham Diepenbèke.

* In a ballotade the horse jumps off the ground, bending both knees and houghs, and showing his hind-shoes without kicking out. In the capriole the horse does the same, and kicks out with both hind-legs.

We dwell upon this curious and costly publication,* because it is so extraordinary that such an expense should have been incurred for engravings of horses, in none of which, out of more than forty plates, does one blood-horse, or even moderately well-bred horse, appear.

The author of "The Gentlemen's Jockey," the ninth edition of which is dated 1704, "with additions," undertakes to explain how a horse may be prepared "for a running course in two months." He says of the English horse that he "may be known by his strong knitting together;" as the Neapolitan by his hooked nose, and the Barbary by his fine head. Cox, writing in 1686 his "Gentleman's Recreations," gives exactly the same list of horses as the Duke of Newcastle, adding particular directions for obtaining and importing Spanish, Arab, Barbary, and Turkish horses.

During the hundred years between 1618 and 1688, a constant importation of Eastern horses was taking place, which, crossed with the best native mares, and selected by racing men and hunting men for speed and stoutness, gradually and almost insensibly produced the English blood-horse, whose superiority to all other breeds of horses was incontestably proved early in the eighteenth century.

It is noteworthy that in a book on the Treatment of the Horse, published in Rome with permission of the Pope in 1689, no reference is made to English horses at all, although they certainly had some reputation, as proved by Gervase Markham's anecdote about Montgomery's escape from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. An Italian nobleman, the Marquis of Origo, an active member of the Committee of the Roman Hunt, who is engaged in improving the breed of Italian horses, suggested to us, as a possible reason for this, that a book printed at Rome in 1688 would not be permitted even to refer to the horses of a heretic country. Yet it is on record that King James II., during his exile in France, procured English horses for hunting in the forest of St. Germain.

The following is the Italian author's description of the various breeds of horses. It bears a close resemblance to that of the Duke of Newcastle:—

"TURKISH HORSES are mostly white. It occurs from the climate of the country, though there are some chestnut and bay, but black very rarely; and, certainly, Turkish horses are very good, well-made, noble, proud, strong, nervous, and of tender mouth.

"PERSIAN HORSES do not differ much from the others in size and form, but only in pace, because they take short steps. They are proud, and if not subdued by fatigue, they are mastered with difficulty. They are very pleasant to riders.

"INDIAN HORSES are very good jumpers, excellent for racing, and go with such speed that their ardour can only be restrained, and after long time, by fatiguing them thoroughly.

"BARBARY HORSES are all small, but well made, and nimble in the race, and so obedient that they are trained to follow in their master's tracks, and led only by a riding-whip.

"ARABIAN HORSES are swifter than all others, and never tire. They are delicate, thin, and will suffer any rough treatment from their masters, who never curry, litter, or give them oats. Immediately after the journey they are unsaddled and sent to grass.

"MOORISH HORSES are excellent in long journeys and endurance; they are daring, and nothing can intimidate them.

"POLISH HORSES are excellent; especially that part of Poland called Sarmatia, in Europe, near to Asia, is celebrated, and they are very similar to Barbary horses.

"HUNGARIAN HORSES are well trained to the fatigues of war; to the endurance of cold and of

* I have only been able to find three editions—the first, in French, which the title-page calls a translation from English, published at Antwerp during the Protectorate, in 1658; the second, in English, in London, in 1667, after the Restoration; and the third, a reprint, in 1743—but all with the same copper-plate engravings, with titles and descriptions in French.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

A PUPIL OF LA HAUTE ECOLE,

PORTRAIT BY VELASQUEZ OF DON BALTHAZAR, INFANTE OF SPAIN

FROM SIR RICHARD WALLACE'S COLLECTION

hunger. They have the head well-set and large; the eyes prominent, and the nostrils small; jaw wide, and the neck well covered, the mane flowing down to the knees; the ribs powerful, and well adapted to the saddle. They have a full tail, strong legs, short joints, the hoof full They are tall in proportion to their length; leanness suits them, because then they are in the perfection of agility.

"FRIGIAN HORSES are heavy and lazy; their nature is vicious, cowardly, and false, and especially when combined with timidity; nevertheless, one must act with severity, striking them without mercy, so as to obtain mastery; for if one be not careful, their malignity will increase every day, and a cavalier can certainly boast when he has brought one of these horses to subjection, for, being of two natures, they have also such bad propensities that they would deteriorate those qualities which are good, if there are any, and at last could not be compelled to make use of their strength in drawing and carting, or in ploughing, as in our country. They are short-sighted This is owing to the perpetual snows of their country. Their hoofs are white and soft, in those coming from the parts of the country which are marshy. They are very hard-mouthed. On account of their ordinarily fierce temper, and for the weight of their lips, which detracts from the power of the reins, the Germans are compelled to use the roughest and strongest bridles they can obtain. Speaking of the bridles, they are well drawn up to the eyes, so as to raise their heads, and so high in the mouth that the bit nearly reaches the root of the tongue. The same thing is necessary for the FRENCH HORSE, which is similar in nature; but from this latter country they get many good saddle-horses, and far better than those of Germany.

"We cannot compare the ITALIAN SPECIES to those of other countries, or from any celebrated part of the world. Many examples could be given by which, in many important Roman wars, and other occasions, the Italian cavalry have gained consecutive victories.

"But, truly, if the quality of these species is obtained by different causes, as, for instance, the climate, the formation of the country, the good choice of mares, and, finally, of the care taken by the breeders who enjoy the rearing of horses, it is not to be wondered at that this great number of good horses exists in Italy. That the climate is so good and so favourable, and by far the best in the world, is proved by the fact that it has been invaded by so many peoples. Italy has been attacked continually by other nations, and devastated by war, and according to the future turns of fortune has been governed by various conquerors, from which changes, as I have said above, having obtained different qualities of horses, the species have been brought to perfection, have derived their pleasant temperament from the influence of the air, robust constitutions from the nature of the country, beauty of form from the crossing of various breeds, and fine paces from the training of their excellent riders. Rome, the kingdom of Naples, and Tuscany, stands first for good breeds of horses."*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations of this chapter consist of a coloured plate, a copy of a celebrated picture of Velasquez, in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, lent to Bethnal Green by his kind permission, representing a Spanish child prince riding his manége pony, a miniature horse of the breed described at page 146; wood engravings of the Neapolitan, from the Duke of Newcastle's book; a stud-horse, from the same; the Marquis himself on horseback, from the same; and an Italian horse, from the Roman book last mentioned—all showing, particularly the last, what brutes were the favourites of the period that preceded the manufacture of the blood-horse.

* "La Perfettione del Cavallo di Francesco Liberati Romano. All'illustries el Eccellentiss. Principe il Signor D. Gio. Battista Borghese, Principe di Sulmona. In Roma, per Michele Hercole, 1669. Con Licenza de Sup."

CHAPTER VIII.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BLOOD-HORSE.

Mr. Wetherby's Stud-Book, and List of Oriental Ancestors of the British Race-horse—Important Races at Newmarket, 1720—A List of a Hundred Well-bred Horses and Mares famous between 1711 and 1720—Berenger's History of Horsemanship, 1771—John Lawrence's Reminiscences, 1800—Account of Godolphin Arabian—Darley Arabian—Flying Childers—The Mile in a Minute Doubtful—Eclipse, Description of, from Laurence's Personal Recollection—Measurement of Eclipse by St. Bel—Pedigree of Eclipse—Pictures of him as a Race-horse and as a Stallion—His Value as a Sire—Active Share of Landed Gentry in Improving Ordinary Horses between 1700 and 1800—Effect of Hunting-field on Breeding—Act for Discouraging Pony Races, 1740—The Strong Race-horse Sampson; His Dimensions—His Grandson Mambrino—Portraits of Race-horses in Mr. Tattersall's Album—Modern Scepticism as to Merits of Flying Childers and Eclipse—Admiral Rous a Sceptic—His Evidence before Lords Committee—His Letter to "Bayley's Magazine"—The Earl of Stradbroke Differs from his Brother the Admiral—General Peel thinks quite as Good Horses Bred as Ever, but more Horses and more Bad Ones—Gambling the Foundation of the English Blood-horse.

In 1791 Mr. Wetherby, founder of the firm of that name which is the banker or stakeholder of every important race in the kingdom, and whose descendant is still secretary of the Jockey Club, published the first edition of his "Stud Book," which has since become the official register of the pedigrees of all the through-bred horses bred in this kingdom. In the preface to the fourth edition, he gave, as the result of very laborious investigation, in which he had access to the best sources of information, the following list of the Arabians, Barbs, and Turks which had more or less contributed to create the British race-horse:—

"King James I. bought an Arabian of Mr. Markham, a merchant, for 500 guineas, said (but with little probability) to have been the first of that breed ever seen in England. The Duke of Newcastle says, in his treatise on 'Horsemanship,' that he had seen the above Arabian, and describes him as a small bay horse, and not of very excellent shape.

"The Helmsley Turk was the property of the Duke of Buckingham, and got Bustler, &c.

"Place's White Turk was the property of Mr. Place, stud-master to Oliver Cromwell, when Protector, and was sire of Wormwood, Commoner, and the great-grandams of Wyndham, Grey Ramsden, and Cartouch.

"King Charles II. sent abroad the Master of the Horse to procure a number of foreign horses and mares for breeding, and the mares brought over by him (as also many of their produce) have since been called Royal Mares.

"Dodsworth, though foaled in England, was a natural Barb. His dam, a Barb mare, was imported in the time of Charles II., and was called a royal mare. She was sold by the stud-master, after the king's death, for forty guineas, at twenty years old, when in foal (by the Helmsley Turk) with Vixen, dam of the Old Child mare.

"The Straddling, or Lister Turk, was brought into England by the Duke of Berwick, from

the siege of Buda, in the reign of James II. He got Snake, the Duke of Kingston's Brisk and Piping Peg, Coneyskins,* the dam of Hip, and the grandam of the Bolton Sweepstakes.

"The Byerley Turk was Captain Byerley's charger in Ireland in King William's wars (1689, &c.). He did not cover many thorough-bred mares, but was the sire of the Duke of Kingston's Sprite, who was thought nearly as good as Leedes; the Duke of Rutland's Black Hearty and Archer, the Duke of Devonshire's Basto, Lord Bristol's Grasshopper, and Lord Godolphin's Byerley Gelding, all in good forms; Halloway's Jigg, a middling horse; and Knightley's mare in a very good form.

"Greyhound. The cover for this foal was in Barbary, after which both his sire and dam were purchased and brought into England by Mr. Marshall. He was got by King William's white Barb, Chillaby, out of Slugey, a natural Barb mare. Greyhound got the Duke of Wharton's Othello, said to have beat Chanter easily in a trial giving him a stone, but who, falling lame, ran only one match in public against a bad horse; he also got Panton's Whitefoot, a very good horse; Osmyn, a very fleet horse, and in good form for his size; the Duke of Wharton's Rake, a middling horse; Lord Halifax's Sampson, Goliath, and Favourite, pretty good twelve-stone plate horses, who ran in the North, where he was a common stallion, and covered many of the best mares.

"The D'Arcy White Turk was the sire of Old Hautboy, Grey Royal, Cannon, &c.

"The D'Arcy Yellow Turk was the sire of Spanker, Brimmer, and the great-grandam of Cartouche.

"The Marshall or Sellaby Turk was the property of Mr. Marshall's brother, stud-master to King William, Queen Anne, and King George I. He got the Curwen Old Spot, the dam of Windham, the dam of the Derby Ticklepitcher, and great-grandam of the Bolton Sloven and Fearnought.

"Curwen's Bay Barb was a present to Louis XIV. from Muley Ismael, King of Morocco, and was brought into England by Mr. Curwen, who being in France when Count Byram and Count Toulouse (two natural sons of Louis XIV.) were the former Master of the Horse and the latter an admiral, he procured of them two Barb horses, both of which proved excellent stallions, and are well known by the names of the Curwen Bay Barb and the Toulouse Barb. Curwen's Bay Barb got Mixbury and Tantivy, both very high-formed galloways (the first of them was only 13 hands 2 inches high, and yet there were not more than two horses of his time that could beat him at light weights); Brocklesby, Little George, Yellow Jack, Bay Jack, Monkey, Dangerfield, Hip, Peacock, and Flatface (the first two in good forms, the rest middling); two Mixburys (full brothers to the first Mixbury middling galloway), Long Meg, Brocklesby, Betty, and Creeping Molly (extraordinarily high-formed mares); White Neck, Mistake, Sparkler, and Lightfoot (very good mares); and several middling galloways, who ran for plates in the North. He got two full sisters to Mixbury, one of which bred Partner, Little Scar, Sore Heels, and the dam of Crab; the other was the dam of Quiet, Silver Eye, and Hazard. He did not cover many mares except Mr. Curwen's and Mr. Pelham's.

"The Toulouse Barb afterwards became the property of Sir J. Parsons, and was the sire of Bagpiper, Blacklegs, Mr. Panton's Molly, and the dam of Cinnamon.

"Darley's Arabian was brought over by a brother of Mr. Darley, of Yorkshire, who, being an agent in merchandise abroad, became member of a hunting club, by which means he acquired interest to procure this horse. He was sire of Childers, and also got Almanzor, a very good

* "Coneyskins," so called from having been first used as a hack by a rabbit catcher. There is a curious etching of this mare in the "Album of Race-horses," collected by the late Richard Tattersall, Sen., and placed at my disposal by Mr. Edmund Tattersall, which represents her as a thin, spindle-shanked weed.

horse; a white-legged horse of the Duke of Somerset's, full brother to Almanzor, and thought to be as good, but, meeting with an accident, he never ran in public; Cupid and Brisk, good horses; Dædalus, a very fleet horse; Dart, Skipjack, Manica, and Aleppo, good plate horses, though out of bad mares; Lord Lonsdale's mare, in very good form; and Lord Tracey's mare, in a good one for plates. He covered very few mares except Mr. Darley's, who had a few well-bred besides Almanzor's dam.

"Sir J. William's Turk (more frequently called the Honeywood Arabian) got Mr. Honeywood's two True Blues. The elder of them was the best plate horse in England for four or five years, the younger was in very high form, and got the Romford gelding and Lord Onslow's grey horse, middling horses, out of road mares. It is not known that this Turk covered any bred mare except the dam of the two True Blues.

"The Belgrade Turk was taken at the siege of Belgrade by General Merci, and sent by him to the Prince de Craon, from whom he was a present to the Prince of Lorraine. He was afterwards purchased by Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, and died in his possession about 1740.

"Of Bloody Buttocks nothing further can be traced from the papers of the late Mr. Crofts than that he was a grey Arabian, with a red mark on his hip, whence he derived his name.

"Croft's Bay Barb was got by Chillaby, out of the Moonah Barb mare.

"The Godolphin Arabian was a brown bay, about 15 hands high, with some white on the off heel behind. There is a picture of him and his favourite cat in the library at Gog Magog in Cambridgeshire, at which place he died, in the possession of Lord Godolphin, in 1753, being then supposed to be in his twenty-ninth year.

"Whether he was an Arabian or a Barb is a point disputed (his portrait would lead to the latter supposition), but his excellence as a stallion is generally admitted. In 1731, then the property of Mr. Coke, he was Teazer to Hobgoblin, who refusing to cover Roxana, he was put to the Arabian, and from that cover produced Lath, the first of his get. It is remarkable that there is not a superior horse now on the turf without a cross of the Godolphin Arabian, neither has there been for many years past. There is an original portrait of this horse in Lord Cholmondeley's collection, at Houghton; on comparing which with Mr. Stubbs' print of him, it will be seen that the disproportionately small limbs as represented in the latter do not accord with the painting."

From some one or more of these sires all the best race-horses of past and present times have descended; so that down to the present day the Derby and St. Leger winners may be invariably traced to one of the Oriental sires of the seventeenth century recorded by Mr. Wetherby.

The prize of races in the time of James was a bell, which in the time of Charles II. was exchanged for a bowl, the original King's Plate. In the time of George II. the silver bowl was replaced by a purse of one hundred guineas, which at this day is called the Queen's Plate, and bestowed on certain favoured localities in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to the extent of about £5,000 a year. But the encouragement to select, breed, and train horses to win races, and thus to improve the breed of British horses, was not in these early days so much the public prizes, bells or bowls, as the rivalry between neighbours and counties, between the North and the South, supported by heavy wagers.

There were no sporting newspapers to report these races, but Racing Calendars have been collected by Mr. Weatherby that go much farther back than the "Stud Book," and present many names still familiar amongst our nobility and gentry as breeders of blood-horses.

In 1720 there were twenty-six matches run off at Newmarket, and for a hundred years previously races had been run at the king's favourite park of Theobald's at Enfield, Croydon, and

Epsom; while during Charles II.'s reign Newmarket became what it has been since, the head-quarters of the racing world. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, racing became one of the institutions of Yorkshire, which has always been pre-eminent for its horses and horsemen.

Weatherby gives in the second part of his first "Stud Book" pedigrees of more than two hundred horses and mares of note between 1711 and 1759. These are, it will be observed, all closely allied to Oriental blood, the first English stallion appearing to be Basto (by the Byerley Turk); he died in 1723. Among the celebrities is Bold Galloway, by a Barb out of one of Charles II.'s royal mares, the sire of Cartouche, who came from Place's (Master of the Horse to Cromwell) White Turk. Cartouche, while in the possession of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, covered several seasons in Wales.

"Bonny Black, foaled in 1715, a very famous mare, by a son of the Byerley Turk, her dam by a Persian stallion; thus, probably, with at least two crosses of English blood."

"Jigg, the sire of Partner, a capital horse, of whom a portrait by Seymour is extant, was a common country stallion in Lincolnshire, till Partner was six years old; while Partner, foaled in 1718, covered most of the best mares in Yorkshire for four years. He was bred by Mr. Pelham," the ancestor of the present Earl of Yarborough, and breeder of several celebrated horses and mares, amongst others, Brocklesby Betty, one of the early English racers.

It is therefore abundantly clear that, without any assistance from the State beyond the importation of Charles II.'s royal mares, and a trifling sum annually expended in King's Plates, the noblemen, county gentlemen, and yeomen of England succeeded between the years 1618 and 1700 in founding on the stock of the best British mares, by the aid of Oriental sires—Barb, Turkish, Arab, Persian—and a few Oriental mares, a tribe of horses superior to either.

In 1724 the reputation of our blood-horses must have increased, for the giant Maurice Saxe, illegitimate son of the last king of Poland, twenty-one years later our conqueror, as Marshal Saxe, at the battle of Fontenoy, came to England to buy horses. He visited Newmarket races, and delighted his English friends by pitching an insolent scavenger into the midst of his mud-cart.

In 1771, "Richard Berenger, Gentleman of the Horse to His Majesty King George," published his "History and Art of Horsemanship," from which most writers on the horse since that date have drawn freely for the historical part of their subject. He is the first up to that period who makes any distinct allusion to the changed character of the British horse. He writes with the feeling of a manége or high-school rider, with little sympathy for either hunting or racing, and displays regret that some of the royal prerogatives that had passed away with the House of Stuart had not descended to the House of Brunswick.

He says, "The finer and better sort of the more modern English horses are descended from Arabians and Barbs, and frequently resemble their sires in appearance, but differ from them considerably in size and in mould, being more furnished, stout, and lusty; in general they are strong, nimble, and of good courage, capable of enduring excessive fatigue, and both in perseverance and speed surpass all the horses in the world." But from the following remarks, it is evident that in Berenger's time English blood steppers, the whole class of park hacks and light harness-horses, with "up to the curb-chain action," had not been produced; for he adds: "It is objected to them that they are void of grace and that expression in their figure and carriage which is so conspicuous in foreign horses, and so beautiful and attractive as even to be essentially requisite on occasions of pomp and parade; but, instead of displaying a dignity of motion, and a conscious air of cheerfulness and alacrity, as if they shared in the pleasure and pride of their riders, they appear in their actions cold, indifferent, and unanimated. The most heedless and ignorant spectator who should see them contrasted with the horses of action (Hanoverian, Spanish, Italian), would

be struck with the difference, would be uninterested with the lame and lifeless behaviour of the one, and ravished with the sensibility and well-tempered fire of the other. Besides this, the English horses are accused, and not unjustly, of being obstinate and uncomplying in their tempers, dogged, and sullen; of having stiff and inactive shoulders, and wanting suppleness in their limbs, which defects make their motions constrained, occasion them to go near the ground, and render them unfit for the manége." On reading which one involuntarily murmurs the trite quotation, "Tempora mutantur et nos."

A little farther on Mr. Berenger regrets that Charles I., who did by Order in Council command his people to discontinue the use of snaffle and adopt curb bridles, did not follow the recommendation of a memorial presented by Sir Edward Harwood, and enact that noblemen and gentlemen, instead of making races for bells, should breed stronger horses, fit for war. In every age we find writers deploring the decline of our breed of horses, and imploring the interference of the State, either by restrictions or artificial encouragements.

The next authority in this sketch of the history of the English horse is John Lawrence,* whose book, in quarto, magnificently illustrated by copper-plates, exquisitely engraved after pictures by George Stubbs, B. Marshall, and Gilpin, and contains portraits of the Godolphin Arabian, Eclipse, Shakespeare, King Herod, Flying Childers, and other famous race-horses.

Lawrence's history of the British horse up to 1770 is chiefly compiled from Berenger's book; but he is an authority on his own time, for he was an enthusiast and a gossip, and seems to have spared no pains to obtain authentic portraits of horses which were the foundation of the best qualities of the English blood-horse. In one place he tells his readers that he "has pried into, nay, devoured, every page and every line of Mr. Weatherby's then recently published 'Stud Book,'† with all the enthusiasm of an amateur;" in another that "he would willingly have ridden a hundred miles to ride a celebrated race-horse a sweat." His remarks on the famous sires and race-horses mentioned by Weatherby in his miscellaneous list become most interesting, because he says that in 1778 he was "frequently in the habit of visiting old Eclipse, then at Epsom." Lawrence gives dates to the list of Oriental horses collected by Weatherby. He says, "I know of no pedigrees traceable beyond Place's White Turk" (Place was Master of the Horse to Oliver Cromwell) "and the Morocco Barb of the Lord General Fairfax." During the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the most famous blood sires were the Walmsley Turk, Dodsworth (a Barb foaled in England, his dam a royal imported mare), the Taffolet Barb, the White-legged Lowther Barb, and the Stradley or Lister Turk, brought by the Duke of Berwick from the siege of Buda, in the reign of James II., at a time when the Sultan was a great European as well as Oriental power, and had, by conquest and by tribute, the finest Oriental horses in his armies). "During William III.'s reign there were imported the Byerley Turk, sire of Sprite, Black Hearty, Basto, and Jigg; Greyhound, purchased a foal in Barbary, by the king's stud-master, Mr. Marshall, with his sire, a white Barb; Chillaby his dam, Slugey, and the Moonah Barb mare; the D'Arcy White and Yellow Turks; and the Marshall or Sellaby Turk.

"In the reign of Queen Anne, sportsmen bred from the Curwen Barb, the Toulouse Barb, a son of Chillaby, the famous Darley Arabian, Williams's Turk, also called the Honeywood White Arabian, the St. Vuter's Barb, Cole's Barb, and many others.

"About 1730, temp. George II., the following foreign covering stallions were kept in this country:—The Alcock Arabian, the Bloody-shouldered Arabian, the Belgrade Turk (taken at the siege of that place), Bethell's Arabian, Burlington's Barb, Croft's Egyptian horse, the Black

* "History and Derivation of the Horse in all his Varieties." By John Lawrence. 1809. † First Volume, 1791.

Barb, Cyprus Arabian, Devonshire Arabian, Johnson's Turk, Godolphin Arabian, Litton's Chestnut Arabian, Matthew's Persian, Pigott's Turk, Lonsdale's Bay Arabian, and half a dozen others."

At the same time the following English thorough-bred horses (recorded in the Appendix to Wetherby's first volume of the "Stud Book") were covering :—Bay Bolton, the Bald Galloway (a pony), Aleppo, Almanzor, Basto, Bloody Buttocks, Bartlett's Childers, Bollan's Starling Arab, Cartouche, Flying Childers, Fox, Greyhound, Hartley's Blind Horse, Hampton Court Childers, Hutton's Grey Childers, Hobgoblin, Jigg, Manica, Lamprey, Partner, Sore Heels, Small's Childers, Tifler, Woodcock, Young Belgrade, and Young True Blue—names which are not barren, because every good race-horse for the last twenty or fifty years may be traced back to some of them, and through them to Oriental sires. Lawrence records the names of some dozen other Orientals imported between 1730 and his time, but as none have become famous it is not worth while to repeat them.

In an advertisement of the Damascus Arabian, it states that he was "of the purest Arabian breed, without any admixture of Turcoman or Barb," which shows, says Lawrence, "the fashionable opinion in 1773."

After about 1750 no Oriental blood, Arab, Barb, or Turk, seems to have been used with success, although stakes for imported Arabians were run at Newmarket. All the most famous race-horses trace their pedigrees between 1730 and 1750, through English sires, to the Darley or Godolphin Arabians. "Our best horses for nearly a century past have been either deeply imbued with their blood or entirely derived from it."

According to Lawrence, "the Godolphin Arabian was in colour a brown bay, somewhat mottled on the buttocks and crest, but with no white excepting the off heel behind, about 15 hands high, with good bone and substance. His portrait, by Seymour, was in the library at Gog Magog, the seat of Lord Godolphin. It is presumed that the famous portrait by Stubbs (engraved in Lawrence's book), which sold at his sale for 246 guineas, was a copy of Seymour's. Artists say that the crest of the horse is quite out of nature. However, from all accounts and the various representations I have seen of this horse, his crest was exceedingly large and elevated, his neck elegantly curved, and his muzzle very fine. He had considerable length, his capacious shoulders and head the true sloping position, and every part materially contributed to action. According to tradition he was picked up in Paris, where he was drawing a cart. He was not used as sire until 1731, when his first produce was Lath, out of Roxana, who was considered the best horse since Flying Childers. After Lath, until his death in 1753, being then twenty-nine years old, the Godolphin was the sire of a series of prodigies. That he was a Barb and not an Arabian I am convinced more and more every time I contemplate his portrait. The name or breed assigned to foreign horses by their importers is not of the smallest consequence. If a horse be purchased in Turkey he is styled a Turk. Amongst us all southern horses are called Arabians. The Compton Barb was more commonly called the Sedley Arabian, and Sir John Williams's Turk the Honeywood Arabian."

"The Darley Arabian got Flying Childers, and others less known to modern fame. He had not the variety of mares that annually poured in upon the Godolphin Arabian; indeed, he covered very few excepting those belonging to the proprietor, Mr. Darley, but from these sprung the largest and speediest race-horses ever known—Flying Childers and Eclipse, the swiftest, beyond a doubt, of all quadrupeds."

"Flying Childers was a chestnut horse, with white upon his nose, and whited all-fours upon his pasterns. He appears 15 hands high or upwards, and to have been of the short compact form, his immense stride being furnished by the length of his back and loins, the former appearing in every portrait of him of extraordinary length. He was foaled in 1715; got by

the Darley Arabian out of Betty Leedes. He was bred considerably in-and-in with a number of Arabian and Barb blood. He never started but at Newmarket, and there beat all the best horses of his time."

The story of his running three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards in six minutes and forty seconds, although often repeated, is now generally treated as a mistake or an exaggeration.

ECLIPSE.

"Eclipse was a chestnut horse, 16½ hands high, foaled in 1764, by Marske, a great-grandson of the Darley Arabian." He was not trained until five years old. "When I first saw him," says Lawrence, "he appeared in high health, of a robust constitution. His shoulder was very thick, but extensive and well-placed; his hind-quarters appeared higher than his fore-hand; and it was said that no horse in his gallop ever threw his haunches with greater effect, his agility and his stride being on a par. He stood over a deal of ground, and in that respect was the opposite of Flying Childers, a short-backed, compact horse, whose reach lay in his lower limbs. When viewed, fat as a stallion, there was a certain coarseness about him. Eclipse was never beaten; never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the rubbing of a spur—out-footing, out-striding, and out-lasting every horse that started against him."

The late Mr. Percival, a distinguished veterinary surgeon, writing on the same horse, says that "he was a big horse in every sense of the word, tall in stature, lengthy and capacious in body, and large in his limbs. For a big horse his head was small, and partook of the Arabian character; his neck was unusually long; his shoulder was strong, sufficiently oblique, and although not remarkable for, not deficient in depth, his chest was circular; he rose very little on his withers, being higher behind than before; his back was lengthy, and over the loins roached; his quarters were straight, square, and extended; his limbs were lengthy and broad, and his joints large, in particular his arms and thighs were long and muscular, and his knees and hocks broad and well-formed."

Mr. Percival came to these conclusions from the descriptions of contemporary writers like Lawrence, from an examination of the skeleton preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, from which Mr. St. Bel, the first Professor of the Royal Veterinary College, made the following measurements, which, although often published, are deeply interesting, because they show that as far as form went (*pace* Admiral Rous) the British race-horse had reached perfection in 1770, when Eclipse was six years old. We say race-horse, as distinguished from riding-horse, because his high croup, strong quarters, and low withers must have made him as unpleasant a horse to ride as it is possible to imagine :—

PROPORTIONS OF ECLIPSE.

The length of the head of the horse is supposed to be divided into twenty-two equal parts, which are the common measure for every part of the body.

Three heads and thirteen parts will give the height of the horse, from the foretop to the ground.

Three heads from the withers to the ground.

Three heads from the rump to the ground.

Three heads and three parts the whole length of the body, from the most prominent part of the chest to the extremity of the buttocks.

Two heads and twenty parts the height of the body, through the middle of the centre of gravity.

Two heads and seven parts the height of the highest part of the chest from the ground.

Two heads and five parts the height of the perpendicular line which falls from the articulation of the arm with the shoulder directly to the hoof.

One head and twenty parts the height of the perpendicular line which falls from the top of the fore-leg, dividing equally all its parts to the fetlock.

One head and nineteen parts the height of the perpendicular line from the elbow to the ground.

One head and nineteen parts the distance from the top of the withers to the stifle.

The same measure also gives the distance from the top of the rump to the elbow.

One and a half head the length of the neck, from the withers to the top of the head.

The same measure also gives the length of the neck, from the top of the head to its insertion into the chest.

One head the width of the neck at its union with the chest.

Twelve parts of a head the width of the neck in its narrowest part.

The same measure gives the breadth of the head, taken below the eyes.

One head and four parts the thickness of the body, from the middle of the back to the middle of the belly.

The same measure gives the breadth of the body.

Also the rump, from its summit to the extremity of the buttocks.

Also the distance from the root of the tail to the stifle.

Also the length from the stifle to the hock.

Also the height from the extremity of the hoof to the hock.

Twenty parts of a head the distance from the extremity of the buttocks to the stifle.

Also the breadth of the rump or croup.

Ten parts of a head the breadth of the fore-legs, from their anterior part to the elbow.

Ten parts of a head the breadth of one of the hind-legs, taken beneath the fold of the buttocks.

Eight parts of a head the breadth of the ham taken from the bend.

Also the breadth of the head above the nostrils.

Seven parts of a head the distance of the eyes from one great angle to the other.

Also the distance between the fore-legs.

Five parts of a head the thickness of the knees.

Also the breadth of the fore-legs above the knees.

Also the thickness of the hams.

Four parts of a head the breadth of the pastern or fetlock-joint.

Also the thickness of the coronet.

Four and a half parts of the head the breadth of the coronet.

Three parts of the head the thickness of the legs at their narrowest part.

Also the breadth of the hinder legs or shanks.

Two and three-quarter parts of a head the thickness of the hind pasterns.

Also the breadth of the shanks of the fore-legs.

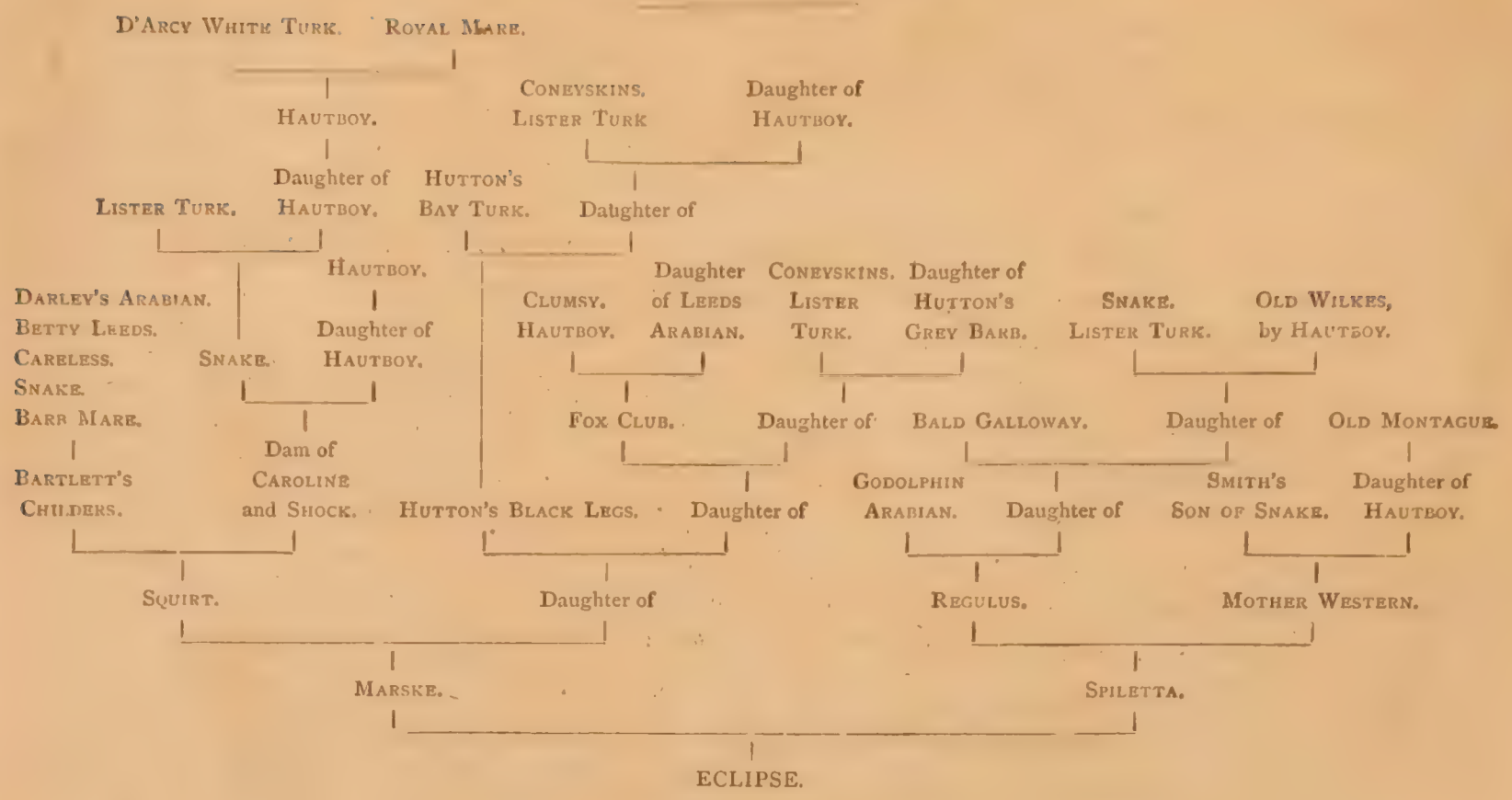
Two and a quarter parts of a head the thickness of the fore pasterns.

Also the breadth of the hind pasterns.

One and three-quarter parts of a head the thickness of the fore and hind shanks.

Of the pedigrees of celebrated race-horses carried back to the commencement of the eighteenth century, one may safely say, *ex unum disce omnes*, nearly all go back to the Darley Arabian (1715), or the Godolphin Barb (1724), or to both. The following pedigree of Eclipse, which will be presently connected with his most famous modern descendant, will sufficiently establish facts so familiar to all students of turf literature.

PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE.



PICTURES OF ECLIPSE.

Mr. Edmund Tattersall has kindly allowed us to reproduce G. Townley Stubb's engraving of Eclipse in racing condition, from his celebrated father's picture, and also to make a coloured fac-simile of an original portrait of Eclipse, after he was put to the stud. Both show an animal of high quality and great power.

The annals already quoted prove that while a few were engaged in breeding race-horses, a great many landed gentlemen, as far apart as Mr. Pelham, at Brocklesby Park, in Lincolnshire, and Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, in South Wales, were, between the years 1700 and 1800, improving the horses of their district by encouraging their tenants and neighbours to cross the horses of the district with sires of racing blood.

Fortunately the tastes of breeders, when the British blood-horse was being manufactured, were not entirely directed to speed. The hunting-field created a demand for well-bred horses, and, toward the close of the last century, for thorough-bred hunters equal to carry weight, a demand which has continued and increased ever since.

County races were often the offspring of county hunt clubs. The rivalry between different counties was keen, and the taste for the blood-horse spread from squires to yeomen and farmers, encouraged by the demand for swift roadsters and carriage-horses. Every provincial capital, like Exeter, Salisbury (one of the oldest), Leicester, Chester, and York, had, as well as its theatre, its assembly rooms, and its cock-pit, its race-course. Yorkshire met Lincolnshire. At Holywell the Cheshire met the Welsh squires, and at Chester their Lancashire rivals. There was rivalry between the Ridings of Yorkshire, and the keenest competition between the North of England and South.

Thus it was that hunting on horseback, over wild, rough, and enclosed country, a sport, as before observed, popularised in England when the farmers of other European countries were little better than serfs, contributed greatly with racing to distribute well-bred horses over the three kingdoms.

In 1740, the reign of George III., an Act had been passed for the suppression of public pony

Vincent Brooks Day & Son. Lith

races, and the discouragement of small weak horses; no prize for race-horses was to be of less value than £50. Every horse of five years old was to carry ten stone, of six years old, eleven, and seven years old twelve stone. But there is no evidence that this Act, probably the child of some independent Member of Parliament, was ever put in force.

Until the commencement, and well into the first quarter, of the present century, there was a great deal of racing of horses which were admittedly not thorough-bred, known on the turf as "H.B." (half-bred) or "cock-tails," which, when contending with thorough-bred horses, had allowances in weight. The system of allowing weight was eventually abolished, in consequence of

ECLIPSE AS A RACER (FROM AN ENGRAVING BY STUBBS).

the opening it gave to fraud by substituting a thorough-bred foal for a half-bred of the same colour; but for a time it must have had the effect of encouraging farmers to put their mares to blood-horses for the chance of getting a racer, and if not a racer, a hunter.

"Through Childers and Blaze," says Lawrence, "descended Sampson, the strongest horse that ever raced before or since his time, entitled to equal pre-eminence if viewed as a hackney or hunter. Sampson was 15½ hands high, and his dimensions, as taken by his owner, the Marquis of Rockingham, as follow:—

	Inches.
"From the hair of the hoof to the middle fetlock-joint	4
From the fetlock-joint to the bend of the knee	11
From the bend of the knee to the elbow	19
Round his leg below the knee, narrowest part	8½
Round his hind-leg, narrowest part	9"

The girth is unfortunately not given, or round the fore-arm; but these dimensions show a powerful and compact blood-horse, although of no great reputation as a race-horse.

These particulars are interesting, because Sampson was the grandsire of Mambrino, foaled in

1768, considered in his time a wonderfully fast trotter for a race-horse; and Mambrino, described by Weatherby as "a very moderate race-horse," was the sire of Messenger, who, exported to America, became the root of a many-branched pedigree of the best trotting-horses of the United States.

Mambrino is quoted as one of the examples of "strength with quality" which the author of an anonymous work, published in 1836,* and illustrated with a series of rudely-executed lithographs, thought it the duty of the nation to cultivate. The weight of evidence would incline one to believe that the race-horse, as exhibited in the winners of the great annual races, viz., the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, was as perfect for all practical purposes in 1803 as in 1873; whether he was as fast for running purposes has long been a matter of dispute.

In looking over the album of portraits of race-horses, blood sires, and brood mares, from the earliest times, collected by the late Mr. Richard Tattersall, and for which, as already remarked, we are indebted to the kindness of his nephew, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, the first rude etchings represent a series of impossible animals—the very reverse of the illustrations of the English horses in the Duke of Newcastle's book, or the Italian horse of 1688, given in our last chapter—with scraggy bodies, needle-like legs, and the necks of camels. They seem to have been veritable weeds. Sir William Morgan's Coneyskins, a famous race-horse in 1726, is indeed a miserable wretch; while a little later, Marske, the sire of Eclipse, is represented as a thorough-bred weight-carrier all over. Whether the improvement was due to the horses or the artists there is no reliable evidence.

For useful purposes (whatever may be the requirements for a modern mile race) it would be difficult to find more satisfactory models than the Earl of Egremont's Gohanna, in 1790, to whose blood Irish hunters owe so much of their well-deserved reputation; or Eleanor, who won the Derby and Oaks for Sir Charles Bunbury in 1801, and looks fit to ride hunting. Truffle and Benedict, in 1808, Woeful and Whisker, in 1812, leave nothing to be desired in the way of strength and quality. To be sure, their short tails give them a compact look. At the present the most popular race-horses are three-year-olds, not come to their full development, not "furnished," in dealers' phrase; and their portraits to the unlearned in horse matters convey a very false idea of our best thoroughbreds, speaking of them as horses, and not as racing machines.

The merits of Flying Childers, Eclipse, and other "Conscript Fathers" of the British race-horse, and the traditional accounts of their performances, are not accepted without dispute. Influential parties connected with the turf hold very opposite opinions; one that the British horse is very much deteriorated, the other that he is very much improved. Perhaps they are looking at different sides of the same shield; perhaps one is thinking only of the perfection to which the art of winning and losing money in one afternoon at Newmarket has arrived, and the other of the number of "terrible" high-bred sires perambulating the country to propagate every kind of hereditary unsoundness and malformation.

Before the Lords Committee on Horse Supply, the question of deterioration was incidentally raised, and elicited evidence of a very contradictory character.

Admiral the Honourable Henry Rous, "who is sorry to say that for upwards of fifty years he has observed every thorough-bred horse of racing reputation, and for the last thirty years has noted down every night of his life the results of every race," as a preparation for "handicapping many thousand horses," has the greatest contempt for these racing gods of the old generation of Englishmen, and utterly disbelieves in the racing merit of Childers and Eclipse.

He told the Lords Committee that "in 1700 the average size of the thorough-bred horse was

* "A Comparative View of the Form and Character of the English Racer and Saddle-horse during the Last and Present Centuries."

MAMBRINO, BRED BY LORD GROSVENOR, ——— FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE STUBBS,
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, AT EATON HALL.

13 hands 3 inches, and that since that date it had been increasing an inch every twenty-five years." He must have meant the ordinary size, because, in 1740, pony racing was declared illegal. Herod (1758), was 15 hands 3 inches; Eclipse (1764), over 16 hands; Jupiter (1774), 15 hands 1 inch; and these were what may be called representative horses.

"At present," said the admiral, "the average height of the race-horse is 15 hands 3 inches, and there are not less than twelve horses in training which are 17 hands high, a thing not known fifty years ago;" but as the admiral admitted that Prince Charlie, "the best horse in the world for *a mile*, and 17 hands high, was a roarer," and that "tall horses are more frequently roarers than small horses," it does not seem that the breed of English horses is likely to derive any more benefit from these equine giants than the Prussian nation did from King Frederick I.'s giant regiment of Body Guards.

In justice to the admiral, it must be admitted that these opinions were not expressed for the first time. Some years ago he addressed a letter to "Bailey's Sporting Magazine," which contains the following passage:—

"A very ridiculous notion exists that because our ancestors were fond of matching their horses for four, six, or eight miles, and their great prizes were never less than four miles for aged, that English race-horses of 1700 (Qy. 1760) had more powers of endurance, and were better adapted to run long distances under heavy weights, than the horses of the present day; and there is another peculiar notion that horses cannot stay four miles. From 1600 to 1740, most of the matches at Newmarket were above four miles—the six-mile post in my time stood about 200 yards from the present railroad station; Six-mile Bottom and the eight-mile post was due south on the rising ground—but the cruelty of the distance (?) and interest of horse-owners shortened the course in correspondence with the *civilisation of the country* (?). You may match animals for any distance you please, but it is no proof of their capacity." After saying that the Arab is not degenerated, and that the portraits of Flying Childers, Lath, and Regulus (first crosses from the Eastern horses) had no appearance of race-horses, although they were good enough to run away from the miserable garrans of that era, he continues: "My belief is that the present English race-horse is as much superior to the race-horse of 1750 as he excelled the first cross from Arabs and Barbs with English mares, and again, as they surpassed the racing hack of 1650. The form of Flying Childers might now win a £30 plate, winner to be sold for £40; Highflyer and Eclipse might pull through a £50 plate, winner to be sold for £200. This opinion is founded on the fact that whereas 150 years ago the Eastern horses and their first cross were the best and fastest in England, at this day a second-class race-horse can give five stone to the best Arabian or Barb, and beat him from one to twenty miles."

The Earl of Stradbroke, the brother of the great handicapper,* and oracle of the racing world, holds (as will be seen in the following extract from his evidence before the same Committee) a totally different opinion; but then he is a zealous county gentleman, interested in providing the Suffolk breeders with sound and useful stallions.

"For more than sixty years I have had great experience in breeding all sorts of horses, and have taken great interest in their enduring qualities. At one time of my life I bred a great many thorough-bred horses. I believe that horses have deteriorated of late years.

"Queen's Plates were originally given for horses to carry heavy weights and run long distances. In the last century, and in the beginning of this century, there were a great many valuable horses that could run three or four miles without the slightest trouble or injury of any kind, but now that

* The art of handicapping consists in bringing horses of different ages and speed as nearly as possible together, by imposing extra weight, in proportion to their previous public performances.

description of animal does not exist. My firm belief is that there are not four horses in England now that could run over the Beacon Course (4 miles 1 furlong and 138 yards) at Newmarket within eight minutes, which in my younger days I used to see constantly done.

"You can hardly persuade gentlemen to run four miles, because they can win large sums in running short races,* and their horses can come out oftener. I am afraid that it is more a question of winning money than it used to be eighty years ago, when there were a vast number of persons who took a great pride in breeding horses of a different stamp. I dare say that at Goodwood for the last ten years there have not been more than three horses entered for the Queen's Plates, and these have walked half the distance.

The evidence of General Peel,† which conforms neither to the opinion of Admiral Rous nor the melancholy forebodings of the Earl of Stradbroke, perhaps presents the fairest picture of the present condition of the British blood-horse. General Peel had "had fifty years' experience as a breeder of horses, having, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. Edmund Peel, bred his first animal in 1821, a filly which ran second to the Earl of Jersey's Cobweb in the Oaks in 1824." He considered that "there are quite as good horses now as at any former period, but that there are more bad ones bred in proportion to the total number, in consequence of the whole system of breeding being altered.

"Formerly the proprietors of race-horses were the breeders of them. They had their own brood-mares, their own paddocks; they carefully selected the sire that would suit each mare, and they kept the produce entirely for their own racing. At that time it was very difficult to purchase yearlings, now nine-tenths of the horses are bred for sale. When, some years ago, very large prices were given (at sales by auction) for yearlings, the supply quickly followed the demand. Everybody took to breeding, and stud sales were organised all over the country. More horses are bred (there were nearly three thousand thorough-bred mares last season), and more bad ones, because breeders for sale put all their mares to the stallions they purchase or hire, whether the cross is most suitable or not.

"This opinion is sustained by the fact that although there are very few private, as compared with public, breeders, almost all great stakes are won by animals bred by private breeders."

But the object of this chapter is not to discuss racing and its drawbacks, moral and physical, which are as inevitable as other mental and bodily diseases of civilised life, but to sketch with a rapid hand how the love of country sports, how the love of riding, of hunting, of wagering on matches, and, finally, the concentration of the gambling spirit (in which in some form all civilised and semi-civilised nations indulge) on horse-racing has, in less than a century, laid the foundation of the finest breed of horses in the world. Without the race-course the English blood-horse would never have existed. We must take the good with the bad of that as of other truly English institutions. At any rate, it is quite certain that to revert to the old style of four-mile races at heavy weights is as impossible as to reproduce long whist in good society, or go back from iron steam-driven war-ships to the wooden sailing frigates which Admiral Rous so infinitely prefers; for the admiral is strictly conservative on every question except that on which his clients (in the Roman sense), the betting fraternity, thrive. Large vested interests (including a great and increasing telegraph revenue) have been created and are supported by the modern system of infant horses, short distances, and all the chances of stakes of thousands, and wagers of tens of thousands. Whether it promotes breeding sound and useful blood-horses is quite another question.

* £80,000 was won in bets on one race by one person in 1873.—ED.

† Evidence of General the Right Honourable Joseph Peel before Select Committee on Supply of Horses.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MODERN BLOOD-HORSE.

Points of a Race-horse—Copperthwaite's Description—The Ugliest often the Best—Size and Substance—Large Head no Objection—Nor Large Lopping Ears—Great Length from Hip to Hock Essential—Note on—Broad Chest Objectionable—Anecdote of Sir Anthony Harbottle—Hates Pony-headed Horses—Digby Collins, his Notion of a Race-horse's Hind-quarters—The Arab Style of Quarters and Tail Bad—Mean Quarters of Blink Bonny and Caller Ou—Abd-el-Kader's Description of an Arab Horse—Comparative Difference of Steeplechaser and Hunter—Touchstone; his Son Motley, Worthless as a Race-horse, First-rate as Sire of Hunters—Colours of the English Blood-horse—Statistics of the Turf—Tables of Race-horses from 1797 to 1872—Table of Distances run—Number of Races in 1872—The Earl of Coventry's Letter—The Race-horse as a Stallion—Examples—Stockwell and West Australian—Anecdote of Earl Derby and Lord Palmerston—Their Favourites for the Derby—The Life of a Race-horse at Two Years Old, Three Years, and Four Years—Three-Year-Old Races at Fixed Weights—Weight for Age Races—Queen's Plates—Handicaps the Principal Prizes—Careers of Thorough-bred Foals and Undergraduates Compared—The Modern Owners of Race-horses chiefly Betting Men—Betting Men Classed—Gambling has Changed its Form—Anecdotes of the Old Generation of Gamblers—Wilberforce—Charles Fox—William Pitt—Gambling Houses Formerly Licensed—Gilray's Caricature of Ladies Buckinghamshire and Archer in the Pillory—Prince of Wales and Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, in 1799—Betting "Presents a Possibility of Wealth beyond the Dreams of Avarice"—Mr. Chaplin's Winnings—His Rival's Losses—Bookmaking Trade Described—Anecdote of Palmer the Poisoner—The Customers of Bookmakers Analysed—Whyte Melville—Photograph of "The Elephant" Bookmaker—The Origin of the Derby and Oaks Races—Both Races won in 1801 by Eleanor; in 1857 by Blink Bonny—Lord Melbourne's Description of the Blue Riband: No Pretence of Merit About it—Lord Glasgow's Ill Luck—Lord Clifden and Mr. Chaplin's Great Luck—The Derby won by a Foreign Horse, Gladiateur—The Running Rein Fraud in 1844—Orlando the True Winner—The Blood-horse as a Useful Sire—The Glasgow Stud—Mr. Tom Parrington on Blood Sires—Plan of Hiring Recommended—Queen's Plates are no Longer Useful—Measures and Weights—The Thoroughbred out of Training—Various Uses—Illustrations: Eclipse, Mambrino, Blair Athol, Emblem (Steeplechase Mare), Orlando (a Three-year-old)—The Drake: the Strongest Thoroughbred Horse in the World—Edmond, Thorough-bred Harness Stepper—The Race-horse in America—Description of Races in Jerome Park, New York—The Race-horse in France: Excellence of—Race-horses in Germany.

THE following extracts from the works of two writers—one of whom is accomplished in every art relating to horses and horsemanship; the other a good example of a person with no literary cultivation or pretensions, whose life has been devoted to the turf—will perhaps give a fair idea of what racing-men like in a race-horse:—

"Some of the ugliest horses are best shaped when properly looked over. The worst shaped horses for running purposes are frequently the handsomest. It would hardly be going too far to add that they are almost invariably the very worst. The greatest failures are generally very handsome, and only fit for Rotten Row.

* * * * * *

"Size and substance are indispensable; not a tall, narrow 'clothes horse,' but rather thick-set than otherwise when in fat condition previous to going into training. Coarseness should be avoided, especially as regards the head, neck, and shoulders. The eye should be large, clear, and bright, with a sort of baldness, arising from the absence of coarse hairs around it, which is a sign of high breeding. The jaw-bones should taper gradually towards the nose; the forehead should be wide and

flat between the eyes; but there are many exceptions to these descriptions, many first-class horses having large, bony kind of heads. The head should have a sensible look; the eye clear, full, and steady, which denotes good temper and enduring qualities; a fiery, anxious eye, with more white than usual, is generally found in flighty-tempered, speedy non-stayers. The ears, provided they are not of the long, upright form, like a donkey, stuck up on each side of the head, may be large. Some of the best horses have had lopped ears coming down over their eyes like a rabbit. Horses with lopped ears are generally good-tempered. If when cantering, a horse pricks his ears alternately, first one then the other, it is a sign of good temper, and such are generally long runners. The nostrils should be full and moving; the neck should be of a reasonable length, but muscular, without being coarse. A short neck generally accompanies round, heavy shoulders; shortness in other respects is the worst fault of a race-horse.

"But length does not mean a long back. We must judge of length by the ground an animal covers underneath.

"The body, or middle piece, of a true-made, weight-carrying race-horse, when in condition, should present depth of girth, a good back, muscular-arched loins, but should not be coupled up too closely towards the hip. The longest runners and best weight-carriers, and most speedy, present the appearance of being light in the back ribs. The great point of all lies in the hind-quarters having *good length from the hip to hock*,* with good hocks and thighs; the shoulders, which should be well placed back, together with good length from hip to end of haunch bone, supplying length where it is most needed. A slight drooping towards the tail is preferable to too level an appearance. Animals with a drooping shape are generally better turned under their haunches, and possess more propelling power. The arms should be muscular and reasonably long; from knee to fetlock shortish, clean, with good bone—not round or gummy; the fetlock-joints should not be upright, as they frequently are. Arched knees, provided the horse has done no work, are preferable to 'calve-knees,' which have the contrary appearance.

"Where race-horses are very close, and well-ribbed up, that is to say, where there is but a small space between the back-rib and hip, the latter being somewhat deep and round, there is freedom of action, propelling power, and fine stride. The height should be from 15 hands 2 inches to 16 hands.

"When the chest is broad, and the animal stands wide on the ground, you may pass him as 'no race-horse.'† A speedy and stout runner will be *deep*, yet narrow, between the fore-arms or the chest. Fisherman walked wide on the ground, but was narrow above. Some flat-ribbed animals, with an extraordinary appearance of weakness behind the saddle, stay well, and they have extraordinary propelling powers.

"I have seen few pony-headed horses of the first class. Teddington was the prettiest-headed horse I ever saw for a good one." ‡

Mr. Digby Collins, who is an authority as a breeder, as a horseman, and steeplechase-rider, treats the subject of the form of the race-horse more elaborately and scientifically. As to size,

* Much importance, says an anonymous writer, is assigned to great length between the hips and hocks. This form, carried to the extent it is amongst our race horses, is wholly fallacious, and the pure result of long-continued selection for speed, as exhibited in the greyhound; it was formerly much less developed, and if we may judge of the older race-horses by their portraits, was unknown to them.—"*On the Deterioration of the English Horse.*" *By a Cavalry Officer.* 1854.

† Sir Charles Bunbury was discussing with Lovell Edgworth, the father of Miss Edgeworth, after dinner at Newmarket, the reading of a passage in Cicero, when Sir Anthony Harbottle, a north-country squire of the Squire Western type, waking from a doze, caught the name of a horse in training, and roared out, "Cicero; what about Cicero? He's narrow behind, and broad before, and not worth my hat full of crab-apples."

‡ "The Turf." By R. H. Copperthwaite.

after naming the little and tall race-horses that have won the great races, he concludes as follows: "Whatever the weight may be, there must be length and size somewhere, and the more size and length there are, on short legs, the better. I decidedly object to the small Arab head, which denotes cunning and temper. I do not object to size, so long as it is not out of proportion to the general frame. Large long ears are a sign of gameness. A good neck means a strong, deep, broad neck, running right into the shoulders imperceptibly. I abhor either a thin, weak, fine neck, or a light, tapery-arched peacocky neck."

Passing over Mr. Collins's ideas on the shoulders, the chest, the fore-limbs, &c., as to ribs and back he says, "I do not at all dislike a rather hollow-backed horse; they are nice to sit on, and many race-horses have run well with this formation. Ragged square hips are frequently met with in hunters and steeplechase-horses that are great fencers, but very seldom in successful race-horses.

"From the hip-bone to the setting-on of the tail, the structure should never be level, or what jockeys call 'peacocky' and 'high setting on of the tail' is a decided defect. Most of the first-class horses, both on the flat and across country, have their tails set on low, with long wide quarters, approaching what racing-men term 'mean-quartered.'

"Two mares—the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger winner Blink Bonny, and also Caller Ou—were remarkable instances of this extreme formation."

But with this elaborate description of what a good race-horse should be, Mr. Collins admits that many trainers consider that "fore-limbs have nothing to do with racing;" that "horses run in all forms," that "if they will have to run in flying handicaps of six, five, and even three furlongs, which pay as well as anything in these days, and are not expected to be good enough for the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, or Doncaster, Goodwood, Chester, and Ascot Cups, *then mere formation must be thrown to the winds*, and the pedigree of the sire be carefully weighed."

It may be observed in passing, that the public interested in useful horses have no concern with the winners of the great races, until they fail to beget winning horses, because their price, thirty to one hundred guineas per mare, puts them out of reach of the breeders of any kind of hunter or riding-horse.

ARAB POINTS COMPARED WITH RACE-HORSES.

Compare these *points* of the English race-horse with Abd-el-Kader's description of the Arab horse; and the different requirements of a single-combat desert war-horse and a horse destined to tremendous exertions for less than three minutes, may be seen at a glance.

"The horse of race has ears short and mobile; bones heavy and thin; the cheeks lean and unencumbered with flesh; the nostrils wide; the eyes fine, black, brilliant, prominent; the neck long; the chest prominent; the withers high; the loins well gathered up; the haunches strong; the fore-ribs long; the hind-ribs short; the belly sloping upwards; the croup rounded; the arms long, like an ostrich, with muscles like a camel; the hoof black.

"Four things broad—the forehead, the chest, the croup, the limbs.

"Four things long—the neck, the arms and thighs, the belly, the haunches.

"Four things short—the loins, the pasterns, the ears, the tail."

In a word, a race-horse is bred to be very like a greyhound; consequently hundreds are bred every year too slow for the race-course, and unfit for any other useful purpose. Mr. Collins, in describing the difference between the formation of a race-horse, a steeplechase-horse, and a hunter, the latter being, in his best form, the most useful horse for every purpose except heavy draught, marks the needful variation between the living machine, which is to be wound up for intense

exertion, over smooth turf, during a period rarely exceeding three minutes, and the steeplechaser or hunter, in a very few effective words:—

"1. The withers of the steeplechase-horse should be higher, and the shoulders longer.

"2. The girth deeper, and the back ribs shorter and lighter.

"3. The hips should be wider, and the pelvis broader.

"In the gallop the steeplechaser should be a dashing savage-goer, bending his knees well. The race-horse should glide along with a straight reach as smoothly as a cutter through water.

"The hunter should differ from the steeplechaser in one particular; his back ribs should be deeper and more expanded, to enable him to go through many hours of severe labour without food."

A careful consideration of these "points," noted down by the two *practical men* already named, unembarrassed with the theories which often fetter public writers on the same subject, will show that a race-horse may be first class in his trade—the trade of winning races at light weights and distances not over a mile, like Admiral Rous' pet, "Prince Charlie"—while wanting in the qualifications essential to make a good hunter or riding-horse of any kind. As for the outlines most admired in the modern Oriental horse, they are detested by English trainers.

They object to the very small head, and small pointed ears; "to the high setting-on of tail," which gives so much character to the Arab. On the contrary, Digby Collins says positively that most first-class horses on the flat and across country (steeplechasers) have their tails set on low."

From time to time instances occur in which the type of the far distant Eastern blood is reproduced with curious fidelity. For example, Touchstone, winner of the great St. Leger in 1834, was a very famous sire of race-horses. From him, amongst others, are descended Orlando, to whom the Derby was awarded in 1844, under rather curious circumstances, and Teddington, winner of the Derby in 1851.

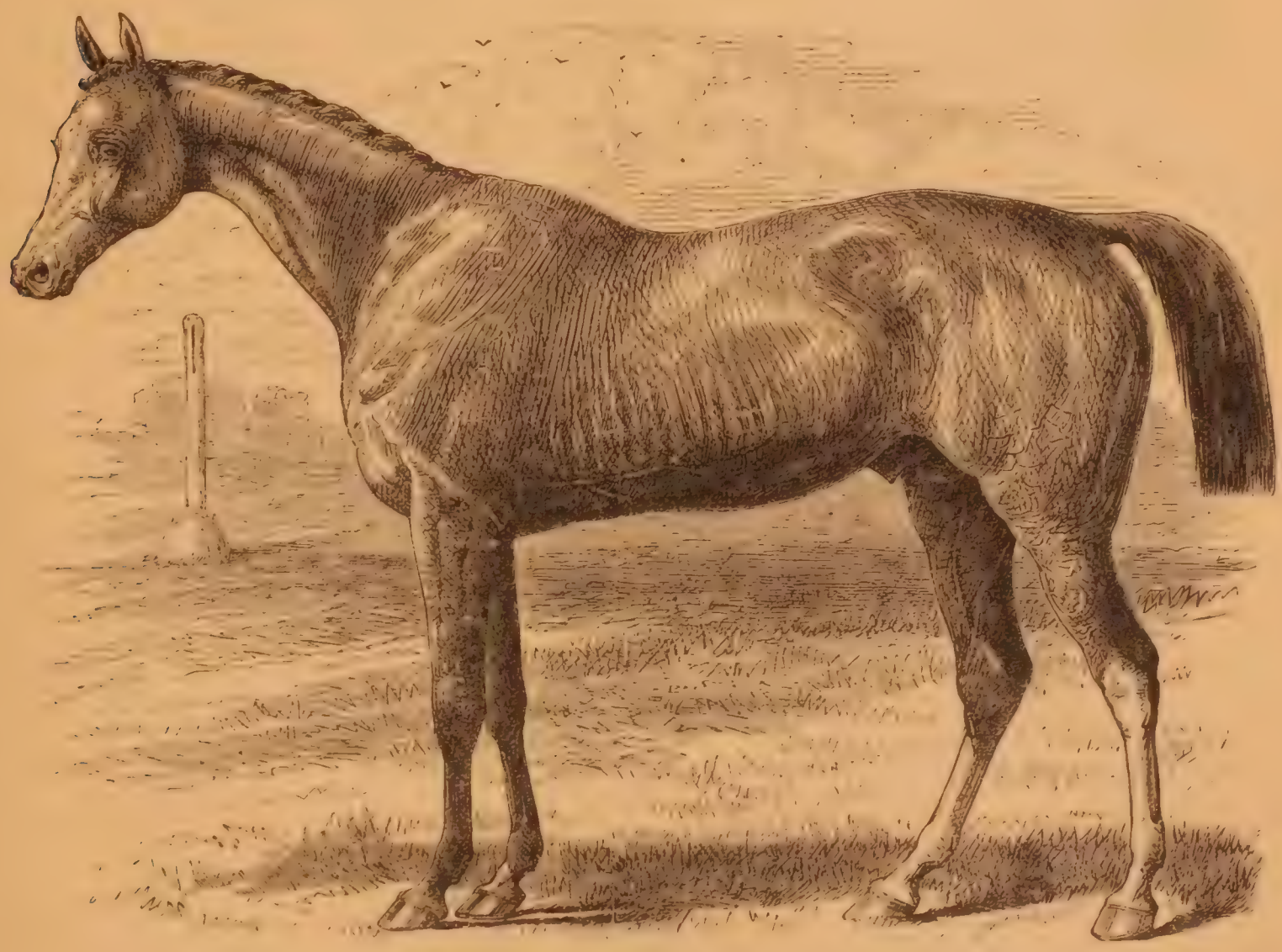
Touchstone's pedigree goes back through six sires to Eclipse, whose descent from Oriental stock is shown in the pedigree set out at page 176. Amongst the numerous sons of Touchstone was Motley, who never distinguished himself on the turf. When Motley was exhibited at Islington in 1865, being then fourteen years old, he received, on the express recommendation of Mr. Joseph Weatherby, of Old Burlington Street, an extra prize in consequence of his remarkable reproduction of the type of his remote Oriental and particularly Arab ancestors. His head was the head of a thorough-bred Arab; his fault, withers lower than his croup, was an Arab fault, which he had in common with his ancestor Eclipse. It was apparently counteracted by his union with hunting half-bred mares with good riding shoulders. At any rate, as soon as his produce came into work, he attained a high reputation as a sire of hunters, which he enjoyed till his death.

Modern race-horses are no longer required to carry twelve stone in races for four or six miles, and in England the barbarity of heats has entirely disappeared. They were common in country race-courses in the middle of the present century, and are still continued in America and France.

THE COLOURS OF THOROUGH-BRED HORSES.

The modern thorough-bred horse is most commonly bay, frequently chestnut, less frequently brown, rarely black and still more rarely roan, and scarcely ever grey. A very competent authority, writing in 1855, calculated that in the previous thirty years the Derby had been won by sixteen bays, seven chestnuts, and seven browns; the St. Leger by seventeen bays, eight browns, and five chestnuts. Since that time the proportionate number of bays has been maintained, the number of chestnuts has increased, the number of browns diminished, and no grey or roan has won

either of these great stakes. There has been no grey horse of repute since Chanticleer, who, at four and five years old, in 1847 and 1848, won many Royal Plates, the Goodwood Stakes, and the Doncaster Cup. There are only two grey stallions named in the "Racing Calendar" of 1872—Master Bagot, an iron grey; and Strathconan, a light grey, descended from Chanticleer, though his dam. Strathconan, is credited with only nine foals, none of them grey; and Master Bagot with only one, a bay. The only grey of any repute in 1873 was the mare Oxford Mixture, she being almost black, and did not carry off the great stake for which she was heavily backed at Newmarket. Roans came into notice in 1864, when Rapid Rhone won the Claret Stakes at Newmarket for the Earl



ORLANDO, WINNER OF THE DERBY IN 1844.

of Glasgow, beating the St. Leger winner, Lord Clifden. He was of the Physalis blood; and the earl bred many of the same tribe, amongst which in the stud bequeathed to General Peel were "Brother to Rapid Rhone," a roan horse, Beauvale, and others. A friend writes: "In a visit to Lord Glasgow's stud farm, in 1865, I saw a yearling filly, in colour a beautiful yellow dun, but as she never ran she was probably converted, like many other foals on the same farm, into cats'-meat; for such was the custom of a peer as eccentric as any ever described in a French romance." The roan thorough-bred sires have been chiefly employed in covering half-bred mares.

No thorough-bred piebald has appeared in public in the present century; but in a letter to the Editor from the Duke of Beaufort, his Grace mentions that a Physalis mare once bred him piebald twins!

The breeders of pedigree farm stock, from bulls to prize poultry, are very particular about

colour—a black-nosed shorthorn, a foul feather in a Spanish bird, or blue legs in a game cock, are considered fatal defects—and foreigners object strongly to white marks in the sires they purchase, whether thorough-bred or trotting; but an examination of the "Calendar" shows that very frequently race-horses do not perpetuate their own colours.

For example, the "Calendar" of 1872 shows that out of the bay King Tom's nine foals, four were chestnuts and one brown; Lord Lyon had eight bays, five browns, and four chestnuts; Blair Athol had seventeen chestnuts, his own colour, fourteen bays, and one brown; Old Voltigeur, in his decline, got all bays or browns; Young Melbourne four browns, all the rest chestnuts; while Saunterer, who is black, was the sire of fourteen chestnuts, of ten bays, three browns, and only two blacks. It is the opinion of the training fraternity that there never was a good black mare on the turf, although traditions of the hunting-field name many not quite thorough-bred. Comparing the colours of the British thoroughbreds with the Arabs of Syria and the Wahabee country, it will be observed that the chief difference is in the rarity of greys and presence of roans in the English breeds.

Many thorough-bred horses have grey hairs thinly distributed over a dark coat, a variation not objected to; but the prejudice against greys is very strong in training stables. When, some years ago a grey son of Chanticleer was quoted in the betting for the great race at Epsom, the Honourable F—— L—— wrote, "I can never believe that a grey horse can win the Derby."

French and German writers devote pages to a description of the different shades in the colours of horses, but it is a subject on which no accurate information could be conveyed without a lecture illustrated by living subjects, or plates more costly than the question is worth. It is difficult to describe where bay ceases and brown begins. A black horse in low condition often appears of a rusty brown. In England alone a black horse with tan muzzle and flanks is conventionally called a brown horse. Chestnuts have nearly as many shades as bays, between the light gold and the dark sorrel which is black in a gloomy stable. Roans may be black or red. The late Earl of Derby had, early in his racing career, a black roan race-horse called Parolles; Lord Glasgow's breed are red or yellow roans. Grey means any colour between steel grey and the light mottled grey of our illustration at page 104. Grey may be of a shade most fashionable or extremely vulgar.

The following tables and figures, collected from the "Racing Calendar" for 1872, epitomise the history and present condition of the British turf.

In 1872 there were registered as the sires and dams of thorough-bred foals :—

STALLIONS	387

Two or three of the most fashionable sires are credited with from twenty to over thirty foals, descending in the scale until several have only one recorded against their names; but the Calendar does not notice the produce of the half-bred mares who are the customers of the less famous and less expensive sires.

BROOD MARES		2853
Accounted for as follows :—		
Barren	661	
Slipped foals	85	
Not covered	155	
Covered by half-bred horses	50	
Died before foaling	108	
Exported before foaling	53	1112
Produce, viz., Colts 875, Fillies 866. . . .		1741

In 1800 there were bred thorough-bred colts and fillies .	600	In 1802 the number of race-horses was . . .	536
In 1831 there were bred thorough-bred colts and fillies .	961	In 1872 the number was	2310

The following table shows the number of horses of different ages that have run in the undermentioned years:—

Years.	Yearlings.	Two Years.	Three Years.	Four Years.	Five Years and Upwards.	Total.
1797	...	48	161	122	262	593
1802	...	31	117	108	280	536
1807	...	33	230	148	280	691
1812	...	55	324	188	254	821
1817	...	78	309	174	239	800
1822	...	112	285	194	387	988
1827	...	142	361	210	453	1166
1832	...	200	395	237	407	1239
1837	...	215	326	210	462	1213
1843	...	213	384	236	456	1289
1849	...	264	419	254	378	1315
1859	9	576	496	240	324	1645
1860	...	608	521	302	286	1717
1861	...	661	550	214	342	1767
1862	...	626	528	291	381	1826
1863	...	643	510	291	393	1837
1864	...	664	548	298	438	1948
1865	...	639	572	359	449	2109
1866	...	729	572	364	447	2042
1867	...	752	661	408	637	2458
1868	...	844	631	418	617	2510
1869	...	842	673	402	617	2534
1870	...	807	709	442	611	2569
1871	...	732	749	450	561	2483
1872	...	699	627	382	390	2098

From this table it will be seen that for seven years ending 1872, over 700 foals were required to supply the annual demand for two-year olds. Of the remainder, a certain number are not run until three years old, or are used as stallions or brood-mares without being trained. The rest are drafted off as steeplechasers, or as hunters, riding-horses, barouche and team leaders. The inferior are distributed over the country, and become cheap hacks, or find their way down to cabs and tradesmen's spring-carts.

It will be observed that one-third of the two and three-year-old disappeared from the four and five-year-old races, and only 380 four and 390 five-year-old and upwards remain. The surplus (554) passed through the same sieve as the yearlings. Death and damaging accidents accounted for perhaps twenty per cent.; a few were transferred to the stud-farm, the rest were converted into horses of general utility. An elaborate calculation has shown that out of fifteen foals, only two would remain worth training at three years old.

It is, therefore, plain that on the character of these drafts from the turf, the character of the English pleasure-horse mainly depends.

The following table shows that the number of races run in the United Kingdom has diminished

since 1869 by more than three hundred; but the stakes have been increased in far greater proportion, and the wagering has attained vastly more importance.

DISTANCE.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	1872.
Half a mile and under . .	390	417	464	388	179	188
Over half mile, and under one mile	745	803	850	814	1020	1032
One mile	337	323	325	281	253	264
Over a mile, and under two .	411	410	383	397	353	323
Two miles, and under three .	225	181	190	173	158	96
Three miles, and under four .	25	23	22	21	20	17
Four miles	7	5	4	4	4	3
Total	2140	2162	2238	2078	1987	1923

This table shows the following change in racing arrangements:—

In 1867 the the races for a half mile and under were	390
For over half a mile and under a mile	745
In 1872 the competitors for the half mile and under were	188
Over half and under one mile	1032

Out of 1,923 races, only 116 were for two miles and upwards.

We should not dream of criticising these arrangements, which are indirectly regulated by the principal supporters of the turf, the bookmakers, who care nothing for the horse, except as a money-making machine. No one believes that a parliament of shipowners would listen to proposals for decreasing the profits, by increasing the safety of seagoing ships. But the Earl of Coventry, as an owner and breeder of race-horses, a master of hounds, and acknowledged judge of the points and qualities of a useful horse, is an authority. The following are his views, expressed in a letter he addressed to *The Times*, dated 5th of November, 1873:—

"The short races which nowadays prevail have a far greater influence for evil, in my opinion, on the breed of horses than the mischievous practice of running two-year-olds early in the year. I brought forward a motion at a recent meeting of the Jockey Club to the effect that there should be no more races for three-year-olds and upwards of a shorter distance than one mile, but it was negatived by a large majority.

"The number of short races is increasing, for I find that in 1871, out of 1,253 races, 646 were under the distance of a mile; in 1872, out of 1,269 races, 741 were under a mile. I have not included two-year-old races in this calculation, which I believe to be a correct one. We all agree that soundness of wind and limb is the most important element in the constitution of the horse. It is generally admitted that roaring is a hereditary disease, and it is an equally well-known fact that roarers can win over short courses; therefore, the scurry races, of which I complain, may be regarded as a premium for unsound horses. Admiral Rous, in a letter which he published a short time ago in *The Times*, said, 'The breed of horses of which we are so proud will eventually be beaten by the French;' and states as his reason for thinking so, that 'Frenchmen reject roarers and infirm legs.' Can that be a matter of surprise, when it is recollected that in France there are no races under a mile, and, in consequence, there is no occupation for roarers and cripples? At many of the horse shows I am in the habit of seeing stallions that I know to be roarers, but they have acquired—thanks to the short races—a reputation on the turf, and their services at the stud are sought by breeders."

"There is plenty of evidence to show that the disease of roaring has been more frequently met with of late years, and we find that the number of short races is increasing. Layers of odds and owners of bad horses are fond of short races; the general racing public dislike them: and I believe that if they were done away with altogether, there would be a very perceptible decrease in the number of roarers bred in years to come"

THE RACE-HORSE AS A STALLION.

The character of a thorough-bred stallion is as delicate a matter as the credit of a bank or the reputation of a woman; and, like a beauty's charms, it is constantly threatened by young rivals rising every season. It is, therefore, as well not to mention living celebrities, either to condemn or praise, especially the latter, as a few years have seen the idols of one year utterly discredited by the racing results of their produce.

Such examples may be found in the careers of Stockwell and his rival (as a sire), West Australian, two of the most popular race-horses the English turf ever produced—both dead the one at twenty and the other at twenty-one years of age. Stockwell's pedigree may be traced not so directly from sire to son as Touchstone, who was the sire of Orlando and the grandsire of Teddington, but he was of the Eclipse blood thus:—

> Foaled 1849. By the Baron out of Pocahontas by Glencoe; out of Marpessa by Muley, out of Clare by Marmion, out of Harpalice by Johanna, out of Amazon by Driver, out of Fractious by Mercury, her dam by Woodpecker, out of Everlasting by Eclipse.

In 1852 Stockwell won the Two Thousand, was beaten in the Derby by little Daniel O'Rourke, so long a favourite sire in Sir Tatton Sykes' stud (though he never got anything famous), won nine races in the same year, including the Doncaster St. Leger, was beaten by Teddington at Ascot for the Emperor's Cup* the next year, and closed his career on the turf at the end of his fourth year, winning in all rather less than £10,000 in stakes in four years. But as a sire he was never equalled. Between 1856 and 1869, both inclusive, his stock amounted to 420. In the twelve years from 1858 to 1869 he was the sire of 337 winners of 183 races, value £302,312. Amongst his stock were included, while he was alive, Blair Athol, Lord Lyons, and Achievement; and since his death, Doncaster, viz., the winners of four Derbys, one Oaks, and three St. Legers.

West Australian, foaled in 1850, after a much more brilliant commencement, concluded his career under several masters as a sire without either glory or profit. "He was," says the "Druid," "a far more promising colt than Stockwell, and one of the best runners ever seen (subject however to a sort of off-and-on lameness in his feet, and then in his ankles). He won the Two Thousand easily; then the Derby, not easily; afterwards the Doncaster St. Leger. As a four-year old he won three races, and was then put to the stud. On the death, in 1860, of Lord Londesborough, who had purchased him for £4,750, he was sold, with Stockwell, by auction to Count de Morny for three thousand guineas, being fifteen hundred less than Stockwell. In England he had done nothing as a sire, in France he was equally a failure. On Count de Morny's death he was purchased by the late Emperor of the French for £1,500, and died without being the sire of one good horse of any kind. His French stock, whether race-horses or steeplechasers, all broke down in training."†

* It is curious that both the victors of Stockwell (Teddington and Daniel O'Rourke) went into the Austrian imperial stud.

† Racing men, like the rest of the world, are apt to reproduce Æsop's cobbler, and think "nothing like leather." The figures already given prove conclusively that there is not likely to be any dearth in this country of the raw material for racing purposes. Nevertheless, when there is a chance of any celebrated racing-stud, like that of the late Mr. Blenkiron's, being purchased

The reputation and consequent annual income of a stallion (as far as thorough-bred mares are concerned) depends in his first years on his success on the turf. A winner of any of the great three-year-old races can always secure good mares at the commencement of his career. At the end of four or five years his custom depends on the success of his produce. His reputation may continue to improve until the age when his powers decline—an advanced age. In the stallion list are many horses nineteen and twenty years old. There are stallions, like Newminster, which have continued to maintain a high reputation as sires long after they were crippled by injured limbs or fevered feet, or partly blind; and some sires of famous pedigree, like Young Melbourne, have, from the success of their produce on the turf, attracted a large annual income without having won a single race.

The fees vary, and are sometimes very high. In a recent "Racing Calendar," two stallions are advertised at one hundred guineas each; the price for horses of reputation, either from performance or blood, being from twenty guineas to thirty-five guineas. In the list of stallions in the "Racing Calendar" that heads the list of foals, many have not more than one, others only half-a-dozen, attached to their names. But as this would not pay for their keep, the probability is that these, where not old exhausted heroes, are engaged in serving half-bred mares at from two to five guineas each. For instance, there is Mainstone, at Belhuss, in Essex, credited with only one thorough-bred colt attached to his name, but he is really engaged in covering half-bred mares for his owner, Sir Thomas Barret Lennard, and the farmers of South Essex.

In 1859, when the fate of the Conservative Government was trembling in the balance, Lord Palmerston had Mainstone and Lord Derby Cape Flyaway in the coming Epsom Derby, both named in the betting. The day after the Derby Cabinet had been beaten in the House of Commons in a division on the Address, the rivals in politics and friends in society met at Tattersall's, in that field attached to the old "Corner" which the subscribers to the present sumptuous club-house regret so much. "Well, Palmerston," said the earl, "you don't expect to win the Derby? Two wins in one week are too much!" "I don't know," replied Lord Palmerston, interrogatively; "Mainstone's a good horse." But he was not, then or afterwards; and, like Cape Flyaway, Mainstone was nowhere, and has finally descended to the useful and inglorious position of a farmer's stallion for the benefit of Sir Thomas Lennard's friends and neighbours.

THE LIFE OF A RACE-HORSE.

The age of a race-horse, whenever foaled, dates from the 1st of January; it is therefore the object of breeders that foals should fall in the months of January or February. If one falls in December, it is at once excluded from all the races confined to two-year-olds and three-year-olds, and, in fact, from all races where the weight follows the age, because at one year old it is counted two years old, and so on. On the other hand, a colt foaled in June would have, as two-year-old and three-year-old, to compete with others nominally of the same age, but really six months older.

"A yearling," according to the evidence of General Peel, who "can show to a fraction what each horse in his stud costs," "cannot be brought to face Mr. Tattersall's hammer under £100; but this," he adds, "would not meet the expense in cases where stallions cover mares at

for exportation a loud outcry is raised. A vehement appeal is made to the patriotism of Englishmen; a call to outbid "the foreigner," and save us from a "national misfortune" and a "national disgrace." In reality, a sire of any value is just as available for any useful purpose in the studs of Austria, or North Germany, or France, as in England; the produce are constantly for sale, and, as far as half-bred stock are concerned, more accessible than if they remained in England, where we have nearly four hundred thorough-bred sires.

twenty guineas and upwards." The price of Stockwell was that of Blair Athol, in 1873—one hundred guineas! A nominal yearling, but frequently eighteen months old when put up to auction in June, will often, from the effects of nourishing food, cows' milk if needed, and oats from the time he can be persuaded to nibble, reach the average size of a full-grown hunter.

In July or August the expensive education and training of the yearling race-horse commences. In the following year (by the latest alteration in the rules of the Jockey Club), in February, or, if discretion rules the stable, in July, when there are some good two-year-old stakes, but more frequently in October, the racing career begins in earnest. At Newmarket alone there are the chances of winning several stakes of between £1000 and £1,500; the best, the Middle Park Plate, which in 1873 was over £3,000, was in that year cut down to insignificance. Many capital horses have been and are annually used up in this part of their career; amongst them may be named the late Marquis of Hastings' Lady Elizabeth, who was almost invincible in her two-year-old season, but was never heard of more after standing first favourite for the Derby and Oaks in 1867, and being ignominiously beaten, thus completing the ruin of a racing career which the marquis commenced with extraordinary winnings as a backer of horses.

In the second year, viz., at three years old nominally, really at three years and a half, the pick of a racing stable, if duly entered as yearlings twelve months in advance, are qualified for the great Three-year-old Stakes, in which a colt has to carry 8 stone 10 pounds, a filly 8 stone 5 pounds. These include, in April, the "Two Thousand Guineas" at Newmarket, worth over £4,000; late in May or early in June, the Epsom Derby, which is often nearly £5,000, and has been worth £7,000, open to fillies as well as colts; the Oaks, open to fillies only, value on an average over £4,000; a fortnight later, at Ascot, the Prince of Wales' Stakes, over £3,000, and the Coronation, over £1,000; and in September the great Doncaster St. Leger, value between £4,000 and £5,000. There have been several colts, like West Australian, that have carried off the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger, who have never been heard of afterwards on the turf, and have totally failed as sires to get winners; whilst, in other instances, horses have been beaten for the great events, yet have become the sires of a long succession of winners.

At three years old the race-horse can compete in handicaps, which are more numerous and more popular than any other class of races, because they afford more room for betting operations, and because the public are interested in seeing the winners of the greatest events brought down to equality by weight with older and inferior animals. The Newmarket Cæsarewitch and the Cambridgeshire handicap races are both run in October, when a foal of the first week of January, nominally three years, will be really three years and nine months old.*

At the end of the three-year-old season, the winners of the great events, if colts, are often put to the stud, and the severe weeding of second and third-class horses already alluded to takes place. After four years old very few horses of a high class remain on the turf; in fact, a very good horse is almost driven from the course at or after four years old by the penalties of weight, under the system of handicapping, which, abused and condemned by leading turf authorities, is really the foundation of modern English racing.

The Queen's Plates are open to all horses of three years old and upwards, weights being for

* In 1873, for the Cæsarewitch there were seventy-nine subscribers, and thirty-two came to the post, including Marie Stuart, winner of the Oaks and St. Leger of that year, a three-year old, carrying 8 stone 5 pounds, and Corisande, five years old, winner of the Two Thousand and of the Oaks in 1871, carrying 8 stone 10 pounds. The winner was King Lud, a four-year old, carrying 7 stone 5 pounds, against whom the odds laid a week before the race were 60 to 1, and on the day of the race 29 to 1—a fine example of the uncertainty of turf predictions. The distance was 2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards. It was run in 4 minutes 10½ seconds, by Benson's chronograph.

three-year-olds from 1 stone to 8 stone 3 pounds; for four years old, 8 stone 7 pounds; five and six years old, from 9 stone 12 pounds to 10 stone 4 pounds.

The value of Royal Plates in England and Scotland of £105 each amounted in 1872 to £3,465. These are awarded on the theory of encouraging horses equal to long distances at heavy weights. The distance run was in one instance more than three miles; in four instances three miles; in the rest about two miles. In three instances the winner walked over; in ten, two competed; in five, three competed; in eight, four competed; in two, five competed; in four, six competed; in one, seven competed. One horse won five plates, one four, and two horses each three; that is to say, four horses took fifteen plates, most of them winning with ridiculous ease—Corisande by fifty lengths.

The value of a mare at the stud who has won one of the great three-year-old races, when the time comes that age and heavy handicapping drive her from the turf, is infinitely less than that of a horse. In the first place, she can only produce one foal in a year; when twins occur, both rarely turn out well, if either. In the next place, experience has shown that mares, almost unconquered on the turf, have frequently been, either by the course of training or some other cause, so much exhausted as to be almost valueless for breeding purposes. Winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger have not produced a foal worth £50. That training has something to do with this is confirmed by the fact that a mare which has been in training for three years will rarely breed at all until a year has passed in cooling her down on soft food. It will be observed from statistics at page 186 how large a per-centage of thorough-bred mares are barren.

A close parallel may be found between the careers of the *alumni* of our two great universities and of the thorough-bred foals training for the turf. A considerable number of undergraduates take no degree at all—a great many merely obtain a simple pass. Out of those who do go out in honours, the majority are only famous in university circles for a year. Out of the annual double-first-class men, senior wranglers and Smith's prizemen, the majority subside into country clergymen or undistinguished members of the bar, members of Parliament—who clear the House when they rise—or county magistrates, who bore their less learned neighbours; a few become famous orators, Chancellors of Exchequer, Prime Ministers, Lord Chief Justices, and Bishops. Nevertheless, the undistinguished out of their social circle help to leaven the mass, and give a tone to the education of the well-to-do classes of this country. So, too, does the blood-horse, rejected or expelled from the turf, leaven the whole mass of our riding and light draught-horses with an infusion of blood that makes them unequalled in every other country for quality and size.

In the preceding pages the object has been to describe the turf in its present state—an institution which has in fact created the blood-horse; not to dwell upon vain projects for reforming a mode of gambling which if it did not suit the national taste would not exist. To pretend that modern race meetings are held for the purpose of improving the breed of horses is mere hypocrisy. They do indirectly improve the quality of horses; but races are held, and some £60,000 awarded in stakes in the seven Newmarket meetings alone, in reality to afford the world of betting men an opportunity of winning and losing millions.

Amongst the layers of wagers on horse-races, perhaps the greatest contributors to the gains of the professional "bookmakers" are not confirmed gamblers. The taste of the English for everything connected with horses leads thousands of many classes, from the peer and county gentleman down to the farmer, the tradesman, and that very sporting tribe, domestic servants, to risk a few shillings, or a few pounds, or a few hundreds, on the result of a national or local race,

just as they would play whist, bezique, piquet, cribbage, or a round game for a trifling stake without anything of the ardour and determination of those *habitués* of the London and Paris clubs, to whom every day seems long until they can sit down before a green cloth and cut the cards. Although the stakes of these amateurs are individually insignificant, they form a considerable item in the winnings of the professional bookmaker.

Amongst the owners of race-horses are a few—at the present day a very few—who breed, train, and run them purely for sport, and never risk enough in bets to press upon the income of a month or a day. But such magnates are becoming as scarce in this country as the yeoman freeholders who flourished before the great French Revolution of 1798 brought on great wars, great prices, heavy taxes, and created in manufactures more profitable investments than little freehold farms.

Besides the mere amateurs who only bet on two or three races in the year, there are those who annually and systematically risk a portion of their income for the purpose of improving it —£10, £25 (technically a pony), or £100; such calculating betters are to be found amongst the younger sons of good family and officers of the army. The navy is not much given to the turf, although the great god of the silversmiths of that Ephesus, Newmarket, and Albert Gate, is an admiral. Finally there is the never-ceasing, annually-recruited army of born gamblers, male and female, high and low, who have by the progress of legislation been gradually squeezed out of all the ways of risking their money which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers enjoyed (?) into the betting-ring. Lotteries, once a source of considerable revenue to the State, have been abolished within the memory of veterans of the turf. In the early years of George III. the royal family played faro on birthday nights, and all courtiers were expected to play.

When Mr. Wilberforce entered public life as a young, a rich, and unconverted man, at every club in St. James's hazard was played, and at the private houses of ladies of great fashion faro-banks were open every night of the season. Of Charles James Fox it was said, pleasantly, and not as a reproach, that he could have made a fine income at whist and piquet, but he preferred to ruin himself at hazard, declaring that "next to the pleasure of winning at hazard, the greatest pleasure was losing." Everybody played, many fine hereditary estates passed away from noble to obscure owners; those who objected to play were ridiculed as "Methodists."

General Scott, two of whose daughters married, one the statesman, George Canning, and the other the Duke of Portland, father of Lord George Bentinck, more fortunate than his grandson, accumulated a fortune by his skill at cards without disgrace.

Lord Holland in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," says, "Mr. Pitt was, I believe, a partner in the faro-bank at Goosetree's (St. James's). At that period many men of fashion did not scruple to belong to such associations and to avow it. I mention the circumstance not to the discredit of Mr. Pitt, but to prove by the example of so correct and decorous a man the character and temper of the times.*

* Gambling-houses were regularly licensed, just as public-houses and music-halls are now. In 1799 the Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, in one of his charges, recommended the prosecution of fashionable (unlicensed) gambling-houses, saying, "If any of the guilty parties are convicted, whatever may be their rank or station, though they may be the first ladies in the land, they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory." The next week Gilray had a caricature of Lady Buckinghamshire and Lady Archer in the pillory. About the same time another judicial charge on the same subject involved his Lordship in a correspondence with H.R.H. George Prince of Wales.

The magistrates of Middlesex had asked Lord Kenyon to strengthen their hands, and assist them in resisting an application for a licence for a new gambling-house in Bond Street, St. James's, about to be opened, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, by a Mr. Martindale, lately a bankrupt, and defendant, as it happened, in a case tried before Lord Kenyon, at Guildhall. The Chief Justice, on this person's name being mentioned in an annuity case, said that "he remembered in a cause tried

Within the first quarter of this century, gambling was openly carried on in tents on race-courses and rooms at every race-meeting. The stage-coachmen used to point out sheep marked "E.O." browsing on Bagshot Heath, whose owner had won the capital for stocking a farm at Ascot in an E.O. tent.

In St. James's Street, in 1825, it might literally be said—

> "The gates of hell stood open night and day;
> Smooth the ascent, and easy was the way,"

to an exclusive set, privileged to ruin themselves if they chose at Crockford's; and, if they did not, to enjoy the luxuriously-furnished club, with the great *chef* Ude's exquisite cookery, and wines purchased regardless of expense.

It is at Crockford's, on the eve of a Derby, that Disraeli* opens one of his novels with a life-like dialogue, and the same place was always one of the most popular scenes in those rubbishy "fashionable novels" which Bulwer and Mrs. Gore (photographing from real lions) killed.

But Crockford, the proprietor, like the North American Indians, who clear a country of all game and then starve, consumed all the wealth of the "golden youth" (*jeunesse dorée*) of his time, was obliged to take to horse-racing for want of victims; and only died just in time to save himself from the bitterness of the ruin on which, over a green table instead of green turf, he had battened and fattened. His horse Ratan, a great favourite for the Derby, was poisoned the night before the race, by the man shut up in the stable to guard him.

The force of public opinion, assisted by the new police, put down gambling-houses early in this century; and when a new source of gain was opened to enterprising bookmakers, broken-down gentlemen, and sporting publicans, by the invention of betting-lists and betting-sweeps, paternal legislation stepped in again, and, by successive Acts of Parliament, stamped out this new form of lottery, except sweeps held at aristocratic clubs. But hitherto legislation has not attempted to interfere with the betting transactions carried out in private subscription-rooms and betting-rings of public race-courses on commercial principles; that is, by professional gamblers who strictly perform their engagements on pain of expulsion, and who are supposed to lay the odds to nothing less than a "fiver," *i.e.*, five pounds.

The expenses of a racing stud are enormous. The winnings of a race-horse are insignificant, even when such prizes as the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks, or the Doncaster St. Leger are landed, in comparison with the possible gains of betting on the scale in which that business is now carried on.

before him Mr. Martindale's certificate as a bankrupt was proved of no legal effect, because he had lost certain sums of money by gaming. He had heard it mentioned that spacious premises were preparing in which this personage was to keep a gaming-house, under the patronage of an illustrious person. That could not be done without a licence. He trusted the magistrates would do their duty to the public—granting such a licence would be contrary to their duty; there were gaming-houses enough already." The Prince of Wales immediately addressed a letter by the hand of his Attorney-General, demanding a retraction and apology, which contains the following passage: "It is true I have assented to my name being placed amongst others as a member of a new club, to be under the management of a Mr. Martindale, merely for the purpose of social intercourse, of which I can never object to be a promoter, especially as it was represented to me that the object of this institution was to enable his trustees to render justice to various fair claimants. . . . Give me leave to tell you that you have totally mistaken my character and turn, for of all men universally known to have the least predilection to play, I am perhaps the very man in the world who stands the strongest and the most proverbially so upon that point" (*sic*). Lord Kenyon stuck to his guns; the king was his private friend. In his reply, he said, "I have for years laboured to put an end to gaming. Many inferior offenders have been brought to justice, but no effectual prosecutions have commenced against the houses in the neighbourhood of St. James's, where examples are set to the lower orders which are a great scandal to the country."—"*Life of the First Lord Kenyon*," *by his Grandson*, 1873.

* In the "Racing Calendar" of 1872 there is a colt named "Disraeli, by Prime Minister out of Mystery."

Betting presents, in the words of Dr. Johnson (speaking of Thrale's brewery), to the sanguine man or boy, a "possibility of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." It was commonly reported that when, in 1867, Hermit won the Derby, Mr. Chaplin realised, besides the stakes of some £4,000, £140,000 in bets. In 1869 a horse, described by a sporting reporter as "a common ninety-guinea plater," won for his owner the Cambridgeshire handicap, £1,900 in stakes, and £12,000 in bets!

The losses are proportionate. Lord Clifden and the Marquis of Hastings both inherited the accumulations of long minorities and carefully-nursed estates; both commenced by winning largely; both ended their turf careers most disastrously: while Mr. Carew died in the prime of life in poverty and obscurity, having dissipated on the turf estates which had been in his family since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and which are estimated to be worth a million of money.

As the value of racing-stakes and number of race-horses have increased, the trade of gambling in bets has been organised into a business, the professor of which regularly follows circuits of the most important race-meetings, prepared to bet against every horse. Those who were called "legs" or "black-legs" in the last generation, now bear the more genteel name of "bookmakers." They are on the turf what jobbers are on the Stock Exchange—always ready to do business by laying against every horse in every race. They include men of every degree of wealth and credit; one virtue only being required to secure a permanent place in the betting-ring and in the privileged subscription-rooms—*punctual payment.* Corsairs of the sporting world, they must be

"Linked with one virtue, if a thousand crimes."

The most shady antecedents,* the vilest habits, a language compounded of the slang of thieves and the oaths of Lancashire miners, are compatible with a high position as a bookmaker, if prepared to bet on the largest scale against everything, and pay on the fixed settling-day without quibbling evasions. The bookmaker on a great scale, attended by his secretaries and cashier, has more correspondence, receives and dispatches many more telegrams, than an ordinary country banker.

Bookmakers find their customers in the classes already alluded to, familiarly known as "the backers of horses"—a numerous tribe, who either "from information they have received," or from the love of gambling, or for an occasional fancy, desire to wager on a particular horse.

In every race of importance each horse has a price quoted in the morning and evening papers. As a rule, odds are laid against any one horse winning, and as only one horse can win, the bookmaker makes his profit by laying against every horse in a race if he can find backers—an essential point. The great object of the bookmaker's trade is to find out horses that cannot possibly win—"dead 'uns," is the technical term—and, by laying against them, so far make sure of a profit. The successful bookmaker may, and often does, know nothing about the proper shape of a race-horse; but he is well acquainted with his performances, and spares no pains or expense

* Long before Palmer had been arrested, convicted, and hanged for poisoning his confederate—having, there is no doubt, previously poisoned his mother, his wife, and several others—the fatality that attended his friends had obtained for him among his betting associates the playful nickname of "The Doser." The year that Wild Dayrell was a favourite for the Derby, the use of strychnine formed the subject of a facetious correspondence.

No saint, no martyr, ever showed greater calmness than this villain. The present Lord Chief Justice, then Attorney-General, replied on the evidence against him in a speech of remarkable lucidity and power. When the verdict of "Guilty" was delivered, Palmer wrote something on a scrap of paper and handed it to his counsel, who, long after the execution, showed it to Sir Alexander Cockburn. These were the words: "It was the riding that did it."

A proprietor of travelling waxwork, who thought of visiting a town where Palmer had many friends, was warned not to go if he had the Poisoner in his "chamber of horrors." "For," said the adviser, "Poor Palmer, though he was hung, was very much respected at ——; for whenever he had a good thing he always put us on."

to learn the health of each favourite by means of spies, called, in racing phrase, "touts." The object of the owner of race-horses who makes a book, is to conceal all about his own horses and know all about his competitors'. In a trial that took place some years ago, it came out that a nobleman with a stud of race-horses employed "touts" to report the progress of rival stables.

The ring is fed by a constantly-recruited crowd of persons, who back a horse for all manner of reasons—because they bred him; because a friend owns him; because he was bred in their own parish or county; because they have read a favourable account of him in one of the sporting papers (whose business it is to follow the birth, report the education, training, performances, and health of every race-horse until his or her final breakdown or retirement from the turf); because (this is the most dangerous of all reasons) they have been privately and confidentially informed of the results of a private trial, and that consequently a certain animal must win. They have been what is called "put up" or "put on" to "a good thing." In the crowds that assemble outside Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, amongst the persons not admitted to that paradise before any great betting race, there are always a large per-centage of destitute persons who have been reduced to beggary, or the verge of beggary, by putting trust in "good things" and "backing horses," or attempting to make a book on imperfect resources.

It must be admitted, however, that the ring attracts a good many people of means and leisure, who bet a little and gossip a good deal, by way of passing time, and obtaining the relaxation of society—such as it is. Mrs. Guy Flouncey, whose rise, progress, and final triumph as a leader of fashionable society, are chronicled in "Coningsby" and "Tancred," made her husband go on the turf for the sake of making acquaintances which she knew how to improve.

Harriet Lady Ashburton, no novelist's creation, but one of the cleverest and most charming women of this generation, once said, according to Lord Houghton, "If I were to begin life again, I would go on the turf to get friends. They seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most peculiar." *

The theory of making a book so as to win in every event is extremely simple; but the practice depends on so many unforeseen circumstances, that it is extremely difficult. For example, the profit rests on the assumption that every loser will pay; for if a man has so laid his bets that he has £800 to receive and £500 to pay, his balance of profit will be entirely upset if persons who owe him £400 prove defaulters. When Wild Dayrell won the Derby, in 1855, fourteen bookmakers who had laid against him defaulted, and, according to the *Sporting Gazette*, "ceased to be members of Tattersall's."

Paternal legislation, acting in the interest of shopkeepers with tills and householders with plate, has successively put down with a strong hand various ingenious establishments by which the chances of the turf were apparently brought within reach of the million; so that every man, woman, or child, who could beg, borrow, or steal half-a-crown, could back a favourite for any great race.

But the small-fry of bookmakers, for the most part "welshers" (*i.e.*, people who never pay, except like Bardolph, on compulsion), are still numerous, and still pursue their wretched trade under difficulties, hunted from public-houses to the parks, from the parks to the waste lands of the city, from the waste lands to quiet lanes, and there continually made to "move on." They still exist, swarming like locusts round the gates of authorised betting-rings, and reaping a scanty silver harvest from a never-ceasing crop of fools at once credulous and greedy.

* Lord Houghton's Monographs.

The Legislature has not thought fit and does not seem likely to interfere with the branch of the wagering profession which still flourishes and exists, to minister to the demands of the wealthy for an essentially British form of gambling. It is presumed that the members of Tattersall's, and other clubs established on the same principle, are able to take care of themselves. The late Richard Tattersall used to say that the bookmakers' club, the Victoria, was founded because the aristocracy who could bet would not "eat" with these professional gamblers.

"If," says one who writes with all the fulness of experience, one who can say *quorum pars magna fui*, "a foreigner would have a comprehensive view of English society at one glance, let him go into the rooms at Tattersall's any crowded 'comparing-day' before one of our great events on the turf. There will he see in its highest perfection the apparent anomaly of aristocratic opinions and democratic habits; the social contradiction by which the peer reconciles his familiarity with the leg, and his *hauteur* to those almost his equals in rank who do not belong to 'his own set.' There he may behold privy-councillors rubbing shoulders with convicted swindlers; noblemen of unstained lineage, themselves the mirrors of honour, jesting on terms of temporary but perfect equality with a fortunate ex-potboy or a lucky returned convict. . . . . 'I can afford to lay your lordship seven to one,' observes an extra-polite individual, who seems to consider the laying and taking the odds the normal condition of man, and whose superabundant courtesy (the man was originally a footman) is only to be equalled by the deliberate carefulness of his every movement, masking, as it seems, the lightning-like perception of the hawk with the insatiable rapacity of that bird of prey." *

Another popular sporting writer has, with a coarser but not less truthful brush, painted from life a some time deceased leviathan bookmaker, with incidental references to what are playfully called "robberies" in the *argot* of the ring.

THE "ELEPHANT" AT CROYDON.

"Six foot three, and broad-shouldered, dressed in honest broadcloth, a substantially-built drab overcoat, shepherd's plaid continuations; a massive ruddy countenance, that would have done credit to a first-class grazier of the period, topped with a broad-brimmed, horsey-looking, shovel hat; a profusion of jewellery on his waistcoat and scarf, and rather soiled hands, such was Mr. Joseph Bacon, better known as the "Elephant," from the gigantic nature of his proportions and betting operations. . . . He had never less than a 'thirty-thousand' book on the Derby, Leger, Chester Cup, or a great autumn handicap. He dealt *viva voce* with hardly any but the millionaire backers and plungers of the turf; preferred in all cases to lay the odds to at least a 'monkey' (£500), and scarcely condescended to open his mouth to a modest 'pony' (£25). No safer paymaster in the whole ring than Mr. Bacon, on a Monday's settling at Tattersall's. Though strictly punctual in his payments, Mr. Bacon was by no means a hard creditor for 'swells' who had had a bad week of it, and whose promise would be safe to hold good sooner or later. To them the elephant frequently granted a request for 'time.' . . . Mr. Bacon's father left him a pretty business as a pork butcher in a midland borough. His horse-racing tastes took him shortly into the *Gazette*. As soon as he was white-washed, he started in business as a small ready-money bookmaker and list-keeper outside the ring; soon he was able to raise his head a little, open a hundred-pound book on great races, frequent the sporting publics in great manufacturing towns, and take his place inside at all race meetings, 'a very Saul among the prophets.' Strict integrity in all his money dealings, counterbalanced by unlimited cunning and chicanery in all matters relating to racing (for he was now owner of a nag

* Major Whyte Melville.

or two), speedily augmented his capital. A carefully 'roped' and 'bottled' animal, that dropped like a meteor upon the racing public for the Chester Cup, 'skinned the lamb;' for Mr. Bacon (having backed his own horse, and bet against every other on the race), won every bet, and by one stroke placed £60,000 to his credit at his bankers'." *

Historically the Derby and Oaks are more interesting to the *dilettanti* than any other races, although of late years the interest in both seems to have declined, perhaps since the course has been, to coin a word, so *mobilised* by the rival railways.

The founder and name-giver to both was the twelfth Earl of Derby, the sportsman, as distinguished from his son, the naturalist, his grandson, the orator, and his great-grandson, the statesman. The earl had a pack of stag-hounds in Surrey, and a hunting-lodge called "The Oaks." General Burgoyne, unfortunate as a general in the American War, named one of his comedies "The Oaks," and the same name was given to the race for three-year-old fillies at Epsom, founded in 1799. In the following year the Derby was established for three-year-old colts and fillies. In 1801, the distance being then a mile, and the two races being run on two following days, they were both won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Eleanor, a near descendant of Eclipse. The feat was not repeated until 1857, when Blink Bonny won the Derby on a Wednesday and the Oaks on a Friday—the distance having been for many years previously increased to a mile and a half.

The founder Earl won the Derby once with his famous strong horse, Sir Peter, in 1787, so called after Sir Peter Teazle in Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal*, which had recently taken the theatrical world by storm. Some years later, on the death of his first wife (a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton), he robbed the stage of its most charming actress, Miss Farren, the original Lady Teazle, by making her a countess. There is a tradition that to his step-grandmother young Stanley owed his first lessons in elocution. As before observed, the Derby winner is the senior wrangler of his year; but the race has been the subject of many strokes of luck, and has been carried off by horses that never afterwards distinguished themselves on turf or at the stud. Some men have made this victory the pursuit of their lives, without success; others, like Lord Clifden in 1848, with Surplice, and Mr. Chaplin, with Hermit, who started on the odds of 100 to 1 against him, have triumphed in the earliest years of their turf ventures. Lord George Bentinck devoted the best part of an energetic life, the largest breeding establishment ever formed by one person, and several fortunes to the pursuit; and sold the winner in 1846, with his stud, to Lord Clifden, when he temporarily abandoned the turf to be still more unfortunate in his political contests.

A great master of phrases, whether he meant it or not, was never happier than when he called the Derby the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf"—"the Garter," which is generally reserved for dukes and royal allies; for it was of this decoration that Lord Melbourne once said, "What I like about the Garter is that there's no confounded pretence of merit about it."

The late Earl of Glasgow, with greater means than Lord George Bentinck, and equal tenacity (for racing was his one pursuit), was not more fortunate than the brilliant fourteenth Earl of Derby; both ran second with horses that in ordinary years would have won. But there was this important difference between them—racing was one of the Earl of Derby's amusements; it was the Earl of Glasgow's daily occupation.

The greatest stake ever won was in 1866, when £7,500 were carried off by Lord Lyon. Only once has the Derby been won by a foreign horse, Gladiateur, in 1865; he accomplished in the same year the hitherto unequalled triumph of winning the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris, and the St. Leger, and retired from the turf to the stud without ever having been beaten.

* From the "O. V. H.," by Wat Bradwood.

The Derby is also memorable as the scene of a great fraud, the subject of a very interesting horse case. In the good old times when highwaymen still stopped and robbed gentlemen returning from Newmarket Heath, some wretches (the Dawsons) were hung for poisoning favourite race-horses. Much more humane methods of making dangerous horses safe are now adopted—they buy them. But in 1844 there was a scheme for "ringing the changes" by exchanging a three-year-old entered for the Derby for Running Rein, an English four-year-old, and also for running a German-bred four-year-old. The race came off. The German horse, Leander, fell, broke his leg, and was buried the same night. The changeling Running Rein won, Colonel (now General) Peel's Orlando being second. The secret of the swindle oozed out; payment of the stakes was refused, and an action was brought to recover them. It was tried before Judge Alderson. The evidence was of the usual contradictory character in horse cases; but the judge, with his characteristic acuteness, adjourned the trial for the production of the most important witness—Running Rein himself. When the second day of trial came he was not to be found, so a verdict went for the defendants, and the stakes were awarded to that famous horse, Orlando, sire of many good race-horses, hunters, and hacks, whose portrait we gave at page 185. Some curious people dug up the body of Leander to look at his mouth, but found him headless.

Every foreigner who visits England, and every Englishman, whether he cares for racing or not, should see the Derby once, and watch the sights and sounds of two hundred and fifty thousand people wrapped for a minute in intense excitement. That a quarter of a million, including all the ruffianism that London and every race-course in the kingdom can produce, should assemble and disperse in so orderly a manner, with so little police restraint, is not the least curious part of the day, and a strong tribute to the law-abiding character of the population. In any other European country, an army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery would be called out to keep the peace.

The picturesqueness of the "road" has departed with the railroad communication to the course, and a lady—at any rate, a young lady—can only see the Derby, with comfort to her friends, in one of the private boxes into which the grand stand has been divided, to the destruction of all that was pleasant about the Derby when Surplice won, and Lord George Bentinck, as his biographer records, "heaved a superb groan," whatever that may be, the very opposite, it is to be presumed, of the vulgar and familiar "horse-laugh."

Ascot Heath, thanks to its distance from the metropolis, in spite of railway, still preserves a share of its ancient glories, still retains its royal pageant, the procession of the four-horse clubs, and the grand display of rank and beauty in gorgeous array on the grand stand lawn, at the sight of which an enthusiastic American, familiar with Paris, exclaimed that it was alone worth the voyage across the Atlantic.

But to see racing divested of all its coarse and disgusting accessories, the degraded mob, the blasphemous, greedy, obscene Bohemianism that revels on Epsom Downs and ordinary race-courses, a visit must be paid to Goodwood Park, where the privileged enclosure round the grand stand excludes all that the most fastidious would desire to exclude; and affords, with its smooth turf, ancestral trees, and picturesque shrubberies, peopled with manly men and lovely women, pictures that Watteau never equalled in picturesqueness and rich colour. On a golden afternoon of August nothing has been produced like it, even in the most elaborate fêtes of the Courts of Europe in their most magnificent days—not even at Fontainbleau; for at Goodwood the races give a pleasing excitement to the scene. They are an accessory to a gorgeous picnic. You need not, unless you choose, even listen to the hoarse roar of the betting-ring beneath the grand stand.

The Doncaster St. Leger affords an opportunity of seeing a Yorkshire crowd, the very opposite of a Derby Day mob, for in Yorkshire every man, down to the humblest, is familiar with

the pedigree and performances of all the favourites, at least, and carries in his head a history of racing, and particularly of St. Legers, that would puzzle a Civil Service Examining Commissioner. In a word, the Doncaster St. Leger is run in the presence of a crowd of critical experts, amongst whom the race-horse is the object of as serious worship as the cat or the crocodile by the ancient Egyptians.

The Newmarket races are conducted on severely practical principles. The mere pleasure-seeker has no business there; the regular frequenters mean business, and nothing else. The excursionists brought by rail on the occasion of great races are simply a nuisance, and no provision is made for their accommodation or amusement. To spend a day at Newmarket with any profit, you require a good hack, and a mentor, also mounted, familiar with all the celebrities of the racing world—the backers of horses and layers of odds of all ranks and both sexes.

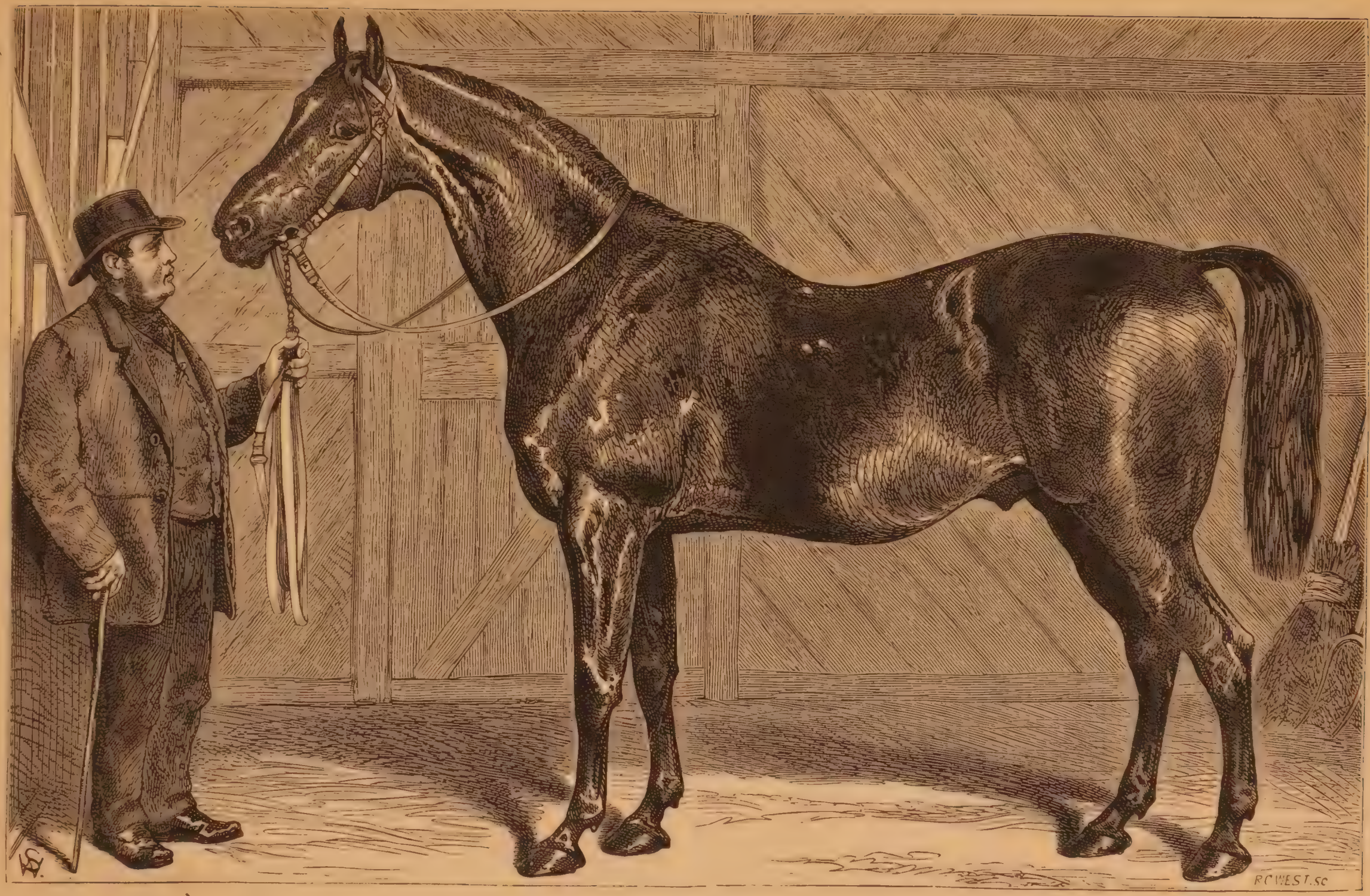
THE BLOOD-HORSE AS A USEFUL SIRE.

Fortunately for the many, in every part of the civilised world, who are interested in the reproduction of "sound and useful horses" not required for winning races and wagers, it is possible to select out of the many hundred bred for turf purposes every year a considerable number of sires and mares which combine with the fullest height desirable in any riding-horse, strength equal to great weight, symmetry, and beauty, with all the "quality," courage, and refined qualities of their diminutive Oriental ancestors.

The late Earl of Glasgow bequeathed his stud to General Peel and Mr. George Payne, on condition that the sires should never be sold. These sires were remarkable for their strength, and perhaps for this reason never achieved a Derby, an Oaks, or a St. Leger. As long as the Earl of Glasgow lived, he never sold, but in preference shot any produce he did not consider first-rate, and the services of his sires were obtained with difficulty, and only for thorough-bred mares. On obtaining the Glasgow stud, General Peel removed them to a farm at Enfield, and commenced a new system, which, if more widely adopted, is likely to exercise a very advantageous influence on the horse-breeding of this country. The stallions are annually offered to be let by auction for the season, three or four being reserved for the use of the mares of the Glasgow stud. Fifteen were let in this manner in 1872-3, and dispersed all over England and Ireland, the whole number being twenty-one, those that remained at Enfield being offered to the public at fees proportionate to their value. The fifteen averaged a rent of £125 each. They are taken away on the 1st of January, and returned at the end of the breeding season. "These stallions which, while Lord Glasgow lived, never covered a half-bred mare (except by special favour or accident), now cover about a thousand half-bred mares. Fifteen or twenty of these stallions are strong enough to carry me" (General Peel), and are stronger and better (for breeding hunters and riding-horses) than for racing purposes. Amongst this stud of sires, "the Drake (of which we give a portrait) measured ten inches below the knee." This evidence, with that of other witnesses not less competent, shows how easily and how surely the nation might get the benefit of many useful, sound, thorough-bred stallions out of the Calendar list of 360, which are, because they are strong and useful, too slow for racing purposes.

An extension of the prize system, with a number of regulations difficult to carry out, has been suggested; but the practical benefit of giving prizes in a breeding country is doubtful.

Before the Lords Committee, Mr. Thomas Parrington, the Secretary of the Great Yorkshire Agricultural Society, with a well-deserved reputation as a breeder of horses—a horseman and master of foxhounds—says in his evidence: "The thorough-bred stallions competing last year for three prizes at the Yorkshire Show were only seven in number; a wretched lot, quite an eyesore



THE DRAKE.

to the show. The best was Lozenge, a good-looking horse, but not fit to use with half-bred mares; a low weak back, and not sufficient substance."

But even if the stallions that gain prizes at any Agricultural Show are suitable, and free from any hereditary disease, there is no security that they will stay in the district where they have taken prizes. On the contrary, it is well known that certain of the best hunter stallions are what may be called "professional exhibitors," and travel from North to South, and from East to West alternately, winning first, second, or third prizes, according to the fancy of each set of judges.

Some witnesses have recommended, and the Lords Committee have hesitatingly adopted, the roundabout plan of making the prize won by a stallion conditional on his covering in a certain district at a reduced fee.

The objections to this idea are, that if the class of stallions from which the prize-winner is selected are no better than the lot mentioned by Mr. Thomas Parrington, the district would only have the use of a horse, which, although cheap, was unfit for the purpose of breeding useful hunters, hacks, or harness-horses.

A more simple, a more direct, and quite as economical an arrangement would be for each district (which is not so fortunate as to possess one of those landlords like the late Lord Zetland, who placed a good stallion at the disposal of his neighbours at a reasonable fee) to hire a suitable stallion with funds specially raised by subscription, *and supplemented by a proportionate grant from the Government.*

This form of Government assistance is strictly within the habits, practices, and constitutional precedents of this country; churches, schools, harbours, hospitals, and other works of public utility are helped from the imperial funds, when those who want them are ready to help themselves.

In every horse-breeding district in England it would be easy for a competent committee to raise by subscription a fund for hiring a good stallion, if the Government would add £50 to each £50 raised, to an amount not exceeding £100. No new charge need be imposed on the national exchequer for this purpose. Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, formerly master of the Pytchley Hounds and a breeder of horses, the Earl of Stradbroke, Lord Combermere, Colonel Kingscote, and others of less note, all agree that the Queen's Plates, which cost every year over £3,000 in England and £1,500 in Ireland, have ceased to serve any useful purpose. There then is the nucleus of a fund for helping those who are willing to help themselves. If that is not enough, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be induced to give up some portion of the race-horse duty, which has doubled in twenty years, and now produces annually between £8,000 and £9,000.

In all other branches of pedigree stock breeding, hiring is the rule. Short-horn bulls are hired by the season, and rams of every reputed breed are let by auction. If the members of the Royal Agricultural Society who take an interest in horse-breeding would only set the fashion by patronising "Horse Hiring Committees," we should have a list of thorough-bred stallion hiring auctions all over the country as regularly as the sales of cub-hunters at the commencement, and of hunters at the close of their season; and every breeder of a thorough-bred colt tried and found wanting as a yearling on the turf, would consider whether he might not blossom into a hunter-sire, before handing him over to the knife of the veterinary surgeon.

As to the probable returns from hiring a good stallion, Mr. Parrington told the Lords Committee that his horse Perion, bred by Mr. Vansittart (who always went for strength, and quoted Sir Charles Bunbury's account of Sir Peter), covered one hundred mares in one season. Another Yorkshire witness, Shaw of Holderness, produced his book showing that his horse had served

one hundred and eighty mares in one season, at two guineas each, and stated that this horse travelled twenty miles every day except Sunday.

Once let Agricultural Societies take up the system of hiring stallions assisted by Government grants (which might be made from the same department which now controls Queen's Plates) and a regular demand would be created for sound thorough-bred sires with bone and action, horses with the action not approved of for turf purposes. Instead of there being one auction for the hiring of the Glasgow stud, there would be scores, and the gentlemen now valued as judges at horse-shows would be retained to assist committees in obtaining sires suitable to each district. As the statistics already quoted show that there are nearly 400 thorough-bred stallions included in Messrs. Weatherby's returns, and as there are many more not quoted because they are solely engaged in covering half-bred mares, for example, in that great nursery of hunters, Ireland, there can be no question of the supply if a regular demand is created for sound stallions calculated to get "useful horses."

THE THOROUGHBRED OUT OF TRAINING.

The thorough-bred horse does not attain the perfection of his strength and beauty until he is at least six or seven years old. Under the modern system of racing, both horses and mares are withdrawn from the turf at five years old, if not at four. If of superior reputation, a stallion becomes one of the aristocracy of the stud; if inferior, he may descend from the Stud Book Register to be a sire of hunters, or, lower still, to travel the country and cover mares of any breed at trifling fees. And it is as a stallion that the blood-horse of mature age, and not over fat, attains the highest poetic beauty. The blood-mare with a foal at her feet, in a park, sheltered by ancestral oaks, stands next; deer are not more graceful and interesting.

The racer found too slow for the flat, will often be tried "across country," and if displaying superior leaping powers, and the indispensable amount of courage, be converted into a steeplechaser. It is amongst steeplechasers that the strongest full-developed specimens of the blood-horse are to be found. Others, again, not quite up to racing speed, are castrated, and made hunters, of the class with some half dozen of which, at least, every man must be provided who aspires to ride in the first flight over the country round Melton, Market Harborough, Rugby, and other ox-grazing pastures. Then, again, there are a limited number of thoroughbreds of extraordinary and even extravagant action, which become harness-horses, which fetch fabulous prices (such was Edmond, one of our illustrations), and riding-horses for Rotten Row.

It is amongst the full-aged steeplechasers, hunters, and other useful horses, that the thorough-bred is to be found in perfection of strength and quality, scarcely to be recognised as of the same breed as the long-legged lean animals, two or three-year-olds, trained down to the last ounce for some great race.

It cannot be too strongly stated that for all the purposes of utility and ornament, except where heavy draught requires weight, the blood-horse is the best (the most beautiful, the strongest, the most enduring, the most intelligent), if soundness and suitable action can be combined with sufficient power. Unfortunately, like the British infantry, the numbers that come up to this description are few; strength not being a recommendation for modern racing, and symmetrical conformation not a necessity for flying handicaps. A considerable number of horses which would be most valuable as sires are disqualified without being put into training, because a weight-carrying thorough-bred horse is always in demand at a good price, whilst there is no organised system for making the services of the best class of sound, strong, slow (in a racing point of view), thorough-bred stallions available for useful as distinguished from gambling uses.

THOROUGHBRED MARE BLAIR ATHOL

EMBLEM, STEEPLECHASE MARE

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The coloured illustrations of the two preceding chapters include Eclipse as a stallion, described at page 174, and the grey Mambrino, the sire of a line of strong thoroughbreds and trotters, at page 178. The third is Emblem, the Earl of Coventry's famous steeplechaser. The *Sporting Gazette* of December, 1870, writing her obituary, said: "Emblem was by Teddington out of Miss Batty, by the Hydra. She was purchased by Lord Coventry at five years old, after an unsuccessful career on the flat, and trained as a steeplechaser. She stood fully 15 hands 2 inches high, had magnificent shoulders, was remarkably deep through the head, had good quarters but a light middle piece, and was not well ribbed up, and consequently looked light," or even weedy we should say. She took to jumping naturally; and in the winter of 1862 was hunted regularly with the Heythrop and Cotswold Hounds, and in the spring of 1863 won three steeplechases off the reel. In 1865, carrying 12 stone 4 pounds, she was beaten for the Grand National, under circumstances explained in a letter from Lord Coventry. She won the Leamington Grand Annual, carrying 12 stone 6 pounds. She finally broke down at exercise, was put to the stud, but produced nothing of any value, and died in 1870. The following particulars are kindly furnished by the Earl of Coventry:—

"New Year's Day, 1874.

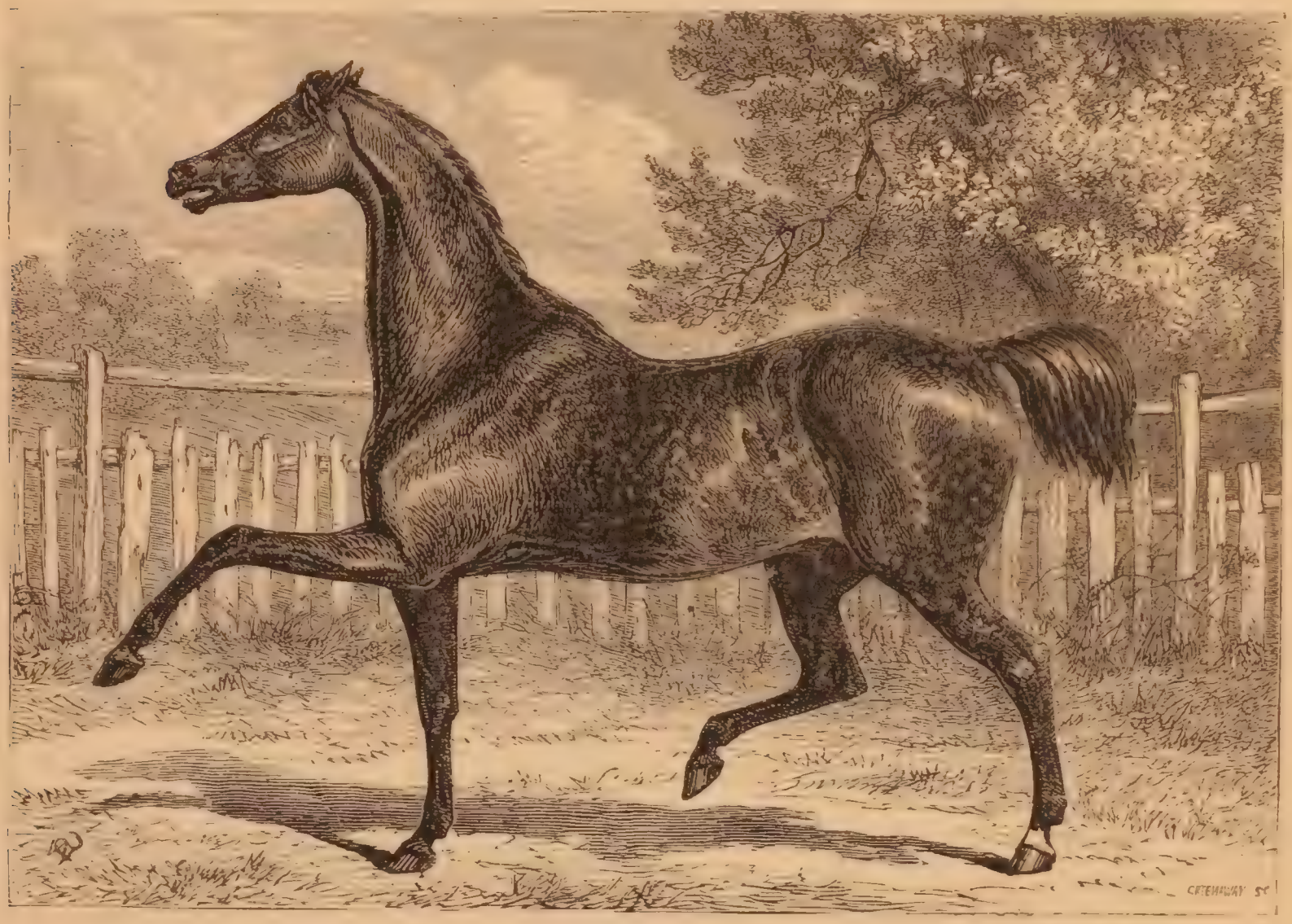
"Emblem died in December, 1870. She won the Birmingham, Derby, Liverpool, Doncaster, and Cheltenham Grand Annual Steeplechases in 1863, and the Leamington and Cheltenham Grand Annuals in 1865. She ought also to have won the Liverpool in that year, but she got the best of her jockey, and, indeed, ran away with him in the race. However, she turned the tables on Alcibiades (the winner in that year) at Warwick, where, with poor George Ede up, she completely ran away from him. I see it frequently stated that she was a jade, and would only accomplish short distances on the flat. That was not so. Although her form as a race-horse was only moderate, she could stay, as her performances show. She won her steeplechases on her fences; and I attribute her extraordinary quickness in jumping to her very excellent shoulders" (which are well shown in the portrait, engraved from a small oil-painting by Mr. H. Hall, most kindly lent for the purpose by the Earl of Coventry).

Blair Athol, a living celebrity, a specimen of great speed, the highest quality, extraordinary success as the sire of winners in his short career as a stallion—in a word, a magnificent specimen of a gambling machine and sire of gambling machines, is the fourth of our coloured illustrations. Blair Athol, bred by Mr. I'Anson in 1861, is by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny by Melbourne, her dam Queen Mary by Gladiator, grandam by Plenipotentiary out of Myrrha by Whalebone. Blink Bonny, his dam, performed in 1857 the rare feat of winning both the Derby and the Oaks. Stockwell's pedigree and performances are given at page 189.

"Blair Athol is a bright chestnut" horse, nearly 16 hands high, but does not look his height. He displays the highest quality, and is, as a French amateur exclaimed at his last sale, "a perfect gentleman," although disfigured by a white blaze across the face of his otherwise high-bred head. "He has," says a writer, describing him just before he won the Doncaster St. Leger, "a strong muscular neck, shoulders well laid back, rising withers, the shortest of backs, the best of loins, great depth of girth, but running up a little in the barrel, like a greyhound; he has a good quarter, is straight and rather high in the croup, with good thighs and arms, but not remarkable for any muscular prominency; his capital hocks and knees are not of extraordinary size, and his flat tendinous fore-legs are not particularly short in the cannon-bone. His feet are small" (small shell-feet are one of the more fatal defects of the modern race-horse). "Altogether, Blair Athol is

a light wiry horse, better to look at in his stride, when his action is free and dashing, than when standing still."

Such was the description of this famous stallion when he had won the Derby and been beaten in Paris for the Grand Prize. Later in the year he won the St. Leger, and retired from the turf as a four-year-old in 1865. He was purchased for the stud by Mr. Jackson, a celebrated bookmaker, for ten thousand guineas, and remained at his stud-farm, Fairfield, near York, until his death; was then purchased by auction by Mr. Blenkiron, the founder of the Middle Park Stud, for five thousand guineas; and sold on the death of the latter and dispersion of his stud for twelve thousand guineas, a fancy price judiciously paid to establish a Joint Stock Stud Company. At the same sale, entirely



EDMOND.

on the strength of his blood, Blair Athol's brother, Breadalbane, a brute that could neither walk, trot, nor gallop in decent form, a total failure on the turf, was sold to the Prussian Government for six thousand guineas.

The French-bred Gladiateur, who was so much more successful on the turf than Blair Athol, for he won every race he started for as a three-year-old, viz., the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Grand Prix, and the St. Leger, at the same auction did not fetch more than half the price of his English rival. Experience proved that the bidders had fairly calculated the comparative merits of the two stallions, for while Blair Athol was credited in the "Racing Calendar" with being in 1872 the sire of twenty-three winners, Gladiateur had only five, and those of insignificant stakes, against his name; while General Peel, who was second for the Derby in Blair Athol's year, had only been the sire of one winner. For all useful purposes not connected with racing, General Peel,

with his great strength, is much the best sire of the three. Fortunately, his want of success as the sire of winners of races will place his fee within the reach of the breeders of hunters and other horses uniting strength and quality.

Our first woodcut represents Eclipse in racing condition (page 177).

Edmond, by Orville, a dark dappled bay horse, 16 hands high, was bred by General Peel in 1824. He does not appear to have ever run in public. He passed into the hands of Mr. de Burgh, when he kept a pack of stag-hounds near West Drayton, and was ridden by his huntsman. He was sold in the field for a small sum to a gentleman who detected his latent merits. Broken to harness, Edmond turned out one of the grandest horses in London; he could trot six or sixteen miles within the hour, in the form shown in the engraving. Four hundred guineas were more than once offered and refused for him. He was shot at twenty-four years old, after meeting with a severe accident. Edmond is given as a specimen of the harness-horses that may be found amongst thoroughbreds by those who know how to look for them. The engraving is from an oil painting by Scratton, in the possession of the owner of Goldie and Dervish, by whom he was broken to harness, and driven until his death.

Orlando, bred by Colonel, now General Peel (see page 199), from a sketch by the late J. F. Herring Sen. which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in July, 1844, is presented as a fair specimen of what a good three-year-old thoroughbred should be, perhaps rather more rounded and "furnished" than the ordinary run of thorough-bred three-year-olds; but Mr. Herring Sen. had an excellent eye for a horse, and if he flattered a portrait, it was in the right direction.

The Drake (see page 201) is probably the strongest thorough-bred horse in the world; over 16 hands 1 inch high, 10 inches round the cannon-bone below the knee (see General Peel's evidence), and equal to carrying any hunting weight. He made no name on the turf, but is usefully employed in getting hunters and other horses out of strong thorough-bred and half-bred mares. He is engraved from an original drawing made for this work by Mr. Sheldon Williams.

TRAINING AND RIDING RACES.

For the benefit of colonists and residents in foreign countries, information on the subject of training and riding the blood-horse, either over the flat or a steeplechase course, will be given in a future chapter, collected from the experience of gentlemen who have had more than ordinary success as amateurs.

THE THOROUGHBRED ABROAD—AMERICA.

Thorough-bred horses were imported by the colonists of Maryland and Virginia as early as the reign of George II.; the first pedigree horse, Spark, having, according to tradition, been presented to Governor Ogle, about 1750, by Lord Baltimore, who had received him as a present from the Prince of Wales, the father of George III. The work from which our information is obtained has a list of stallions and mares imported between 1750 and 1865, which fills one hundred and fifty imperial octavo pages,* and records with barbarous details matches run between rival States and between North and South, within the last half century. Of late years the taste for racing on the flat seems to have declined. The great insurrection of the Confederate States extinguished the wealth that supported expensive amusements in the South; and in the North a passion for trotting in harness has to a great extent superseded flat racing. There are, however, a few amateurs who keep up thorough-bred studs on a scale sufficiently extensive to leaven the whole country.

* "The American Horse," by Frank Forester.

A few years ago, Mr. Ten Broeck, a Southerner, imported some American race-horses into this country, but although one of them, Prioress, excited a good deal of interest, and was heavily backed for her first race, the experiment was not sufficiently successful to encourage repetition, the long sea voyage being an insuperable obstacle, especially as the price of blood-horses in America leaves no margin for profit here.

Amongst the imported horses mentioned in Forester's book is Messenger, the son of Mambrino, who arrived in 1786, and was considered in 1856 as "the best horse, take him all in all, ever brought to America," both as the sire of race-horses and of roadsters. Messenger must have lived to an immense age, or the writer of the following passage must have been a centenarian. "Well do I remember him—his large bony head, rather short straight neck, with windpipe and nostrils nearly twice as large as ordinary, with his low withers, shoulders somewhat upright, but deep, close, and strong. Behind lay the perfection and power of the machine. His barrel, loin, hips, and quarters were incomparably superior to all others; his hocks and knees were unusually large; below them, his limbs were of medium size, but flat, strong, and remarkably clean, and, either in standing or in action, their position was perfect."* This is interesting, because the best American trotting-horses, as already noted, trace their pedigree to Messenger, and also because the description so closely agrees with the engraving of Mambrino.

About the years 1835 and 1840, amongst the importations of English race-horses into the United States were Priam, winner of the Derby in 1830; Barefoot, winner of the St. Leger, 1823; Margrave, winner of the St. Leger, 1832; Rowton, winner of the St. Leger, 1829; St. Giles, winner of the Derby, 1832; and Spaniel, winner of the Derby, 1831; with a score of others, including Zinganee and Lord George Bentinck's Glencoe, of the best blood, but less successful in the great English races. The edition of Frank Forester's "American Horse" of 1871 gives the name of no English race-horse later than 1865; it may therefore be presumed that the importations have not been of any turf importance.

Enough has been quoted to show that, like every other country, the United States rely for obtaining speed and quality in their ordinary horses on crosses of the English blood-horse.

The preference the Americans have for harness over riding-horses would, of course, influence their selection of stallions.

The following extracts from a letter addressed to the most literary of the sporting newspapers gives a picturesque and exact account of the racing of the day in New York, by a very competent observer and reporter:—

A VISIT TO JEROME PARK.

"A warm, sunny autumn morning was Saturday, the 15th of October. Carriages were pouring up Fifth Avenue and away through the Central Park for the races, and our drag was at the door of the Union Club, waiting for Mr. Lawrence Jerome to mount the box and tool us there also. A strange drive is this to Jerome Park—pleasant enough round the winding roads of the beautiful Central Park, but a little less pleasant, if more exciting, for the rest of the journey. The scene is like, yet very unlike, the road to Epsom on a Derby Day. The dust is there, and so are the carriages, but the motley mob made up of costermongers and publicans is not. In place of these characteristic representatives of London life are innumerable human beings mounted on fragile-looking vehicles running on two and four wheels, and dragged by one or two horses. These are the 'trottists,' and the drivers thereof are whirled through the air at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. Their minds are in an apparent state of painful tension, with eyes starting from their sockets, legs

* Correspondent of Frank Forester, 1856.

planted firmly and widely apart forward, a rein twisted round each hand; a frightened woman on the off seat clutching nervously at the iron rail, and in momentary fear for the fate of her waterfall and bonnet; and so the controller of this strange spectacle hurries on. He has a frantic ambition to pass everything that can be passed on the road, and if he succeeds in doing this, he has achieved something worth living and driving a 'trottist' for. This mode of moving about, when assigned to its proper place and time, is said to have fascinations not to be resisted after once it has been indulged in; but I imagine that it is not every Englishman who would care to make the acquaintance of this inexpressible charm. Fortunately, in the Central Park policemen are stationed to regulate the speed of all vehicles to seven miles an hour, and their duties are almost as light as the solitary one of those policemen who are stationed in Broadway to seize the arms of ladies and convey them safely over the crossings; for be it understood that no one attempts railway speed in the pleasant defiles of the park, and the driving there is as sedate as it is on the road by the side of Rotten Row on a June afternoon.

"Steadily and evenly we have bowled along, at the rate of eight knots, as a nautical companion remarks, and in a little over an hour we are landed by the piazza of the club-house of Jerome Park. We are followed by the more pretentious drag of Mr. Belmont, with a very handsome brown team; then comes another and another; and carriage follows upon carriage, all containing ladies, until soon the piazza around the club-house is filled by one of the gayest throngs of beauty a race-going man ever gazed upon. I will not say that these American ladies are more beautiful, or more dressed, or that they talk better, than English ladies; but they are beautiful, their dress is such as would inspire the literary milliner of the *Court Tattler*, and their talk must be brilliant—it is listened to so devoutly. All this was dazzling; and it was not until every one became seated in the piazza, and the crowd in the midst of which I stood grew composed, that I was able to look around and cease wondering where I was. I soon found that Jerome Park did not exactly accord with my English ideas of a park. neither did the Central Park; both are beautiful in their way, and each is certainly unique. The 'Central' may have the finest carriage-drive in the world, as the guide book says it has, or even in the United States, or in New York, and may have cost ten millions of dollars; still, it does not look like a park, any more than the Parade at Brighton or the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. Race-courses, we all know, differ all over the world; and if Jerome Park is unlike a park, it is certainly as much unlike an English race-course as anything I ever saw. Still, it is a race-course, if an invention; races take place there; it is the temple of the American Jockey Club; and is one of the pleasantest resorts for a few hours' diversion a traveller could visit.

"The club-house is quite an institution; it has dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, bedrooms, billiard-rooms, and a large ball-room, and, indeed, every luxury of a club and comfort of a private dwelling. Visitors to the races eat their breakfasts here and their lunches, and some stay to dine. After the racing is over, a 'German' is gone through in the ball-room, to the excellent music of a reed band; and when the festivity is over, the drive back to New York in the brightness of the harvest moon is found to be not the least pleasant part of the day's excitement. Some perhaps will stay the night, or return the next morning to breakfast; but no matter when they go or come, the club is always open.

"We have breakfasted, and are now again on the piazza, looking down on the race-course. This consists of circuitous roads formed on a plateau beneath the club-house. These roads, or tracks, wind round in a way something like a figure 8, and their surface is like Rotten Row, though a little harder. One instantly asks why turf is not preferred to a hard road; and the answer readily given is that the loose earth road, hard as it is, is the more suitable for American horses. On the other side of these tracks—which, by the way, are all railed in—and facing the club-house,

is a long row of stands, the centre one of which is reserved for members of the Jockey Club. The whole park, as it is termed, is closed in by hills, on whose sides are growing trees, and their leaves are just now turning to the rich crimson and golden hues of autumn. The first race is about to commence, and everybody, ladies and all, leaves the club-house and walks across the tracks for the Jockey Club Stand. The numbers of the horses about to start are hoisted, but we do not hear anything about 6 to 4 on the field, or 4 to 1 bar one. The air is as undisturbed as during the hush after the start for the Derby. But our mentor is at hand, and directs our wondering curiosity to an elderly gentleman leaning out of the window of an elevated box at one end of the stand; he is selling pools, and a pool is conducted in this way: Supposing three horses start, one chance may sell for 200 dollars, another for 100, and another for 50. The buyer of the chance that wins takes the whole 350 dollars, less 3 per cent. commission charged by the pool-seller. Posted in the betting, we turn our eyes to the racing. The horses are out, and galloping around the track in clothing. Presently one is pulled up opposite our vantage-ground, and we stare as one, two, three heavy woollen cloths are taken off the panting animal. The thermometer is at 80 deg., and the coat of the horse is foaming wet; all are galloped in clothing and stripped in this way; and then the race commenced. Away they go, all pulling hard, at a cracking pace and in a cloud of dust; now they disappear, and where will they reappear?—will it be down the steps by the club-house? No; the track has taken a turn we had not noticed, and there they go in full view opposite the stand; another deep bend, a turn, and they are in the straight for home. We watch curiously for the finish; shouts are raised that something or other will win; the ladies stand up, and excitement is culminating. On they come, the two leaders leaving the other three concealed in a thick wall of dust, and everybody is wrong as to what is winning; a black boy, his two eyes looking like white rosettes on his ebony face, is 'coming;' he has got his saddle forward on his horse's withers, and his feet are apparently kicking at the horse's mouth; but no matter, his horse is a good one, has plenty left in him to finish with, and wins by half a dozen lengths. It was a good race, for all the horses as they straggled in were fairly ridden out.

"Soon the race is forgotten. And now we are warned to prepare for another race of better quality. Glenelg is the favourite, at 300 dollars, and the others are selling at 80. Glenelg is a brown horse, by Citadel, dam Bapta, is four years old, was foaled on the passage from England, and is very like Restitution. Last Saturday he beat the crack American horse, Helmbold, in a three-mile race, run in 5min. 42½sec. Helmbold is a very fine horse, by Australian, and goes and looks very like Lord Lyon; a little freer, perhaps, but his long swinging stride and form reminded one of that Derby winner. An excuse was made for Helmbold—never before beaten—that he had not recovered from a race at Saratoga in August last. It was a race in four-mile heats, with the thermometer at 120 degrees, and Helmbold only won after a dreadfully punishing finish. Well, to-day Glenelg, the vanquisher of Helmbold, went down before Niagara and Mozart, to whom he was conceding 16lbs. and 26lbs. respectively, and consternation was rife among the sanguine followers of Mr. Belmont's stable. More racing of an indifferent character followed, the fields being composed of twos and threes; and then came a hurdle-race. The hurdles are three feet and a half high, and require some doing, as they are too firmly fixed to be galloped through. Eight flights of hurdles and a mile and three-quarters were got over in 3min. 30sec. A steeplechase wound up the sport, and this latter performance was something worth beholding. One could almost as well fancy a steeplechase in Leicester Square as over the racing track in Jerome Park. Two and a half miles was the length of the course, not across country, but in and about and over the tortuous turns of the tracks, until a course was described more devious and winding than the maze at Hampton Court. There is a water-jump about the same as that at Croydon; and as the horses, with admired precision,

successfully clear it, a clapping of hands takes place in the true 'Grand Metropolitan' style. Then there is jumping in and out of the tracks, round and between trees, over a stone wall, down a precipice, over a rail, or over other rails and hurdles, as they go winding about the plateau, until one finally comes to the conclusion that the fencing is extremely clever, and quite puzzling enough to balk the cleverest hunter in England, failing a previous special training. A rattling good finish was made by Oysterman and Biddy Malone, and the former looked like winning as they came on together a quarter of a mile from home. But Biddy was the first to rise at the last hurdle, and knocked it down; this caused Oysterman to make a mistake and stumble, his black jockey just saving himself round his horse's neck, and then, cleverly steadying his steed, finished two lengths behind Biddy Malone. The two miles and a half were accomplished in 5min. 55sec.—pretty quick time, we imagine, considering the ups and downs.

"The conclusion an Englishman arrives at after witnessing such a scene is, that the American horses are trained to run their races very fast, and that they all apparently, until they are beaten, pull tremendously. A two-year-old race of one mile and a furlong run in 2min. 4sec., one of half a mile in 54sec., and another of three-quarters of a mile in 1min 18sec., strike one as being fast, although I have no evidence at hand to decide whether it would be considered fast by American turfites. Of this, however, there is no denying, that, considering the few race-horses in America—there are not, I believe, more than two hundred in training—it is a matter of surprise that there should be so many that are seemingly good. One of the best American-bred horses—Kingfisher, by Lexington—I did not see, as his only engagement ended in a walk over. It is said, however, that he can do a mile in 1min. 43sec. This can be believed if it is accepted as a fact that Glenelg ran a mile and a half at Long Branch in 2min. 37sec., which is at the rate of one mile in 1min. 45sec. As a rule, much value cannot be placed on timing; but Americans pay great attention to this matter, and train against time with pretty accurate results. Whether they succeed in obtaining greater speed and staying powers than English trainers and breeders could only be decisively proved by a series of trials; but it seemed to my not very practised eye that all the races, taken from start to finish, were run at a much greater speed than is usually seen at home, although the finishes were anything but brilliant, notwithstanding they are aided by a great deal of whip and spur. How long horses can stand such a course as that at Jerome Park, and such bursts of speed, is a question for Americans to settle and be guided by; but an English trainer would probably think twice before he put valuable horses at such work at home. The extraordinary part of the business is, that such great speed should be attained with such wretched jockeyship. It would be difficult to say which ride the worst, the white or black boys, so bad are both. Anything like an artistic finish is seldom seen, saving when a couple of what are called the best jockeys get on pretty equal mounts. A lack of good horsemanship is perhaps peculiar to the country, and it would be gross adulation to simply say that an American looks ill at ease on horseback. There are of course exceptions; but riding is at least one thing which our Transatlantic friends do not do well, especially in the matter of jockeyship. Some English lads have been imported, but with indifferent success; and there is room, I imagine, for an accomplished English horseman to make a fortune in America, both by riding and instructing to ride. It seems, however, that good riders are not anxious to leave home, even for very tempting prizes, as the principal supporter at this time of the American turf informed me that he had commissioned some well-known turf authorities in England to obtain him the services of a first-rate jockey for the months of August, September, and October. He offered to give a good one £500 for the three months, pay all his expenses, and give him besides a commission on winning mounts; still no jockey was obtainable."*

* From *The Field*.

THE RACE-HORSE IN FRANCE.

The race-horse is as completely an exotic in France as Italian Opera in England, although already famous on the English turf in the unconquered Gladiateur, and Fille de l'Air, the Oaks winner in 1864.

It will astonish those not familiar with the social history of the other side of the Channel, to learn that there are at the present moment forty-eight regular training establishments in France, the greater number of which are also breeding-studs; and this in spite of the reductions caused by the fall of the Empire and disasters of war.

The climate and soil of France have proved particularly favourable to the early maturity of the thoroughbred. The Government, as a matter of policy, gives very large prizes on the principle of our Queen's Plates; that is, for horses not less than three years old, running not less than two miles; and the pick of the French stables have the advantage of being able to compete for the best English as well as the best French stakes.

It is, however, a curious circumstance, that although race-horses have been bred and trained in France for nearly half a century (of course, entirely of English blood), all the trainers, all their assistants, and, with one or two exceptions, all the jockeys, are English. Indeed, no French jockey has ever won a great race on the English turf. A work by Le Baron d'Etreilles ("*Le Pur Sang en France*") gives the most ample details of the present condition of the French turf; nothing approaching this book in completeness exists on the mysterious subject of the horses of Ireland, the horse-breeding country of Europe *par excellence*, whether for quality or for numbers.

The Baron gives the name of each owner of race-horses, of his trainer, his jockey, and even of his "head lad," with portraits of all, which, to say the least, are not flattering. He also minutely describes some hundred stallions, mares, two-year-olds and three-year-olds, in training in 1873.

The French Government under the Empire, when racing became a fashion, if not a passion, amongst the wealthy and noble, gave up breeding thorough-bred horses in the State studs, with the view of encouraging private enterprise.

At the present moment, says the Baron, "*le cheval de pur sang*" (the thoroughbred) is more than ever ostracised, neglected by the official breeding establishments, obliged to be disguised by cutting its tail to be admitted into the ranks of the cavalry, or to get mixed up with the ordinary trade in riding-horses; only the two extremes of the *chevaline* hierarchy are open to it, the race-course and the hackney cab. The subventions to the turf have been diminished, prizes are no longer given for steeplechases, or premiums for thorough-bred brood-mares, and very little pecuniary encouragement is afforded to thorough-bred stallions." But it seems as if the same transformation of tastes to which we have already alluded, as having in England sent gamblers from the green cloth to the turf, had taken place in France. The wealthy and titled, disgusted with politics, and following the fashion of the country with which they are on the best terms, are taking to field sports instead of the amusements of cities which are in a chronic state of discontent, if not revolt. We find an example of this while turning over the pages of "*Le Pur Sang*," in a name which was one of the splendid Newmarket annuals of October, 1873, when, M. Le Compte de Juigné's Montargis, a rank outsider, won the Cambridgeshire, beating the two favourites, King Lud and Walnut.

"Le Compte de Juigné began with a passion for driving. For several years he had a reputation for carriages and horses of the finest class for quality and action. Tired at last of the mill-horse round of steppers and four-in-hands, he sold everything off, bought a few good

mares, and began to breed." As a matter of course (in France), he commenced by trying to produce that eternal half-bred trooper without a thorough-bred sire, although they are as closely allied as cause and effect.

"After a time, associated with Prince Aremberg, he commenced on the turf, but with no great success." In 1872 his stud consisted of nine two and three-year-olds. Amongst the three-year-olds was Montargis, which the baron minutely described, and for which he predicted many victories, one of which he has most unexpectedly scored, the betting against him at starting being 40 to 1.

That racing is quite foreign to the tastes of the French nation, is shown in the following of several passages to the same effect:—"We cannot count on public opinion for encouragement in anything affecting horse-breeding in France as they can in England, where such questions are considered to be of national interest. Our political and social organisations render such a state of feeling impossible; such subjects will always remain the speciality of a class. As an example, when the question of horse supply was recently discussed in the British Parliament, the debate was adjourned because several members competent to speak on it were absent fox-hunting. Had such a delay been proposed in France, it would have been howled down. Yet the statesmen in England are not inferior to ours in questions of general interest, but the taste for sport is innate in the Englishman, and only exceptionally found in the Frenchman. For this reason, State aid is essential to support horse-breeding on sound principles in France."

Facts prove that there must be something extremely favourable to the production of the thorough-bred horses, either in the climate of France, or the selection of stock by French breeders; for the proportion of victories obtained by French-bred horses on the English turf, looking at the comparative number bred in each country, is very large.

In November, 1873, Mr. Digby Collins, writing to *The Field* to show that the Earl of Stradbroke was wrong when he told the Lords Committee on Horse Supply that there were not three horses in England that could "stay" over two miles, gave the names of forty horses, in four classes, that in his opinion contradicted this theory. Amongst this forty, ten are French, a very high per-centage.

At present a bitter contest is raging between the official managers of the State studs and the "Society for the Encouragement of Horse-breeding," represented by the French Jockey Club; the former, since the privilege of breeding blood-stock has been taken from their hands, discouraging the purchaser of blood-sires from French breeders. "Unfortunately," says the Baron, "it is the habit in France to prefer 'phrases' to 'facts,' and to come to conclusions on a foregone theory. The men selected to decide on vital practical questions are very often those whose studies, occupations, and means of existence are quite foreign to the matter to be decided."

By which the baron means that veterinary professors and cavalry officers are the authorities in France on all equine questions. The State studs of France will be treated in their proper place. In the meantime, it will be sufficient to state that the thorough-bred horse in France is encouraged by prizes amounting to between £50,000 and £70,000, of which about £26,000 are given by private societies (the Paris Society providing the lion's share), the remainder by the Government and municipalities. Although a training establishment was kept up at Chantilly by the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, as early as 1833, until the advent of the Emperor his followers were few and far between. The French horse has only become a formidable competitor on the English turf since 1864. It is fortunate that there are wealthy men in a neighbouring country who consider soundness of more importance than mere swiftness in a thorough-bred sire.

THE THOROUGHBRED IN GERMANY.

Thorough-bred breeding-studs are maintained by the Emperor of Austria, who has a large establishment, with an English trainer at its head. In his Kingdom of Hungary the nobility and landed gentry largely cultivate the blood-horse for racing and riding purposes; while for driving they adhere rather to Arab crosses of native breeds. The Hungarian is as fond of a horse as an Irishman, and understands him as well as a Yorkshireman.

In Prussia, "The German Stud Book describes eighteen private studs of thorough-bred horses." So far advanced is the pursuit that the landed nobility are asking to be relieved from the competition of the Government."

Russia, too, for more than half a century has steadily imported thorough-bred sires, more for improving her native races than for turf purposes.

In a word, the English thoroughbred has made his merits felt and acknowledged in every country in the world where size as well as quality is an object; for "blood," in the words of the French baron already quoted, gives "strength, agility, endurance, and energy."

In concluding this chapter, it may not be amiss to explain the various terms made use of by racing men.

MEASURES AND WEIGHTS.

Four inches are a hand.
Fourteen pounds are a stone, jockey weight.
One thousand seven hundred and sixty yards are a mile.
Two hundred and twenty yards are a furlong.
Eight furlongs make a mile.
Two hundred and forty yards are a distance.
Eight pounds are considered equal to a distance between two horses of the same speed.

CHAPTER X.

HALF-BRED HORSES.

Half-bred—Its Meaning in Racing Phraseology—Jim Mason's Lottery Half-bred—The Colonel, Winner of the Liverpool Grand National, Half-bred—Pedigree of—Sale to Germany—Half-bred Hunter Stallions Esteemed in France—Fair Nell, who Beat the Pacha's Arab—Portrait of—Pedigree Doubtful—Abbas Pacha's Challenge—Not Accepted by Jockey Club—Cairo Merchants and Haleem Pacha—The Race—Irish Mare's Hollow Victory—The Produce of Thorough-bred Sires and Cart Mares Recommended by "Nimrod"—No Longer in Fashion—An Example of a Good Hunter thus Bred—Trotting Stallions of Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire—Originated in Lincolnshire from Dutch Importations a Hundred Years Ago—Merits, Action, and Pace—Description of Trotters in 1760—Marshland Shales—A Celebrity—Description of and Portrait, 1825—Lavengro's Account of, on Norwich Hill—A Norfolk Fair—Market Weighton Famous for Trotters—Their Pace—Their Form—Their Colours—Foreign Prejudice against White Marks—Description by an Exhibitor of Trotters—Recent Exportation to India—Largely used in Normandy—General Fleury to the Editor on Norman Mares—Shepherd Knapp an American not a Yorkshire Trotter—Success of his Cross with Thorough-bred Mares—Mr. Crisp's Thorough-bred Trotter—Evidence as to Norfolk Trotters before Lords Committee—Mr. Phillips, of Knightsbridge—The Earl of Charlemount—A Yorkshire Horse-Leader—Present Condition of Horse Supply—The Earl of Rosebery's Committee—The Cause of Decline—Unprofitable Sales—Yorkshire Evidence on Cost of Breeding—The Old-fashioned Sort out of Fashion—Job-masters Buy Geldings only—Foreigners Bought Mares—Prices Rising, and Breeding Beginning Again—Mr. Edmund Tattersall's Evidence—Mr. Thomas Parrington, Secretary of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society—Does not Believe Number of Hunters has Diminished—On the Contrary, that they are more Numerous—Horses Better than they Used to be—Cry of "No Mares" a Delusion—Mannington's Evidence on Unsound Thorough-bred Stallions—Propositions for Improving Quality of Horses—The French Plan Rejected—Private Enterprise the only Safe Resource—Plan Suggested by Editor—Lord Combermere's Evidence—Scarcity Caused by Demand—Breeding Profitable with Good Mares and Sires—Increase of Breeding in Cheshire and Shropshire—Lord Vivian finds that the Breeding of Good Hunters has Increased in Cornwall and Anglesea—More Hunters in the Field, More Hacks in the Park, than in his Youth—Lord Poltimore, of Devon and Dorset, same Opinion—Law of Warranty—Colonel Kingscote, C.B., thinks it Works Badly—The French Law of Warranty a Model for Imitation—Described—Supply of Cavalry Horses—Evidence of Sir Henry Storks, General Wardlaw, Colonel Price, R.H.A., Colonel Baker, and General Peel—Horse-dealer's Licences—Irish Horses—No Duties on—The Irish and Yorkshire Passion for Horses Compared—The Irishman Seldom Equalled as a Steeplechase Jock—Irish Hunters—Demand for—The Recruiting of Cavalry for England and Belgium—France in Time of War—Want of Books on Irish Breeds—The Earl of Charlemount a Great Breeder—His Opinions—Statistics of Horse Supply in the United Kingdom.

HALF-BRED, designated in reports of races by the letters "H.B.," does not mean what the words would imply in their literal sense—the produce of thorough-bred on one side and cart blood on the other—but only that there is some stain in the traceable pedigree, which may indeed be so remote as not to be detected by any external sign.

For instance, Lottery, the famous steeplechase horse whose name thirty years ago was associated with the many triumphs of Jim Mason, the most elegant, if not the best, cross-country jockey of that day (they figure together in Herring's portrait picture of Steeplechase Cracks), was a race-horse to look at all over, but, in racing parlance, half-bred. To come to more recent times, the Colonel won the great handicap cross-county race, the Liverpool Grand National, in 1869, and again in 1870. The Colonel, foaled in 1863, was by Knight of Kars out of Boadicea, by Faugh-a-Ballagh—Boadicea by Baronet, out of Princess of Wales; Princess of Wales out of Modesty, by Pill-Garlic; Modesty foaled in 1827, a half-bred mare by Sancho. This slight stain,

(for Modesty was no doubt a good mare), in spite of the Colonel's splendid symmetry and admirable performances, disqualified him from being enrolled in the British *Libro d'Oro*, the "Stud Book," and from taking his place and fixing his price with thorough-bred stallions of inferior external form, and of inferior performances, but unblemished pedigree. Breeders for racing purposes always fear that the alloy will come out at a pinch; therefore, in this country, sires not thorough-bred in blood but thorough-bred in appearance never take a high rank.

The Colonel was sold a year before the Franco-German War to M. Cavaliero, for £2,600, and after running once more in England, passed into the stud of the Emperor of Germany.

On the Continent this class of sire, when showing much substance, is greatly esteemed. In answer to inquiries addressed by a Commission appointed to investigate the condition of horse-breeding in the twenty-five circles into which France is divided, more than half applied for English "hunter" stallions.

Fair Nell, one of our coloured illustrations, who never ran in England, but whose reputation became world-wide amongst horsemen for a year after beating the Pacha's best Arab, may have been thorough-bred, but as her pedigree was not enrolled, she would have been set down in England as half-bred. The following is her story:—Abbas Pacha, whose race stud is mentioned at page 152, in the chapter on Arabs, somewhere about 1853 sent a challenge to the Jockey Club to run any number of English race-horses against his Arabs for any sum not less than £10,000. The Jockey Club owns no horses, but is in effect a little autocracy for settling the rules of racing, exercising absolute control over the races run on Newmarket Heath, fixing the weights and conditions of certain matches and handicaps. The challenge was therefore necessarily declined, and it was understood that the Pacha would not make a match with any private individual; at any rate, nothing came of it.

Haleem Pacha, the foolish boy who inherited Abbas Pacha's unequalled stud of Arabs—a stud which had cost his father nearly a million sterling to collect and breed—did condescend to make a match with some Cairo merchants to run eight miles for £400 a side. The Cairo merchants sent to England and purchased Fair Nell, an Irish horse supposed to be thorough-bred, but about that there is a good deal of doubt, from Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who had used her as a park and covert hack.

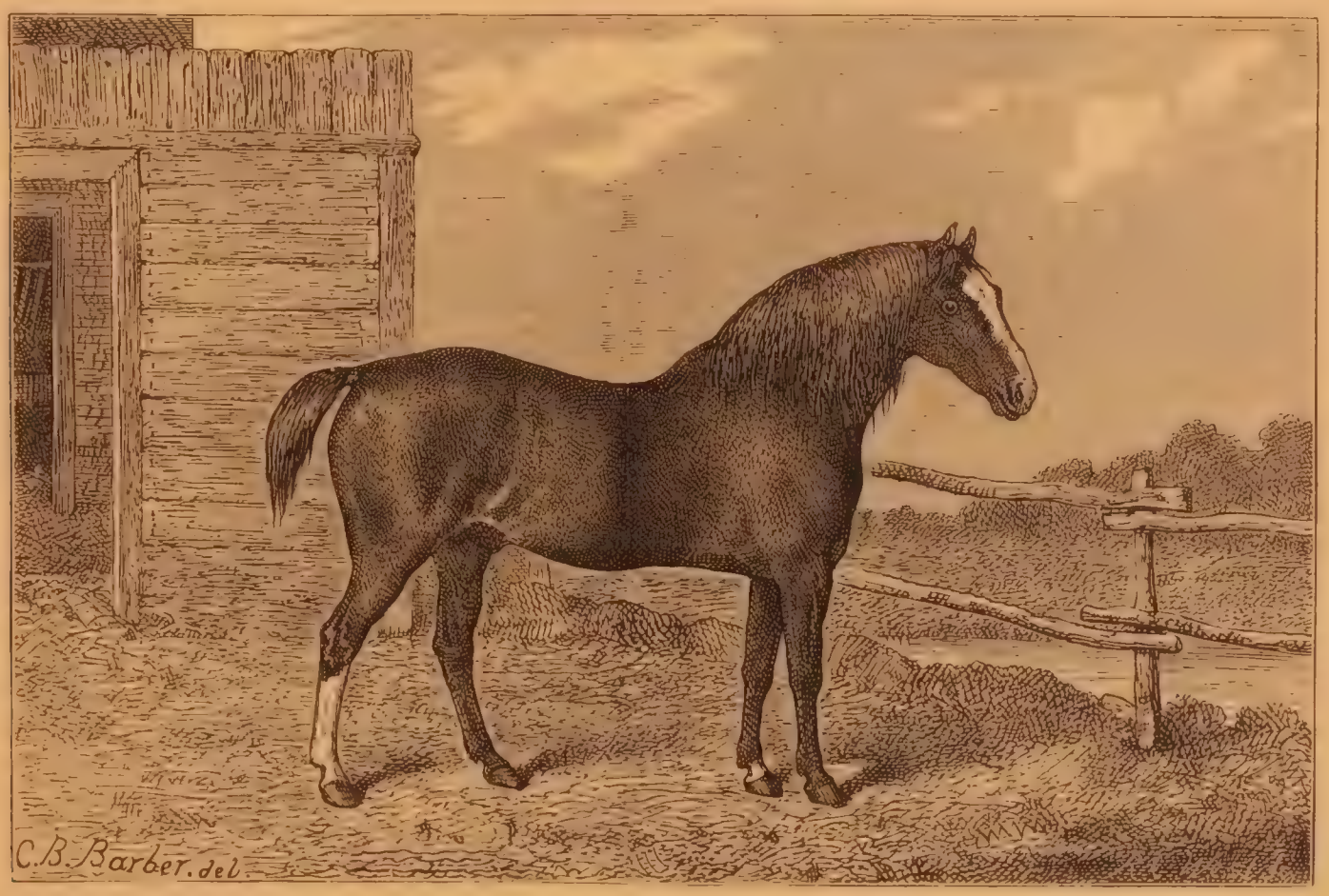
The race came off within two weeks of her landing in Egypt; and in the eight miles she beat the Pacha's best Arab over a rough stony ground by a full mile, doing the distance in 18½ minutes, and pulling up fresh. In fact, Fair Nell won so easily that it was found impossible to make another match.

Our portrait is from a picture in the possession of Mr. Tattersall, by the late Byron Webb. She was a beautiful bay, with black legs; stood 15 hands 1½ inch high, with such beautiful shoulders, with so much before you, and with such an elastic stride, that it was easy, even delightful, to sit on her, although her temper was hot and at times she plunged violently. She pulled hard, but had a good mouth, and required light give-and-take hands. She often carried Mr. Tattersall, riding twelve stone, sixteen miles to covert, including stoppages, within the hour, to meet hounds, and seemed to be cantering all the time until you tried to trot alongside her. She was bred in Ireland, and not in "Stud Book," but was supposed to be by the celebrated Irish sire Freney. There is no doubt in the mind of the writer of this chapter, who frequently rode Fair Nell, that—half-bred or thorough-bred—she would have beaten any Arab in the world in a twenty-mile race, or would have equalled the most extraordinary feats ever recorded in long distances for several days in a *temperate* climate.

At one time real half-breds, the produce of a thorough-bred sire out of a cart mare, were

FAIR NELL

cultivated with the view of producing weight-carrying hunters, on the recommendation of "Nimrod" (Mr. Apperley), who had found at Melton at least one extraordinary hit of the kind carrying Mr. Edge, an eighteen-stone yeoman, in the first flight in Leicestershire; but it was soon found that the prizes were rare and the blanks numerous. The more common result of such *mésalliances* is a monster, composed of two different kinds of horses badly joined in the middle. Sometimes when a blood-mare refuses to breed with sires of her own degree, she will take a cart-horse; and from such accidents here and there an extraordinary performer is obtained, with great power, and the courage of the nobler dam. In the winter of 1873 an American gentleman, a heavy weight, was riding a hunter of very plebeian appearance in the best runs in Leicestershire in a good place, which was bred by Mr. John Bennett, of Husbands Bosworth, well known as a breeder and



MARSHLAND SHALES.

rider of steeplechase horses, by a cart-horse stallion, out of his famous mare Lady Florence, dam of many good thorough-bred horses when she failed to breed with blood sires.

But as a general rule in this country, when a breeder decides not to put a mare to a thorough-bred sire, he does not stop half-way in the descent, but chooses a roadster trotter.

TROTTING STALLIONS.

The trotting stallions, as far as can be ascertained by inquiries in the counties where they originally became famous, are of Dutch or Flemish origin. At any rate, they were first heard of about a hundred years ago, in the fen districts of Lincolnshire. Their merit is compactness, strength, and action; their pace, which so much astonished the last generation, has been completely thrown into the shade by the feats of the American trotters—a very different class of animals.

Although the origin of the roadster trotter is not very remote, it is as mysterious as every historical fact connected with the English horse.

John Laurence (1810) says: "It is a remarkable fact that no instance is recorded of a thorough-bred horse being a capital trotter"—(this, according to American experience, is a mistake.—ED.)—"although some racers, for example, Shark, Hammer by Herod, and, I believe, Mambrino, have had a short quick trot. Infidel, by Turk, trotted fifteen miles in one hour, carrying ten stone, on the road between Carlisle and Newcastle, about twenty-five years ago (1785). Old Shields, sire of Scott, was got by Blank out of a strong common-bred mare. The best trotters now to be found in Lincolnshire have proceeded from Old Shields (Shales?). They were distinguished in the first produce by the round buttock and wide bosom of the cart-bred sire. The stock was improved by crossing with racing blood. Pretender, a son of Cub, was out of a well-bred daughter of Lord Abingdon's Pretender, by Marske (sire of Eclipse). Pretender was said (I am not compelled to believe it) to have trotted a mile in two minutes and a half."

Marshland Shales, according to a memoir that accompanies his portrait by Abraham Cooper, in the old "Sporting Magazine" of 1825, "was foaled in 1802. He stood 14 hands 3 inches high. In 1824 his crest was still very large; when he was young and in high condition it was immense. His hind-quarters were neat, and showed racing blood, but his head resembled the old Suffolk Punch. He was fully master of twenty stone, and was styled in Norfolk a 'thundering trotter.' Although he bent his knee well, he was not a remarkably high goer. He once trotted seventeen miles within the hour on the hard road, carrying 12st. 2lbs. What he would have done with a light weight on a soft trotting course may be imagined. He covered in Lincolnshire, the Fens, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Essex." Lavengro has described Marshland Shales in his own peculiar style:—"It came to pass I stood upon this hill (Norwich Hill), observing a fair of horses. I had no horses to ride, but I took pleasure in looking at them, and I had already attended more than one of these fairs. The present was lively enough, indeed horse fairs are seldom dull. There was shouting and whooping, neighing and braying, there was galloping and trotting; fellows with highlows and white stockings, and with many a string dangling from the knees of their tight breeches, were running desperately, holding horses by the halter, and in some cases dragging them along; there were long-tailed steeds and dock-tailed steeds of every degree and breed; there were droves of wild ponies, and long rows of sober cart-horses; there were donkeys and even mules—the last rare things to be seen in damp misty England, *for the mule pines in mud and rain, and thrives best with a hot sun above and a burning sand below.* There were—oh, the gallant creatures! I hear their neigh upon the wind—there were (goodliest sight of all) certain enormous quadrupeds, only seen to perfection in our native isle, led about by dapper grooms, their manes ribboned, and their tails curiously clubbed and balled. 'Ha, ha!'—how distinctly do they say, 'Ha, ha!' An old man draws nigh. He is mounted on a lean pony, and he leads by the bridle one of these animals; nothing very remarkable about that creature, unless in being smaller than the rest, and gentle, which they are not; he is almost dun, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. But, stay; there is something remarkable about that horse; there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest. As he advances the clamour is hushed, all eyes are turned upon him. What looks of interest—of respect! And what is this? People are taking off their hats; surely, not to that steed? Yes, verily, men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed; and I hear more than one deep-drawn 'Ah!' 'What horse is that?' I said to a very old fellow, the counterpart of the old man on the pony, save that the last wore a faded suit of velveteen, and this one was dressed in a white frock. 'The best in mother England,' said the very old man, taking a knobbed stick from his mouth, and looking me in the face, at first carelessly, but presently with something like interest. 'He is old, like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won't live long, my swain—tall and overgrown ones like thee never does—yet if you should chance to reach my years, you may boast to thy great grandboys

thou hast seen Marshland Shales.' I did for the horse what I would neither do for earl or baron—doffed my hat; yes, I doffed my hat to the wondrous horse, the fast trotter, the best in mother England. And I, too, drew a deep 'Ah!' and repeated the words of the old fellows around: 'Such a horse as this we shall never see again; a pity that he is so old!"

Market Weighton, in Yorkshire, was formerly celebrated for its trotters, but they seem to have come originally from Lincolnshire or Norfolk, or both, as they bear the familiar names of Performers, Merrylegs, Roan Phenomenons, Norfolk Phenomenons, Prickwillows, Fireaways—all names found on the cards of Norfolk sires.

The type of a Norfolk trotter is not over 15 hands 2 inches high, made like a refined edition of a Suffolk Punch or Clydesdale cart-horse, with extravagant action, which varies from the rate of fourteen miles to seventeen miles an hour for short distances. Their weight renders long distances at a great pace on hard roads impossible. Silver and red roan are favourite and hereditary colours. There are also bays, browns, and chestnuts, which are more valued by foreign purchasers if entirely without white. The prejudice against white marks in a chestnut or bay trotter sire is curious, because in thorough-bred horses, and even in Arabs, white marks are common, and neither as a rule transmit their colours like a pedigree bull, short-horn, or Alderney. All evidence seems to show that trotters are not a distinct breed at all, but the result of judicious crosses and careful selection, maintained, like that of several breeds of sheep, by alternate crosses on the cart or the blood side as occasion required. They are used with very well-bred, not quite thorough-bred, mares, when more strength is required than is often found in the thorough-bred stallions that cover at a farmer's price, and especially when harness-action is an object. In Mr. Milward's notes on breeding ponies, at page 91, he mentions that Lord Calthorpe's celebrated Newmarket hack, Don Carlos, was the produce of a Norfolk sire and a well-bred pony. The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the writer of this chapter by a well-known Suffolk exhibitor and prize-winner with both trotting and thorough-bred sires:—

"I feel sure that the counties of York and Norfolk imported the first roadsters from Lincolnshire. The old roadster is reviving again in favour with our breeders; thanks to a very decided foreign demand. They are not crossing them so much with blood. The foreigners do not object to a coarse head if they can get strength and action. For my own part, I always try for a pure roadster, one whose pedigree goes back to roadster sires for several generations; as they say in Yorkshire, 'I like brandy or water, and not brandy and water ready mixed.' The great fault now is, that people look too much to fore-leg action, and forget the more important hind-leg action.

"I remember well the old trotting Roan Phenomenon of Mr. Lines. When in action coming toward you, all his four legs were up close to his belly; all you saw was a barrel rushing towards you like the boiler of a steam-engine, with a head and neck on it. Nowadays, they pick up their fore-legs prettily enough, but leave their hind-legs behind them. Foreigners are giving very large prices for Norfolk sires, so I think we may expect the breed to be more cultivated; they don't mind coarseness, or ugly heads, if they can get bone with action. I dare say you have remarked that the foreigners who come here to buy horses, whether French, Germans, or Italians, are remarkably good judges of every point of a horse, and know exactly what they want. As to size below the knee, I have never found one that fairly measured nine inches. Eight inches and a half is a good girth for a trotter. Legs are very deceiving to the eye, and tell different tales under the tape. Trainers do not like a very big leg in a thorough-bred horse (trainers want quick not hunter sort of horses). As a rule, the shoulders are the weak points in modern trotters, and will not bear comparison with the pictures of the old sort. In my opinion, the

present show-horses are too high on the legs, rather more coach-horses than hackneys. The pure Yorkshire coach-horse we have not got in the Eastern Counties, and perhaps it is no loss.

"I prefer roan trotters to any other colour, because they are more likely to possess the old trotting blood; but many of the present roans are dreadfully coarse, only the leavings that the foreigner won't buy. In trying this year to buy two Norfolk trotters for New Zealand, I saw a good many, but quite failed to get what I wanted. They are too big or too small, with no sharpness of action; vulgar heads, and high rumps. The old roadsters had beautiful heads, like Arabs. There appears, however, to be a great demand from the Continent for stallions with bone, and they will overlook coarse heads, raw hips, and general plainness, if they 'go' and have bone. Those bought for the Indian Government studs can 'go,' but are terribly coarse."*

At the present time, with the exception of a few coaching sires of great size travelling in Yorkshire, those who do not resort to thorough-bred stallions employ Norfolk trotters. Recently Sir Erskine Perry, of the India Council, informed the writer that Arab and English thorough-bred sires having failed to produce good troopers out of the country mares of India, at the Government stud-farms they were about trying Norfolk stallions.

Roadster trotters were largely purchased by the agents of the French stud-farms under the Empire, to improve the Norman breed; and some of the best mares, kept for posting purposes in the imperial stables, were the produce of trotting sires.

In a conversation with General Fleury, the Master of the Horse to the Emperor, when the writer expressed his admiration of the big, cobby, high-stepping, dark bay mares, with their tails *en cue*, their picturesque harness, breast-collars, and bells, of the Imperial posting establishment—exhibited at the Paris Horse Show—the general answered, "You have the same animals, but put them to a different purpose. Some of these are English."

The late Mr. Crisp, famous for his Suffolk cart-horses and Suffolk pigs, once exhibited a thorough-bred by Fandango, out of a mare by Grey Momus, purchased from Sir Tatton Sykes, at a Suffolk agricultural show, and obtained a prize for trotting; but this was generally considered by the Suffolk breeders of trotters a mistake on the part of the judges, due to an extravagant preference for blood "at any price."

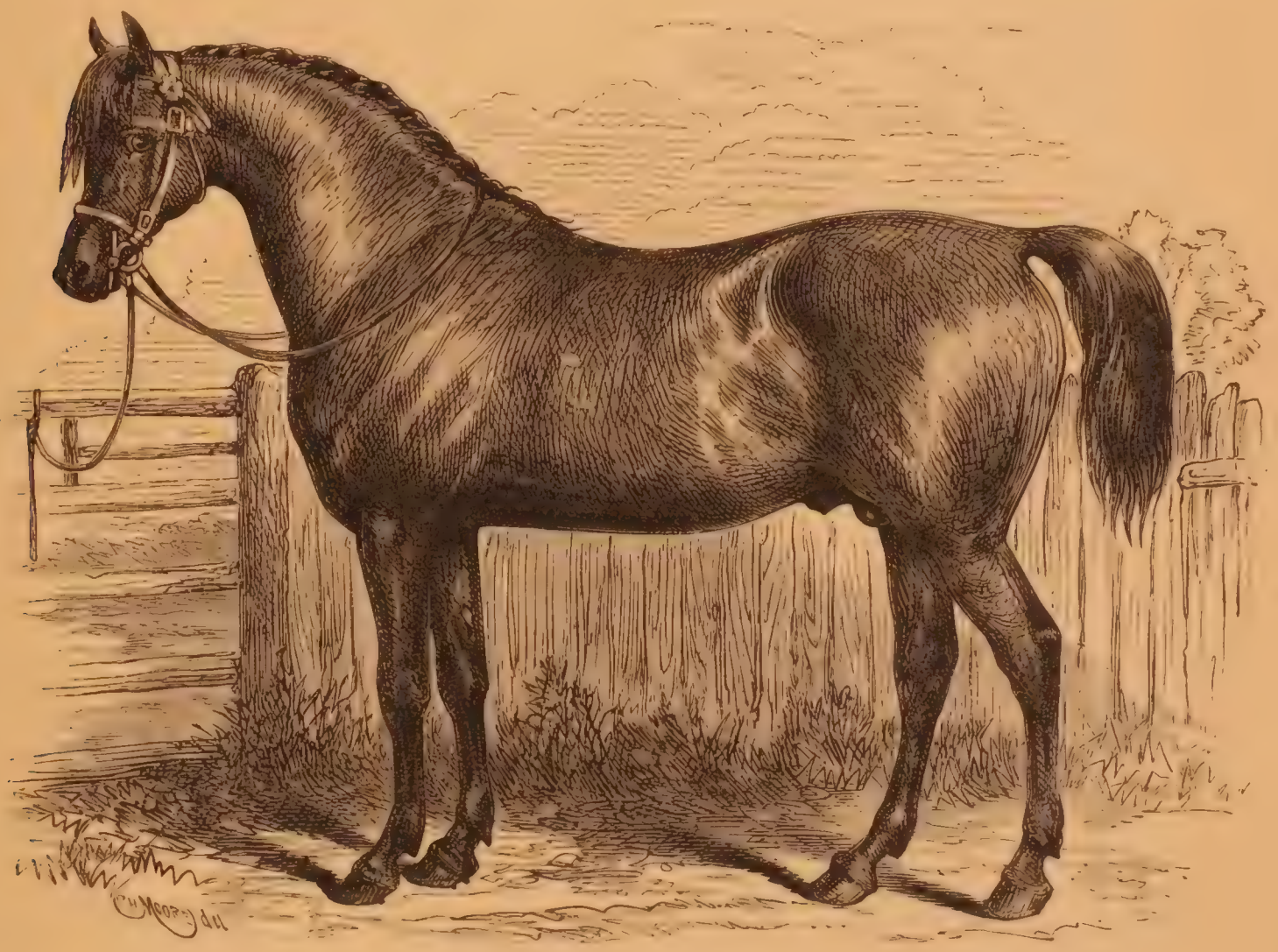
The subject of trotting, which is not one of the amusements of English gentlemen, is reserved for a chapter on the trotting-horse of America—the country where the art has been carried to perfection. Just as Ireland may claim to be the birthplace and nursery of the steeplechaser, and England of the race-horse, so the United States has made the trotter her own.

At the meeting of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, at Beverley, a few years ago, a prize was awarded to the American trotter Shepherd F. Knapp, whose action was as beautiful as anything ever seen in this country—his hind-legs following or pushing on his fore-quarters outside his fore-arms. For pace no English roadster could touch him; he was not a roadster sire according to Norfolk, Suffolk, or Yorkshire trotting authorities, in fact he was nearly thorough-bred. The "Shepherd" has since been put to the stud, and his crosses with thorough-bred mares have been in the highest degree successful. Major Stapylton, of Myton Hall, Yorkshire, so well-known as a breeder of horses of every kind of a high class—race-horses, hunters, and harness-horses—in Yorkshire and in town, some years ago, for the stamp of horses he drove in his four-in-hand coach and other carriages,† writes about the Shepherd F. Knapp: "He is out of an

* Letter from Captain F. B., of Suffolk.

† A picture of the major's celebrated horse Saladin, so admired in his four-in-hand team, for which he refused 700 guineas, appears at page 27. Purchased in 1861, his action in 1874 is still better than that of most young horses.

Arab mare by Ethan Allen, by Morgan Black Hawk, by Sherman. Morgan Howard's mare by a son of Hamblelonian, his dam said to be by imported Messenger, a thorough-bred horse by Mambrino. His produce out of thorough-bred mares in the course of four years, showing more of the shape of the dam than the horse, with good size, have obtained the points so often wanting in so many of our hunters and trotting-horses—capital legs and shoulders, with action and constitution. With half-bred mares his power is still more shown. They have invariably followed the horse in shape and action, getting the Arab head and fine temper. As yearlings and two-year-olds they have fetched high prices."



JOHN ABEL'S YOUNG PHENOMENON (1871).

The following condensed extracts from the evidence before the Lords Committee in 1873 bring our information on the value of Norfolk trotters down to the latest date :—

Mr. Phillips, of Knightsbridge, who collected most of the unequalled stud formed by the late Emperor of the French, and who, with Mr. Joshua East, contracts for the horses required by the War Office, said : "Roadsters date back from Mr. Theobald's Champion, that cost a thousand guineas, and Mr. Bond's Phenomenon. Phenomenon was taken into Yorkshire by Robert Ramsdale, of Market Weighton—crossed with the Yorkshire mares, a superior breed was próduced. Roadsters are bred in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire ; but the Yorkshire breed from the Phenomenon cross are superior to the original Norfolk breed, and handsomer. Roadster stallions are much patronised by foreigners, not so much by the English. The last two horses I sold were both by roadster sires—one, a carriage-horse, for three hundred guineas ; the other, a pure roadster mare, for two hundred and fifty guineas. The mare was 15 hands 2 inches high ; the carriage-horse, purchased by the Earl of Lonsdale, 16 hands 1 inch.

The Earl of Charlemont, the largest breeder of horses in Ireland, finds that it pays better to breed harness-horses than any other, although all sorts pay except race-horses. He puts most of his mares to a Norfolk horse called Broad Arrow, a carty-looking horse, with excellent action, of whose pedigree he has no notion. He stands 15 hands 3 inches, looks like a cart-horse, but has no hair on his legs; a very superior action, and a perfect temper. This horse covered sixty-one mares for the farmers and eleven for the earl—seventy-two altogether. "I never asked for his pedigree, because my theory in breeding is to judge by the stock that a horse produces."

Mr. William Shaw, "thirty-six years an entire horse-leader in Yorkshire," for the last seventeen years has travelled in the Holderness district—the East Riding of Yorkshire. "When I began the trade, it was the old-fashioned coach-horse that was in vogue—the Clevelands—big bay horses. In 1836 I began leading a big bay horse; at first he leaped one hundred and sixty mares in a season, but the fashion went down, until at the end of that time he got only fifty mares.

"There was a change in the trade, a new fashion in horses came up. London gentlemen wanted a horse that stepped higher. Formerly it was a big coach-horse that was wanted; now a horse of blood is wanted, with fine high-stepping action. The price for four-year Cleveland geldings fell from £120 a piece to £20. Then the railways came up; the farmers got frightened, and said, 'We have nothing for you, the railways will stop all horse trade.' For eleven years, after I gave up Clevelands, I led a roadster stallion. My price was thirty shillings; my horse was in fashion, and although trade was bad, I made pretty good seasons. Then I took to a thoroughbred, and have stuck to thoroughbred ever since. I get two guineas for him.

"The gentleman who first brought roadster stallions in our country, Mr. Ramsdale, brought up some very good ones of the old Phenomenon and Wildfire breed, descended from a cross of carty and blood. Mr. Ramsdale went about amongst the farmers, and picked up where he could a colt a year old good enough for a stallion, and he got the farmers to keep the best uncastrated for the same purpose. Many of this sort were bred in East Yorkshire; the North was always the coaching line, Clevelands, and these are all but extinct, because there is no demand for them.

"I think there are fewer roadster stallions bred now than there used to be. It is something like forty years since Mr. Ramsdale started breeding that sort of horse. We have kept on improving them ever since. We try to keep them as near as possible to the pure breed of roadsters, crossing them with the best blood we can get—a stepping horse. But now farmers prefer a thoroughbred if they have a good nag mare. A colt out of a nag mare, by a thorough-bred horse, at three years old will fetch sometimes £120.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE HORSE SUPPLY.

There has never been a period in the history of this country since books were written that there has not been a cry, a lamentation, over the decline and proximate fall of the British horse. De Blundeville in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Newcastle in the time of Charles II.; De Berenger in the early years of George III.; and since De Berenger, a host of publications, large and profusely illustrated quartos, pamphlets, and hetacombs of magazine articles, have been devoted to essays to the same text. There is nothing extraordinary in this. The oldest man, the most profound student of our history, cannot name the date when "the Church was not in danger;" the two services of the army and navy "going to the deuce;" the whole agricultural interest on the brink of total ruin; all domestic servants, and all young people of every class, inferior to their predecessors at some remote unnamed period. We cannot be expected to take a more cheerful

view of our position than the contemporaries of Homer, who informs us that "Ajax threw a rock which not two men of our degenerate days could lift."

In the Session of 1873 the Earl of Rosebery made himself the organ of the numerous parties who despaired of the future of the British horse, and obtained a Committee, from which we have quoted more than once, which sat twelve days, and examined thirty-nine witnesses. The Committee did not venture, except incidentally and by an aside, to investigate the condition of the British turf, the cradle of the race-horse, who is the inevitable parent on one side or other of every useful riding-horse in the kingdom; perhaps wisely, because no evidence and no report of any committee would or could have exercised any influence over the proceedings of the "master of the situation," the book-maker.

The Committee collected facts and figures never before brought together by authority, and recorded very contradictory theories.

It is true that every dealer examined complained in almost acrid tones of the persistent avidity with which that (in every country) detestable person, *the foreigner*, bought up the best English mares; just as the French, Belgian, and Dutch farmers complain of the 1,900 cart-horses we imported in 1862, swelled to 2,300 in 1870, and to 12,000 in 1872.* But it will be very difficult to make unbiassed observers believe that the annual export of even 5,000 miscellaneous mares during the Franco-German War can have had any material effect on a horse stock numbering over two millions.

The cause of the decline in the numbers of English and Irish horses is not far to seek, and is explained in the clearest manner in the evidence of some of the horse-dealer witnesses already named. Englishmen are very fond of horses, and so are Irishmen; but they are both more fond of profits in farming. It takes four years to bring a half-bred hunter or carriage-horse to market after putting the mare to the horse, and it will take eight years at least of remunerating prices to restore the diminution of numbers produced by a long series of unprofitable sales.

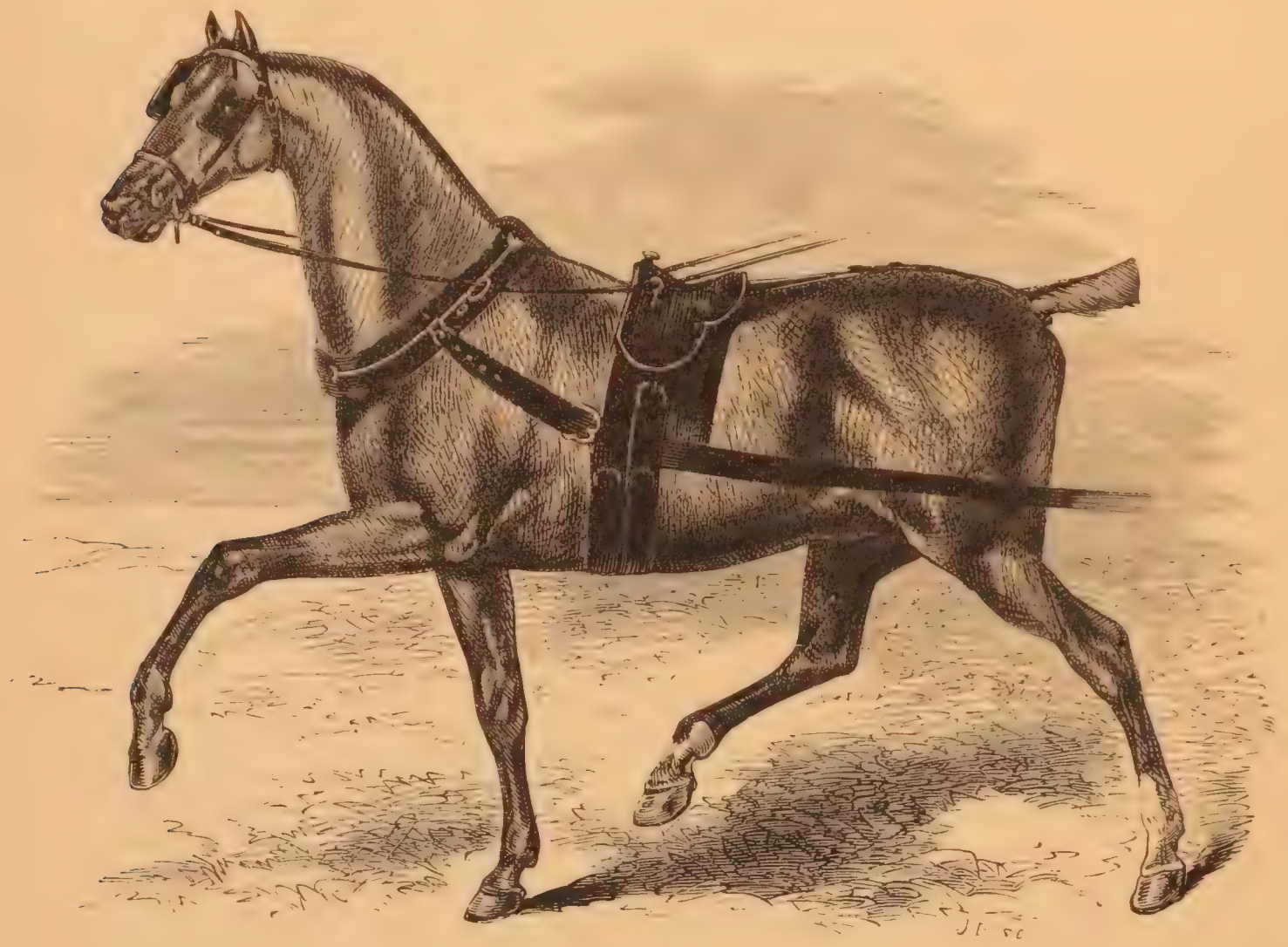
It must not be supposed that the horse supply has not preserved a due proportion to the increase of population. In round numbers, the number of duty-paying horses has more than doubled in thirty years; but for a long series of years every riding, driving, and hunting-horse, every pony and cob brought to market, has been produced at a loss to the breeder. At the same time, facilities for conveyance by good roads, railroads, and steamboats have enabled a vast number of acres that formerly produced such locomotive live stock as colts and fillies to grow more grain, roots, mutton, beef, and pork, for sale in the markets of the metropolis or the great cities of the empire. When droves of well-bred two-year-old colts brought from Ireland to the Midland Counties would only fetch ten, fifteen, and at most twenty pounds a piece, the breeder had every temptation to turn his attention to growing pigs or bullocks.

William Shaw, who has been quoted before, handed to the Committee a book, in which he had entered what he earned every year for a long period of time by each horse and every mare. It was observed by one of the Committee that 1864 was his worst year, his horse having then only served eighty-two mares, to which he answered: "I could easily make at this day forty pounds a piece for such horses as I was then selling for fifteen and eighteen pounds. Breeding is looking up in Yorkshire. It would be a good thing if Government were to buy three-year-olds instead of four-year-olds for troopers, because they get them at that age all the same, whether they want or not, for we take out their teeth and make them pass for four-year-olds. I have taken out a hundred teeth in a week myself. I think it a very bad practice. But people get £10 by making

* A few years ago John Bull was burned in effigy by the Flemish labourers, for raising the price of provisions by his imports.

them pass for four-year-olds, which they would otherwise have to spend in keep for a year. The expenses of a farmer breeding a four-year-old commence with the stallion's fee and the mare's keep at the time she can do no work, that is to say, from four to six months; the keep of the mare and foal as a yearling, as a two-year and three-year-old; then the expense of breaking. The cost cannot be put at less than £10 a year, equal to £40 if he is run out at grass, more if, as many of our farmers do, he has corn—breaking we reckon at £5. That is £45, without any profit or allowance for barren mares, and foals that die or turn out good for nothing.

"The mares are not as good as they used to be; but if we continue as we have been going on



A TROTTER IN HARNESS (1790).

the last few years (that is, selling at good prices), we shall, I think, get them as good as ever again—blood hunting-mares that have knocked off work, not the old-fashioned sort—the old-fashioned sort will never come again; but we shall get a good class. Foreigners came and gave us £60, £80, and £100 for good mares. The job-masters bought nothing but geldings. Four-year-old mares, that had cost £45, were sold for £20 or less. Now people are beginning to see the advantage of keeping the mares for their own use, because horses are selling so well. Horses have not diminished the last three years in our district; it was before the last three years that the scarcity of horses began."

"Roadster stallions almost always get horses with action, but a horse got by a thoroughbred is the easiest to ride. A Yorkshire farmer likes a blood tit to ride, they ride so much easier. In Holderness we get high-class harness-horses out of half-bred mares, as well as hunters. There are about forty covering stallions in Holderness, and they would cover about one hundred mares a piece.

Allowing for some mares missing, there would not be much less than four thousand foals a year. A horse that travels will take three times as many mares as one that stays at home. One horse I led leaped 192 mares in one season—you will find it set down in my book—and there were only twenty-two mares that missed. I have travelled thirty-five years; and I believe that, if you only take care of your horse, the more you travel him the more foals he will get. With proper precautions, he can travel thirty miles a day and keep fresh, resting on Sundays."

Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who for more than twenty years has been a partner, and is now the head of the largest establishment in the world for selling well-bred horses by auction, gave statistical evidence (quoted at page 123) that makes it astonishing, not that horses are scarce and dear, but that the business of breeding nag and light harness-horses has not fallen off much more than official returns show.

Mr. Thomas Parrington, formerly master of a subscription pack of fox-hounds, with experience as a farmer and breeder of horses, and at present Secretary of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, was scarcely inclined to believe the farmers when they say they have not as many horses as formerly. "I was out with the Holderness Hounds not a fortnight ago, and I counted more than 200 well-mounted horsemen in the field, and there were many I did not count. I am told that thirty years ago the usual number was from twenty to thirty. The quality of horses is wonderfully good, but the demand has outrun the supply, and no doubt eventually the demand will produce the supply."

Mr. Parrington agreed with Mr. Shaw about the number of mares a stallion may cover. "I had," he said, "a horse bred by Mr. Vansittart, called Perion, by Whisker, 15 hands 1 inch high, of wonderful quality; he could get a very good class of horse out of a very common mare, and was therefore popular.* I have known him serve 150 mares, and 120 foals dropped to him in a season.

"Of late years better horses have been exhibited at our shows, especially hunting blood-mares. This year there were seventeen mares exhibited; and Mr. Arkwright, the Master of the Oakley Hounds, said it was worth going any distance to see such good mares in a ring. They were principally bred by persons breeding for a profit."

But Mr. Parrington did not put great faith in prizes as a means of collecting useful thorough-bred hunters.

"Last year we had a wretched lot of thorough-bred stallions, the only bad class we had in the yard—quite an eyesore. The best, Lozenge, was not fit to use with half-bred mares—a low weak back, and not sufficient substance."

The evidence makes abundantly clear that supply has not kept pace with the demand created by the increased wealth and luxury of the country. The diminution in the numbers bred is accounted for by the laws of trade:—

A. For a series of years horses of the commoner sort could not be sold for the cost of breeding and rearing.

B. During the same series of years, the breeding of cattle and sheep became more and more profitable. During the same years the Cleveland breed went out of fashion; and, naturally,

C. Farmer breeders sold their mares to make room for root-crops, and sheep that

* It was Mr. Vansittart who used to tell the story about Sir Peter Teazle, page 118, as reason for his preference for strength in a race-horse.

carried an annual, a fleece, bore two or three lambs, and were mutton at last, during the time a colt was getting ready for sale.

D. Several nations on the Continent, anxious to improve their horse stock, bought the mares our purchasers passed over.

At the prices quoted to the Committee by Mr. Tattersall, in 1871 and 1872, it has again become profitable to breed horses, for the averages represent some good prizes in the breeding lottery.

As there were over 850,000 horses, exclusive of race-horses and agricultural horses, in England alone in 1872 liable to duty, besides more than half a million in Ireland, of which a small percentage are of cart blood; it is quite clear that the cast-offs from the hunting-field and well-bred harness stock every year afford an ample supply of suitable mares for breeding purposes, as long as the market prices continue to encourage farmers in England, and still more in Ireland, to recommence raising horse stock.

The whole number of horses of every kind exported to the Continent in ten years (according to the returns furnished to the Committee) from 1863 to 1873 did not amount to 50,000;* this included thoroughbreds, troopers, and carriage geldings. In that period the number of duty-paying horses, exclusive of race-horses, has increased in England by 200,000.

These figures show that the universal cry of horse-dealers that "there are no mares" is a delusion. Mr. Dickinson, a job-master, many years ago correctly and pithily summed up the case when he said that in Yorkshire "the sheep had eaten the horse."

There was a very general concurrence of opinion amongst the witnesses, English and Irish, that some means were required for providing sound, useful, thorough-bred stallions, at fees not exceeding three guineas in England, and less in Ireland. On the number of brutes with high pedigrees roaming the country ready to serve at low fees, Mr. Henry Thurnal, of Hertfordshire, who breeds horses, and frequently acts as judge at horse-shows, was very decided. Mr. Mannington, veterinary surgeon, of Brighton, spoke out still more plainly. "There are," he said, "a lot of horses travelling about the country that are poisoning the breed. There are diseases now amongst thoroughbred horses that were never heard of when first I went into practice. Lameness in the knees is traced in all the stock of Wild Dayrell; this was unknown before his descendants began to cover. It is unfortunate when a superior race-horse is unsound, because people send mares to him irrespective of his unsoundness. Perhaps he gets some foals which are flyers as two-year-olds and three-year-olds, and they in turn become stallions, and propagate hereditary diseases."

All witnesses were agreed that a good deal might be done towards improving the system of selecting thorough-bred stallions for covering half-bred mares.

The schemes suggested for this purpose were various. For instance:—

That the Government, following the French system (which will be described in the chapters on French horses), should enter into the trade of buying or breeding thorough-bred stallions, and sending them round the country to serve mares at a low fee.

2. That Government should examine and licence sound stallions.

3. That the Government should devote the proceeds of Queen's Plates (which every witness of weight declared to be money wasted)† to encouraging sound stallions, by distributing money prizes.

4. That societies should be formed for the purpose of attracting stallions by prizes, and retaining the prize-winners for the use of their districts.

* The correctness of this return is disputed. Did it include Irish exports to Belgium?

† The Earl Spencer, Earl of Stradbroke, Lord Combermere, Colonel Kingscote, and the Hon. Fulke-Greville.

5. That landowners should make a point of keeping good stallions for the use of their neighbours, at reasonable fees.

The first and second propositions may be dismissed, as they were in the Report of the Committee. Parliament would never vote money to enable Government officials to compete with private enterprise—which alone has made the British horse what he is, the most generally useful horse in the world.

As to the second proposition, it would require a bureaucracy and police on the Prussian model to carry it out at all, and then it would not give satisfaction, because a horse may be sound, and have neither the conformation nor action suitable for producing useful horses.

If the race-horse duty on two and three-year-old entire colts were raised from £3 12s. 6d. to £12, a great many useless brutes would disappear. But such a proposal could not be entertained unless the whole of the race-horse duty, about £8,000 a year, were devoted to improving the breed of horses.

As to the third proposal, if the sum to be placed at the disposal of Horse-breeding Encouragement Societies were only the amount of the Queen's Plates, it would not be worth consideration. There are forty-three counties in England, counting Yorkshire as three counties; and in the East Riding alone, as already stated by the witness Shaw, there are forty travelling stallions. Unless the Government would give up the whole race-horse duty, the fair distribution of value of the Queen's Plates, about £3,500, would be a mere drop in the ocean as compared with the demand.

The idea that any permanent benefit could be derived by awarding prizes is one of the manias of the agricultural mind. Nothing can be more uncertain than the bonâ fide merit of any horse selected in the heat of competition for a prize, especially as it may happen as at the Yorkshire Show (1871), where, according to the secretary, the whole lot were bad, or at some of the Royal Agricultural Shows, where only one horse competed for a £100 prize.

No man would think of forming a stud of hunters by offering a series of prizes in competition. He would go with his thousand or two thousand pounds, picking up the stamp that suited his weight, his temperament, and his county. No landowner ever selects a stallion for the use of his tenantry by offering a prize. He selects the class of horse suited to his tenants' class of mares.

It is well known that there are a set of stallions which year after year compete for the prizes of agricultural societies, going circuits with all the regularity of barristers, and winning first, second, or third honours, according to the varying tastes of the judges.

The addition of a stallion-hiring fund, and committee for its management, to every Agricultural Society, in every horse-breeding county, would make letting stallions by auction an ordinary business, and save some of the finest blood-horses, too slow for racing, from castration, previous to entering the hunting field.

As to the power landowners have of serving their county and their neighbours by providing stallions of the right class, examples may be found from north to south and east to west, although more are needed.

Lord Combermere, who was aide-de-camp to his father, the field-marshal, and has been engaged, as he said, thirty-five years in breeding the best horses of every class, not only on his own property, but in the Rawcliffe (Yorkshire) Stud Company, of which he was an active shareholder, states "that in some districts they breed more than they used to, and in others less. It depends in a great measure upon private individuals keeping stallions and encouraging their tenants to breed. For instance, in my own district, ten years ago there was not work for one stallion. At this minute I have three stallions of my own and one of Lord Falmouth's in the county. They average pretty nearly forty mares to each horse, where ten years ago there were not forty mares

put to a horse at all. I lend the stallions to my tenants to make what they can of them, charging my own tenants one sovereign each—which is better than letting them cover for nothing, and more appreciated—and charging not more than £2 10s. to any farmer. Fifteen or twenty years ago the breeding in the best part of Shropshire was discontinued, partly in consequence of the unjust mode in which the 'law of warranty' was applied by horse-dealers, partly in consequence of unremunerative prices for the common animals. Now they are beginning to breed more.

"There is a scarcity because the demand has increased so much. I think the remedy is in the hands of the different landed proprietors. It must be a matter of individual enterprise, not a Government concern; no Government scheme would ever answer. I do not think prizes at agricultural shows would encourage farmers to breed any number. The money now given in Queen's Plates does not do the least good in the world. I have found breeding profitable when good mares were put to good stallions. At my sale there were three-year-old fillies sold at from £60 to £100 a piece; twenty years ago they would not have fetched more than from £25 to £30."

Lord Vivian, son of the great cavalry officer in the Peninsula, entered the cavalry at sixteen, and served for eighteen years. He has been a hard rider in the hunting-field all his life; and standing over six feet, although lean, requires a pretty good horse. He has property in Cornwall and in the Island of Anglesea, and is very positive in his opinions on every subject.

"The breeding of horses in both Cornwall and Anglesea has greatly increased within the last few years; in my youth there were plenty of cobs in Cornwall, but you might go the length of the county without finding anything well grown. Nowadays admirable horses are bred, thanks to gentlemen who have brought thorough-bred sires into the county. A great many dealers come to buy them.

"In Wales, where nothing but ponies were formerly bred, a very good stamp of horse is to be found. The other day a tenant-farmer of Sir Richard Bulkeley's, to whom I went to buy some horses, told me that he had bought more than 100 horses in the Island of Anglesea.

"The quantity of riding-horses has, I think, increased within the last few years, because for one man that used to hunt formerly you may nowadays find fifty. Gentlemen in the room can recollect when fifty was a large field; now you find 300 to 500 hunting at one meet. And if you go into the parks, what a number of men you see riding there! but, beside, you see hundreds of ladies riding in the Row. In my youthful days a lady riding there was an exception. Now you see nearly as many ladies as men. And so in the hunting field; not quite so many ladies as men, but, still, a much greater number than used to hunt in days of old. Of course this increased demand enhances the price."

Lord Poltimore (late master of a Dorset pack of fox-hounds, whose seat is in Devonshire), gave evidence that within the last ten or twelve years, "owing to the importation of thorough-bred stallions into the county of Devon, there is a far better class of horses than before that period, when there were very few horses suited for hunters. The number of roadsters, small animals, from 13 to 14 hands high, has certainly diminished. I could pick up a carriage-horse or light-weight hunter, where formerly nothing of the kind was to be found." The ordinary horse of Devonshire was the old pack-horse, a sort of cob used for carrying great burdens along the narrow Devonshire lanes; and a good roadster is now nearly extinct.

Cumberland, under the influence of mineral wealth developed, and rich resident proprietors, has also recently become noted as the breeding-ground of horses of a superior class.

LAW OF WARRANTY.

Lord Combermere and Colonel Kingscote, C.B., M.P., Equerry to the Prince of Wales (who has the management of His Royal Highness's studs), a member of the Council of the Royal

Agricultural Society, and more than once a judge at the Islington Horse Shows, agreed with several Yorkshire witnesses that the working of the English law of warranty very much discouraged horse-breeding amongst plain farmers.

Colonel Kingscote says: "A man buys several horses at a fair, and takes a warranty; when he gets them to London, if he thinks he has made a bad bargain in any one of them—given too much money for a horse—he gets a man to examine him, and find some defect he construes into unsoundness. He then sends a certificate down to the person in the country from whom he bought the horse. The breeder, a farmer, writes back to say that 'he was perfectly sound when he left him.' The correspondence goes on, and the dealer writes to say that he shall send the horse back on such a day, or else send him to be sold. Frequently, to save expense, and frightened at the costs of a lawsuit, the farmer says, 'If you will keep the horse you shall have him at half the original price.' There are hundreds of these cases."

Mr. E. Green, M.P., who is a brewer, a master of hounds, and a breeder of horses, tells a tale we should not venture to print unless on his high authority, although we heard the same story from a Lincolnshire wolds farmer many years ago:—"There was a case of a large London dealer who bought a horse at Lincoln Fair, and gave a high price for him. The usual letter came down, saying the horse was not sound. The whole county backed their friend, and the farmer defended the action. They employed a detective to worm out the secrets of the dealer's place, and found that he made £1,500 by letters of this kind; because many men, rather than have any bother, would send him £20 or £30."

The Committee express a hope "that, considering the commanding position in which breeders are placed by the great demand for horses, the system of warranty will disappear in the breeding districts."

In Ireland, the practice of giving warrants of soundness is unknown, probably because the majority of Irish farmers in olden times were not worth powder and shot.

We submit that an equitable law of warranty, enforced by a simple inexpensive process, would be more for the advantage of seller and purchaser than the extinction suggested by the Committee. A model for imitation may be found in a French law enacted in 1838.

FRENCH LAW OF WARRANTY.

In the first clause the diseases and defects—twelve in number—which create legal unsoundness are specified.

The warranty extends over thirty days for cases of chronic ophthalmia and megrims, and over nine days for every other defect, with an extension of so many days, in proportion to the distance between the vendor and the purchaser.

As soon as the purchaser discovers any apparent unsoundness, he must immediately apply to a *juge de paix* and at the same time give notice to the vendor of the animal. It is the duty of the *juge de paix* (say County Court judge, or magistrate in Petty Sessions) to forthwith appoint either one or three experts, who are at once to examine the animal and draw up a report, to be confirmed, if needful, on oath. The judge will then make his final award without appeal.

If this law were adopted, with the addition of either abolishing all warrants not in writing, or enacting that, as in Scotland, a sale was a warrant of soundness for the term named by the Act, a flood of cross swearing, not to say perjury, would be avoided. It is odd that no one called the attention of the Committee to the law of the Code Napoleon on this important question.

TROOPERS.

The Lords Committee examined many witnesses, and bestowed a good deal of attention on the important question of the supply of horses for the cavalry. In this part of the inquiry the Prince of Wales took an active part.

Very different sets of opinions were represented—the War Office, by Sir Henry Storks, and the commanding officers who approve of the present system of buying remounts not less than four years old, and increasing the price, when needful, in order to obtain mature horses. Before the Crimean War the cavalry remounts were purchased at three years old; but at that period the cavalry at home was almost entirely an ornamental branch of the service, their work being confined to simple "exercise and two drills a week." An officer in command at Maidstone Cavalry School in 1852 told the writer that, when he began to make recruits gallop and jump, the late Earl of Cardigan wrote him that he would rupture the men and lame the horses. In reply, his lordship was asked "whether the British cavalry were to be soldiers or playthings."

The remounts for each regiment are purchased by the respective colonels, subject to inspection, but each pleases his fancy as to the stamp of horses he prefers.

The suggestions made by distinguished military witnesses are various. That horses should be purchased at three years old, and kept until they are four; that three general depôts should be formed for England and three for Ireland, from which regiments should be supplied with suitable horses; that suitable stallions should be attached to every regiment, for the benefit of the farmers of the district, at low fees—all these proposals were supported by plausible arguments, and all are worthy of consideration, keeping strictly in view the principles laid down by the Committee, viz., that the benefit of the cavalry service is to be considered, and not the encouragement of breeding by artificial prices at premiums.

Shortly, it may be said that all commanding officers are in favour of the *statu quo* of the cavalry remount system, that all officials betray a natural horror of any swelling of the estimates; while the ex-officials, like General Peel, and ex-soldiers, like Lord Combermere, are prepared for sweeping innovations.

Sir Henry Storks, M.P., G.C.B., represented the views of the War Office, as distinguished from the Horse Guards.

"In 1871 the price of about a thousand horses purchased for draught purposes in the Autumn Manœuvres, all being English, was £38 each; in 1872 the price for about two thousand horses, of which two-thirds were foreign, was £42 each. Adding twenty per cent. of three-year-old horses to each regiment to be kept until four years old, as suggested by several witnesses, would increase the cost of maintenance by £67,806 18s., beside the cost of 2,642 horses at £35 each." Therefore Sir Henry Storks does not approve of purchasing three-year-olds."

Major-General Wardlaw suggested that three-year-olds should be purchased and sent to a stud-farm, or sent as extra horses, not to be worked hard, to cavalry regiments.

He says: "Cavalry horses do ten times as much work as before the Crimean War. We should require two thousand horses for the cavalry alone in case of war. Roaring is less common in the army than it used to be, because our horses get more air. A trooper lasts twelve or fourteen years, worked first at four years old. The three-year-old remounts should be bought by a Government official, kept at a stud-farm until four years old, distributed by a Board or the Inspector of Cavalry among each regiment, according to its requirements, taking the responsibility entirely away from the colonels. It would be very unpopular with a great many officers, but it would be much better (for the service) if many cavalry colonels did not buy their horses. I

conceive that the cavalry are as well, if not better, mounted on mares than they have been for the last twenty-five years."

Colonel Edward Price, R.H.A., "has bought all the artillery horses for the last eight years, mostly in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and the Midland Counties. The price of horses for field-batteries has lately been raised to £45. No man can breed a four-year-old horse for £45."

The colonel is in favour of a depôt for rearing three-year-olds until they are four or five, if possible. It would take one man to two horses if handled, and one to ten if turned out to grass.

"The best horse artillery horses come from Yorkshire, and the best battery horses from Norfolk."

Colonel Valentine Baker has purchased horses for the 10th Hussars for thirty-five years, formerly entirely in Ireland; since horses have been scarce there, partly in England. He approves of the present system of purchase for the cavalry. He would prefer to purchase older horses, at an additional price. At present "we purchase three-year-olds after the first October, viz., three years and five months old. These remain one or two years before they are worked; and, the original price being £40, cost finally £68.

"The lancers are not light dragoons, but medium. We have heavy dragoons, lancers (medium), and the lightest (hussars), which require a better-bred and more active horse, about 15 hands 2 inches high. Formerly the men were much larger. The men having been classified, we have also been able to classify the horses. Irish horses suit us, because they are better bred and smaller than English. I think the weight of all light hussars might be very much reduced by lightening the equipment, and then the saddle might be lightened."

Lieutenant-General the Right Honourable Jonathan Peel (who has been Secretary of State for War) differs entirely from Sir H. Storks and all the commanding officers who prefer four-year-old troopers. He would purchase two-year-olds in October; and thinks that any extra expense incurred in keeping them would be amply repaid by having them come to hand so much sooner than four-year-olds, with the advantage of larger choice, and getting them before they were picked up by dealers. The general does not approve of a Government stud-farm. "You would not be able to put a horse in the ranks from a stud-farm before four years. The Government brood-mares would be doing nothing; the farmer uses his brood-mares for at least half the year."

This probably explains why horse-breeding companies have never paid. "If," General Peel continued, "you purchased two-year-olds (two years and five months), you would buy your horses cheaper; you would have a far greater number to pick out of; you would obtain horses that at four and five would be worth the extra cost, so much of the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth."

"The late Richard (Dick) Gurney, of Norfolk, was one of the heaviest weights and hardest riders of his day (1820). He always bought his horses young, and had them exercised, walking only, with heavy weights on their backs, in order to accustom them to carry weight. Therefore I believe if you had these two-year-olds between two and three years old, they could go into the ranks quite as soon as the four-year-olds. Young thoroughbreds might be used in the ranks. In Mr. Osbaldiston's match, six or seven horses that he rode each four miles were three-year-olds. They all carried him as well as possible, and scarcely varied three seconds in a mile."

Lord Combermere is in favour of abolishing the system of purchasing troopers by the colonels of regiments. He would have three stations in England, three in Ireland; have them bought in the immediate neighbourhood by a man employed for the purpose, apportioning to each regiment the class of horse required. "The Queen's Plates do not do the least good. Let the Government

take the money and apply it to the purchase of troop-horses at an extra price. At present you have a dozen commanding officers competing against each other at Ballinasloe Fair, raising the price like an auction for an inferior animal. The estimates would look higher, but you would save the expenses of commanding officers and veterinary surgeons travelling, say from Dorset to Ireland, and the long list of casualties to which horses brought such distances are subject."

HORSE-DEALERS' LICENCES.

Horse-dealers' annual licences produced in 1873 about £20,000 a year, a sum too insignificant to be worth the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Committee recommended the abolition of the tax, because its collection leads to many vexatious proceedings, and inevitably to

AN IRISH COB.

unjust exceptions. For example, a small farmer, who also attends local fairs and jobs in cattle, may easily be pounced upon and fined if he is tempted to deal in a horse or two. Some examples of this kind were brought before the Committee. But in any great city a horse-jobber, familiarly called a coper, may be dealing all the year round without the Excise being able to put their hands upon him. There is another economical reason for abolishing this tax, so insignificant in its results. Breeding would be encouraged, by allowing farmers to buy anything, from a yearling to a four-year-old, without the interference or fear of the tax-gatherer.

IRISH HORSES.

Ireland pays no taxes on horses, carriages, or servants, and rears more good well-bred horses in proportion to her stock than any country in the world. As the Yorkshireman has calculating passion for a pedigree horse, an Irishman has a poetical affection for a "lepper"—anything that can jump, from a Tipperary cob to a Punchestown winner. The Yorkshireman is learned in genealogies, the Irishman patriotic about localities; with him it is not "from whom descended," but "by whom

he's bred." The Yorkshireman will walk all night and stand all day to see "t' Leger run;" the Irishman goes mad over a steeplechase. England has produced the best jockeys on the flat, but Irishmen have never been excelled, and seldom equalled, over a steeplechase course.

Some of the best hunters come from Ireland, either collected by the agents of English horse-dealers, who for that purpose daily traverse the whole kingdom, or imported by Irish dealers to the horse-fairs of the richer country.

Nearly all British cavalry regiments are mounted in Ireland. From the same country Belgium draws all the horses of its little army; and purchasers for the French and Italian armies compete with our own regimental purchasers and contractors. But having said this, there is really little more to be said—facts are wanting. No Irishman has been patriotic enough to devote his native eloquence to a history of the rise and progress of the Irish hunter, from the hobby of Queen Elizabeth's time to the hunter of Queen Victoria's; and researches in the library and archives of the Royal Dublin Society have produced nothing. Justice to the Irish horse yet remains to be done.

A few pregnant sentences are to be gathered from the evidence of the Irish witnesses before the often-quoted Committee.

The Earl of Charlemont, the largest breeder of half-bred horses in Ireland, said, "We have no class of cart-horses, as such, as there is in England. I have known tillage done by thoroughbred horses. The Irish hunter is got by a thoroughbred out of a light well-bred cart-mare by a hunter sire.

"Recently the importation of Clydesdale cart-mares into Meath and the county of Dublin, for the use of farmers who have adopted English implements and deeper cultivation, has injured the breed of hunting-horses in these counties."

Fifteen or twenty years ago the Irish cob-horse was plentiful, and found in Bianconi's cars, about 15 hands 2 inches; a thick, short-legged, well-made horse. The best could be bought for £40 to £50. That class of horse is scarce, and would fetch from £70 to £80.

There are some fifty or sixty Irish horses of good blood, but not fast enough for racers, like Chit Chat and Arbutus, which are kept as hunter stallions—"that is one of the specialities of Irish horse-breeding." "In Ireland they attach more importance to pedigree than in England, and there is a more general feeling in favour of blood. In England the owner of a mare will often admit that he does not know how his mare is bred; in Ireland you will always get a pedigree—whatever it may be worth.

STATISTICS OF HORSE SUPPLY.

The popular notion that there has been a gradual decline in the number of horses bred in the course of this century is entirely without foundation, although from time to time a temporary diminution of breeding and a considerable exportation takes place. Thus the returns of the horses liable to duty, after making additions for exemptions now abolished, show the following results:—Between 1831 and 1841, when breeders thought that railroads were going to render horses a drug, there was a decline of about 14,000 horses, or from 439,000 to 415,000, speaking in round numbers. In 1854 the duty-paying horses had increased to 475,000; in 1864, to 615,000; and in 1872 to 784,000, exclusive of 75,000 job-horses not counted at either date. Thus the 1872 return gives nearly 860,000 duty-paying horses, or double the number existing in 1841. To these must be added nearly 963,000 horses used in agriculture, brood-mares, and unbroken horses, all exempt from duty, making a grand total of 1,823,000 horse stock in England, Wales, and Scotland alone. In Ireland where, as already observed, there are no assessed or licence taxes on horses, or race-horse duty, the agricultural statistics of 1872 show rather more than half a million horses of all kinds—

chiefly, however, fit for riding and light draft—the heavy agricultural horse having been but recently introduced into the tillage of that country.

France is our largest customer for well-bred horses. The total importation of mares into France from England and Belgium (all of which were not English) has, according to returns made by the French custom house, never reached 6,000; it is, therefore, impossible to believe that that exportation of mares of which so many witnesses before the Lords Committee seriously complained could have had any permanent or serious effect on the British horse stock of two millions and a quarter, of which more than a million are not of the cart breed.

CHAPTER XI.

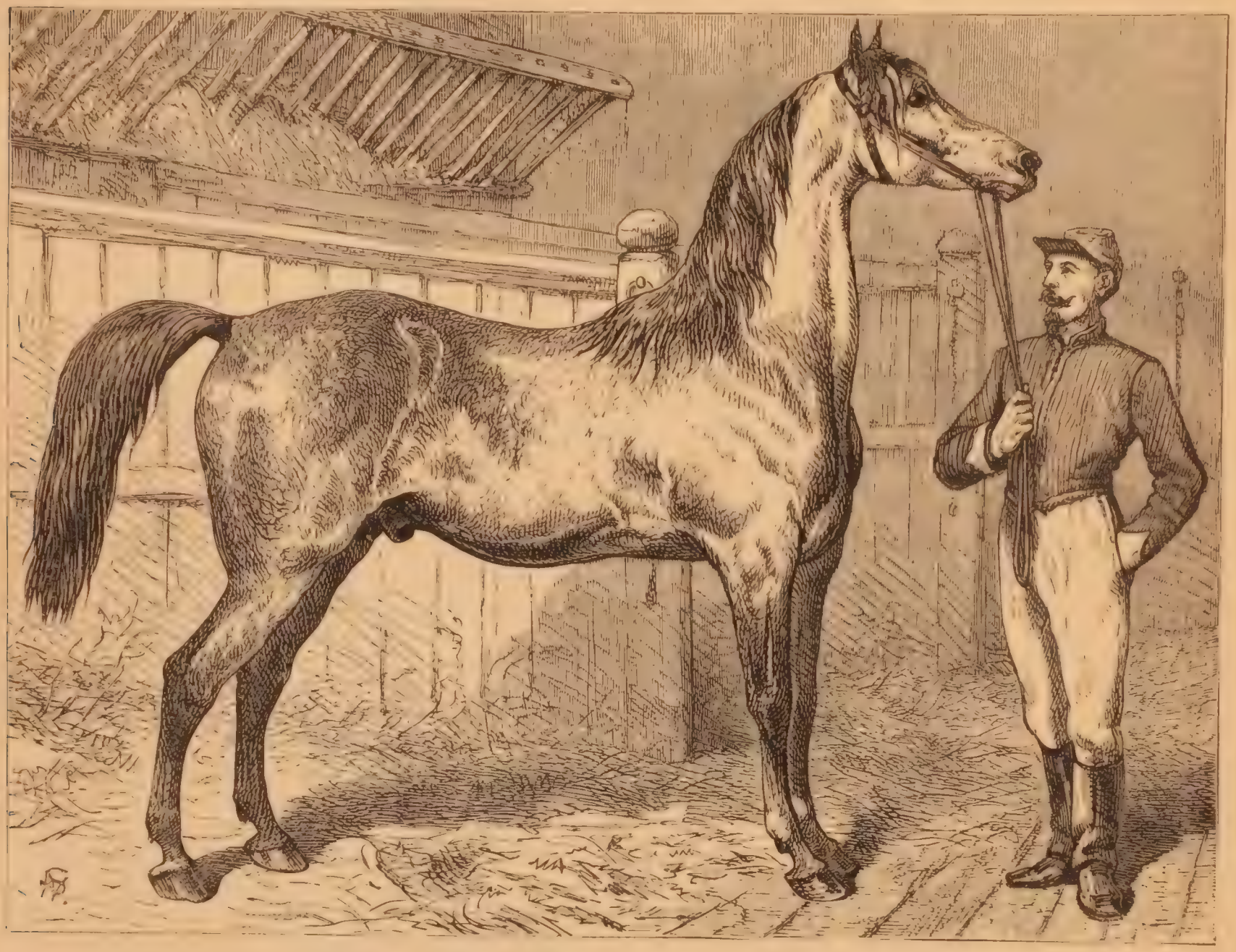
FOREIGN HORSES.

French Horses largely Imported since 1870—London General Omnibus Company Horsed from France—Also Commissariat Horses for Autumn Manœuvres — French Breeds of Light Horses — Ardennes — Limousin — Tarbes — Descendants of Saracen Cavalry—Decline of the Limousin—Of Equitation in France—No Frenchman Engaged in Serious Pursuits dare be seen Riding or Driving—The Supply of Troopers not Equal to Demand—Louis XIV.'s Cavalry Mounted on Danes and Germans — Origin of French State Studs — State of Supply 1813-14 — Serious Investigation, 1830 — System Adopted Described — Six Horse-buying Depôts — Twenty-five Circles for Horse-breeding — 1,500 Official Stallions — Results — Partial Success — Failure to Produce Well-bred Horses — Annual Cost to French Government about a Quarter of a Million per Annum—Normans the Best French Riding-horse—Ancient Reputation—English Sires used 1774—Degradation of Norman in 1830—Result of Madame Du Barri's Fancy—Greatly Improved under Napoleon III.—The Percheron—Origin of—The Limousin almost Extinct—Camargue—Lorraine—Breton Horses—Description of Camargue Trampling Out Grain—The Lorraine a Useful Omnibus and Van-horse—The Breton a Welshman—His Horse—*Double-bidet* a Cob—The Boulonnaise—The Mule-breeding Poitevin Mare—The Two Breeds—Reasons for the French System of State Studs and Stallions—Reasons against Adoption of same in England—The French Bad Grooms—Anecdote of French Circus Rider—Prussia—Includes Natural Horsemen—Frederick the Great's Cavalry—Prussian System of Depôts—The Prussian Horse comes to Maturity late—The Best Horses from East Prussia—Great Improvement in Province of Posen—Westphalia Prefers Hogs to Horses—General Walker's Report—Prussian Population and Horse Statistics—The Royal Breeding Studs—Royal Carriage Horses — Austria — Horse-loving Hungary — Anecdote of Emperor as King of Hungary — Statistics of Horses in Austria and Hungary—The State Studs and Stallions—Hungarians fond of Hunting and Racing—Boner's Account of Posting in Transylvania—Note, Description of Hungarian—Russia: its Many Breeds of Horses—The Russian Country Gentleman resembles Old English Squires—The Orloff Breeds: their Origin—Orloff Trotters—Russian Mares may be Worth Importing—Italian Horses—Account of Roman Horses before Roman Fox-hunt Established—F. Winn Knight, Esq.'s, Account of—Note, Virgil's Horse—The Progress of Improvement by English Blood Sires—Alfieri's First Horse—Account of Roman Horse by a Master of Roman Fox-hounds — Norwegian Horses — American and Australian Horses—The Aboriginal Horses in America or Australia—Escaped Horses of American Conquerors Bred Wild—Skill of the Horsemen of the Pampas—Captain Musters in Patagonia—Frank Forester on the Horse of America—The Mustang No Better than a Welsh Pony—Lord Southwell's Indian War-horse—Anthony Trollope's Account of Wild Horses—Canadian Horses Useful and Tough—Colonel White's Opinion of Them for Cavalry—Colonel Soame Jenyns' Evidence on Same Subject—The North Americans of the United States No Taste for Horsemanship—Trotters Engross their Taste and Wealth—A Lincolnshire Farmer on American Horses—Australian Horses Equal to Any—Useful and Ornamental—Races well Patronised in all the Colonies—No Need of State Attendance—Australian Climate Suitable for the Desert Arab—Australian Buck-jumpers—The Cause of—Colonel Mundy on—A Mob of Horses—Exciting Scene—Tasmanian Horses—A Fine Specimen Described.

A FEW years ago all that would be likely to interest an English reader on the subject of French horses might have been comprised in two or three paragraphs—we imported no French horses; we exported every year a few of our own of the best blood and action. The exportation of high-class English horses appears to have commenced as early as 1608, in the reign of Henri IV., and has continued ever since, when not interrupted by wars. But this importation has generally been more important for the quality than for the number. Indeed, under the fashion set by the late Emperor of the French, higher prices were obtained in Paris than in London for "*steppares*," whether for harness or riding. For more than forty years the managers of the national studs of France have almost every year purchased a certain number of thorough-bred and half-bred English horses and

mares for stud purposes; but the Remount Department of their army has only come to us when it has been necessary to put the cavalry and artillery on a war footing.

Since 1872 the export of French horses to England has assumed great commercial importance. So late as 1870 two Percheron stallions, saved from the roasting spit during the Siege of Paris, which had received medals of honour wherever they had been exhibited in their own country, were passed over by the judges of the Agricultural Hall Horse Show as quite unworthy of notice; and it was only on further appeal that medals were awarded to them as a



ANGLO-ARAB STALLION (BRED AT THE POMPADOUR STUD FARM).

matter of hospitality, in the character of "distressed foreigners." Since that date we have been only too glad to get anything in the shape of an omnibus horse.

It is true that more than twenty years before the Franco-German War a few large cart-horses from the Continent were imported, chiefly by Mr. Henry Dodd, a great dust contractor, for the London trade, who went over to France and Holland on the suggestion of Mr. Shillibeer, the founder of the London omnibus system in 1829. But since 1871 the importation of French omnibus horses, and what may be called trotting draught-horses, has increased so rapidly that in 1872 the London demands alone reached 12,000. In the following year the stables of the General Omnibus Company were almost entirely recruited from France and Belgium; and

nearly all the horses purchased for the Autumn Manœuvres were foreigners—Normans, Boulonnais, and Percherons. It is supposed that the importation for 1873 was not much under 25,000.

The horse stock of France amounts to about three millions, and has for more than a century preserved the same proportion to the number of the population, except in time of war, although the character of the horses bred has changed in a very remarkable manner, under the influence of changed institutions and altered systems of cultivation. The inclination of the modern French farmers, except in one or two restricted districts, is to breed a sort of cart-horse that can trot slowly; and of these, if peace prevails, they are likely to produce a plentiful supply: but there is, and always has been, a notable deficiency of saddle-horses, cavalry horses, and horses for light harness, in spite of extraordinary efforts made and extraordinary expenses incurred by the Government for the purpose of encouraging their production.

Previous to the wars of the first French Revolution, France possessed in Ardennes, in the *Midi* (we have no English synonym for this word), under the Pyrenees, on the plains of Limousin and of Tarbes, several tribes of well-bred horses, the descendants of the cavalry of the Saracens defeated A.D. 732 by Charles Martel, cultivated and improved by Oriental sires, imported by way of Marseilles, for the use and amusement of the French nobility before the centralising system of Louis XIV. had lured them from their country seats, amusements, and duties, to hover round the Court of *Le Grand Monarque* and his two successors.

The Limousin, according to the description of mediæval authors, was the finest gentleman's hack it is possible to imagine, bred in the parks and on the farms of the descendants of the crusaders; but even in the time of Louis XV. it had begun to deteriorate, having ceased to receive infusions of the choicest Oriental blood. Attempts unskilfully conducted to cross it with Arab, English, and even Spanish blood resulted in destroying the original character of the Limousin. The English blood-horse gave it size, the Spaniards action, but the two crosses did not hit. A large importation of Arabs in the reign of Louis XVI. was thought to have revived the character of the race, but the deluge of the Revolution of 1789 swept away, with ten thousand abuses, every attempt at agricultural improvement beyond the peasant's sweat and the peasant's spade. Napoleon tried to restore the ancient glories of the race by an importation of Egyptian stallions, but for some unknown reason their produce was small, weedy, and unfit for any useful purpose. "Formerly," writes a Limousin gentleman, "riding on horseback was one of the accomplishments of every French gentleman. We galloped in chase of the deer, the wild boar, and the wolf; France had only a few highways, other means of communication than riding were difficult, so that it was absolutely necessary for every country gentleman to keep a stud containing manége horses, hunting horses, pleasure hacks, and even horses for riding post. In the last fifty years (1832) all that has passed away. Equitation is no longer an art, there is very little hunting, and France is intersected with excellent roads; hence the reason why Limousin has almost ceased to be a horse-breeding country."

Forty years later than this writer, the Baron d'Etreilles complains that in France a taste for horses "is associated in the public mind with frivolity; and that the statesman, judge, barrister, physician, or attorney who ventured to appear on a well-bred hack, or driving himself in a phaeton to the Legislative Assembly, the Courts of Law, or a place of business, would endanger his reputation as a practical man and serious character."

To this social discouragement must be added the drawback of the system of arable cultivation, which, in all but a few grazing districts, is universal in a country composed of peasant proprietors. Horses cannot be reared without pastures; and colts, as French Commissioners observe, reporting

on the horses of Alsace, "never attain perfection if from a very early period they are shut up in stables."

The French farmer, if he breeds a horse, naturally prefers one which will be useful on the land at two years old, and he is encouraged by the improvement of the roads to substitute a cart-horse for the pack-horse on which he formerly rode and carried his goods to market. In the Ardennes there was formerly, says General Fleury, *Le Grand Ecuyer*, a capital breed of horses, fit for the service of the artillery, which had been almost extinguished by the ravages and requisitions of the wars of the first Napoleon.

The Government attempted to revive the breed by sending good coaching stallions into the circumscription (district), with the view of breeding artillery horses; but the peasant proprietors would have nothing to do with these sires, even at nominal fees. They found it more profitable to put their mares to Flemish wagon-horses. "Les rouleurs flamand ont été préféré a nos bons étalons carrossier."

It is, then, to fill the place occupied in this country by a resident country gentry and a horse-loving race of farmers, to encourage and assist a race of peasant cultivators, and to secure as far as possible for the use of the French army a class of horses for which the riding and hunting tastes of England afford an unlimited demand, that the French Government has been compelled for more than forty years to maintain a system of artificial encouragement on a very extensive scale.

The production of the class of horses required for the French cavalry, that is, carriage-horses and well-bred riding-horses—"*des chevaux à deux fins*" ("horses with two good ends," as London dealers say)—has never in France been equal to the demand even in time of peace. The deficiency between importation and exportation has been estimated at fifteen per cent. The deficiency has existed from the seventeenth century, that is, as soon as standing armies were established.

The first measures for improving the horse supply of France were taken in the reign of Louis XIII. As a matter of course, in the spirit of the age, these attempts mainly consisted of a number of vexatious regulations, suggested by naturalist philosophers of the desk.

Under Louis XIV., his subjects in Lorraine and Alsace, amongst the few Frenchmen (they are in blood Germans), says M. Gayot, "who are really fond of a horse, and who took special pride in their teams, were so harassed and discouraged by the plunder of foreign and the requisitions of their own armies, that they, on system, took to breeding miserable brutes just able to draw a plough or cart, and not worth stealing.

At this time the household troops of the king were mounted entirely on black Danish or bay Mecklenburg horses.

The nobility of the Court imported well-bred English horses—that is, in the intervals of wars. Under Louis XV., Marshal Saxe came to England to buy chargers. Under Louis XVI., races were run in the English style on the plain of Sartory, and Philippe Egalité rode as a jockey. In 1798, under the Republic, the Council of Five Hundred decreed that stallions of pure races should be provided at the expense of the State, for the benefit of the breeders. Races and other modes of encouraging breeding were established.

The same system, with slight modifications, was adopted under the first Empire, when the series of wars made a severe run on the horse production of France, although all Continental Europe was requisitioned for mounting the Imperial cavalry. Stallions and mares were imported from the East; but, except for the short period of the Peace of Amiens, the English market was closed to French purchasers, official and private.

In 1813-14 requisitions for the cavalry reduced the horse stock of France to its lowest condition,

and very little was done to stimulate horse-breeding under the Governments of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.—the latter monarch having a prejudice against everything foreign and everything new, worthy of English country squires in Pitt's time. To the last he insisted on shooting with a single-barreled flint gun!

After the Revolution of July, 1830, a serious inquiry into the condition of horse-breeding led to the establishment of the very elaborate system which was adopted, enlarged, and improved by the late Emperor of the French.

The main object of this system was to provide a sufficient number of horses for the army, without any regard to the natural market price. By decrees framed on the report of extensive inquiries in 1856, all cavalry remounts were to be purchased in France in time of peace. The price of the troop-horses was raised to a sum which the producers considered remunerative, without regard to their market value. The same number of horses, as nearly as possible, were purchased every year, so that the breeders could rely on the military demand.

Stallions covering at low fees were distributed over the country. The old stud-farms of Pin and Pompadour were strengthened and others established in favourable situations, for breeding various classes of stallions, and for making experiments in producing Anglo-Normans, Anglo-Arabs, pure Arabs, and English thoroughbreds—of which the last only was perfectly successful. Races were established for blood-horses and for trotters. Prizes were given for mares, and for their produce as two and three-year-olds. To carry all these plans out, Colleges of Equine Learning, composed of cavalry officers and veterinary professors, were established in different parts of the country, which, in a very few years, became as pedantic and dogmatic as such institutions always do when not controlled by an intelligent public opinion.

Training schools for the education of grooms were supported by the State, and very much approved by provincial councils.

In the systematic manner peculiar to the country, France was divided, for horse-breeding purposes, into twenty-five circles, called in official language "*circumscriptions*," over which fifteen hundred official stallions, of the breeds considered most suitable by the central authorities, travelled or stood at depôts, covering at nominal fees. Beside the official stallions, those of private individuals, if approved, were exempted from heavy taxation, and received State subventions.

Ninety race-meetings were held in the course of the year, where race-horses, steeplechasers, and trotters competed, supported by funds partly provided by the Government, and partly by municipal taxes, imposed by the official representatives of the Government. The result of this vast and costly machinery for encouraging the supply of saddle and cavalry horses is not a little curious.

The quality of the heavy draught trotting-horses, which composed the posting and diligence studs before railways absorbed the passenger traffic on all the great routes of France, was very much improved, although they were the class of horses that received the least encouragement.

The demands for the highest classes of riding and driving-horses continued to be supplied from England.

The supply of cavalry horses remained insufficient, whenever the peace footing was disturbed.

All the attempts to revive the ancient breeds of French well-bred hackneys failed, because the farmers were not prepared to incur the expense of feeding the young stock before they were ready for sale, even if any considerable number of gentlemen had been ready to buy and ride them.

In spite of the most decided discouragement, the breeding of heavy cart-horses in the North, and of mules in the *Midi*, became a flourishing industry.

Official influence, backed by the authority of prefects, sub-prefects, commanding officers of

gendarmerie, and all the rest of the army of Government's appointed agents, failed to induce the horse-breeding farmers to castrate colts until the latest moment for selling them to the Remount Department, while the draught-horses, to the great injury of breeding, were and are all retained entire.

The most decided success obtained by forty years of Government inspection, Government studs, Government stallions, and Government prizes, was in the ancient horse-breeding district of Normandy; a grazing and dairy country, where large farms still prevail, where the produce of English blood-horses out of Norman mares were supplied with the food and the care required for rearing vigorous full-sized stock.

Speaking in round numbers, for nearly forty years more than fifty thousand pounds a year has been expended by the French Government in prizes and premiums for the encouragement of French horse-breeding; to this must be added the cost of maintaining fifteen hundred State stallions and several breeding farms, and the extra prices paid for the troop-horses purchased for the cavalry—in all, at a reasonable estimate, not less than £250,000 sterling per annum.

The result has been a decided increase in the number of horses bred in France—an obvious improvement, as already stated, in the quality of heavy draught, for which no money prizes were offered. But at no period since these efforts were made and expenses incurred has France been able to put her troops on a war footing without resorting to foreign importations; and it was found that the protective or artificial price fixed for cavalry horses almost entirely put an end to the home trade of horse-dealers, and drove them to make their purchases of nag and light harness-horses abroad.

The prices paid for cavalry horses by the French Government up to 1870 averaged from £40 to £48, which was considerably above the English price.

The stallion studs, except those of thorough-bred horses, have been retained; the breeding studs in great part discontinued. The prizes for races have been diminished, and those for steeple-chases withdrawn. But this economy is probably merely temporary.

NORMANS.

Normandy originally possessed very distinct breeds or tribes of horses—both with a high reputation—the one most fit for harness, the other for the saddle. The horses most esteemed by French and English knights in the ages of heavy armour were Normans. "Nearly a hundred years ago (1872), the Norman breed having very much deteriorated, some coarse-bred English stallions were imported, but without satisfactory effect. The Prince de Lambese, *Grand Ecuyer* (Master of the Horse) to Louis XVI., imported for the use of the stud-farm of Pin (which is still in existence) twenty-four stallions, none thorough-bred, which produced a very decided improvement by an infusion of blood into the Normans. (We presume that these were stallions the produce of thorough-bred sires and well-bred hunter mares.) These English stallions must be considered as the great-grandsires of the present race."

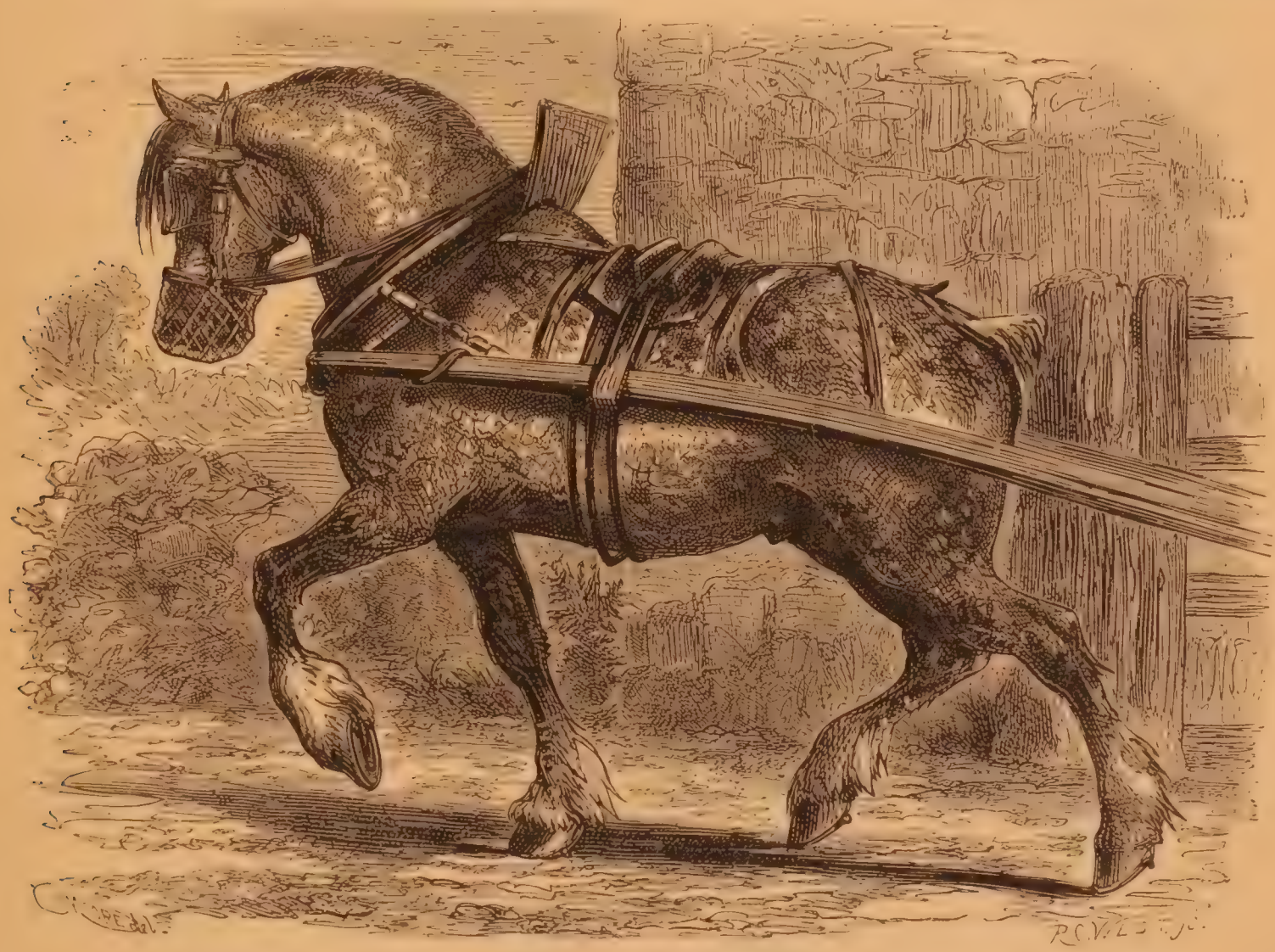
In 1790 the studs were suppressed, and England being closed by the long wars, a very inferior class of sires was used; at the fall of the first Empire the quality of the horses of Normandy was at its lowest ebb.

In 1830, when the improvement of the horse supply of France was taken into serious consideration, the Norman horses were remarkable for huge, coffin-like, Roman-nosed heads, a legacy from Madame Du Barri, the infamous mistress of Louis XV. That personage having received as a present from the Danish Ambassador a pair of Danish horses, with monstrous heads, small pig eyes, and long flopping ears, set close together, these hideous peculiarities became the fashion.

In fact, according to M. Gayot's account, the Norman horse of 1830 was very like the worst example of our black mourning-coach stallions.

Since that date, and particularly during the reign of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who was a consummate master of all the arts connected with horses, the Norman breed has been steadily improved by crosses of English thorough-bred and roadster trotter sires; and for some years past carriage-horses have been bred in Normandy which might have passed, and do sometimes pass, for the produce of Yorkshire.

The Percheron is another breed of trotting cart-horses, which has in name a considerable



A FRENCH CART-HORSE (1830).

reputation in England, as useful animals for slow trotting draught, although in form quite the reverse of what a judge of Clydesdales or Suffolks would select. But when we turn to the greatest equine authorities of France, we find that they altogether deny that the Percherons have any claim to be a distinct breed or tribe, like our own Suffolks. The name was never mentioned in any work or record before the present century. "M. Devaux-Loresier," says Professor Moll, "a skilful breeder in La Perch, and an enthusiastic advocate of the Percheron, declares that it dates from the decree of 1806, establishing the stallion stud at Blois; that it was the expression of a want—the manufacture of man, not the result of soil and climate—and that he could breed Percheron horses anywhere, even in Limousin, with fenced pastures and plenty of bran." Others have described the Percheron as a grey trotting cart-horse, with clean limbs and a neat head. These Percherons, in their best form, were the post-horses of France. It seems to us that of late years they have deteriorated in quality—especially in the neatness of their heads—and become coarse; but, coarse or not, the mares are being imported into England by thousands.

THE LIMOUSIN.

Of all the riding-horses of France, the Limousin, the descendant of Saracen ancestors, was, as already mentioned, the best—an active and enduring Barb—but in the palmy days of this race the district of Limousin consisted of open grassy plains, well suited for breeding horses. After the Revolution the grass was gradually converted into arable land; and when Mr. Nassau Senior visited Alexis de Tocqueville, in 1850, the breed was almost extinct, and all attempts to revive it, made at a very great expense by the Government, have failed. Probably the cessation of local demand for riding-horses had had a depressing effect. This was not always so. A friend of M. de Tocqueville remembered a wedding amongst the *vielle noblesse* at which "many of the ladies arrived on horseback, followed by a servant leading a donkey which carried the ball-dresses in a band-box." In the coach-house of the De Tocquevilles was a horse-sedan, a *vis-à-vis*, with a pair of shafts behind and a pair before, to which two cart-horses used to be harnessed instead of men (in China mules are thus harnessed to litters), in order to pay visits where there was no road for wheeled carriages; and even at that date Mr. Senior found the peasantry carrying their harvests home in a sort of cradle on a horse's back, six sheaves on each side—the lanes being just wide enough to admit a loaded horse.

Extinguish hunting in this country, extinguish a resident nobility and gentry who make riding on horseback a fashion, extinguish farmers who ride in favour of peasants who drive ox and cow carts, and the decline of the quality and numbers of riding and driving-horses in England would be certain and rapid.

CAMARGUE, LORRAINE, AND BRETON HORSES.

Amongst the breeds of French horses which, like the Limousin and the Ardennes, have been superseded by modern style of cultivation and modern demands, it is impossible to pass over the Camargue, if it were only for the place it holds in a very interesting epoch of the history of France.

The river Rhone, before flowing into the Mediterranean, forms a vast delta, an island to which the name of Camargue has been given. On this for centuries flourished races of half-wild cattle and half-wild horses. According to tradition, the Camargue horse dates from the introduction of Numidian cavalry, when, in the year of Rome 629, Flavius Flaccus occupied Arles; and received further recruits of African blood from the colony of Julia, and from the two invasions of the Saracens, who occupied Provence about A.D. 730, and again at the epoch of the Crusades.

It was from Camargue that the Camisards—the Calvinists of Cévennes, whom the persecution of Louis XIV. and the pious Madame de Maintenon drove into rebellion—formed their cavalry.

At any rate, whatever be the origin of the Camargue horse, he is to this day characterised by a sort of Tartar air, peculiar to animals living in a wild state.

They were not esteemed for warlike or parade purposes in the twelfth, thirteenth, or fourteenth centuries, ages when every cavalier and every cavalier's horse was barded with steel; they were too small and light of bone.

There is reason to believe that at one period the resident gentry of Camargue took particular pains to keep up the quality of the breed, both by importations from Africa and by the castration of inferior colts; but with the Revolution of 1789 these special precautions disappeared.

They still run wild during winter, in herds of from twenty to one hundred each, under charge of mounted herdsmen, who use the lasso with considerable dexterity, either for catching horses or wild cattle.

One of these wild horsemen is the hero of a picturesque romance by Madame Georges Sand.

The wild horse of the Camargue, fed entirely on wild land, is little better than a pony, and generally of a light grey colour. A cross with a thorough-bred sire brings a very good animal, but the produce, like the Exmoor cross, requires better food in winter than the grass of the wild moorlands, and that does not suit the agricultural economy of the little farmers of the district, although the climate is most favourable to stock-breeding of every kind.

These semi-wild horses were in past time valuable, and are still employed in the primitive operation of treading out the corn, a labour of a most exhausting nature.

At about four or five o'clock in the morning, the sheaves having been thrown in a huge heap, the horses are driven on them, and sinking in the straw until only their heads and backs are seen, are forced round struggling as if in a morass. This work is continued until nine o'clock, nearly five hours, when they are let out to drink and rest for half an hour. Then they are again compelled to mount the pile and trot round and round until two o'clock in the afternoon, when they rest an hour. At three they begin again, and are kept at a sharp trot until six or seven o'clock, when the straw is expected to be broken into lengths of about six inches. They get nothing to eat except what they can pick up under the sharp eye and whip of the driver. This operation is continued in the Camargue for nearly a month, of course not always with the same troop of horses. The work of treading-out done, the herds of horses are driven back to the marshes until the next harvest.

Such is, or rather was, the principal value of the Camargue pony, which under an improved system of agriculture, is being rapidly superseded by the flail and the threshing machine.

The modern Lorraine horse, which before the era of good roads, diligences, and carriers' wagons, showed strong traces of Eastern blood, now converted into a heavy harness-horse, still exhibits some of the quality of its ancestors, and trots freely.

The Lorraine farmers have given up riding on horseback, says Professor Moll, but they go long distances, always at a trot, in their *char-à-bancs* (the original of the wagonette), and you never meet a Lorrainer in an empty wagon walking his horses; indeed he often trots with a load of hay or straw. It is amongst the horse stock of this class, improved by crosses of English sires, that we find the supplies which are becoming an important feature in the live-stock importations of England.

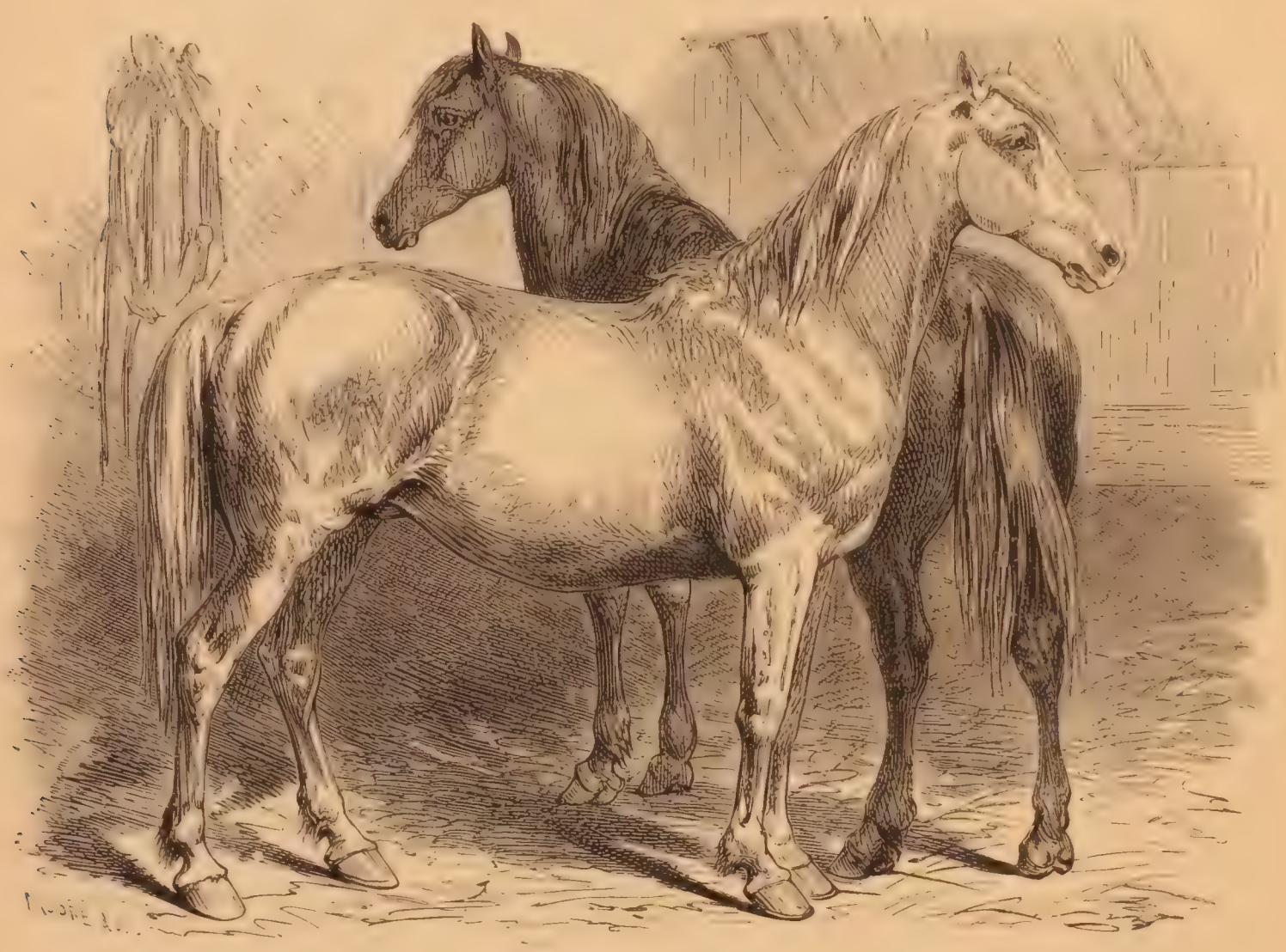
Brittany has an excellent race of small, active hacks, known by the terms *bidet* and *doubles-bidets* (pony and cob).

They are active and enduring, sometimes very good-looking, and would no doubt be brought to a high pitch of perfection if there were the same good understanding that usually exists between our country gentlemen and the surrounding farmers. The Brittany *double-bidet* has been appropriately called "the Cossack of France." They cross very successfully with small English thoroughbreds, like Underhand and Daniel O'Rourke.

Unfortunately, the Bretons do not even speak French. One of the requests of the Council-General which represents Brittany to the French Commission on Horse Supply in 1863, was for a treatise on the breeding and treatment of horses, translated from French into "Breton."

But the Breton, like his brother Celt in Wales, and like the North Devon farmer, seldom walks to market if he can help it; the women never—indeed, they seem not to know how. "You meet them sitting astride on a linen bag stuffed with straw, with their feet pushed hard into rope stirrups, their knees as high as the pony's withers, with a cord-bridle in one hand and a long stick in the other, carrying on one arm a basket of butter covered with a clean white cloth, and with two baskets of chestnuts hanging down on each side of the straw-stuffed pad. Presently come men also mounted, driving before them droves of ponies as shaggy and wild as Welshmen."

The Boulonnaise breed includes to the English eye all the cart-trotters of France—the Picard, the Flamande—names and little else, distinctions without difference. In England, unless a railway van-horse is a chestnut, when he may be a Suffolk, buyers and sellers have ceased to name carty-bred horses by the name of any district or county. From the frequent and easy intercourse between the *Pas de Calais* and England, and by the intelligent attention of landed proprietors connected with Boulogne, the horses of that country have been during the last thirty years wonderfully improved. The cart-horses of Paris excited the admiration of our best farmers when,



BRETON MARES BY A PERCHERON SIRE.

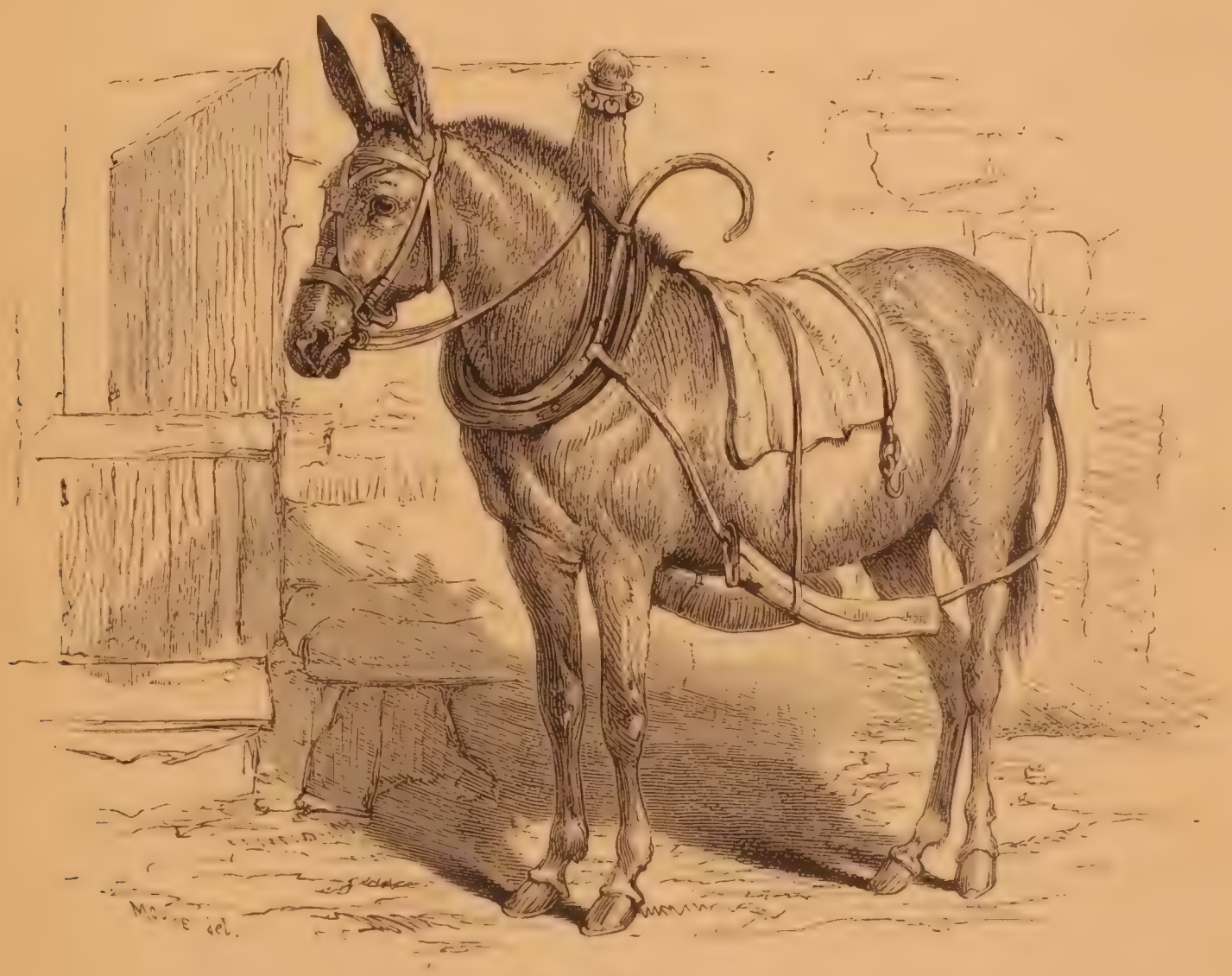
at the invitation of the late Emperor, that city was invaded by quite an army of eminent British breeders of every kind of live stock.

THE MULE-BREEDING POITEVIN MARE.

It is impossible to conclude this sketch of the French native breeds of horses without noticing one which is maintained solely for the purpose of breeding mules, a pursuit which has grown in the course of a century and attained a high degree of prosperity and importance, not only without the assistance so lavishly given to the breeding of troop-horses, but in spite of very decided encouragement. The ready sale at remunerative prices for mules has outweighed all the artificial encouragement and discouragement of the official studs.

Poitou has two breeds or tribes of horses—one crossed with English blood, called *Anglo-Poitevin*, which occasionally gives some fine carriage-horses; the other of very inferior appearance, the mares of which are exclusively employed in breeding mules, and called (the words are not

translatable) *Poitevine mulassière.* None produce such good mules as the big heavy mare of the marshes of Poitou—a coarse stocky beast, with a large barrel, big bone, and hairy legs ; heavy, slow, and fit for nothing but to drag a load. In fact, said Jacques Bujault, a celebrated breeder of mules, "imagine a big barrel, supported on four stout legs ; that is the *mulassière*, the mother of mules." "Those who buy mares with two good ends, fit to sell for troopers or diligence work, if they should refuse to breed to the donkey sire, make a bad business, and are in a fair way of being ruined." The *Poitevine mulassière* was originally bred on the marshes of La Vendée (just the



A MULE OF THE MIDI.

sort of land as that on which the nearly extinct black Lincolnshire dray-horse cultivated by Bakewell was bred), a vast tract of land, formerly constantly soaked, at present thoroughly drained, and only covered with water at the time of inundations after heavy winter rains. But this idea that good mules can only be bred from the coarse Poitou mares is a provincial delusion. Any good English, French, or American cart-mare will breed a strong mule by a strong ass sire.

The fillies being reserved for mule-breeding, the colts are sold at two years old to dealers ; so the horses of Berry, La Béauce, and La Perch are employed in agricultural work until they are five or six years old, and are then sold either for omnibus work or for heavy draught. Some very fine horses are purchased among the Poitevins by the Berry Remount Depôt, for the artillery.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT STUDS.

The system adopted by the successive Governments of France for increasing and improving the breeds of horses is based on principles followed by all the Continental Governments of

Europe, at more or less cost to the State. Its details have acquired additional interest since (under the influence of the panic created by a sudden rise in the price of well-bred horses) several Englishmen, whose tastes or pursuits presume intimate knowledge of horse-breeding, or horse-dealing, or hunting, and the horsey world generally, have loudly recommended a resort in this country to the more prominent features of the Continental plan—that is, Government subsidies, taxes on exportation, and control of private enterprise, enforced by police regulations. These gentlemen, when they suggested that the English Government should enact police and fiscal restrictions of trade, which are familiar in France and Germany, but quite unknown to the present or preceding generation of Englishmen, and that it should apply national funds to competing with the profits of private enterprise, do not seem to have remembered that the conditions of political and social life, and of external relations between this sea-protected kingdom and this people which for more than fifty years has been continually diminishing the area of excise and customs taxation, are essentially radically different from those of the minutely-governed and closely-policed states of Continental Europe.

In the first place, our island position relieves us from the necessity of being able to place cavalry on a war footing at short notice—a necessity which is and has long been a matter of paramount importance with France, Prussia, and Austria. In the next place, the inhabitants of democratic France and aristocratic Prussia and Austria have always been accustomed to rely on Government aid for the encouragement of everything connected with agriculture, public works, and a host of institutions which Englishmen will not allow a Government to touch. We have often found it difficult to explain to a foreigner the meaning of a Royal Agricultural Society to which the Goverment gave no assistance, and over which it exercised no control. France has no resident landed gentry, in our sense of the term—that is to say, men of wealth and position, who take the lead, and are followed by their neighbours, whether it be in founding a society or building an hospital, improving the breed of cattle, or getting up a horse show. In France you may travel a whole day and not find one person above the rank of a peasant farmer not in pay of the Government, and certainly not one who dare take the initiative in a public enterprise without the sanction of the Prefect, or Sub-Prefect, or the Maire, or the Commissaire de Police; and if a French gentleman, bitten by English ideas, did attempt to take the lead in a local improvement of any kind by forming an association, he would probably be looked upon as an impertinent person by the officials, and with great suspicion by all the little farmers round him.

In fact, if the French Government had not taken up the business of offering prizes for mares and foals, and providing stallions, there was no other authority who had the power or the means.

In Prussia the same reasons existed. The Prussian landed gentry were poor, very poor, until improved means of communication by roads, railroads, and steam-boats gave value to agricultural produce, and justified the cultivation of great crops by expensive means. When old Blucher astounded the Duke of Wellington by proposing to hang the Emperor Napoleon, if he were caught after the battle of Waterloo, one of the reasons he gave was "that the Emperor had entirely ruined the Prussian nobility." Besides, the Prussians and all Germans are accustomed from the earliest years to find Government regulating their private life.

Neither the machinery for interference nor the reasons for interference with private enterprise exist in England. In Ireland there is something of French feeling about Government help in more ways than one, perhaps because the landlords have been so long divided in feeling from their tenants. To set up Government studs of stallions in England at reduced fees would be to compete with patriotic landlords and industrious horse-leaders. In fact, Government interference and assistance are essential in France and Germany, because those countries do not possess the

machinery and materials we enjoy in resident gentry, horse-loving farmers, and an unlimited demand at rising prices for any number of horses fit for saddle or light harness.

There are in England alone, without counting Scotland and Ireland, irrespective of packs of harriers, more than 130 packs of fox-hounds, every one of which forms a "*circumscription*" for encouraging horse-breeding. All these hunting-fields are open to every one who owns a pony and cares to ride in them; in nearly all every class of horse-owning society is represented. Was there not a sweep once "who allus 'unted with the Duke?" The majority of a hundred packs of harriers are supported by farmers, and very small farmers too.

In France or Germany, where by-the-bye there is quite as good hunting as in Devonshire, the New Forest, Cumberland, or the mountainous parts of Wales, the native merchant or professional man, not being noble or invited, who joined a hunt, would be considered and treated as an impertinent intruder—the doctor would lose his patients, and the notary his clients; while in England and Wales the lawyer, the doctor, the brewer, the innkeeper are leading personages in rural hunts.

The mistake the French Government have made in their arrangements for improving the lighter breeds of horses has not been in principles but in details; that is to say, in the choice of foreign stallions. They have been too fond of purchasing celebrated race-horses, winners of great stakes, of great size, without regard to the uses for which they are required. In Austria they understand this business better. Moderate-sized, thorough-bred horses, with plenty of bone and good action, that have never raced and never could race with success, would do more for the cobs of Brittany, the ponies of the Ardennes, the barbs of Tarbes, and the wild horses of the Camargue, than the uncertain Anglo-Normans, the narrow, cat-hammed Arabs, or the West Australians and Flying Dutchmen, on which so much money has been wasted.

Besides the difficulty in want of natural pastures, and customers out of Paris, the French breeder and trainer of good horses labours under immense disadvantages from the want of good grooms. German grooms are often excellent. The Northern Italians are good; but a really competent French groom is a phœnix. So much is the want felt that not only were the *écoles de dressage* (schools for training grooms) established by the late Emperor well supported, but several private establishments were founded and assisted by a State subsidy. The French grooms have not the prevalent vice of English and Irish grooms, but they seldom take pains with or pride in their horses. In 1874 there was one French jockey, Garret, who rode the winner of the Cæsarewitch in 1873, good enough to ride against English jockeys of the first class.

A celebrated French *equestrienne* complained to the English proprietor of a circus that her groom, a Lorrainer, was too ill to attend to her horses. "Been getting drunk, ma'm'selle, I suppose—ha!" "Oh dear, no; he has been stuffing himself to death with hot pastry!" Now this man really was a good stableman, although he clattered about in wooden shoes and made himself sick with penny tarts.

PRUSSIA.

Prussia, as long as she has been a kingdom, has numbered amongst her German subjects a race of gentlemen, true knights, enthusiastically fond of the horse; and among her Polish subjects a nation of born horsemen—horsemen not only from taste, but from make and shape; lean, sinewy fellows, with no inclination to grow into the terribly fat sergeant-majors of England and France.

Frederick the Great had the finest cavalry of his day, and won some of his greatest victories with them—Kesseldorf, Rossbach, Zorndorf. He drew his light horses chiefly from Poland, and his heavy cavalry from North Germany. His cavalry sat as he did himself, on a natural seat, and

rode well. It was not until the time of his ignoble successor, the accomplice and victim of the conqueror of Jena, that the ridiculous "tongs on the wall" seat was adopted, to be copied, after the Peace of 1815, by the Royal commanding officers of other countries, who ought to have known better, with the absurdities of tight uniforms.*

Prussia has, like France, depôts for the purchase and training of cavalry horses; six in East Prussia, one in Brandenburg, one in Posen, one in Hanover, one in the province of Saxony, two in Pomerania, and one in Grand Ducal Hesse. Each depôt consists of several farms, on which the greatest part of the forage is grown; and, what is very extraordinary in a Government establishment, these farms actually realise a profit—actually cover a large share of the yearly expense. The young horses, purchased at three years old, are stabled from the 1st of October to the 1st of May, and fed in meadows in the day-time during the rest of the year.

The Prussian-bred horse develops late, and is in his prime for military purposes at from seven to fourteen years old. A useful system has recently arisen, under which the richer private horse-breeders buy two-year-olds from their poorer neighbours, and feed them with corn, to be resold at three years or three years and a half. This arrangement, the result of German education, solves the difficulty which in France has deterred peasant proprietors from breeding a good class of animal. The imperial army of Germany requires more than eight thousand horses every year in time of peace.

The best horses come from East Prussia, which has been a horse-breeding country from time immemorial. This race shows a large infusion of Oriental blood, from which it originally descended during the Saracenic invasion of Europe. The Hanoverians and Mecklenburgers are bigger and more powerful than the East Prussians, but, as a matter of course, softer, and less enduring.

Unlike France, horse-breeding is an important part of rural industry in nearly all parts of the old Prussian monarchy, as well as in some of the provinces annexed after the War of 1866.

The provinces in which this branch of industry is new show extraordinary progress. Half a century ago (1820) in Posen the peasant was a slave bound to the soil. The greatest increase of horse-breeding has taken place in this province. In Westphalia (known chiefly in England for its hogs and hams) nothing has occurred to awaken the rural population from their adherence to the stupid customs of a past generation. "You can have no idea," said a German cavalry officer to the writer, "how difficult it is to teach a peasant, only accustomed to a cow, to groom a horse." In the eastern provinces foreign dealers make large purchases, not only of colts but of brood-mares, to an extent which has recently caused serious alarm. Indeed, in every country of Europe, except Russia, a sort of horse panic arose in 1872 from the same cause—the rivalry of sheep and cattle, and the conversion of grass into plough land.

As a matter of course, the best horses come from the provinces where there is the least arable agriculture, and the worst from the Rhine provinces, where the French law of inheritance prevails, where properties are divided into little plots, and open air grazing is next to impossible. Prussia obtained fine breeding-ground for powerful horses when she annexed Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein.

General Walker, our military *attaché* at the Court of Berlin, tormented himself very unnecessarily to account for the superior endurance of the Prussian troop-horses as compared with our own. A cavalry officer at the head of the imperial studs gave three reasons, one of which was sufficient. In his first, "the nearer affinity to pure Arab blood," we have not the least

* When a crack regiment of hussars was first sent to Turkey, on the way to the Crimea, the commanding officer objected to the men going out to cut grass for their horses, because they split their tight trousers!

faith. If that were so, the stud-bred horses of India ought to be the best in the world; the contrary is the fact. What is more enduring, what is so enduring, as a Welsh, Exmoor, or Dartmoor pony? You can never, in horse-dealers' phrase, "see the bottom of them." Why? Because they have been hardily bred. What is so enduring as a sound thorough-bred pony, that has never been trained, always well-fed, but roughly treated? Our horses, as a rule, are coddled from birth to death. The German cavalry-general justly observed as to our troopers in the pre-practical age—the system has changed of late: "Two drills a week, and an hour's watering order on other days, only tend to relax instead of to brace the constitution."

In 1867 the kingdom of Prussia, containing nearly 24,000,000 inhabitants, had rather more than 2,300,000 horses. Of these, 1,600,000 were employed in agriculture. But in East Prussia, as in Ireland, there are very few horses of the cart-breed; the farm work is done with horses that can gallop when fed on corn.

The Prussian Government takes most elaborate means to encourage horse-breeding, but contrives to combine efficiency with economy in a manner which appears impossible with English, French, or American officials.

There are three breeding-studs which were originally founded to supply the royal stables with carriage and riding-horses, but now employed to breed covering stallions for country studs; twelve depôts for covering stallions.

Prizes (on a very moderate scale) are awarded to covering stallions kept by private persons approved by the official heads of depôts, and also to good brood-mares and foals.

Loans, bearing no interest, are granted to associations founded for the purchase of stallions.

The first stud was established at Trakehnau, in East Prussia, by Frederick William I., successor of Frederick the Great, in the year 1732, for the supply of the royal stables; and by this was established three tribes, we cannot call them breeds, of carriage-horses, distinguished from each other solely by their colours—black, bay, and chestnut.

Two other studs were established in 1788 and in 1815.

The eleven country depôts for covering stallions—a twelfth is about to be established in Pomerania—are recruited from the already-mentioned royal breeding-studs, and from purchases in Germany and in foreign countries, notably since 1870 in England. The number of stallions at the eleven depôts as reported in 1873 amounted to 1,750.

The director-general of each district stud, at the proper season, distributes the stallions over the country in small detachments of six or eight. He generally quarters the horses, under charge of servants of the stud establishment, on country proprietors who are interested in horse-breeding.

These arrangements are worthy of attention, should it be decided to give Government assistance in the way of stallions to Ireland. Beyond the maintenance of these studs, the expenses incurred by the Prussian Government in prizes and premiums are very insignificant.

The total number of horses required by the North German imperial army on a peace footing is little under 100,000, on a war footing it is nearly 300,000. After reading these figures, one is not surprised to learn that the German losses of horses by death and sickness in the Franco-German War exceeded a million, and are by some put as high as a million and a half. The original number were three times renewed, including all the horses of the French army taken prisoners at Sedan and at Metz.

Should peace be preserved, Prussia is one of the countries from which English prices may attract a supply of well-bred riding and harness-horses. Nowhere is horse-breeding carried out on more intelligent principles. The stock of mares in East Prussia and Galicia is of the right stamp, and English stallions are most judiciously selected and employed.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

We have already mentioned the sensation created among English horse-loving visitors to the Vienna Horse Show.

Not in Yorkshire, not in Ireland, are the gentry and commonalty more fond of a horse than the subjects of Francis Joseph's Kingdom of Hungary. As for the Austrian cavalry officers, as horsemen, and learned in every kind of horse lore, they are second to none. The Emperor himself is, without flattering exaggeration, one of the finest horsemen in Europe. When he was crowned king of now loyal Hungary, part of the ceremony compelled him to ride a fiery horse to the top of a mound of sacred earth, there halt, and, while his charger curveted and reared, wave the sword of Hungary to the four points of the compass. When he performed this feat, an Englishman present—not unfamiliar with our cross-country riders, and no mean performer himself—exclaimed, in relating the incident, "I trembled for the king; I thought the horse would have rolled back on him."

Official reports made by our military *attaché* at the Court of Vienna give us the latest and most authentic information. The latest census gives for Hungary 2,160,000 horses, for the Austrian provinces 1,367,000.

The separate Minstries of Agriculture for Austria and Hungary each systematically encourage the breeding of horses, and for this purpose annually purchase carefully-selected thorough-bred stock in England.

There are two Government studs in Austria, three in Hungary, and a fourth is about to be established in the recently made accessible province of Transylvania—*Trans-sylva*, "beyond the forest"—a country of extraordinary and undeveloped wealth.

The business of these studs, which have been in existence since the latter part of the last century, is to breed mares for the service of the studs, and stallions sufficient in number to supply the wants of the country generally, which are distributed over depôts established for the purpose. At each stud stand stallions of different races—Arab, English thorough-bred and half-bred, Norman, and Lepiza, descended from the old Spanish stock bred in the imperial studs. It is impossible to imagine greater brutes than these, according to our English notions, unless it be our own cream-coloured State stallions.

The number of mares in each depôt varies from 200 to 400, a few being English thorough-bred; but the majority are half-bred English, Arab, or Norman mares, bred in the country on one side or other for generations.

These studs have suffered during the vicissitudes of the Austrian Empire. During the great Hungarian Insurrection, a number of valuable private studs, collected at vast expense, were dispersed or destroyed, requisitioned, or carried away as the spoils of war. At present the system is to keep the races distinct, and to send the kind of stallions to each district which they are found by experience to suit best.

The Hungarian Government owns nearly 1,800 stallions, the Austrian 1,600; and as these numbers were insufficient, in 1873 the Government was engaged in buying more. Annual horse shows are held in each district, where Government commissioners award money prizes and medals for the best mares with foals, for yearlings, two-year-olds, and three-year-olds. The Government also allows from £10 to £30 annually for each approved stallion in private hands.

At present the peasants are not sufficiently rich or intelligent to breed many good horses; but the rapid introduction of improved means of communication and improved agriculture, with consequent wealth to the farmers, is likely in a few years to produce a decided improvement,

especially in Hungary, where no man walks if he can ride. The Emperor, the Archduke, and the wealthy landowners of Bohemia, Galicia (Poland), and Hungary have studs for breeding good carriage and riding-horses.

The Austrian "Stud Book," issued periodically, which notices every breed of horse, forms a large volume. The climate is a great drawback in Hungary, as there are only three or four months of the year when horses of value can get pasture good enough to keep them in condition.

Races in Hungary are attended, unlike those of France, by enthusiastic crowds of peasantry. Gentlemen riders of the first class are numerous. There are several packs of fox-hounds and harriers, kept up quite in the English, or rather the rough Welsh style, where the same pack will hunt everything that will run—from a hare to a polecat. Near Vienna a pack of stag-hounds for hunting carted red deer has been established.

The late Charles Boner,* whose charming book, now out of print, on Transylvania was written in 1864-5, before the happy reconciliation between Francis Joseph and his Hungarian subjects, gives a delightful picture of travelling in that horse-loving country, in the following passage :—

"We now changed horses for the last time, and with four little animals started off again. A merry youth drove them, and the delicious elasticity of the air seemed to have inspired and made him happy and buoyant. By Jove! how we whirled along with that young charioteer! Hark how he shouts to his horses, and they answer to his voice! Before the lash of his long whip flying through the air can touch the leaders, they spring forward as if in a race, and another team, panting for victory, were close behind them.

"Now the whip is caught up with a jerk, and the wheelers are double-thonged in the most approved style. Again a loud shout, the shout of youth and joy, and the little wiry animals spring forward at their utmost speed. How that boy enjoys his drive ; and how I enjoy it too! For the whole distance he never ceased calling to his team ; and thus, the bells merrily jingling, the whip whirling round his head, and with loud and noisy shouts, in we came to Karansebes as though we were an express, with the intelligence that the whole frontier was up in arms, that the Servians had crossed the frontier, or some other equally momentous piece of news."

Mr. Boner found at Gernyeszeg an exceedingly well-bred stud belonging to Count Dominik Teleki. "His horses are the produce of thorough-bred sires and Transylvanian mares, are hardy, and bear cold without injury ; are immense, good-looking, and fit for any gentleman to ride. The distances people travel with the same horses for days together are astonishing ; they neither break down nor refuse their food. The foals stroll about the farm-yard the whole day in winter, with coats as shaggy as bears, and get little corn. Count Lazar has also a considerable stud. He has spent large sums for the best English blood, and the horses he has bred are very strong animals, but less fitted to stand wear and tear than those of Count Teleki."

Since this was written the Emperor Francis Joseph, to his immortal honour, has cast behind the prejudices in which he was nurtured, reconciled himself to his Hungarian subjects, and adopted over all his dominions those constitutional principles of government which the noble Hungarians cherished and died for, while all around them submitted to worship the stupid despotism organised by Metternich and blessed by successive Popes.

Since this happy political consummation, railroads into Transylvania have been planned and

* Boner's account of the Hungarian gipsies explains the principles on which the horses of thickly-populated countries like England become soft, while those reared on the sandy plains of East Prussia and Eastern Europe are hardy. The children of these gipsies go perfectly naked until they are ten years old. "They may be seen sliding down ice slopes on their seats." The consequence is the weak ones die ; those who survive can live where a townsman would perish with cold and want of food.

executed, as well as through Hungary proper, which will bring these half-developed regions into close commercial intercourse with Western Europe.*

RUSSIA.

The Russian Empire, like the United States, is so vast that it extends over many climates, differing as much in temperature as Norway and Sicily. Russia also includes many races—German, Scandinavian, Sclavonic, Oriental and semi-Oriental, Poles, Tartars, Lesghians—amongst which are to be found horses of so great a variety that at an exhibition held in Moscow the Horse Show Prize List was divided into not less than fourteen classes, viz. :—

1. Thoroughbreds, English and Arab.
2. Saddle-horses, half-bred.
3. Orloff trotters.
4. Carriage-horses.
5. Carabaghs—saddle-horses crossed from Arabs and Trouchmens.
6. Trouchmens—a fine breed from Central Asia, much resembling the Arab.
7. Horses from the Don—the well-known irregular cavalry horses of the Don Cossack.
8. Cart-horses.
9. Voitugs.
10. Finlanders.
11. Smouds.
12. Baschkines.
13. Ponies.
14. Horses from the Caucasus.

The landed proprietors of Russia proper include a great many country gentlemen, who live on their estates, large or small, much as our squires in the days of the first Georges did, when there was a distinction between the courtier, the citizen, and the well-acred squire (admirably painted by Macaulay), which has long totally disappeared in Great Britain. A Russian novelist, in his "Days of a Russian Sportsman," has also painted the Russian squire, neither courtier nor soldier; proud of his horses, his Persian greyhounds, and big wolf-hounds, and devoted to field sports. Among this class horse-breeding is pursued with passion, and riding is one of their principal occupations in summer. In winter, sledge-driving presents the only means of conveyance for passengers or merchandise. For military exigencies every Russian officer must know how to ride, and ride well; but all over the empire harness-horses of pace and endurance are required to cover the long distances between country house and country house, and between towns and villages. Over a territory so vast and so barren, railroads can only be carried to unite important cities and ports; and, if ever, at least a century must elapse before sledges or horses cease to be the principal conveyances.

A hundred years ago the Russian nobility began to import English blood-horses to cross with their excellent mares, and judicious importations have continued ever since. Whenever the means of communication have been rendered less costly than at present, it is from Russia that we are most likely to obtain a supply of useful riding-horses, the produce of native mares by English sires; for Russia has native breeds, with size, substance, and riding action, besides her tens of thousands of Cossack ponies and Oriental galloways. The pictures of the Russian sledge-horses show more blood than those of France or Northern Europe.

The Russian horses imported into England and France are always said to be of the Orloff breed, and are of two totally different tribes. The one is a leggy riding-horse, with a great deal of quality of the Arab style. One exhibited at the Islington Horse Show in 1869, in a hack class, was second prize to a nearly thorough-bred hack, the property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It rather wanted knee-action for a park hack, and was leggy, but elegant and full of quality. The others are Orloff trotters, which are large horses, generally brown, sometimes grey, fast according to

* "You may distinguish a Hungarian from a German by the way in which he carries his head and looks about him—like his horse. He is the transition between the inhabitants of the West and the Oriental, without Oriental indolence. The Hungarian (a born horseman) is clean-limbed, with a small foot and well-shaped leg."—*Julius Faber.*

European notions, but with a shooting action with the fore-legs which we do not admire in this country, but which may be well calculated for sledge travelling. In an article attributed to Sir Erskine Perry,* he has traced the origin of these trotters, of which we saw some of the finest specimens at the Hamburg Agricultural Show in 1865. An American gentleman resident in Brighton in 1874 had a stud of Russian horses, which he drove in American wagons.

POSTING IN RUSSIA.

Alexis Orloff (brother of Gregory), the lover of Catherine II. (Catherine the Great), to whom an imposing monument has just been erected in St. Petersburg, received from a Turkish pacha as a present a Barb, Smolenska, whose skeleton is preserved to this day in the Orloff Museum. The stud was commenced in 1700 with the following collection, according to the Russian horse-breeding records :—

	Stallions.	Mares.
Arabs	12	10
Turkish	1	2
English	20	32
Dutch	1	8
Persian	3	2
Danish	1	3
Mecklenburg	0	5

* "Edinburgh Review."

"Smolenska, from a Danish mare, got Vulcan, who was the sire of Barss, out of a Dutch mare. Barss exhibited extraordinary trotting powers; and all the modern trotters of Russia trace their lineage up to him, and to daughters of Smolenska, out of English and Arab mares. Count Orloff also obtained from England two sons of Eclipse, two sons of Highflyer, and the winners of the St. Leger in 1798 and of the Derby in 1794, Tarta and Dædalus, besides many others. The race of trotters thus produced became a distinct type in about thirty years, and, curiously enough, since that period all attempts to improve the breed by fresh blood, whether Arab, English, French, or Dutch, have failed. Count Alexis was most unwilling to sell any of his best sires, and at his death, in 1808, he provided by his will that none should be disposed of. In 1845 the prohibition was removed, when Government bought from his daughter and heiress the Krenothan Stud; and now it is calculated that there are no fewer than 1,600 private studs in Russia, with nearly 6,000 stallions, and upwards of 50,000 mares, from whom the Orloff trotters are produced."

The Orloff trotters are not esteemed as they were formerly, because in harness-horses action is more required than pace, and even in pace they cannot approach American trotters. Besides the Orloff trotters, the Orloff nags or saddle-horses are celebrated. These also descend from Smolenska and another Barb called Sultan, crossed with English and Anglo-Arab mares. According to Russian writers, they combine the good qualities of both their parents, and without equalling their English progenitors in speed, they exceed them in beauty, soundness, docility, and aptitude for all military purposes. Like the trotters, they preserve a distinct character, and every attempt to introduce fresh doses of English or Arab blood has failed signally.

The Duke of Sutherland brought a grey trotting stallion from Russia when he visited St. Petersburgh, as Marquis of Stafford, with a distinguished party, on the occasion of the present Emperor's coronation, which he used to drive constantly in single harness in a Stanhope phaeton. This horse was certainly showy in action, with a great display of mane and tail, but coarse, and not of a sort we should care to perpetuate.

The best Russian park hack we ever saw was a grey, apparently thorough-bred, which was exhibited and took a prize at the Agricultural Hall—the property of Colonel (now Sir John) Dugdale Astley, Bart., who was in early days celebrated as the fastest runner in the British army. The horse was not only beautiful and full of quality, but trained to passade, change legs, and other feats, about which circus equestrians make a great labour, on the imperceptible indication of the accomplished rider.

An eminent horse-dealer, in his evidence before the Lords Committee on Horse Supply, pronounced some Russian riding-horses imported into Hull the best he had seen—the best "foreigners" he had ever seen—but they were not cheap. If prices justified importation, Russian mares of fine constitution and high quality might be collected for breeding purposes. "Russian horses," says the correspondent of *The Times*, 1st February, 1874, "generally are, indeed, a wonderful race. Cossack cavalry will keep in good condition when they can get nothing to eat but the twigs of trees; and from what I have seen of them I should say that the St. Petersburg sleigh and carriage-horses are the most marvellous breed in the world. Carriages are never sent home here, as in London, after they have taken their owners out to dinner or the theatre. They will stand for hours and hours in fifteen or twenty degrees of frost, after the horses have been heated by rapid driving. Neither do coachmen, so far as I have seen, walk their horses to and fro while they are waiting, but stand them still at the doorway, or get into their places on the rank and stop there. Yet the animals seem to take no harm, and you seldom see one with a cold." Frank Forester remarked the same quality of endurance in the most valuable American trotters.

ITALIAN HORSES.

The Italian horses of the seventeenth century we have already noticed in Chapter VII. The Government of United Italy is paying attention to improving the native breeds of Italy by the importation of English sires and mares. The climate is favourable, there is plenty of pasture in certain provinces, and tens of thousands of acres might be reclaimed from marsh and jungle if a settled condition of political affairs allowed the Government to carry out comprehensive plans of main drainage, assisted by windmills and steam pumps.*

The mares of Tuscany and the Roman territory cross well with English blood sires, the produce making excellent troopers, with more hardy constitutions than the English race. Horses are not cheap; the Government price for a four or five-year-old horse is £32. There are Government breeding-studs, but they are insufficient to supply the army.

The tastes of King Victor Emmanuel in the way of horses are strictly military, and His Majesty requires a weight-carrier in the broadest sense of the term. On shooting excursions the king rides a rough Sardinian pony.

Prince Humbert, the Crown Prince, is passionately fond of horses, a fine horseman, and has advisers about him who thoroughly understand how the native breeds should be improved. We have had the honour of selecting for His Royal Highness several chargers, all of the same stamp, about 16 hands high, well bred, up to weight; first-class Leicestershire hunters, in fact, but with rather more knee-action and more showy fore-hand than is required in English hunting. The adviser and purchaser for the prince—the Marquis Origo, of Rome—is an old member of the Roman Hunt, a first-class horseman, and has won several steeplechases, some against Englishmen.

The Roman Hunt, patronised by royalty, is breeding up a number of Italian gentlemen and noblemen to this the healthiest and most manly of all sports.

ROMAN HORSES.

"When I first knew Rome, in 1838, the only noticeable horses were the large blacks in the cardinals' carriages. They were slow, ill-bred animals, with very high round action in their lugubrious trot.† The best of these were bred by the family of Prince Chigi. The best large

* Great schemes of reclamation, drainage, and conversion into sound pasture would have been executed long since, had not English shareholders received, to say the least, such very sharp practice in the affair of the Canal Cavour.

† Virgil had a better notion of a good horse than the Italians of the seventeenth century, if we may judge from the following passage from the 3rd Georgics, of which a translation is appended :—

VIRGIL.—GEORG. iii., 75—94.

"Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit.
Primus et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti;
Nec vanos horret strepitus. Illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga.
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus. Honesti
Spadices, glaucique; color deterrimus albis,
Et gilvo. Tum si qua sonum procul arma dedere,
Stare loco nescit; micat auribus et tremit artus;
Collectumque fremens volvit sub naribus ignem.
Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo,
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina; cavatque
Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.
Talis Amyclæi domitus Pollucis habenis
Cyllarus, et quorum Graii meminere poetæ,
Martis equi bijuges, et magni currus Achillis."

"The colt of a generous breed, from the very first, has a lofty tread, stepping daintily on his tender pasterns. He is the first that dares to lead the way, to ford a threatening stream, to trust himself on an unknown bridge. No empty noises frighten him. His neck is carried erect; his head is small; his belly short; his back broad. Brawny muscles swell upon his noble chest. A bright bay or a good grey is the best colour; the worst is white or dun. If from afar the clash of arms be heard, he knows not how to stand still; his ears prick up—his limbs quiver; and, snorting, he rolls the collected fire under his nostrils (literal, not elegant); and his mane is thick, and dances on his right shoulder. A double spine runs along his loins. His hoof turns up the ground, and sounds deep with solid horn. Such a steed was Cyllarus, tamed to the rein of Amyclean Pollux; such were the two steeds of Mars, famous in Greek poetry; such steeds drew the chariot of Achilles."

riding-horses were of the Santo Spirito breed. My brother Charles (for some years Master of the Roman Fox-hounds) bought a promising grey of this breed, and I rode him hunting for a season. But no horseman in the world could get one of this sort over the top bar of an *astaggionata* (timber bullock-fence of Campagna), although this grey was made to make his way through a good many fences of the kind, on the principle that the impetus is calculated by multiplying the weight into the velocity.

"The establishment of a pack of fox-hounds by the Earl of Chesterfield was followed by races and steeplechases, and these produced an immediate change in the quality of the horses bred on the Roman Campagna. The first races at Rome, under English auspices, were held about 1842. In that year several of the Roman princes clubbed together to buy ar English thorough-bred stallion. Soon afterwards one of the large *mercante di Campagna* (graziers), Signior Polverosi, called familiarly by the English 'Dusty Bob,' imported several English stallions, and began to breed thorough-bred horses. His example was imitated, and 'crossing with English blood-horses' became an established custom. One farmer told me that he was obliged to cross because all the others did. Signor Polverosi said that his horse-breeding investment paid; but first he speculated in some iron-works, and was unfortunate; then he meddled in politics, and was exiled. At present he holds an official appointment under the Government of the King of Italy, as the head of a horse-breeding establishment in one of the Roman provinces, having previously held one in the Neapolitan provinces.

"Early in the horse-breeding movement, Prince Borghese tried several Arab stallions in his stud.

"In 1838 I found a few niceish hacks in Rome, bred in Calabria, with a strong cross of barb blood, but they had not strength or size enough for hunting. In Florence all the vehicles at that time were drawn by good-looking ponies, imported from Corsica and Sardinia."

This reminds us that the first horse of the Italian poet Alfieri, a passionate lover of horses, was a Sardinian. "My first horse," he says, "which I took with me into the country was a beautiful white Sardinian, of the most elegant form, especially his head, his neck, and his chest. I was madly fond of him; I could not sleep (Alfieri was then fifteen years old) or eat for thinking of him, if he was the least off his head, which happened very often, for he was high-couraged and delicate. My affection for him did not, however, prevent me from ill-using him when I rode him, if he did not do exactly what I wished." (We are afraid there are a good many English boys not unlike the rich young Italian nobleman.) "The delicacy of this admirable animal afforded me an excuse for purchasing another saddle-horse, then two for my carriage, then one for my cabriolet, and then two more saddle-horses; so that in the course of the year I managed to have eight horses in my stable. My stingy guardian protested, and that was all the satisfaction he got." * This was in 1764.

In answer to inquiries by the writer about the present condition of Roman horses:—

"The old Roman coachman was no coachman at all, he could only whip, whip, and when that would not do he knew nothing more—the old Roman horse would stand it.

"The San Spirito had a cross of blood from a stallion brought into the country by the Fathers, and thus they became in one way the best breed.

"The Chigi breed was the best for high steppers—the two wheelers in the Pope's carriage used to be Chigis.

"The old Roman horse was not fast, but a good traveller, working day after day. Now all the

* "Autobiography of Count Victor Alfieri."

breeds have been crossed with English blood several times, and the best carriage-horses are large and nearly thorough-bred. The breeders give great prices for English stallions.

"All the cardinals' horses were of the old Roman breed; but after the first English races at Rome, all the breeders began to cross to get quicker animals.

"The Roman Campagna is a great place for breeding horses, but the English horses will not live if turned out there to run like the Roman breed. It is therefore necessary not to cross too fast, but to get them accustomed to the climate and the mode of treatment before following it up.

"The Roman horses are now fast improving. The crosses of English blood often go well over the stiff fences of the Campagna with the fox-hounds; and in 1871 I saw between twenty and thirty perfectly well appointed carriages, beautifully horsed, following a grand funeral.

"When I first went to Rome it was difficult to get a horse with hind and fore-legs to correspond. The mediæval statues represent a breed of slow, lasting, high-stepping horses." *

NORWEGIAN HORSES.

Norwegian horses, or rather ponies, have been described at page 44 by a traveller thoroughly familiar with them. A few years ago, before Norway had become one of the established play-grounds of English travellers, Norwegian ponies could be purchased in that country at very moderate prices, and a good many were imported. Some fine specimens of yellow duns, with black points, manes, and tails, were seen in very fashionable carriages in London. The best have fair knee-action, although not fast, eight miles an hour being their average pace. From their docility they make very suitable pairs for ladies' phaetons; but as their chief merit lies in their endurance on long journeys on scanty fare, and as the home demand has greatly increased, it is only by exception that a superior Norwegian pony can be picked up worth the cost and trouble of importation.

AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN HORSES.

There were no horses on the American Continent until it was colonised by Europeans. The beast of burden of the Peruvians was the lama; the horses ridden by Cortes and his companions were taken by the Mexicans for a sort of centaur beast. In Australia the largest quadruped was a kangaroo.

It was the escaped horses of Spanish cavaliers, which, multiplying on grassy plains, and wandering toward the South, converted the tall tribes of Patagonia into a horse-riding race; spreading towards the North, the fierce Apache and Comanche Indians tamed the wild ponies, mounted them, and formed a cavalry of lancers, which more than once defeated the hussars and dragoons of Old Spain. The wild mustangs travelled on right up to the confines of Northern colonisation. When the red Indian of North America first began to ride on horseback there is no evidence to show; but Captain Butler, in his "Great Lone Land," states that the Indian word for horse also means "big dog."

In the civilised states of South America, the horse has retained much of its original character, from constant intercourse with Old Spain; and the horsemen of towns still retain the saddles, the bridles, and half Oriental trappings of Andalusia. The men of the plains or pampas, with an unlimited supply of horseflesh to ride, and great herds of cattle to watch, have acquired special skill in arts suitable to their daily pursuits, in flinging the lasso and the bolas. But all this

* Extracts from letters from Frederick Winn Knight, Esq., M.P., of Exmoor, and his brother Charles, an ex-Master of the Roman Fox-hounds.

has been so well described half a century ago, by Sir Francis Head and succeeding travellers, that here, at any rate, it is not worth while to repeat a thrice-told tale.

Captain Chaworth Musters, R.N., son of the Squire Musters, so long a Master of Hounds in Nottinghamshire, immortalised by his marriage with the first-beloved of Lord Byron, has lately published a book recounting his adventures during a residence with the Patagonians; but although he seems to have inherited the equestrian skill of his father, and made an impression on the savages by his daring, he tells us nothing about the character and breed of Patagonian horses. All the other books the writer has consulted are equally barren on the question of these mustangs or American Cossacks, whether wild, or tamed by Indians or by white settlers.

Frank Forester's "Horse of the United States and the British Provinces of North America," "revised, corrected, and continued to 1871, by Messrs. Bruce, of New York," tells nothing of this interesting subject, although between 1857 and 1871 the United States have acquired in California thousands of miles of plains over which herds of horses roam in a wild or semi-wild state.

Frank Forester, who was an English-bred sportsman settled in the United States, in the only pages on the Indian pony, says, "The various breeds of ponies found in the West generally appear to me to be the result of a cross between the Southern mustang, descended from escaped Spanish horses of the South-west, and the smallest type of the Canadian, which are probably descended from horses imported by the French Canadian colonists." Frank Forester, says Norman, we should say Breton horses, "diminished in size by hard fare and a cold climate."

The mustang, or Indian horse of the South, where the pastures are plentiful and the climate genial, may be expected to be a fine animal. Poets from Byron downwards have written very grand lines about "the wild horse of the desert." Canon Kingsley, in his novel of "Yeast," written, to be sure, before he had visited America, puts an American colonel on a "little mustang" in a good run with fox-hounds; but the canon, who is a fine horseman, and who was in his curate days a very hard man to beat across country, would not commit such an anachronism now.

Viscount Southwell exhibited a mustang at the Agricultural Hall in 1867, which he has thus described in the Catalogue: "Ishto Plac, an Indian war-horse. Dark chestnut; 13 hands high. Bred by the Comanche Indians of North Texas, North America." This pony was sent without bridle, saddle, or any man to show him off, and was therefore exhibited at the greatest disadvantage. He was very docile, just of the stamp that you could buy at that time in a fair in South Wales for about £15. It is to be presumed that Lord Southwell would not have gone to the trouble of sending an inferior specimen to England.

In Australia horses escape and breed wild for generations in the bush, under every advantage of climate, so long as they are not destroyed by the droughts to which the colonies are subject. But the most competent observers, including Mr. Anthony Trollope, another genuine fox-hunter, agree that the wild horses of Australia—with a profusion of mane and tail, and shining coats—when they come shyly down in mobs in the evening, led by some wary old stallion, to drink at a water-hole, although picturesque subjects for an artist *to look at*, are real brutes in a horseman's point of view; low in the withers, goose-rumped, cat-hammed, herring-gutted—in fact, everything that a good horse should not be; the principle of natural selection failing in this case, as it seems to do with all domesticated animals. Thus, while the red deer improves in size, strength, and magnificence of horns, in proportion to the extent of country he can range over, the horse requires the intelligent care of man to bring him to the perfection of his strength and beauty, and that splendid creature, the wild ass or onager, cannot be tamed at all.

CANADIAN HORSES.

During the struggle between France and Germany, when Europe seemed trembling on the verge of a universal war, attention was drawn to Canada as a country from which our War Office in emergency might draw a supply of troopers, so long as we maintained the command of the seas.

The Canadian horse of the present day is the produce of the French breeds already mentioned and crosses of English blood introduced by British colonists, by military men quartered in the country, and by Canadian Agricultural Societies, as well as some of the approved sires raised in the United States. They are entirely employed in harness; riding on horseback, except in the capital towns, not being the custom of the country, or possible at all in the long winters.

Colonel White, who commanded a regiment of cavalry many years ago in Canada mounted on native horses, wrote several letters in favour of the idea of importation. He said they were hardy, active, docile, remarkably surefooted, and in every way suited for cavalry purposes. His views were confirmed by other known equine authorities, amongst others by Colonel Soame Jenyns, C.B., who told the Lords Committee on Horse Supply that "Canadians made first-rate troop-horses, very fairly bred, capital hacks, a little straight in the shoulder, which is of course objectionable, but wonderfully good sound horses, and capital fencers—such as you get here for £60 or £70—admirable animals. Canadian horses are merely harness-horses, no one rides them; and they want a great deal of bitting. A large number are exported to the States. In answer to a question from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Colonel Jenyns said, "In general they are not so valuable as ours, but if judiciously picked they would be quite as valuable. I bought 180, and I do not think I ever had better troopers." This was in 1870.

Frank Forester considered that all special breeds had been absorbed into one general American race, possessing a large admixture of thorough-bred, and that from these, most of them crossed with thorough-bred, the incomparable American trotters are selected and trained. He speaks with especial praise of the Vermont draught-horse, which must be something very different from the dreadful picture which illustrates that chapter of his book—a representation of a horse in the first stage of tetanus. "In 1837," he says, "during the Canadian Rebellion, the 1st Dragoon Guards were magnificently horsed from Vermont, and the whole of the artillery from a heavier class of horses of the same district; and," he continues, "I heard a distinguished officer of rank say that the artillery had never been better horsed."

But the town residents of the United States are not given to horse exercise. There are few men of leisure; those engaged in business find it less trouble, less an interruption to business thoughts, to drive than to ride; besides, probably not a small consideration in a country where the men and women expend such vast sums on outward and visible signs of wealth, harness affords more room for display than any number of saddle-horses. The same rule prevails there which has been noted in one of the early chapters of this book. The first step of the wife of the new rich man toward making a stir in her world of fashion is to order a carriage in which she may display furs, feathers, velvet, and lace—a very pleasant and harmless kind of vanity.

The prices given for a pair of American trotters far exceed anything paid for the finest steppers in London or Paris.

But recently the fashion of European carriages, built for comfort and for show, not for speed, has made its way among the fashionable "upper ten" of New York, with whom our coachmakers are doing a good deal of business, and these must be horsed with something very different to the American trotter—so inimitable in its own particular way.

A Lincolnshire wolds farmer, a very hard rider with hounds, and a good judge of horses, who

spent some time in the States, and who travelled from New York to San Francisco, told the writer that "the trotting-horses, for their particular work on the soft sandy roads of the country, were so superior that we have nothing to compare with them; but they cost from £500 to £1,000 each, and a racing trotter sire of reputation will fetch from £3,000 to £5,000. The ordinary horses, such as you get at livery stables, are remarkably leggy and plain all over. When a friend at San Francisco drove me out with a pair of four thousand dollar trotters, we generally walked all but half a mile out and half a mile back to town. Trotting in mail phaeton style, eight or ten miles an hour, in perfect form, is not understood at all; everything is sacrificed to pace. I never met an American gentleman who took a ride alone for pleasure. Amongst the stock-breeders of California I met some famous horsemen, but the majority ride in the old Spanish saddle, in which leaping is out of the question, for if your horse fell you would be impaled on the piques."

AUSTRALIAN HORSES.

The Australian colonies have horses equal to any in the world either for useful or ornamental purposes. The first settlers imported them chiefly from the Cape and from Valparaiso. These were crossed with the thorough-bred sires imported from the mother country.

The country was as favourable to the multiplication of horses as the plains of South America, and the breed came of a better stock than the Spanish. One of the principal pursuits of the colonists—rearing cattle—required good horsemen, and these, being Englishmen, lost no time in establishing races; indeed, it has been asserted that in 1870 the stakes run for at the races of the Australian colonies exceeded in value those of all the governments of the Continent put together; without counting the catch-weight races held whenever a few stockmen—that is, cattle herdsmen—are gathered together.

As the colonists grew rich, they indulged, amongst other luxuries, in the importation of thorough-bred horses and mares, purchased in England at the highest prices of the day. The consequence is that the three colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia are well provided with blood-horses of the purest pedigree; and Queensland, the great island of Tasmania, and New Zealand (the Britain of the South) have race-meetings conducted with all the English forms and ceremonies. These Australian bush horses are equal in powers of endurance to anything recorded in equine history.

Of late years some very fine Arabs have been imported by Australian colonists, but not enough is known at present to state anything certain of the results. If anywhere, the desert Arab transplanted should find a congenial home in the hot plains of Australia.

There has long been a considerable trade in the export of Australian horses to India for military and racing purposes, where they are familiarly known as "Walers," or an abbreviation of "New South Wales."

The first agent for the Indian Government was Colonel Apperley, a son of the celebrated sporting writer, "Nimrod."

The Australian horse has the reputation, both at home and in India, of being vicious, especially for a trick of spitefully plunging (*colonie*, "buck-jumping").

The explanation is simple enough. The breed has not the placid temperament of the Spanish horse, will not bear the brutal treatment under which he cowers and trembles.

"Time and labour," says Colonel Mundy, "are precious in these colonies. Each poor brute is broken by force in a few days. He is handled, lunged, backed, and turned out a 'made horse;' broken in spirit, or a 'buck-jumper' for life. The Australian buck-jumper, roaching his back, bounding into the air, and descending on four stiffened legs, with his nose between his knees,

will not only unseat nine good horsemen out of ten, but at times actually force the saddle over his withers, if he does not succeed in bursting the girth.

"I was fortunate," says the colonel, "in possessing several excellent saddle and driving-horses, amongst them a pair of carriage-horses of such figure and action as are not often outdone in Rotten Row.

"My faithful Merriman, who served me during the whole period of my stay in Australia, I doomed to a merciful death two days before I left the country, bringing away with me as a relic his splendid mane, attached to a strip of the skin. The hair is twenty-six inches long; and "rein," *i.e.*, the space along the side of the neck from the spot where the mane springs on the wither to the root of the forelock, measures the uncommon length of four feet seven inches.

"His height was under 15 hands 3 inches; steady, yet spirited as a charger, gentle and safe as a lady's horse, honest at the wheel, fiery yet tractable as a leader, old Merriman was one in a thousand."

The deterioration of Australian horse stock is to be ascribed to the bad custom of permitting a herd of horses and mares to run loose together without any attempt at weeding or selection.

The great horse-breeders in California adopt a plan copied, we presume, from their Spanish predecessors. They pick out a stallion and about forty mares, *corral* them, that is, keep them in a pound for a certain number of days, and then turn them out to the open pasture plains. The mares then keep to the horse, and the horse permits no intrusion, at least, not until he has been defeated in pitched battle by some rival sire.

Nice intelligent little boys are to be met with in France and Germany by travellers of paternal instincts, some extraordinary musicians and capital dancers; but we fancy that such precocity as described in the following contrast is peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon breed:—

"At the Marine Hotel the post of waiter was filled by a lad about twelve years old, the son of our landlord. He brought up our meals, waited at table, joined in conversation, drew and helped to drink the wine, knew everybody and everything about the place. He constituted himself my guide in our rides to see the lions of the neighbourhood; assuring me that his three-year-old filly, by Young Theorem out of a 'Scamp mare,' was nearly clean bred, that he had broken her himself, and that she was a pleasant hack."

"A highly-entertaining scene is the driving in from their pastures of a 'mob' of young horses. Two or three mounted stockmen had started by daybreak to hunt up the number required. About ten o'clock the sound of the stock-whip—an awful implement, having twelve or fourteen feet of heavy thong to two feet of handle, and crackable only by a practised hand—accompanied by loud shouts, and a rushing sound like the stampede of the South American pampas, announced the coming of the cavalry. They came sweeping round the garden fence at full speed, shrouded in a whirlwind of dust, and in a few minutes, snorting, kicking, and fighting, about 150 horses were driven within the stock-yard, surrounded by stout railings seven or eight feet high.

"The highest leaps I ever saw were taken on this occasion by some of the wild young colts; more than one heavy, perhaps ruinous, fall was the result."

Tasmania, formerly known as Van Diemen's Land, is the "Sleepy Hollow" of the Australian Colonies. With a magnificent climate, warm yet temperate, without the drawback of the violent winds and snow-storms that affect New Zealand, it vegetates for want of elbow-room in pastures and the stimulus of mineral wealth, although the latter may be made known and accessible any day by the railroad now in course of execution.

In 1874 Tasmania's chief glory was in having reared the first Australian salmon. But no country breeds better horses, or better men to ride and drive them.

"On the way to the race-course," writes Colonel Mundy, "we were passed by a dog-cart or two driven by young farmers; by fast-trotting hacks, ridden by rustic beaux in tops and cords, straw hats and hunting-whips.

"The running was absurdly bad, but there were some very nice horses on the course, and a few of a good old-fashioned stamp, such as is not common anywhere, and is unknown in New South Wales. Among the running horses was a mare worth going some distance to see, "The Farmer's Daughter," a splendid creature for size, shape, colour, and breeding; 16 hands high, jet black without a speck, and of admirable symmetry. She would have made a sensation in Rotten Row mounted by one of the tall swells of the period, although far from first-class as a race-horse."

At a sale of yearling thoroughbreds held at Melbourne, the capital of Victoria (the most flourishing colony of Australia), in 1874, the prices were above the average of English sales of blood-stock, excepting those of one or two very celebrated studs; 400, 500, and 600 guineas were obtained for successive lots! Some of these yearlings were descendants of Fisherman, who was purchased in the first instance to strengthen a South Australian stud, which was afterwards transplanted to the richer colony of Victoria. Victoria possesses a more complete agricultural and sporting newspaper than all France or even America can support; it is indeed, in variety and extent of information on every rural subject, only second to the English *Field*.

CHAPTER XII.

HEAVY DRAUGHT HORSES.

The True Cart-horse—Proper Pace a Walk—Weight Essential—Size of Value—A Dray-horse an Exaggerated Type—The Opposite of the Blood-horse—The Cart-horse a Distinct Breed—Not to Gallop—Not to be Ridden—To Draw Great Loads at a Slow Pace—No Cart-horse will Breed a Blood-horse—No Blood-horse a Cart-horse—Present to Runjeet Singh—Dray-horses—Astonished the Sikhs—Origin of Cart-horse in Netherlands—Attained Perfection in England—Size and Pluck—The Light Cart-horse the War-horse of Rubens—Modern Cart-horses Divided—The Four Breeds—London Dray-horse—The Shire-horse—The Clydesdale—The Suffolk Punch—Ordinary Chestnut—Of Five Shades—How Obtained—By Jacob's Plan—Remarkable for Docility—Esteemed by Foreigners—The Old Suffolk Punch of the Last Century—Mr. John Cullum on—Trials in Pulling Weights—Wagering On—Suffolk Mares Formerly Used to Breed Hunters—Half-breeds too Slow Now—Lord Strathnairn's Recollections of Lord Jersey—The Shire-horse a Compound of Cart Breeds—Points of a Model Plough-horse—A Great Stomach a Main Point—Double Furrow Ploughs in Favour—Require Strong Teams—The Lincolnshire Black once Famous—Now Superseded—Scotch Origin of Clydesdale—The Most Quality of Early Breeds—Handsome Fore-hands (Illustration from Colonel Loyd Lindsay's Stallion)—The Speaker's Carriage Drawn by Pickford's Van-horses—Champion Plough-horses Sixteen Hands High—Heavy—Quick—Full of Courage—Cart-mares—What They Should Be—Retired Job-master's Opinion—Hollow-backed Horses Best for Draught—Age of Cart-horses—Commence at Two, Die at Twenty.

THE true cart-horse—the heavy animal whose proper pace is a walk, whose power consists in no small degree in his weight, whose attempts at trotting or cantering are, if not ridiculous, dangerous to his soundness, whose temperament should be essentially placid, who must greatly exceed in stature and weight the most useful class of nag-horses to be of any value in the condition of life to which nature and art have called him—is found in his most exaggerated form in the London dray-horse.

The illustration of this chapter is copied from a portrait of one of the finest of the teams of Messrs. Barclay, the great brewers, and represents at one end of the scale what the portrait of the blood-horse, the Drake, at page 201, does at the other.

The blood-horse and the dray-horse will breed together, and their produce will be fertile, but with the exception of that fact in natural history, their qualities differ as much as those of the horse, and the poor man's friend—the much-enduring ass. The cart-horse requires courage, but not the sort of courage which blood bestows; he requires pluck to move and draw a heavy load, and to pull again and again if required until he stirs the inert mass; but the courage of the blood-horse would in him be quite out of place. The beauty of the cart-horse depends not on fine quality or delicate symmetry, but on a sort of elephantine ponderosity that bespeaks power in every muscle and every limb.

The true cart-horse, for every particular purpose, is a distinct breed, which soil, climate, and food may decrease or diminish in size; but which no change, no selection, however careful, can convert within historical times into anything but a cart-horse, destined for drawing heavy loads at a slow pace.

In the same way, the blood-horse uncrossed may be as small as a Sardinian pony barb, or tall as the last roaring monster of the English turf; but no eternal changes can reduce his bones, his muscles, or his blood to the condition of the draught-horse breed. In the East, the birthplace

of the blood-horse, the cart-breed is unknown. The nearest approach, the Turcoman, is coarse, vulgar, and carty in appearance; but he can gallop, which, unless for a hundred yards, is beyond the powers of a true cart-horse without risk of foundering and dangerous exhaustion.

When the East Indian Government wished to make a present to Runjeet Singh, the old "Lion of Lahore," they sent him a pair of London dray-horses, 19 hands high, perfectly useless in that country, where heavy work is much better done by elephants, but the objects of unbounded astonishment and admiration in a land where any horse over 15 hands is tall, and where the cart-breed is unknown.

Very good specimens of draught-horses may be found in Flanders and Northern Germany, whence we derived the progenitors of all our carty breeds; in France, here and there very fine teams may be purchased, especially in Paris and the provinces bordering on Belgium. As you travel south you find the ox and the cow doing cart-horse work, until you pass the Line, where, for road work, the mule is preferred to either ox or horse. But it is in England that the cart-horse, like every other kind of live stock valuable in agriculture, has attained the greatest average perfection, because the principles of breeding have been more carefully considered by our farmers than in any other country, and also because it is the country where, as compared with the rest of Europe, the roads are good, the farmers are rich, and the landowners lead the way in every stock-breeding improvement.

The first heavy draught-horses of which we have any authentic record were bred in those fertile districts of Northern Europe where agriculture was in an advanced state while our rural condition was little better than barbarous.

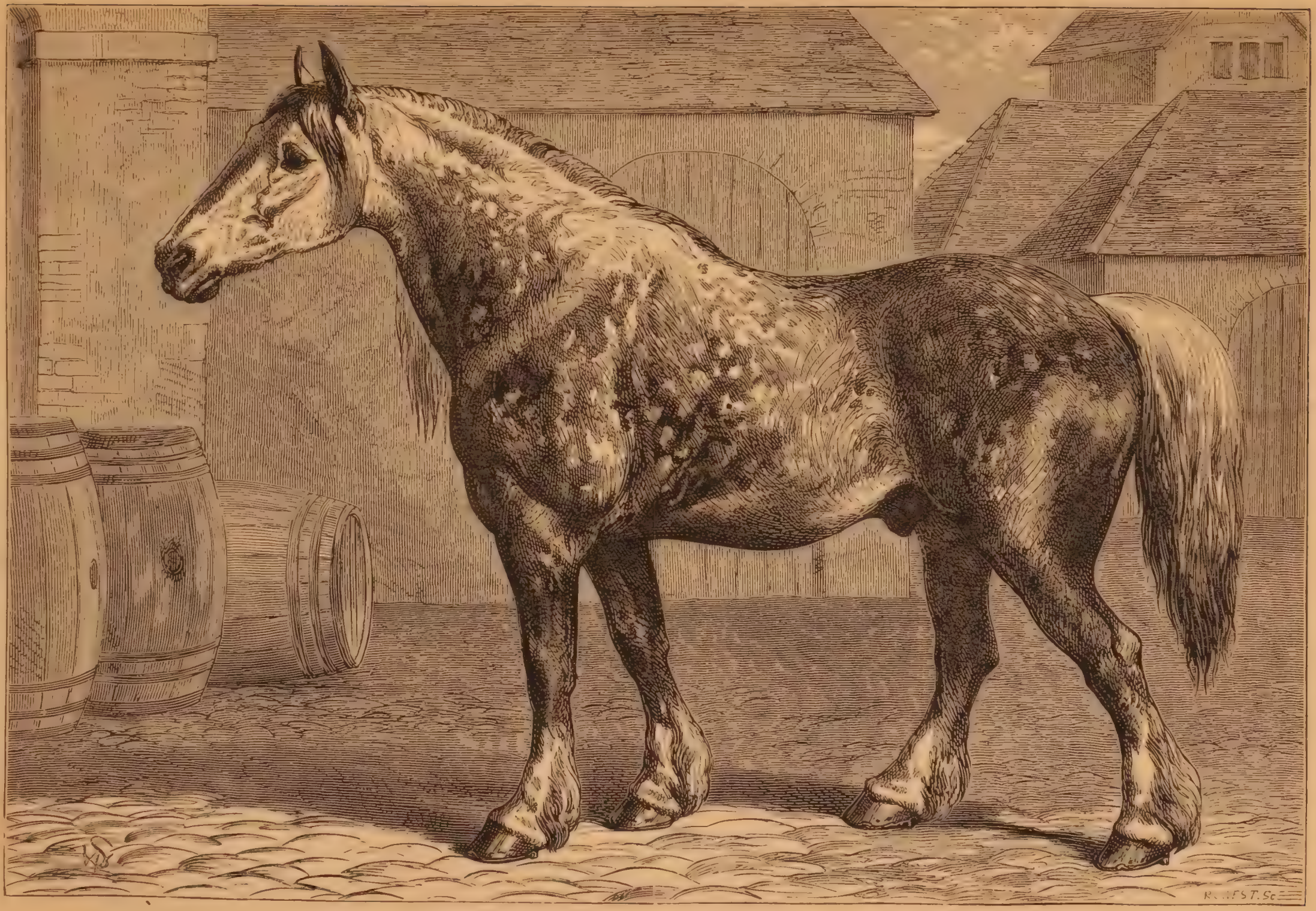
When William III. took possession of the throne left vacant by James II., the Dutchmen who followed in his train, and set to work to drain the fens of our East Coast, brought with them the heavy black horses of their country; and from somewhere about that time the cart-horse became naturalised in England.

A somewhat lighter animal, with a good deal of the cart-breed in him, had, as we showed in Chapter VII., been in use from the eleventh century, as long as heavy armour was worn; for nothing less powerful than a Mecklenburg half-bred cart-horse would bear a knight barded in iron and steel. But these huge animals were not expected to move beyond a walk except for about a hundred yards, in "a course" at a tournament, or on a battle-field. The knights did not ride these ponderous and picturesque brutes upon journeys, or for pleasure, or hunting. Their squires led the war-horse bearing the armour; while the knight, without it, mounted a good roadster hack or prancing genet.

But the ideas of the general public on the subject of war-horses have been very much confused by the historical pictures of eminent artists, who, if they paid any attention to details of costume, generally drew the horses from some conventional model of decidedly cart-horse descent. The mane and tail being the most important points in an artistic point of view, modern painters have mounted Eastern princes, from Saladin to the last Shah of Persia, on Flemish destriers; and Boadicea harangues the Iceni from a Roman car drawn not by her own ragged hill ponies, but by steeds stout enough to be harnessed to Queen Victoria's state coach.

In modern England draught-horses have attained their present perfection because they are strictly bred to draw heavy weights, and not to carry heavy men.

According to agricultural writers, at the commencement of the present century there were distinct breeds of draught-horses in at least half a dozen English counties; at present nearly all such distinctions have been effaced, and it is only by exception that the purchaser of a plough or wagon team makes any inquiry as to breed or pedigree.



ENGLISH DRAY-HORSE, FROM THE STUD OF MESSRS. BARCLAY, PERKINS, AND CO.

For all practical purposes, the true draught-horses of England may be divided into the London Dray-horse, the Shire Horse, the Clydesdale, and the Suffolk Punch.

THE DRAY-HORSE.

The dray-horse is exclusively used by great brewers (one might say London brewers), and may be described as an exaggeration of an ordinary cart-horse—what a life-guardsman is to a heavy cavalry-man of the line—slow, ponderous, stately; not less than 17 hands high, often 18 hands, sometimes even reaching 19 hands, but in that case rarely of proportionate strength and bulk; of a docile temperament, and of any colour.

Weight is essential, because the brewers' horses have to move great weights for short distances, and the shaft-horse frequently has to hold up and back and turn with enormous loads; for although barrels do not look very large, when filled with beer their gravity is far in excess of the idea conveyed by their bulk. No doubt something is due to fashion and tradition, in the employment of these equine giants by the beer kings of London. First-class farmers, who plough the stiffest land deeply, who are not content with what Mr. Mechi called "the traditional three inches of agricultural pie-crust," consider that 16 hands is high enough for the very best plough or cart team, although they do not object to an additional inch in an active, well-shaped animal.

Formerly the twelve great brewing firms, familiarly known as the "Beer Kings of London," used to be as particular about the colours and matchings of their dray-horses as of their own four-in-hands or the Court chariot pairs of their titled wives: one was celebrated for a black, the original dray-horse colour; another for a roan, a grey, or chestnut team. But at present such is the demand for horses of this class, that they are compelled to be content with any colour, and to moderate the old standard of height.

Following out our system of going to head-quarters for all special information, we forwarded a set of queries to Mr. James Moore, Jun., the veterinary superintendent of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co's. stud of brewery dray-horses, to which he has, with the sanction of the firm, kindly returned the following pithy answers:—

"Heavy draught-horses suitable for dray work, are English bred, and are generally from Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Herefordshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire; bred by farmers who in many instances are horse-dealers.

"They are bought at five to six years of age, and last about ten years.

"One horse here stood 18 hands high, and weighed nearly 18 cwt. He was a fine handsome red (or strawberry) roan horse, named 'Baly.' When Garibaldi visited the brewery, in 1864, he particularly noticed the horse, and he was ever afterwards known as Garibaldi. He was about seventeen years old when he died, in 1870.

"There are several horses at the present time in the brewery that stand 17½ hands high, and they are mostly of a roan colour.

"No mares are used at the brewery.

"Horses that are used for our country work travel from twenty-five to thirty miles per day. It is rather difficult to say what distance the horses used for town work travel.

"The weight drawn in a two-wheel dray is from 3 tons 16 cwt. to 4 tons; two horses used, sometimes three.

"The weight drawn in a four-wheel van is from 6 tons to 6 tons 10 cwt.; three horses are used, sometimes four.

"Their food consists of—

Oats, 13 lbs., beans, 6 lbs., maize, 3 lbs.	=	22 lbs.	per day per horse.
Clover chaff, about		15 „	„ „
		37 „	„ „

Sometimes peas are given, then either beans or maize are stopped.

"From April to September about two thousand bundles of green tares are consumed amongst the sick and rest horses.

"From May to August three hundred bundles of green tares are given to all the horses every week for about fourteen or fifteen weeks; one bundle is given to each horse on Saturday evening, and one on Sunday morning. Carrots are occasionally given.

"The cost of feeding, including the above items, amounts to about three shillings per day.

"Brewers' horses are not, as you suggest, kept for ornament, but for work.

"Shoeing costs about one shilling and eightpence per week, being about fifty-nine shoes per horse per year. As a matter of course, some horses wear their shoes out sooner than others.

"The diseases to which brewers' dray-horses are subject are catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs (more in summer from violent exertion), nephritis, hepatitis, weed, cellulitis, colic (more cases of colic on commencing green food), sandcracks, treads, quittors, and wounds from picking up nails, stones, and other foreign agents in the streets. We have had several cases of ruptured livers from 1867 to 1874, the livers in these cases weighing respectively 73 lbs., 89 lbs., 82 lbs., 61 lbs., and 101 lbs.

"Horses will drink beer if they can get it. We generally give it when they are recovering from an illness, and with beneficial results.

"The vulgar idea which exists that brewers' horses are fed upon wet grains is incorrect.

"Dray-horses are not so heavy as they used to be; they are shorter and stouter. Known as a 'little big horse,' a smaller horse is more active, and gets over the ground quicker; this accounts for the great demand at the present time for the Clydesdale breed.

"I think the popular opinion that roans, red and blue, are more hardy than horses of other colours is correct.

"We use no bearing reins, nor winkers on the bridles.

"In a few years' time the brewers' two-wheel drays will be a thing of the past. They are a great weight upon the horses' backs. I have known several instances where horses have been permanently injured through falling down, and a cask of beer, generally a puncheon, weighing over 8 cwt., rolling over their loins."

THE SHIRE HORSE.

The Shire Horse is an accepted term for a true cart-horse which is not a dray-horse, a Suffolk Punch, or a Clydesdale, but at times a blood relation of all three. He is of no particular colour, and of no particular breed, except that when of sufficient merit to contend for a prize at a Royal Agricultural or great county show his pedigree is generally traced to some famous prize-winner like Honest Tom—said to have been the best Shire cart-horse ever exhibited—or some ancestor of Honest Tom's. He is, as before observed, at least 16 hands high; he girths at least 7 feet 6 inches. The prize horse at a show held at Northampton some years ago girthed 8 feet. But that was an exception. The Shire Horse has huge limbs, his feet well covered with hair, which refined judges ask to be silky, but good Midland farmers are not particular as to the quality, so that the hair is there. A large plain head is not objected to, so long as it is sensible and not sour. The well-proportioned fore-hand must be heavy. "There must be weight in the

CLYDESDALE STALLION & MARE.

THE PROPERTY OF COL. LOYD LINDSAY V.C. M.P. FROM A PICTURE BY SHELDON WILLIAMS R.S.A.

collar," strength in the back and loins; well-developed, muscular thighs are required as a matter of course in an animal whose trade is heavy draught; but, above all, he must be deep in the ribs—in fact, "a cart colt that has not 'a good belly' will never grow into anything worth having." "The first thing," said an eminent Warwickshire farmer, "that I look at in a cart-colt is 'his cupboard.' If that is not roomy, he will not have the constitution to stand a day's work."

The other points of a Shire cart-horse are those of every well-shaped harness-horse, considering always that his business is all to be done at a walk. "With double-furrow ploughs fast coming into use, horse-engines requiring speed, good size, not at the expense of activity and compactness, is essential."

The Shire Horse is in fact the final result of the improvements of agricultural horses effected in the latter half of this century. He is found in the shires where the strongest class of plough-horses are required—a breed, if it is a breed, which has superseded the Lincolnshire black horse, which Bakewell of Ditchley, the first man who clearly laid down the principles of breeding live-stock, thought he had brought to perfection. He had crossed the native Lincolnshires with Dutch stallions, and they held a prominent place in the works of every agricultural writer up to 1825. As late as 1840, Mr. Burke, who was one of the editors of the early volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, wrote in a note on cart-horses: "A Lincolnshire Black of the pure breed stands foremost in the rank of every cart-race in the kingdom." But this opinion has not been maintained by the decisions of the judges at the shows of the Society, the balance of favour being decidedly towards well-shaped cart stallions of no particular breed.

The famous black horse no longer exists with sufficient distinctness to claim a class, like the Suffolks, but crops up from time to time in his native county, Lincolnshire. And the colour is never an objection in any cart-horse otherwise well shaped, not being a Suffolk.

THE CLYDESDALE.

The Clydesdale is of Scotch origin; according to tradition the result of a cross made by a Duke of Hamilton between the draught mares of the country and some Dutch stallions. It is a breed which was formerly seldom found in England, except on the fancy farms cultivated regardless of expense by great landed proprietors, and maintained as a stallion for the benefit of tenants. The Clydesdale is certainly the most taking of the cart race, and only wants, with his handsome head and graceful fore-hand, a little fining down to figure as a charger in the picture of some imitator of Vandyke or Rubens.

Clydesdales are remarkable for fast action in the walk, and even in the trot. At a local show held some years ago on Clifton Downs, near Bristol, a Clydesdale stallion, exhibited by the Duke of Beaufort, "weighing nearly a ton," out-trotted all the hacks in the show in a course of a few hundred yards. The Clydesdale has more quality in head, hair, skin, and style than any other cart breed. Bays and browns are the prevailing colours; the faults are a light body, legs too long, and a hot temper at work. Sixteen hands to 16 hands 1 inch is the usual height; the finest specimens are taller. Of late years the light body has been corrected by judicious crosses.

At a plough trial at Versailles, which took place during the first Paris International Show, a pair of Clydesdale horses, as recorded in a French official report, beat easily several teams of three horses of the best French breeds, Percheron, Boulonnais, &c.

The late Prince Consort had some very fine Clydesdales of his own breeding at his model farm in Windsor Park. On the recommendation and kind introduction of Viscount Bridport, the coloured illustration to this chapter has been painted from the stallion "Prince Albert," probably

one of the best Clydesdales in the kingdom, the property of Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V.C., M.P., of Lockinge Park, Berkshire, who writes, "Prince Albert is 17 hands in height, 7 feet 6 inches in girth, 18 inches round the fore-arm, and 10½ inches below the knee." These dimensions are quite beyond the average.

The finest exhibition of Clydesdales is to be found at the agricultural shows held at Glasgow and at Edinburgh.

At a stallion show held at Glasgow in 1874, at which, besides the Glasgow, more than twenty other societies contributed, offering about £1,500 in prizes, twenty-five Clydesdale stallions of a high class were paraded before the judges. After the prizes had been awarded, the agents of various districts in Scotland and the North of England made arrangements for securing the services of the horses they fancied by paying a premium for their travelling in particular districts. These premiums, by way of retaining fees, varied from £100 to £160 for the season; in the latter case for a guaranteed list of 160 mares. One horse was sold to Sir Richard Wallace, at £430, for the use of his Irish tenantry; and a pair of three-year-olds, to go to Northumberland, for £400. The colours mentioned at this great show were bay and brown, and one black.

In 1873 the representatives of two horse-breeding associations formed by the farmers of Cornwall each purchased Clydesdale stallions in Scotland at £300 apiece. But Cornishmen have always been famed for independence of character, and put their own shoulders to the wheel instead of whining to a Downing Street Jupiter. The present breed of Clydesdales is both compact and active. Messrs. Pickford and Co. for some years past have used nothing else in their railway vans, and engage the exclusive services of a dealer to buy them at all the horse fairs in Scotland.

THE SUFFOLK, OR SUFFOLK PUNCH.

The Suffolk is another breed very much esteemed in its own district, and seldom found out of it except on fancy farms; but there is a steady demand for Suffolk stallions of a good chestnut colour for exportation to the Continent.

According to popular notions, the Suffolk is always chestnut of one of five different shades. Mr. Longwood, who read a paper on this breed of horses before the Stowmarket Club in 1872, mentioned five different shades, viz., dark chestnut, dark red, bright chestnut, silver-beamed, and light chestnut. But, according to the same authority, there are in the county a good many teams of bay Suffolks. Those who breed for sale are particular about purity of colour, and preserve it by the well-known expedient of keeping nothing but chestnut horses on the breeding-farm, and taking care that the mare, when she takes the stallion, shall have a chestnut horse or pony before her eyes—an expedient as old as the time when Jacob served Laban as shepherd on shares.

The Suffolks are now bred large, and reach from 15 hands 3 inches to 16 hands. They were formerly a small, thick, stocky class of horse, hence, called "Punches." The breed is of a remarkably docile and placid temperament, very true in the collar, and excellent for plough teams; but apt, according to agricultural authorities who do not live in Suffolk, to fall lame at road-work or drawing timber. A Mr. Cross, who took part in the discussion of the Stowmarket Club, said that some farmers were of opinion that cross-breds between Suffolk stallions and Cambridgeshire mares stood road work better than pure bred Suffolks, which were apt to be light of bone below the knee. But no description of cart-horse fetches higher prices than picked specimens of Suffolks. At a sale before the dearth of horses raised their prices all over the kingdom, six mares were sold by the Earl of Stradbroke by auction for twelve hundred guineas.

The following is a description of the Suffolk Punch breed as they were before the development

of Agricultural Societies had established competition and comparison between cart-stallions in every arable county of the kingdom :—

"They are generally about 15 hands high, of a remarkably short and compact make; thin legs, bony, and thin shoulders loaded with flesh. Their colour is often of a light sorrel, which is as much remarked in some distant parts of the kingdom as their form. They are not made to indulge the rapid impatience of this posting generation, but for draught they are perhaps as unrivalled as for their gentle and tractable temper; and, to exhibit proofs of their great power, drawing matches are sometimes made, and the proprietors are as anxious for the success of their respective horses as those can be whose racers aspire to the plates at Newmarket."*

The *Suffolk Mercury*, 22nd June, 1724, thus advertises the first match that took place :— "On Thursday, 9th July, 1724, there will be a drawing at Ixworth Pickarel, for a piece of plate of 45s. value; and they that will bring five horses or mares may put in for it: and they that draw twenty the best and fairest pulls, with their reins up, and then, they that can carry the greatest weight over the block, with fewest lifts and fewest pulls, shall have the said plate; by such judges as the masters of the teams shall choose. You are to meet at twelve o'clock, and put in your names (or else to be debarred from drawing for it), and subscribe half a crown a piece to be paid to the second best team."

Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, in a note to the second edition of his brother Sir John's work, adds : "The trial is made with a wagon loaded with sand, the wheels sunk a little in the ground, with blocks of wood laid before them to increase the difficulty. The first efforts are made with the reins fastened as usual to the collars, but the animals cannot, when so confined, put out their full strength; the reins are therefore afterwards thrown loose on their necks, when they can exert their utmost powers, which they usually do by falling on their knees, and drawing in that attitude. That they may not break their knees by this operation, the area on which they draw is strewn with soft sand."

In the "Suffolk Agricultural Report," 1794, page 41, allusion is made to these competitive trials of strength : "Amongst the great farmers in the Sandlings south of Woodbridge and Oxford, there was forty years ago a considerable spirit of breeding and drawing team against team for large sums of money. Mr. Mays, of Damsholt Dock, was said to have drawn fifteen horses for 1,500 guineas."

"An acre of our strong wheat land ploughed by a pair of them in one day," observes Sir John Cullum, "and that not an unusual task, is an achievement that bespeaks their worth, and which is scarcely credited in many other counties." "Though natives of a province varied with only the slightest inequalities of surface, yet," he adds in his panegyric, "when carried into mountainous regions they seem born for that service. With wonder and gratitude have I seen them, with the most spirited exertions, unsolicited by the whip, and indignant as it were at the obstacles that opposed them, drawing my carriage up the rocky and precipitous roads of Denbigh and Carnarvonshire."

Suckling, in his work on the "History and Antiquities of the County of Suffolk," alludes to the Punches as a docile race, unrivalled at what is provincially called "a dead pull." In describing them, he says, "They are middle-sized, very short made, and though low in the fore-hand, are active in their paces, and on the lighter lands of the county will draw a plough at the rate of three miles an hour."

* "The History and Antiquities of Flamstead and Hardwick, in the County of Suffolk," by the Rev. Sir John Cullum, Bart., F.R.S., F.S.A.

At one time Suffolk Punch mares were used to breed from, crossed with thorough-bred sires, with the view of producing hunters and carriage-horses. But the quality and pace required in the present time will not admit of any admixture of carty blood, although the Suffolk, which trots with empty carts from the hay-field, would occasionally afford some happy hits. General Lord Strathnairn mentioned to the Lords Committee, of which he was a member, that the Earl of Jersey (the fifth), a very famous horseman and rider to hounds, found one of his best hunters in the produce of a Suffolk Punch mare and an Arab sire. At present nothing less than a thoroughbred, clear in the pipes, can live in the first flight of Leicestershire. The most memorable occasion in modern days of cart-bred horses taking rank with carriage-horses occurred when Her Majesty in solemn procession proceeded to return thanks at St. Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from an attack of typhoid fever, in 1872. For some unknown reason the Speaker's carriage was not, according to precedent, drawn by six horses, that is, four-in-hand and a pair conducted by a postillion, but by a pair of Messrs. Pickford's finest black wagon-horses, led by their accustomed attendants, clad in gorgeous liveries for that day only. They appeared to walk away with the ponderous coach, as weighty as the Lord Mayor's, at the rate of at least five miles an hour.

On light sandy land plough-teams of a light description may be used with advantage, of the same class as those magnificent animals that may be seen trotting along in single harness, in pairs, and unicorns, drawing the spring vans of warehousemen and the loaded wagons of railway carriers in the City of London. These were formerly bred between Cleveland stallions and cart-mares; how they are bred now no one cares to inquire. On the sandy lands of Bedfordshire and Norfolk, a pair of cast-off carriage-horses, or even hunters, would make a plough team, but wherever the land is stiff there must be size and weight.

In spite of the rapid spread of steam cultivation, there is still a mass of work on every well-cultivated farm that can only be done by horses and by ploughs. "For this purpose," writes one of the most practical and advanced farmers of the day, "let me have plough pairs at least 16 hands high, as well-shaped as any carriage, girthing from 7 feet to 7 feet 6 inches, as active in walking as a good park hack, with stout limbs and plenty of hair about their feet, a weighty fore-hand to throw into the collar, a sensible but not too small a head, a courageous but docile temperament. Well fed and well tended, they will do twice the work of soft cross-made brutes."

The late Mr. Dickenson, who was the greatest job-master in London, on retiring from his great business in Mayfair, took to farming in the New Forest, and contributed some notes on cart-horses to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.

He wrote, 1856, that cart-mares should be from 15½ to 16 hands high, long, low, wide, compact, with short backs *arching downwards*, and wide table-shaped loins; the legs short and clean, the bone large. He held that the hollow back, which usually shows weakness in a riding-horse, is a point of strength in every draught-horse, whether highly or coarsely bred. He found that his hollow-backed job carriage-horses outlasted those with the best hack backs. The stallion he used with success was a French one; but as he obtained "Napoleon" with difficulty, at a great price, and as "one swallow does not make a summer," it is not necessary to quote a description which would equally suit a prize Clydesdale.

It was Mr. Dickenson's theory that a horse's age was regulated by his capacities for pace; as thus: The cart-horse walks, is old at sixteen years, and dies at twenty; the half-bred coach-horse trots, is old at twenty, and dies at twenty-five; the thorough-bred horse gallops, is old at twenty, and often lives to thirty, serving as a stallion at twenty-nine. We do not endorse this theory; we give it as the opinion of a shrewd successful man, whose life was passed amongst harness-horses, and whose stock when he retired from business sold for something like £200,000.

CHAPTER XIII.

ASSES AND MULES.

The Ass the Poor Man's Horse—Feeds like a Goat—Can Ill Bear Snow Regions—No Asses in Norway or Sweden—The Abyssinian the Original of the European Ass—Complete Collection of Various Ass Tribes at Regent's Park Zoological Gardens—The Hemione—The Onager, the Zebra, the Quagga, not of the True Ass Breed—Ass Esteemed as a Hack in the East—A White She Ass worth £200 in Cairo—The Ass a Useful Drudge in England with Rich and Poor—Not worth Corn and Groom's Care—Not a Good Riding Animal in England—A Hard Mouth—No Riding Shoulders—No Saddle Place—The London Costermongers Own the Best Donkeys—Do not Usually Ill-treat Them—Lives with his Moke as the Arab Lives with his Mare—The Best Asses Black or Dark Brown—Anecdote of Hunting—The Ass may be Divided into Two Classes, Light and Heavy (see Illustrations of Cairo Donkey and of French *Baudet*)—Mistake to try to Increase the Size of the British Domestic Ass—The Egyptian Donkey Boys, by Mansfield Parkyns—The French Stallion Ass for Mule-breeding Described—Dimensions—The Poitou Peasant's Ass and Mule-breeding *Cheptels*—Account of their System—Barbarous Ignorance and Treatment of *Baudet*—Solitary Confinement—Skin Diseases of—Lives to a Great Age—Value of Two-year-old Male *Baudet*—Wild Asses—Doubtful if the Breed of the Domestic Ass Exists Wild—Pictures in "Knowsley Menagerie," a Book Out of Print—The Syrian Wild Ass, or Hemione—The Indian Wild Ass or Onager—Not a Donkey at All—Description of Chase and Capture on the Runn of Kutch, by Captain Nutt—Photograph Sent by Mr. Hore does no Justice to Onager—Its Arrival at the Gardens—Story of—Quite a Wild Beast—Mules and Mule-breeding—Mules used by the Ninevites—In France an Important Trade—Poitou Breeds the Strongest Mules—Exports to Spain and Italy—How Prepared for Sale—The Mule Suited to Coarse Herbage and no Roads—Not Found in Flanders, Normandy, or New York—Plentiful Round Avignon—Letter of Duke of Beaufort's Agent on Mule-breeding—American Account of—The Henny Cross between Male Horse and She Ass—Partakes of Character of Horse more than a Mule.

THIS work would not be complete without some notice of the ass—the "donkey" of English children, the "cuddy" of Scotch, the "moke" of the London costermonger, the "*baudet*" of France, the "*borrico*" of Spain, whence the finest breed is derived, and where he holds a place of the highest utility as a beast of burden.

The ass is the poor man's horse; with no grooming, with a rough stable, a sufficient supply of coarse herbage, which every other domestic quadruped except the goat would reject, it will thrive, and work, at its own pace, for long hours, either driven or carrying burdens, as it did for Joseph's brethren, a task for which its conformation is particularly suited.

In one respect only is the ass more delicate than the horse: it cannot thrive or multiply in regions where the snow covers the ground for several months of the year. A horse will bear a severe degree of dry cold, under which the ass would die. We have never heard of asses in Northern Russia; and an eccentric traveller who made a tour in Norway with three gipsies and a donkey, found the latter as much an object of curiosity as a tame bear in England.

About the origin of the domestic ass there is not quite so much mystery as about that of the horse. The Zoological Gardens, in 1874, had in its varied collection of the ass tribe a male Abyssinian wild ass, which in no way differs from the ordinary grey donkey of the streets; and if it really is a wild species, and not an importation from Egypt, there can be no question about the African ancestry of our useful drudge.

But the ass tribe has this essential difference from the horse. For breeding purposes there is only one race of horses—all, from the Norwegian to the Thibetan or Siamese, from the Cossack

pony to the Sardinian, from the dray-horse to the Icelander, will intermingle freely, and their produce will be fertile; but of the ass tribe there are half a dozen varieties closely resembling each other in externals, which are as distinct as the horse and the zebra, and if brought together only produce mules.

The ass appears to have been subjected to the use of man long before the horse. The female was preferred for riding, in consequence of her superior docility, and as a dairy animal was of special value to nomadic tribes.

Even at the present day native Egyptians prefer the quiet ass, which neither rears, plunges, nor shies, and keeps a steady pace, quite fast enough under a tropical sun, to the more high-couraged horse, except on occasions of parade. In fact, in the East the horse is chiefly valued as a charger for war purposes; the ass is the hack for daily use where the much-enduring camel is not employed. A wealthy Copt will give as much as £200 for a white ass of good stature and easy paces.

In England a good donkey is invaluable for family use, to enable the young son of the house *to teach himself* to ride, to draw a clothes-basket carriage with a curate's too numerous family, to harness to a cart of appropriate size, in fact, as a humble servant of all work; not expensive to purchase or to feed, not requiring the services of an accomplished groom, and not liable to any worse vice than obstinacy. With a well-trained donkey you are safe from any of those sudden ebullitions of excitement which sometimes bring the soberest ponies to grief. The vicious New Forest horse-fly either spares the donkey, or fails to penetrate its thick hide with the poisonous sting which often drives well-behaved horses, if strangers to the county, to madness.

Except as a question of safety from accidents, the donkey is not a good steed for a boy to commence his career on as a horseman; it has not riding shoulders, and does not afford a proper seat for a saddle. The riders of donkey-races sit on the hind-quarters. Anatomically considered, the ass is essentially a beast for the pack-saddle. The ass has also a mouth so callous to the bit as to lead boy equestrians into very bad habits, when they advance in dignity, and have to deal with the exquisitely tender mouths of horses. All donkey-riders not packed in Oriental saddles must hold on by the bridle, a habit fatal to good horsemanship.

As to what may be done with donkeys in harness, the best examples may be seen daily in the streets of London, amongst costermonger hawkers of fruit, fish, and vegetables. As a body the costers are by no means the brutes their appearance and language would convey—at least, in the treatment of their donkeys. The pace at which the costers' asses travel, the distances they complete in a day with a well-balanced load on their clever "go-carts," and the sleek appearance of the animals, prove that in the main they are well treated—often better treated than the costers' wives—and they must be well fed. The owner of a very fast donkey, on the Brighton road, in answer to an inquiry as to how he fed him, replied, "Like a race-hoss."

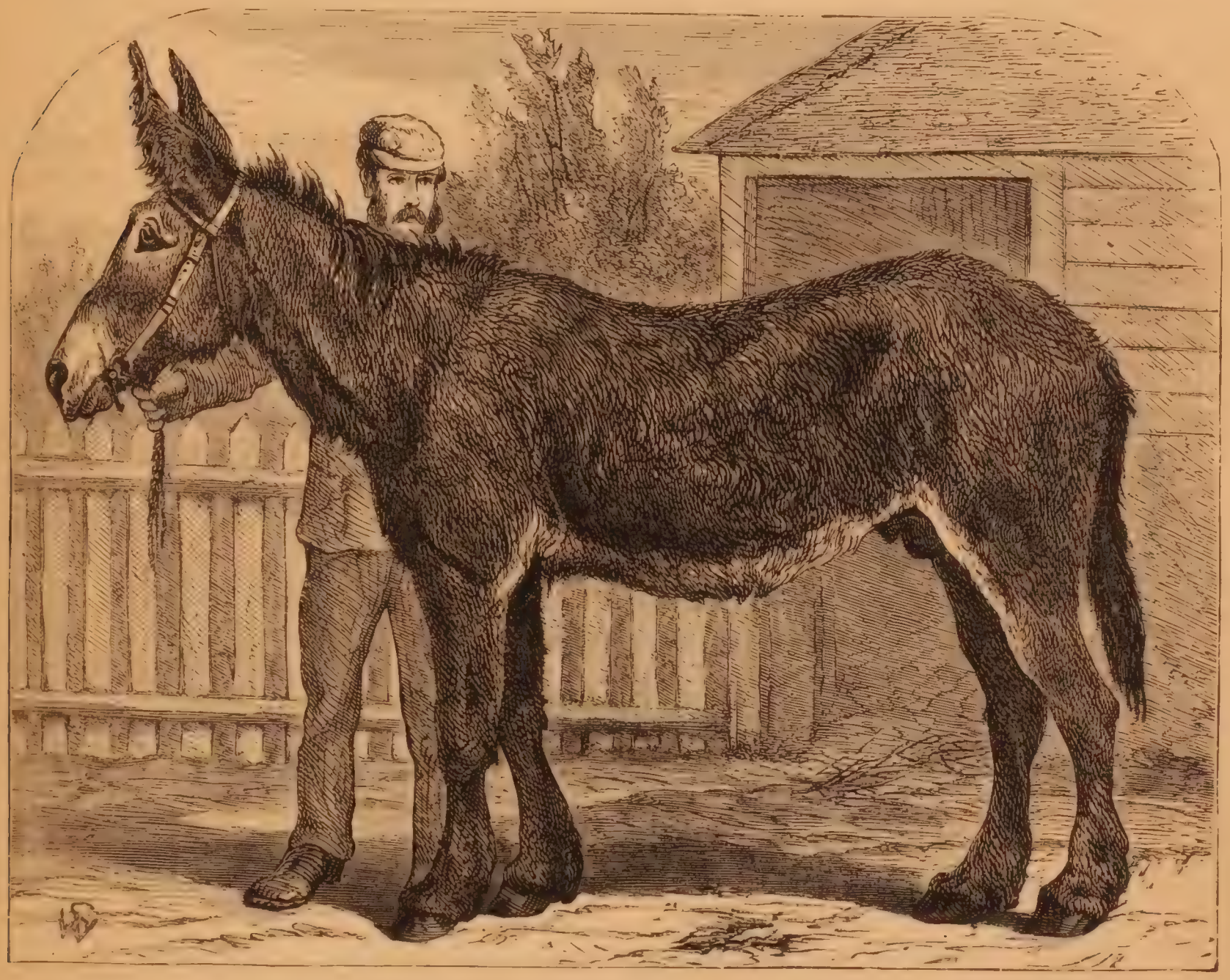
In all classes of society, great affection for dogs, donkeys, and other lower animals is not unfrequently displayed by persons who are, to say the least, hard in their dealings with human beings.

The costermonger lives as familiarly with his donkey as the Arab of the tent with his horse; he lives in the same room with him, where the Health authorities do not object. He gets his living out of him, and seldom ill-treats him in his sober moments. If you watch a costermonger in the streets, you often see the harnessed donkey following his master like a dog, which he would not do if he was afraid of him.

In England we do not pay much attention to the varieties of the ass, because we have a better breed of ponies than any other country; but there is one, generally of a dark colour, with finer limbs, more active and swift than the ordinary grey drudge, which is to be preferred for riding and light harness. We have seen the two small sons of a gentleman in the North of England

following the hounds on their black donkeys, creeping through and over most difficult places, and even achieving very respectable leaps.

Some enthusiasts have recommended that family donkeys should be groomed and fed like horses; but this would be a waste of time and money, which would be much better bestowed on a pony if pace is required. The donkey should be well fed and kindly treated; but do what you will, the animal in this cold climate will after all be only an ass, which can be kept clean with a few strokes of the currycomb, and in sufficient condition for reasonable work with grass in



POITOU BAUDET (THE SIRE OF DRAUGHT MULES).

summer, hay and roots in winter. Where long daily journeys are required, oats and beans will not be altogether wasted, but comfortable shelter in cold weather is a matter of importance.

For practical purposes the domestic ass may be divided into two classes: the one seen constantly at the watering-places of Europe, in the streets in light carts, and in rural districts in light carriages, in greatest perfection in Eastern climates, used as a beast for riding; the other is the dray-horse of the ass tribe, cultivated in Spain and certain districts of France, exclusively for breeding mules.

The Arab and the dray-horse are scarcely more dissimilar than the Egyptian saddle-ass and the mule-begetting *baudet* of which we give illustrations: the one from a photograph taken in

Cairo; the other from a portrait by Mr. Sheldon Williams of the Poitou stallion ass, exhibited at the Crystal Palace by Mr. Pease, at the suggestion of Mr. Sutherland, who has taken up the advocacy of mules as beasts for heavy draught with great zeal. Some enthusiasts have proposed to improve the character of the ordinary British donkey by crossing with the tall asses of Spain, Malta, and France. As far as the trade of the costermonger and travelling tinker is concerned, this would be a mistake. It is like a proposal for breeding moor ponies up to 15 hands high. An ass of average size requires a proportionate supply of food, and only a small shed in the back yard of the coster's lodgings. A coster or tinker would no more accept a 14-hands Spanish ass as a gift than a dray-horse, if he were bound to keep him.

Since Egypt has been brought by steam and the enterprising Mr. Cook within reach of the million, every one knows the donkey of the country; but as few English travellers understand Arabic, they do not appreciate the familiar conversation of the donkey-boys, of which Mansfield Parkyns, the Nottinghamshire squire, who lived for years the life of a native Abyssinian, half naked, and covered with butter, gives so amusing an account in a book which has been forgotten since the march to Magdala and death of King Theodore.

EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOYS.

"The donkey-boys crowd round the wharf and beleaguer the traveller, who with difficulty extricates himself from their clutches by desperately throwing himself for no earthly reason on to the nearest animal, and riding a distance of a hundred or two yards in a most uncomfortable manner. In saying uncomfortable, I mean only for new-comers; old residents find that the donkeys go wonderfully easy, are sure-footed, and get over the ground at a great pace. On my return to Cairo, after some years' residence in the upper country, I was astonished at this difference, and attributed it to my having become more of an 'asinestrian,' or to the breed having improved. I discovered, however, that it altogether depended on a peculiarly African cast of features and complexion that a long stay in the country gives to Europeans, distinguishing them from the new arrivals. I was enlightened on the subject by a donkey-boy of my acquaintance, who, at my particular request, made the ass I was riding change at once from a free-going, easy-paced animal to the most stubborn brute that ever was crossed. A very favourite trick of the boys is to give the ass a peculiar dig with the end of a stick on one side, as if to make him accelerate his pace, whereas the only effect produced is a most disagreeable sideways wriggle of the hind-quarters, which generally half dislodges the novice; a second dig in another place produces a kick, which often completes his overthrow, to the great amusement of the boy, who, however, is always ready to howl, and thus attract for you the attention and ridicule of all who may be passing by, if you should make the slightest gesture indicative of an assault on his person. I am speaking now, perhaps, more of the young gentlemen of Cairo than those of Alexandria. I have since my return been gratified by seeing them described in tourists' books as active, lively, and amusing. Most truly are they so; for activity they cannot be surpassed, nor for their amusing talents either, though these are generally employed at the expense of the traveller, rather than for his benefit.

"I have often, while passing, been made to laugh at the *double entendres* contained in the remarks of some of these boys, and the very simple and self-satisfied answers of their green-veiled and parasoled employers. I have more than once rated them, and still more often joined in the mirth they caused at their patrons' expense; but I once thought it might afford me some amusement if I could, by shamming ignorance of the language, have a long ride and its accompanying conversation. After making several attempts at disguise, which failed in consequence of

my truly African complexion and manner, at last I bethought me of the veil and umbrella dodge; and having equipped myself altogether *à l'Anglais* (that is, with shoes, a straw hat, and thick stick), I addressed a boy, beginning my conversation (as all Englishmen are supposed to do) with a strongish expletive, and continuing my inquiry in very bad English, as all Englishmen do, in the

EGYPTIAN DONKEY AND BOY.

idea, I suppose, that because the natives speak a broken language, they will digest it better if broken up ready for their use. The bait took, as the boy's answer convinced me—'Here, master, *you* very good jackass.' We went a long ride down to Shoubra Gardens (I was then at Boulac), and the boy kept up, with the gravest possible face, a desultory conversation of the following nature. (N.B. The words in italics are supposed to be said in Arabic.) The donkey stumbles. 'You boy, your donkey not good at all!' 'Yes, master, him berry good; *better than his rider*.' 'Go on fast.'

'Yes, master; a—a—a—' (with a dig, causing a wriggle)—[to ass]—'*Get on, Christian, son of a Christian, ridden by a Christian; ass, son of an ass, ridden by an ass; kàfir* (infidel), *son of a kàfir, ridden by a kàfir.*' And then, perhaps, he would amuse himself and the passers-by with a native roundelay:—

'Christian, blessed dog,
Ate the sweet thing, and left me,
Here he is, the Christian!'

'That's a very nice song; what does it say?' 'All 'bout master and donkey, berry good, me behind, with stick, make'm go; master give me shilling me sing him again!' Then he would, perhaps, give the donkey a spiteful dig under the tail, thereby eliciting a kick, while at the same time he would express a wish (in Arabic) that the stick in his hand were a *khasong* (or impaling post), dedicated to the especial elevation of the ass and his rider. So we went on for a long time (the parts of conversation I have selected are the few which would bear printing in English), till at last, as Fortune would have it, I was recognised by a Turkish friend of mine, who addressed me in Arabic.

"I first got a good hold of my follower, which interrupted him in a most benevolent expression of the kind manner in which he would like to treat all the members of my family, enumerating each one in succession, from my great-grandfather and his respected lady downwards, and intermingling them in a most facetious manner with the ancestry of the animal I bestrode. 'You would, would you, you son of a dog?' said I. 'And now that I have you in my power, what shall I do with you?' To this, of course, were added one or two of the rather strong Turkish expressions which appear to be necessary to make his own language intelligible to an Arab of Egypt. The change in the boy's face was so amusing that I could scarcely forbear from laughing. My friend also came up and joined in the fun. The boy was all prayers and entreaties. I gave him a few kicks, and having taken off my veil, and giving him the umbrella to carry, we returned home.

"On the way back both donkey and driver behaved remarkably well. After paying the boy his just dues, and not a para more, which he received without a grumble, I administered a few more kicks, and then gave him a shilling for the amusement he had afforded me."

THE STALLION ASS FOR MULE BREEDING.

The French have a race of strong dray-horse-like asses, used for breeding mules, called *baudets*, which are supposed to have been originally imported from Spain, and to have been brought into Spain by the Moors from Africa; although the asses commonly found in Northern Africa are small and light-limbed, while the *baudet*, perhaps so-named from the Spanish *borrico*, is the largest and strongest animal of its race. The *baudet* has a much larger head than the ordinary domestic ass; teeth so hard that it is almost impossible to guess his age after he casts his milk-teeth; ears of extravagant length and size, garnished with a mass of long hair, called, in the language of Poitou, *cadenettes*. The neck and shoulders are much more muscular than those of the common ass, but exactly of the same shape. Length is considered a point of great importance in a *baudet* for begetting large mules. The breast is broad, and the belly ample; the muscles of the arms and thighs long and flat; the joints as strong and large as those of a good cart-horse.

The following are the dimensions of the stallion ass of our illustration, as given by Mr. Sutherland, who calls him a good fair specimen of the Poitou ass, suitable for breeding heavy draught mules from cart-mares:—

Height, 14 hands 1 inch.
Fore-arm, 19½ inches.
Knee, 15 inches.
Below knee, 8½ inches.
Hock, 17½ inches.
Below hock, 12 inches.

Greatest girth, 77 inches.
Girth behind shoulder, 66 inches.
Length of head, 25 inches.
Length of ear, 15 inches.
Ears, tip to tip across, 32 inches.

A coat of long, thick hair, especially about the legs and feet, is much esteemed; and hoofs much larger than those of the common ass are an important point.

Their value greatly depends on their height, ranging from 12½ to 14½ hands.

The Poitou breeders always select black or brown donkey sires with white bellies, and will have nothing to say to greys. On the contrary, in Egypt, where the breed of asses is generally small, white asses for riding fetch as much money as a good park hack in London.

In consequence of a stupid prejudice on the part of the Poitou peasant breeders, the ass stallions are never brushed or dressed; so the winter coat adheres to the summer coat, like the fleece of an unshorn sheep, year after year, until not unfrequently a disgusting cutaneous disease is produced. The ass with the roughest, longest coat is the most admired.

The period of gestation with the she-ass is twelve months. The Poitou breeders, amongst other ignorant practices, half starve their she-asses, under the impression that it promotes the health of the offspring. About a month before the time of foaling, the farmer or his son sleeps regularly in the dam's stable, to be ready in case of accident; no stranger would be trusted with so important an office.

The starvation system inflicts many maladies on both dam and foal. The she-ass, under this treatment, rarely has enough milk for her foal, and the consequence is great and needless mortality. But the ignorance of the French peasant, living entirely amongst his own class, into which books, newspapers, or oral instruction rarely if ever penetrate, is something appalling. The only peasant-farmers of any intelligence are those who have served in the army.

For the first month the male foal, called a *fedon*, is overwhelmed with attention, and crammed with a gruel of milk and flour and other food, to make up for the shortcomings of his half-starved mother; he is also clothed and watched day and night. After that period the owners content themselves with giving the dam more food. He is weaned at nine months old, on farinaceous gruel (*panades*), or soaked bread, in the interval between passing from milk to grass and hay.

At thirty months old he commences his duties as a sire, and up to two years old he is fondled and caressed; from that age he is doomed to solitary imprisonment in a dark loose box, which is seldom cleaned out, only let out when his services are required. In consequence of this treatment, at an early age he becomes fiercely savage, and coated with dirt and the matted accumulation of cast coats of successive years. Nothing can be more savage and repulsive-looking than a five-year-old *baudet*. The stallion season commences in the middle of February, and finishes in August.

The *baudet* lives to a great age, and is of use as a stallion until he is thirty years old. Those who wish to purchase one of these male *baudets* must go to their owner's farm for the purpose, as they are never taken to fairs. When sold, the *baudet* is conveyed to the purchaser in a covered wagon. The best-bred male *baudets* are worth a hundred francs, say £4, for each month of their age. A male ass two years old, 14 hands high, and in other respects perfect, can rarely be purchased for £100.

WILD ASSES.

Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, in his notes on his portraits of animals collected by the thirteenth Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present peer, in that very scarce work, "The Knowsley Menagerie,"

doubts if the breed of the domestic ass has ever been found in a wild state not being the descendant of some donkeys which had escaped from the care of man. The difference is important. The young of domesticated horses, cattle, and pigs which have escaped and grown wild are easily reclaimed. This has been repeatedly proved in the case of foals and calves in Australia. In New Zealand the produce of tame pigs which have escaped into the bush assume the appearance and acquire the ferocity of the wild boar race; but Lady Barker relates, in her interesting "Station Life," that the young of a very savage wild sow which her husband killed became so tame as to be positively troublesome pets.

But repeated experiments have shown that the offspring of a truly wild race, like deer, buffaloes, aurochs, and swine, relapse to their original state the moment that daily personal care is relaxed.

The wild asses of Syria and of India are no more asses than the zebra or quagga, and are just as untamable; if they were not they would afford a fine field for the exertions of an Acclimatisation Society, as in beauty and in strength they are as superior to the domestic race as a thorough-bred horse is to the wild horses of Australia or Tartary, or as a red deer of the German forest to the fallow deer of English parks.

In the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens may be seen a Syrian wild ass, or hemione, which has bred with the domestic ass, and produced a mule. The colour is the yellow of an antelope, the ears rather smaller, but in every other respect—head, neck, legs, and tail—very like an ass. Another variety is the onager, from India, which, in the delicacy and strength of its limbs, differs from a common donkey so much that it might be called a thoroughbred, for it partakes of the character of a blood-horse. The first idea suggested by a sight of this very handsome animal is, what a fine cross it would make with an English, French, or Spanish ass; but, on inquiry, it appears that it will no more breed reproductively than an horse and an ass, or a pheasant and a game-fowl.

This Indian wild ass, or *Equus onager*, has excited great interest, because it differs essentially from any other specimen in the collection, and more than realises the following description by Captain Nutt, who caught and presented it to the Gardens:—

"Having heard a good deal about the wild donkeys to be found on the Runn of Kutch, I took the opportunity when lately paying an official visit to the Mallia State—the extreme north-west corner of Kattywar—to try my luck at capturing a specimen. Mentioning the subject to the Mallia chief, I found that he took a lively interest in the matter; and as he tendered his personal services, as well as those of some thirty Meeanas, whom I knew to be well-mounted and practised riders, I at once closed with his offer, and began to make the requisite *bundobust*. I was joined by seven enthusiasts from the neighbouring state of Dhrangdra, and six from Mornee; so, with my own little detachment of six, the entire party, including myself, numbered fifty-one. My camp was at a place called Ghantéla, bordering on the Runn of Kutch. *Puggees* were sent out to obtain information; and in about three or four days' time they came in with the news that there was a *tola* of eight—four big ones and four young ones—in a 'grass beer' known as the Kesmalla Beer, some eleven miles off. It appeared on inquiry that the animals when chased would in all probability make for a hill called the Murdoch Doongur, distant from Kesmalla Beer nine miles. This hill (a famous place of call for robbers and dacoits) was not of very great extent, and was surrounded on all sides by the Runn. It was then agreed that the best plan would be to send on a party of twenty to Murdoch Doongur, there to lie in wait so as to take up the running in case the beasts took that way; the other party of thirty-one waited till midnight, so timing its departure to Kesmalla as to arrive near the place before dawn. I sent on a fresh horse with the first

party to Murdoch. At five a.m. we were close to Kesmalla Beer, but it was still quite dark. The cold was intense on the Runn at that early hour; we all had to keep very quiet, and of course were unable to light a fire.

"The party generally was well-mounted, all on Kattywar horses and mares. The animal I rode was a Katty galloway, that could do his half-mile under a minute at any time, and had plenty of honest endurance. Some of the Meeanas' nags were very blood-looking, and as fit as fiddles. At last it was time to tighten girths and mount. Moving quietly towards the Beer, which in the subdued light looked very dark and mysterious, we were met by other *puggees*, who had been watching ever since the *tola* was first discovered early the day before. Our party of thirty-one was then broken up into three divisions; and advancing direct from the centre, with our outer divisions spreading to the right and left flanks, we embraced the whole ground, and compelled the animals to break towards the Murdoch Doongur, which was dimly visible in the extreme distance. On surmounting the grass ridge I perceived some little dots, apparently a mile or so off on the Runn, and with the aid of glasses I found these dots were, as the *puggee* said, four big and four small animals—it was quite impossible to see whether they were donkeys or not. They were moving quietly on, and did not apparently see our party; so I thought it best to creep up as quickly as possible towards them without actually breaking into a gallop and beginning the chase. In this way we managed to get rather nearer; but very shortly after the alarm seemed to have been taken, as I saw them, after turning round two or three times, begin to canter away. No time was then to be lost, so I at once gave the word, and we all started off at a brisk pace in pursuit. I felt full of confidence, as my horse was in good spirits; and as we went bounding along, every moment getting nearer to the little band in front, visions of a speedy capture rose before me. My companions were wise; they allowed me to make all the running, whilst they themselves rode a waiting race, doubtless feeling sure that in due course of time the quarry would come back to them. After covering about five miles and finding the donkeys still continuing the pace at which they started, I thought it high time to try the effect of a spurt, and, my horse answering bravely, I found myself riding within pistol-shot of the *tola*. I was then able to take a good look at them. Not having read Jerdon's description, I expected to find them white, and was surprised and delighted to find that their colour was most peculiar—to a certain extent like that of the ordinary jackass, but more defined—the belly very white, the flanks a reddish chocolate, and a broad dark brown stripe extending along the spine from apex of shoulder to tail, very marked; the legs very fine, like those of a deer; the tail furnished with long hairs at the extremity only; mane short and reddish brown; light brown bars on hocks and fore-arms; ears smaller than those of the domestic ass, and constantly pricked; eye of unusual brightness; about the size of ordinary mules. They seemed to be going well within themselves—in fact, from beginning to end of the chase I never noticed any of that extending or laying themselves out which is so generally observed in the action of a hunted animal when hard pressed; on the contrary, these donkeys did not seem to take the slightest trouble to hurry themselves, but simply kept steadily on at a regulated pace. When close up I saw the older ones give a push every now and then to one of the younger ones; and I can quite believe the statement made to me some time before by an old *shikari*, that when put it to the bigger donkeys close in behind the young ones, and regularly push or butt them on with their foreheads.

"The effect of my riding at them in this way was to break up the *tola* into two divisions—one division consisting of two big ones and three young ones, and the other of two big ones and one young one. My first impulse was to follow the three young ones, especially as I noticed that they were smaller than the young one in the other division; but when I saw the bigger division heading

straight up the Runn, whilst the smaller one was holding on in the direction of the Murdoch Doongur, where I knew my second horse and a fresh party were lying in wait, I considered it best to stick to the latter. Arrived at the hill, the animals took along the base, which was unpleasant going, being much cut up and very rocky. Some of the fresh party appeared and joined in, but my second horse was nowhere to be seen. In despair, I urged on my already tired horse, and so continued for about five miles farther, when my animal, completely exhausted, could go no longer. I then pulled up, turned his head to the wind, and loosened the girths. Whilst doing this, one of the pursuing party from Murdoch passed me, and to my joy announced that my second horse was coming. A few minutes later and I was on his back and away, but I found I had lost ground terribly. The donkeys and the leading horsemen were nowhere to be seen; but in the distance, appearing like a dot upon the horizon, was the last man who had spoken to me, and who I knew was on the track. I galloped after him, and after a long chase managed to catch him up. It is very difficult to calculate distances upon the Runn; but when I got up to this man he pointed out some specks which he said were the leading *sowars*, and they seemed to me some two or three miles off. By dint of riding I managed to get up close, and after going about ten miles I found myself gradually gaining on them. They were still, however, only indistinctly visible, as the mirage made everything look strange and distorted. The pugs of the donkeys were clear; there were the prints of the two bigger animals, and there were the sharper and smaller prints of the young one. The sight of these pugs cheered me on and filled me with hope. Presently I saw the dots in front all apparently commingling, and shortly afterwards I saw that they were stationary, and that I was gaining on them every stride. Another couple of miles and I was up, when I found the young ass effectually secured by two long ropes, and held between a couple of grinning Meeanas of the Murdoch Doongur party; only myself of the first party which started from Kesmalla Beer being up. The animal appeared much exhausted, and was bleeding from a wound in the quarter, which the Meeanas said was from a horse-bite, but which was really a spear-wound inflicted by one of them who lost his head in the heat of the moment; in fact, this was the way they stopped her.

"The little donkey—a female—stands 9 hands 2½ inches high (according to Jerdon, it will ultimately reach 12 hands), and appears to be about six months old. It soon got over its exhaustion and wound, and is now as lively as a kitten. It is the pet of the camp, and I shall be very sorry to part with it. I have offered it to the Zoological Society at home; so it is quite possible that its days, begun on the Kutch Runn, may terminate in the heart of London.

"Now that I have found out what a splendid ride these wild donkeys—or, as they are called in those parts, 'jungle khur,' *alias* 'ghor khur' of Jerdon—give one, I hope another time to have a party of English sportsmen out to join in the fun. Each man must have at least two good mounts.

"It has been estimated that the total distance of the hunt, from Kesmalla Beer to the place of capture, was forty miles. The chase commenced at 6.25 a.m., and terminated at 9.30 a.m., so that it lasted exactly three hours and five minutes. Considering the rate of going, I imagine this estimate to be correct; my first horse was ridden to a standstill, my second almost so. Men and cattle were all more or less done up. I rode 11st., my companions considerably lighter."

Mr. Fraser Hore* gives the following description of the young onager, accompanied by a photograph. But this photograph does no sort of justice to the animal, and shows nothing beautiful, nothing but a common donkey rather long in the leg.

"Its age at the present time (Oct., 1873) is about one year; its colour is a mixture of white

* Communicated by Mr. Sutherland to *The Field*.

ABYSSINIAN WILD MALE ASS & FEMALE INDIAN ONAGER.

and fawn; the under part of the body, the neck and chest, nose and nasal region, back part of face, rump, channel, and inside of the legs are white; the mane is short, stumpy, and dark brown. A dark dun streak of longish hair runs down the back, broadening towards the rump, and continuing down the tail to the end. The other parts of the body and head are of a fawn-colour, the entire coat being smooth and glossy; the tail has a small tuft of long dark-brown hair at the end. The legs are beautifully clean and flat, the back sinews standing well out; and there is a black, shiny, horny ergot high up inside each fore-leg; the feet are beautifully formed, hard, and very small; pasterns very long on fore-legs, rather upright on hind-legs. Viewed from behind, her quarters and gaskins appear enormously large in proportion to the size of the animal. She is a wonderful jumper, and tried an eight-foot wall, but did not get over, having a log of wood tied to one of her hind-legs. The eyes are large, quite black, and very expressive. The muzzle is small and black, the nostrils large and open. The ears are long, outside light fawn-colour, inside covered with long white hair. Outside the knees and hocks there are faint traces of three brown bars. The animal shows no indication of the cross, or shoulder-stripe, found in other donkeys. She is at present over twelve hands high, but is not yet full grown.

"These animals have constantly been chivied on the Runn of Kutch for years past by parties of officers on horseback, with spears; but, with the solitary exception which I have above mentioned, when a man named Elliott speared a jenny on the point of foaling, no wild donkey has ever been run down until my friend Nutt got hold of this one.

"This donkey was exhibited at the horse show in Poona, in September, and was looked upon as the greatest curiosity and attraction there. She bites and kicks at every one that approaches her but her own *syce*. It took a whole day to get her to stand steady, in order to take the photographs I send you; and at one time she lashed out with her hind-legs, and kicked the photographer and his apparatus over. They say there is no possibility of ever taming her. You will doubtless see her before long, and I am sure you will say she is one of the most beautiful animals you have ever seen."

When we visited the Gardens, in March, 1874, after reading the preceeding description, we found that the onager completely realised Captain Nutt's description; with fine, clean, flat, sinewy legs, and apparently as much strength and activity as a large antelope or red deer. After examining its limbs, it was easy to understand that such an animal would outpace any horse. The head, ears, neck, and tail were those of a well-bred donkey in its summer coat, but of a colour quite unique. This pretty creature, petted by the sailors, became tame on the voyage. Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Gardens, received news of its arrival at Southampton, and expected to be informed of its dispatch in time to meet it on the railroad; but about nine o'clock in the evening of the same day, the bell of the Superintendent's house was rung violently, and on going out a tall stout man was there, holding some animal. "What have you got there?" asked Mr. Bartlett. "Well, I thought it was a donkey, but it has turned out a dreadful wild beast." It seems that when it was taken out of the horse-box at Waterloo Station, it was so docile that it was thought to be a tame Indian donkey, and a man accustomed to leading thorough-bred colts and entire horses undertook to lead it to the Gardens. At first it went quietly; presently it began to jump about, to rear, to plunge, to tear, in a word, to behave like a wild buffalo. The railway porter was four hours in conveying it through Hyde Park to the Gardens. He was, although a very powerful man, thoroughly beaten and exhausted, and would never have succeeded had not an Indian officer he met accidentally recognised the wild ass, and volunteered his assistance. Yet this onager is only 12 hands high, and only two years old. One may imagine what may be the leaping and galloping powers of a full-grown male. A picture of Captain Nutt's wild ass, a female,

and of a male Abyssinian ass, painted by Mr. Sheldon Williams, will form one of our coloured illustrations.

MULES AND MULE-BREEDING.

Mules are invaluable as beasts of draught and beasts of burden in the South of Europe, and in certain parts of Northern and Southern America. They were known, and in common use, as appears from Assyrian bas-reliefs, in the earliest historical times. Layard's great folios of coloured illustrations of his work on Nineveh contain pictures of mules, both ridden and driven in chariots, and in one instance of a mule ridden by a woman.

In France, mule-breeding has gradually grown into an important branch of rural industry, in spite of discouragement from the officials charged with improving the breeds of horses. There are two kinds of mules: a light kind used for light carriages, and in Spain and Africa for saddle, and a strong kind used for heavy draught; the character and quality depending on the selection of the donkey sire and the horse mare.

In 1870 there were eighty-six mule-breeding farms in the department of Deux-Sèvres, in Poitou, the real mule-breeding district of France, which maintained 432 of the largest kind of stallion asses (*baudet-étalon espèce mulassière*). The little male donkeys used in the *Midi* of France are for the most part imported from Lombardy and Sardinia; small and slight-limbed, their produce from the mares of the country are undersized and light of bone, and can in no way be compared with the powerful magnificent animals which dealers from Languedoc, Béarn, and Spain come annually to purchase in Poitou.

Africa breeds the best riding mules, and France the best for pack-saddle or heavy draught.

The male mule is stronger, has more bone than the female, and more courage, but is less docile. Nevertheless, the female is worth twenty-five per cent. more than the male, because in very hot climates she is not subject to several diseases which affect the male, and she does not require so much care.

Poitou breeds and the *Midi* rears the mule. About 12,000 are bred every year; two-thirds of which are sold at one year old, at from 90 to 180 francs each. As soon as brought home they are turned out on the mountains to graze, and remain there until the frosts set in. At the commencement of winter they are stabled for a couple of months. In the spring a good many are sold for exportation to Italy. The remainder are sold by the breeders at two, four, and five years old; never at three, few remain at six years.

Spain imports annually six or eight hundred saddle and carriage mules of the very finest class direct from Poitou. Spain also imports lighter mules from the *Midi*—the value altogether, with the Italian importations, amounting to upwards of £120,000 sterling annually. The total exportation from France in 1871 exceeded 17,000 head.

The mule begins to work at eighteen months or two years old. It is more hardy than the horse, but more delicate in its food than the ass. The mule-foal in Poitou is born much stronger than the horse-foal, and is said to be more difficult to rear; but this is not surprising, when we hear that they are not allowed to suck freely the first milk, are dosed with white wine and oil, and sometimes bled!

To prepare them for sale, they are placed in separate stalls of low, hot, ill-ventilated stables, fed liberally on good hay, *baked* potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, and maize (cooked or crushed), and sometimes oilcake, in order to make them as fat as pigs—a point the dealers insist on.

Although mules very rarely breed, it is advisable to castrate the males, which otherwise become violent and vicious at certain seasons of the year.

We have given the preceding account of the Poitou *baudet* and the mule-breeding establish-

ments of Poitou, of which he is the foundation (chiefly extracted from an elaborate work by M. Eugene Gayot), because the mule is a valuable animal in the West Indies and several English colonies and dependencies, and has long been bred and used successfully in the southern semi-tropical regions of the United States. It is essentially the animal for a country of bad or no roads, coarse and scanty herbage, uncertain supply of water, a mountainous or sandy country, and hot climate. Under certain circumstances the mule will endure privations that would kill a horse, but he requires management by people who understand his peculiarities. The mule is of little value without the mule-driver. Where he is wanted he takes his place naturally; his position is a question of geography. You do not find him in Flanders, or in Normandy, or in New York, or Boston; but after you pass Avignon he becomes familiar, and rivals the horse on the Pyrenees; in Kentucky he is part of the stock of the farm, and in California mules are as plentiful as costermonger's donkeys in London.

Mules in England are accidents, or fancy stock on fancy farms. They have long been bred and used on the home farms of certain noblemen. The late Lord Leconfield had several teams of draught-mules full 16 hands high, and very strong. They were sold at Tattersall's on his death. They are bred and used at Badminton; and four, ridden by postillions, used to draw the hound van. It is difficult to discontinue any usage on a great estate. The following letter from Mr. John Thompson, the agent to the Duke of Beaufort, in answer to inquiries addressed to him by the writer of this chapter, gives late and authentic information on the subject:—

"Mules were first introduced at Badminton about seventy years since. The first Spanish Jack was imported during the Peninsular War, and the first mules by him were out of a large active cart-mare. Three or four which she bred were upwards of 17½ hands high. Mule teams have been kept up ever since, chiefly home bred; and in consequence of the difficulty in procuring first-class Jacks, imported animals have latterly been introduced. We have bred them from both cart and half-bred mares, and find that the stock from these are more powerful than the imported animals, being larger in the bone, and of greater substance. We have had Jacks from Malta and Spain, but those from the latter country are generally superior. The mule foals are very hardy, there being no difficulty whatever in rearing them, and when grown up are less expensive to keep than horses. Ordinary carters drive the teams, which are composed of four mules each, driven double; and they will each with ease draw a load of 50 cwt., in addition to the wagon, at the rate of four miles per hour on a good road. They are especially useful in carrying hay or corn during harvest, being much quicker than horses with light loads. We have seventeen at work at present. They last longer than horses, a mule at thirty years old being about equal to a horse at twenty."

Mules and goats are generally found in the same climate, and under the same circumstances. But if any gentleman chooses to amuse himself with breeding mules, either in this country or in Australia, he must procure the services of a good Spanish or French *baudet*, and select a strong active Suffolk Clydesdale or Shire mare of as good a temper as possible. The value of mules as draught animals is very fairly summed up in the following letter, addressed to *The Field* by a correspondent in Louisiana:—

"This southern country (Louisiana) is full of mules, and their size certainly cannot be objected to. Our drayman runs three mules, the smallest 15½ hands high, and considered to be a 'good little mule,' the largest 16½ hands high, and considered as being a 'good-sized mule' in common parlance. But the largest of these is nothing to the mules employed in the contractors' stables for hauling machinery and heavy articles. A neighbour of mine has twenty mules over 17 hands, and as powerful as any London brewer's horses to be found. Our wealthy coal merchants, Igar and Co.,

have mules that are perfect pictures, not one less than 16 hands, and they bring their ton of coals along as easily as any cart-horse in England. The forte of the mule lies in the cleanness and flatness of the legs, which are more like the thorough-bred horse than any quarter-bred horse ever would be, and the foot is small and pointed. There is but one morsel of lumber about the mule of this country, and that only in those that are worked hard and are low in flesh, and then after feeding the belly is distended and unsightly. As for temper and sagacity they beat the horse, but if not well broke are timid and a little 'skeary.' For work they are admirable, *but the pace tells on them a little more than on the horse of equal ability.* Slow work is their best point, and at that they will beat a horse 25 to 50 per cent., taking their larger life into consideration, and their exemption from disease. In the City Railroad lines here there are over 1,000 mules, averaging about 15½ hands, used, and not more than twenty horses. They prefer the smaller mules for the city cars, as costing less, eating less, and being a little quicker on their feet. The difference in price here is very great. A horse and mule for the same general purpose would cost relatively $175 and $300.

"We bought lately for use of house a capital young horse, for $175. He has to take a four-wheeled buggy with two persons through country dirt roads, and is good enough to drive anywhere. *A mule at $300 would not answer so well, as the work would become occasionally too fast for him, and it blows them.* As for riding, there are exceptions, *but generally the shoulder is too low and the back too much arched to render them desirable mounts, and their paces are not good one time out of* 10,000. The mules used here are by donkeys of enormous size, principally from Spain and Malta, and one-fourth to three-fourths bred mare, of large roomy build. They are raised in Kentucky and Tennessee, where the climate, herbage, and trees are so much like the middle English counties, that there can be no objection to the climate of England in raising them easily and profitably. And another great point in their favour is their early maturity. At three years old they can be used advantageously for all light work, and will last till twenty or twenty-five years old with certainty, barring disease."

"To carry burdens or pack-saddles the mule is no doubt, from his conformation, superior to the horse. In war, for drawing artillery, he has one disadvantage; it is not every man who will make a muleteer, but every one can lead a horse.

The preceding account of the mule has been largely drawn from French authorities. The Spaniards do not write books; but Mrs. Ramsay, who is familiar with all the post and travelling animals of Europe, says in her delightful book, "A Summer in Spain," published in 1874, after a visit to the Royal stables at Madrid, "Until one has seen a Spanish mule, one has no idea to what perfection the animal may be brought. They were not glossy, but their skins looked like black velvet. We were carefully warned that the majority were vicious." In another place, Mrs. Ramsay mentions that it is the custom in Spain to have one horse ridden by a postillion as leader to the ten mules that draw the diligence, and it is the duty of this postillion never to leave his horse; nevertheless, on one occasion she awoke to see the postillion fast asleep beside the driver, and the whole team galloping free alongside frightful precipices.

THE HENNY.

The mule of commerce is, as before stated, the produce of a mare horse by an ass. The henny, which is never intentionally bred, unless by some fanciful amateur, is the produce of an ass by a horse, and resembles its sire by having the tail, the mane, the legs and feet and sometimes, but more rarely, the head of a horse. The henny is rarely larger than a common ass, while a mule will constantly be much taller than either of its parents. The "Knowsley

Menagerie" gives portraits of mules produced from different varieties of the ass, zebra, quagga, and hemione; and one of a hideous little animal, the produce of a small mule and a pony mare, a result that occasionally but very rarely attends the union of mules and their parent races on either side.

In 1871, Messrs. Sangers, the Circus Proprietors of Astley's, drove four white hennies in hand in a light phaeton. The fore-hands of the hennies were the quarters of asses, their hind-quarters those of ponies. The tallest pair were over 13 hands, and they galloped at a very fair pace.

Those who are enthusiastic about mules should import a male onager from the Runn of Kutch, and cross it with a Norfolk trotting or a thorough-bred mare. The result ought to be mules of a swiftness and endurance far exceeding that of any harness-horse.

CHAPTER XIV.

HORSEMANSHIP, OR THE ART OF "EQUITATION."

Horsemanship came with Horses from the East—Affected still by Military Traditions—Horse-mounting on Left Side—Oriental Horsemanship Wonderful—They Understand Flying Leaps—Historical Modifications of English Horsemanship—The High School of Horsemanship—Modified by the Hunting Field in the Time of James I.—English Military Horsemanship Improved since 1850—The Fashionable Style of 1835—Count d'Orsay—The Earl of Chesterfield—Equestrian Portraits of—Steeplechase Riders the Reformers of English Horsemanship—Alken's and Herring's Horsemen Compared—Horsemanship may be Self-taught, with Aptitude and Nerve—Good Models for Imitation Essential—England has the Best and the Worst Equestrians—Fine Horsemanship, that is, Military Horsemanship, out of England—Indian Irregulars—Circassian Cossacks—To Learn to Ride, Clear your Mind of Conceit—Horsemanship for Adults—Prescribed by Physicians—Advice Easy to Give, Difficult to Follow—Sailors Learn Easily, and all Gymnasts—Difficulties of Ordinary Riding Schools—With Courage, Industry, and Perseverance, a Full-grown Man may Learn to Ride—Preliminary Preparation, that is, "Condition," Important—A Proper Horse—A Proper Saddle and Bridle—Proper School—Proper Teacher—The Horse may have Faults Mentioned—Must be Placid in Disposition, Safe, and Pleasant in Action—Free, but not Violent or Skittish—Not too Light a Mouth—Head and Neck like Illustration—Up to the Weight of the Rider—An Old Screw may be Valuable—Good Looks Desirable, not Essential—Exercise Essential—Idleness the Root of all Evil—Anecdote of a Brighton Hack—The Bridle Double—Snaffle Reins to Hold—Curb for Emergencies—Holding on by the Bridle Legitimate for Old Men and Raw Horsemen—The Ordinary Park Saddle Unsuitable—Illustration of Gervase Markham's Saddle—Plain Hunting Saddle—Colonial Saddle—The Somerset Saddle—How to Mount—From a Horse Block—Charles Simmonds' Contrivance—Illustration—Length of Stirrups—Management of Reins—First Acquire Seat—Constant Practice and Short Lessons Essential—Riding Dress Important—Thick Trousers, Well Made, Strapped Down—Thin-soled Wellington Boots—Equitation for Children, a Word to Mothers—Pannier Ponies—Danger of Pannier Riding—Illustration of Proper Bridle—Leading-Stick—Proper Rein—Infant's Pony Saddle, Illustration—The Best Pony for a Boy—The Best Form of Pad—Stirrups—The *Pro* and *Con*—First Lessons—No Bridle—The Circus System Practised with Children—The Proper Management of the Reins—Colonel Greenwood's Maxims—The Walk—The Canter—Children Imitative Animals—Summary of Essentials for Child Equestrians—Irish Anecdote—Lavengro's First Ride.

THERE is no purely English term which expresses the art of riding on horseback by both sexes like the French, "Equitation." Horsemanship applied to the instruction of women sounds something like a "bull;" and curiously enough in England, where horsewomen are more numerous and more skilful than in any other country in Europe, there is no such convenient word as *Amazone* for describing a lady who rides—a word so descriptive and compact, that it may certainly be used in the pages devoted to an explanation of the Equestrian Art without subjecting the writer to the charge of affectation.

Horsemanship came with horses from the East; the first horsemen were soldiers. The cavalry of Alexander the Great were of little account until he invaded and conquered Persia, and embodied Persian horses and horsemen in his army.

The art of horsemanship is to this day affected by military traditions. We are all taught to mount and dismount exclusively on the left or "near side" of the horse, because the military horseman, whether Oriental or European, requires to mount and dismount with his sword or spear in his hand, ready for attack or defence. Before the introduction of firearms cavalry engagements were, soon after they commenced, resolved into a series of single combats; and it was essential that the legs of the soldier's horse should move at his will, like the legs of a boxer

or a swordsman; speed was a secondary consideration, as compared with docility and agility in turning on the pivot of the hind-legs.

Orientals perform feats of horsemanship of a most astonishing character to those who are only acquainted with the English style, and excite the admiration of such judges as Mr. Palgrave (page 142), and the cavalry officer quoted at page 138; at the same time the art of riding across country and taking leaps at a gallop was, and still is, unknown to many nations of warlike horsemen, like the Circassians, for instance.

In England the art of horsemanship has passed through successive modifications, influenced by the habits of the time. The knights, clothed in heavy armour, and packed into saddles which supported them before and behind, rode entirely by balance, with stirrups stretched to the full length of their straight legs, as may be seen in mediæval statues of St. George; grip they could

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY (HAUTE ÉCOLE, 1835).

have none; once toppled on either side, the weight of their armour brought them to the ground—generally helpless.

On the experience of the knights of armour the "High School of Horsemanship" was founded, and carried to fantastic perfection in England and on the Continent during the period when the armour had been reduced to a breast-plate and back-plate. What this High School seat was like, and how far removed from the best modern style, may be seen at a glance in the illustration at page 157, taken from the Duke of Newcastle's great book. The long-limbed cavalier seated on his fork may make an imposing appearance, but can only go through his performances on a perfectly-trained, coarsely-bred charger. But alongside the Duke of Newcastle's School of Horsemanship there grew up—amongst the yeomanry and gentry of England, engaged in hunting hare and buck—another and more natural style, to which Gervase Markham obscurely alludes, after giving a picture of "a perfect saddle," in which no one could safely ride across an enclosed country. The traditions of the High School system still flourish on the Continent; and

they have only recently, speaking historically, become extinct in England, under the influence of the modern hunting-field and steeplechase course.

Our soldiers, since 1850, have been taught to ride in a manner which enables them "to do anything and go anywhere" that a horseman should; but before the Crimean War there were regiments in which extravagantly long stirrups and "*the balance seat,*" *without clinging,* were the rule. To go still further back, soon after the Peace of 1815 a Prussian riding-master was employed, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, to drill our cavalry to ride with nearly as

COUNT D'ORSAY (AFTER AN OIL-SKETCH BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, IN SIR RICHARD WALLACE'S COLLECTION, ABOUT 1830).

straight a leg as the Duke of Newcastle in 1658, on their forks, instead of on their seats. My informant, the late R. B. Davis, the animal painter, brother of Charles Davis, the celebrated Huntsman of the Buckhounds, frequently witnessed this barbarous performance in the fields where Belgrave Square now stands; it was not discontinued until a large per-centage of the troopers had been disabled by ruptures.

Under Frederick the Great the Prussian cavalry, which gained his most important victories, rode well on a natural seat, if an opinion may be formed from a curious equestrian portrait of old Fritz himself, upon a black Holstein charger.

As late as 1835 it was the fashion for the swells or dandies of the period—Count d'Orsay, the Earl of Chesterfield, and their imitators—to titup along the streets and in the Park with their

toes just touching the stirrups, which hung three inches lower than in the hunting-field. But about the same time arose a school of professional steeplechase riders, founded on the soundest principles of "the school, the field, and the turf," which had followers and pupils amongst the highest aristocracy; and this school eventually extinguished the affectations of the fribble school and the pretensions of the High School, and established a style at once practical, manly, and elegant, which has since been emulated by all the best horsemen on the Continent.*

At the beginning of this century, as may be seen from hunting pictures (in which the admirable pencil drawings of Alken are disfigured in coarse coloured lithographs), the style of horsemanship was decidedly bad and vulgar—a sort of imitation of the jockeys of the turf, who have a sound reason for bending forward over their horses' withers in a gallop of a few minutes. Compare these prints of Alken's or Sir John Dean Paul's with the pictures of the elder Herring—as for example, that of "Steeplechase Cracks," and take for an example of the proper form of a born horseman the portrait of Jem Mason, on Lottery (whose only fault was to sit too far back on the saddle)—and the difference between the Georgian and the modern style of horsemanship is seen at a glance more clearly than could be explained in a dozen pages. This style, formed by the professional steeplechasers, and soon adopted in the fashionable hunting shires, was in every respect the very reverse of the fribble style of the Park and of the single-handed, snaffle-bridle, pig-tailed squires of the previous century, who hated everything foreign, and with whom everything foreign was French; and this natural style, in which the maxim "*ars celare artem*," so congenial to English tastes, was strictly followed, soon made its way to the road and the Park from the steeplechase course and the hunting-field.

The best instruction in equestrian arts is that obtained by word of mouth from a competent instructor, with living examples to illustrate each precept; but it is not in the power of every one to obtain the services of a really competent riding-master, either on the road or in a riding-school; and written rules, illustrated with engravings, can teach any one willing to learn at least how to avoid many bad habits and awkward tricks.

Riding on horseback is an art which those who have natural aptitude of form and nerve may teach themselves by practice and imitating the best models; but it is also an art that, by judicious instruction, especially if the pupil is taught young, may be acquired by those whose shape and temperament would never permit them to shine as jockeys or horsebreakers. Any one with the courage of a bull-dog and the indifference to bruises of a lizard may ride badly and boldly; but very often the courage of ignorance disappears with the first serious accident.

To give a youth or girl the best chance, not to say of excellence, but of avoiding awkward habits hard to cure, the early lessons of horse-life should be given with good models for imitation.

There are certainly more accomplished horsemen and horsewomen at the present time than at any other period of the history of England; and there are also more bad ones, especially in Rotten Row, because it is the fashion to exhibit in that delightful lane of gossip and display, "with or without twelve lessons" from a corporal of dragoons, or after learning everything that ought to be avoided from some most respectable family coachman.

It should clearly be understood that there is very fine horsemanship (that is, military horsemanship), which is totally unlike our style, out of England—horsemanship suited to the country and the habits of the horsemen, those, for instance, who sit cross-legged and not on chairs. In their way, the corps of Irregular Cavalry of India—native gentlemen riding their own horses, in

* Particularly by the subjects—Hungarian and German—of the Emperor of Austria, and by the steeplechase sportsmen of the French School.

their own Oriental style, commanded by British officers—are second to none; not the least famous of these was commanded by Colonel (now General) Probyn, C.B., Equerry to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. When General Sir Arthur Conynghame, K.C.B., who has seen service in all the wars of this generation, visited the Caucasus, the feats of the Lesghians astonished him, familiar as he was with all that our Indian horsemen can do with sword, lance, and firelock. Now these horsemen ride buried in a stuffed leather pillow, with long stirrups, a straight knee, and a snaffle bridle.

Dr. Johnson, one of the honestest of men, once said to a young friend, "Above all, clear your mind of cant." So it may be said to the pupil in horsemanship, "Clear your mind of conceit;" dismiss the idea that you or your countrymen excel every one. Practice on sound principles makes perfect, but practice on false principles only confirms mischievous habits.

HORSEMANSHIP FOR ADULTS.

"Horse exercise" is a common prescription of a fashionable physician addressed to a patient whose general derangement of stomach, liver, and skin, not to mention brain, has been brought about either by indolence and excesses of the table, or by sedentary and mental exhaustive pursuits—intellectual or financial. Perhaps the patient has never been on a horse in his life, in which case it sounds something like advising a man who cannot swim to plunge into deep water; or perhaps he has ridden in the days of his youth, distant a quarter of a century, when he also climbed trees, and danced reels or even hornpipes. At any rate, to follow the prescription seems at first sight almost as difficult as for a banker's clerk, married, with a family, and a nervous disorder, "to live well, and drink good sound claret."

According to rule, if you want to learn German you engage a German tutor; if you want to learn to dance, you subscribe to Mr. Turveydrop's dancing academy; but if you want to learn to ride, you generally find a Procrustean system in force which is the same whether you are a boy, or a full-grown man, or recruit who has enlisted in a cavalry regiment to escape a wife or spite a sweetheart.

Any one clever at other athletic sports may be thirty years old, and yet easily acquire the essential parts of horsemanship; but it is not to men of well-exercised muscles, in hard condition, that these lines are addressed. They are meant for the student, who has lived in his books until type melts before his eyes in one confusing haze; for members of the learned professions, who have worked so hard in climbing to the top of the tree that they feel no longer able either to balance themselves there or hold on by the branches; to money-making geniuses, who have been so successful that they are no longer able to enjoy anything that money can buy.

As a matter of course, the simplest plan for carrying out Dr. M.D.'s advice, "horse exercise," is to subscribe to a riding-school. Advertisements appear daily in the London papers offering to teach riding in twelve lessons for two guineas. Those who accept the invitation have no reason to complain even if they do not feel themselves competent to undertake a ride on a strange horse in the quietest of by-lanes at the end of a fortnight. Three shillings and sixpence for an hour's exercise on a trained horse in a school is cheap enough at the present rate of the expenses of those establishments; but, as a rule, their arrangements are not made to suit the class of nervous and somewhat inactive persons for whose benefit this chapter has been specially composed.

The full-grown pupil is shown how to mount in the approved military manner, and, when mounted on a slippery saddle, is instructed how to sit, how to hold a pair of double reins in one hand and a whip in the other, how to guide his horse, how to hollow his back, how to keep his heels down, his elbows and his arms close to his sides, all at once. The result is a

feeling of idiotic confusion. The grown man becomes again a little schoolboy in the hands of a terrible pedagogue.

But if the patient has courage, industry, and perseverance, and is prepared to begin with the alphabet of the art, there is no reason that he should despair of becoming a very fair horseman, able, on a well-broken horse, to enjoy rides in green lanes with friends, to take constitutionals early in the morning in the Park, and even to be present at the meets of hounds, in company with that large constituency, to be found at all meets of hounds near great towns, who gallop boldly, but never on any provocation take a leap.

The first and most important point before the full-aged man takes his first riding-lesson is to be in proper condition, or, in a sporting and expressive phrase, "fit." As to who is full-aged, that has very little to do with years after the teens are past. Some men feel younger at forty than others do at twenty-five. The next point is a proper horse, the third a proper saddle and bridle, the fourth a proper place to ride in, and the fifth a safe companion or teacher. The case of a fat flabby man requires care and consideration. Such men are dangerous subjects for a fall, and, it is useless to disguise it, those who ride must sooner or later expect a fall, although every possible pains should be taken to avoid a catastrophe which, laughable in a boy, may be serious in a heavy man strange to the art.

Boys learn to ride anywhere, on any sort of animal; and tumble off without any serious accident until they learn to stick on, but bystanders who are not brutes shudder when they see a heavy, over-bold, middle-aged student of equitation come to the ground on the hard high road, with a frightened face and fearful flop.

To get into moderate condition before commencing riding-lessons, the usual treatment must be adopted. Walking will generally be out of the question, because the middle-aged convalescent who can take constitutional walks need not ride—unless it be on a bicycle. If the patient is stout, and troubled with the corporate honours that made Mr. Banting famous, a diet of lean meat and poultry, with sound claret, may be advisable; to be followed or accompanied by a mild course of drill in the extension motions, with the view of bringing the muscles of the limbs generally into play. The Turkish bath and the packing-sheet process of the hydropathic establishments are both very effective in improving the respiratory powers of the sedentary, and preparing them for horse exercise; for when riding is taken up not merely as an amusement, but as part of a course of physical and mental treatment for restoring an exhausted body and a wearied mind, unnecessary pain and fatigue are to be as much as possible avoided. A little preparatory training, carefully conducted, will do much towards rendering the first riding-lessons easy. Muscular, active people, who can run and jump, may exercise their muscles and tire themselves by long hours of unaccustomed exercise, without fear of any feverish reaction.

THE HORSE.

The horse on which a grown man should commence his lessons may have faults and defects which would reduce his money value in the open market to a very low figure, but he must have certain qualifications of form and temperament. He may be nine or ten years old, or more, if he has not, from over-work, lost that elasticity of motion which makes horse exercise wholesome and pleasant. He may be a whistler, or, in horsey phrase, "make a noise," whenever pushed beyond a very moderate pace. If he can walk well, evenly, and willingly four miles an hour, and trot or canter six miles an hour safely and pleasantly, that is quite fast enough to begin with. There are very noble and distinguished statesmen who have never ridden faster in their lives.

He may be such a delicate feeder, badly ribbed up, or, to speak in grooms' vernacular, so

"herring-gutted" and "washy," that two hours' exercise are as much as he can stand. He may be severely fired for spavin, and rather stiff in his hind-legs on leaving the stable, although not positively lame. He may be plain in his quarters, with a rat tail; indeed, he may be an ugly brute all over, with a great coffin head, so long as he has not the evil eye of a vicious horse. Two eyes are by no means essential, so long as the remaining organ is thoroughly sound.

But he must be of a placid and sensible temperament. He must have good fore-legs and feet; and neither stumble, drop, nor shy. He must be a free mover, ready to walk on at a word, not requiring whip or spur, and yet not inclined, when regularly exercised, to increase a walk to a trot and a trot to a wild gallop. He must have a good but not too light a mouth —a mouth that will bear the hauling of a heavy hand on a smooth snaffle. His head and neck should be properly set on, so as to require neither martingale nor manipulation to bring both to the right angle; in sporting phrase, he must bridle well. His sloping shoulders and well-arched neck must give the timid rider the feeling of "plenty before him" (see Illustration at page 71). There are first-class hunters who never seem to raise their heads except when they go at a fence, and valuable cobs with necks nearly as straight as a donkey's, but the invalid's horse must bear himself well, and carry head and neck like the coloured portrait of the Earl of Pembroke's chestnut, ridden by Mrs. Reynolds. A star-gazing or ewe-necked brute is as objectionable as the horse who carries his head in the form of a costermonger's "moke." As a matter of course, he must have a back and withers formed to carry a saddle in its proper place without a crupper, even if the girths become rather slack; and he should have, whatever be his deficiencies of tail, enough mane to hold on by on the occasion of any crisis. With these qualifications, he should be well up to the lumpy weight of a raw rider.

Thus it will be seen that for a special purpose what all dealers and most horsemen would call "an old screw" may be a very valuable animal.

As a matter of course, a suitable animal is much to be preferred if good-looking, or, at any rate, of that character that extorts from a true judge some such expression as, "Poor old fellow, he's a rare sort, but he has seen his best days!" There are many people who could not be happy riding a really ugly horse, however excellent in temper and paces; but the invalid adult commencing horse exercise must make utility and fitness the first beauty of form; the neat head, the flowing tail, the good colour the second consideration.

It must also be remembered that horses have a wonderful instinctive knowledge of their riders' qualifications, and that an animal that would be perfectly quiet with a real horseman, will very soon begin to play tricks with a nervous or awkward rider.

In nine cases out of ten the adult invalid would do best by purchasing a school-horse that he has found to suit him, at about double its market value; but he must take care that he is not saddled with an animal so inferior in feet and legs that it cannot move anywhere except on a bed of soft tan and sawdust.

There is at least one firm which sells horses on commission and declares the peculiar infirmities and defects, if any, of each occupant of their stalls in the most candid manner. The head of the firm will say, "This cob has been carrying Mr. Bullionist for five years. He makes a little noise, and he is as slow as a top; but he is a capital walker, and as quiet as a sheep." Such a recommendation may be depended on. At any rate, the adult invalid should have nothing to do with any animal recommended by a polite recently-introduced stranger at a dinner party, unless he can get as satisfactory a character with the nag for discreet behaviour as he would require from a butler who was to have charge of a closet full of plate; he will act most wisely in selecting a respectable dealer, and trusting to his judgment.

After having purchased a safe and pleasant equine conveyance, it requires care to keep it in proper condition for a novice who is at first not able to "sit down" on an over-frisky horse and "ride" him into sobriety.

The best-tempered horse in the world may be spoiled, rendered dangerous, even vicious, if not regularly exercised. "Idleness," with horses as with men, is "the root of all evil." A great personage in finance, who had risen from the ranks, and knew a great deal more of the arts by which money is made than of the art of horsemanship, was so much pleased with a hack that he had hired and ridden every "lawful" day during a month at Brighton, that he purchased it and sent it to join company with a very miscellaneous stud at his country house. There "Brighton," while his master stayed in town, grew fat on regular feeds of corn and the irregular exercise of a badly-managed establishment.

At length, one day the master arrived for a holiday, and ordered Brighton to be saddled for a morning ride over the farm. As soon as he attempted to put his foot in the stirrup, the seaside model hack, with a cow-kick forward, sent his master head over heels. The groom, as peremptorily ordered, not without difficulty reached the saddle, to be immediately kicked over the brute's head. Brighton, who had cost a pretty stiff price considering his appearance, was sent to the next market town, and sold for a song to a little tradesman. Within a few weeks he was to be seen sometimes carrying a boy with a letter-bag, sometimes drawing a baker's cart at a fair pace, quiet as a sheep.

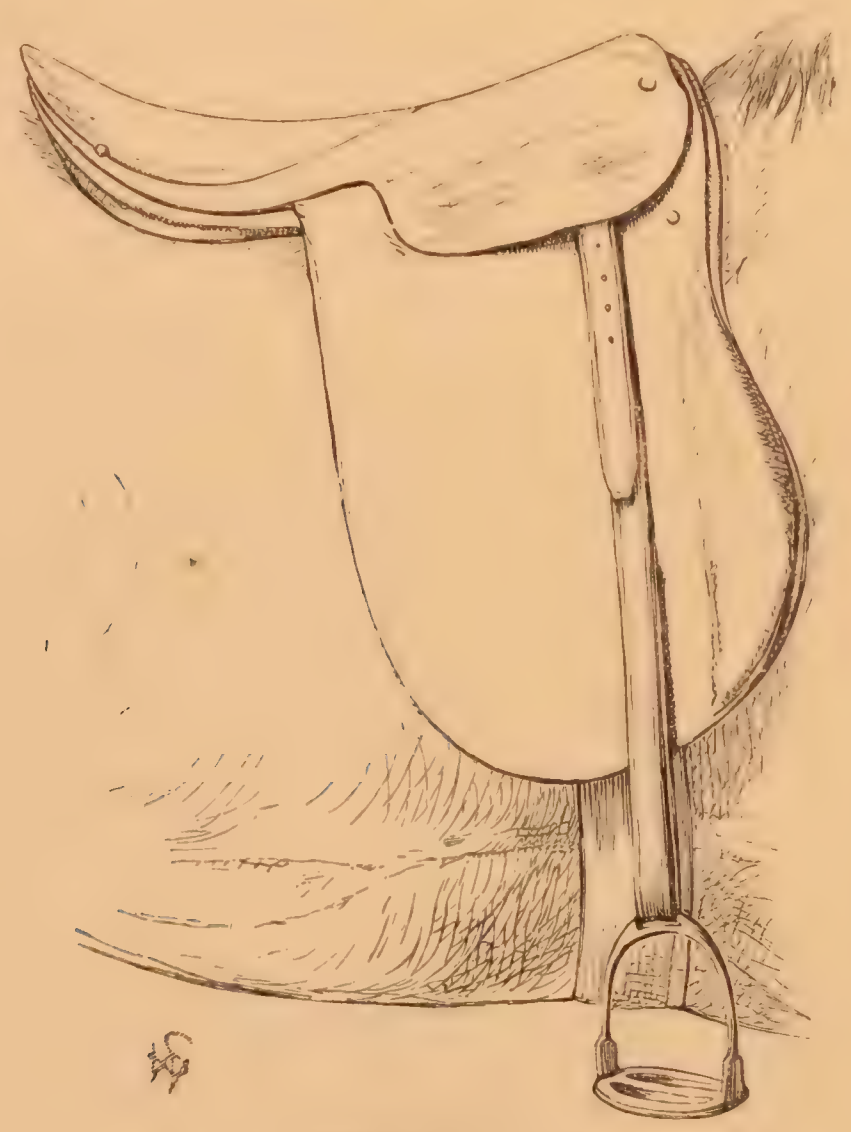
BRIDLE AND SADDLE.

The ordinary double bridle is the best for a beginner. The reins of the curb, which are only to be used on an emergency, should be short enough to hang on the horse's neck. This is best done by an arrangement of two buckles, which every saddler understands. The rein of the snaffle is the one on which the rider will rely to guide his steed and to steady his seat. A pupil whose great object is constitutional exercise has quite enough to do in keeping his seat and directing his horse, without attempting to solve the mystery of managing the reins of a double bridle. This snaffle rein should be broad, soft, and long enough when the horse's head is in a natural position, unmounted, to reach the cantle of the saddle.

Three or four tabs sewn on the snaffle rein at such distances as will bring the hands into the right place, that is, just in front of the pommel, while the elbows touch the hips, will be found useful. The use of this snaffle bridle is twofold, yet simple. First, to guide the hack. For this purpose it is held in both hands; when the rider wants to go to the left he is to pull the left rein, and when to the right the right rein, in open defiance of the rules of the school, where he is presumed to be always carring a sword in his right hand. The other use of the snaffle rein, with a properly selected horse, is—hear it with horror, riding-school rulers—to hold on by; an expedient entirely opposed to the theory of good horsemanship, although largely practised by great men and even great horsemen in their declining years. For ten years before his death the great Duke of Wellington always held on by the bridle, and sometimes by the pommel as well. It is a practice not to be commended, but it is better than falling off; just as crutches are better than not walking at all. The boy who attempts to support himself by leaning on the bridle or catching hold of the pommel (except when a horse is rearing and plunging) deserves a sharp cut from a driving whip; but where the subject is a valetudinarian of forty years, practising what may be called the equestrian goose-step, he must have every assistance in acquiring that confidence without which he will derive no benefit from his first equestrian constitutionals. Indeed, it was the maxim of a most accomplished horseman that it was better to hold on by pommel and cantle than to tumble off.

The ordinary English saddle, whether with plain flaps, as used by huntsmen and most masters of hounds who hunt and ride up to their hounds, or with stuffed flaps, according to the most approved style of the "Park saddle," is the best for ordinary purposes and average horsemen with the full use of their limbs. This saddle, beyond the stirrups, affords the rider no artificial support—indeed, its greatest merit is that should the horse fall the rider is easily released from the saddle. It is a purely English invention, the outcome of the taste for riding across country in pursuit of stag or hare, before fox-hunting was invented.

Before the invention of the modern saddle, Englishmen rode either upon the high-piqued saddle



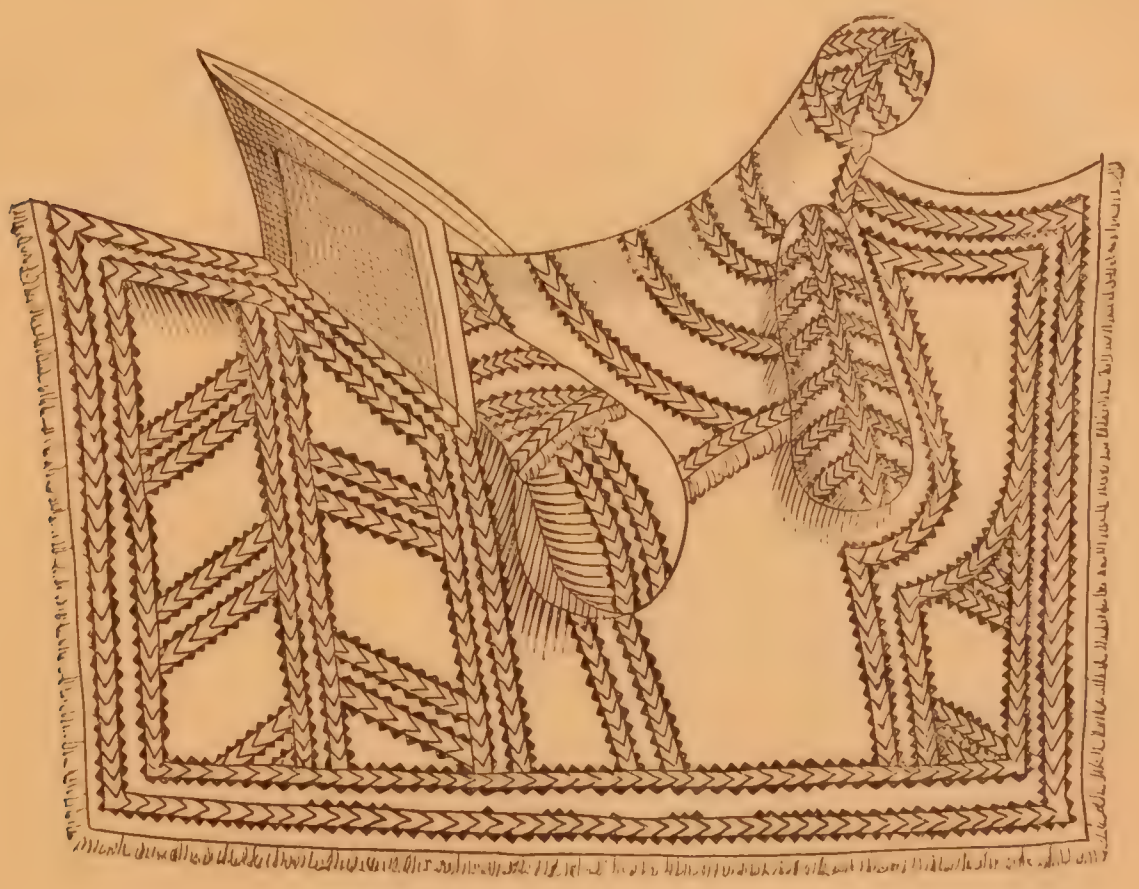
ENGLISH SADDLE.

used by knights in armour, or on a demi-pique something like the modern military. On the Continent, until when late in this century the English style of riding became naturalised in France and Germany, the gentry used nothing but semi-military saddles, high behind and before, in which the rider was securely packed with the help of a sheepskin or something of the kind. No doubt the excellence of English horsemanship is largely due to our ancestors having more than a generation back dismissed most of the arm-chair-like aids on horseback, and been content to rely for keeping their seats on balance, grip, and stirrups.

But when a grown man, after the time when his bones are set and his muscles assume new duties with difficulty, takes to horsemanship, either as an heroic remedy for indisposition of body or mind, or as an accomplishment which his position in life compels him to acquire, his vanity should not prevent him from availing himself of the saddle which makes it most easy for a novice to retain

his seat under difficulties. This, in its best English form, is the "Somerset saddle," invented for the use of one of that noble family of hereditary horsemen which claims the Duke of Beaufort as its chief, after losing a leg in the military service of his country, to enable him to continue to perform his duties as commanding officer of infantry. This saddle is much used by even practised horsemen at the time of life when the muscles are less strong and the nerves less steady than "once upon a time."

Australian bushmen have adopted something of the kind, in a cheaper form than a "Somerset," to meet the peculiarities of half-broken, vicious-tempered bush-horses; a thick pad before the knee affords a sort of fulcrum to resist the dislodging efforts of a "buck-jumper," and this is generally supplemented by a blanket, rolled in a cylinder like the cloak of a horse-patrol, strapped down in front of the saddle.



GERVASE MARKHAM'S PERFECT SADDLE.

For town use a Somerset saddle is essential, if an adult invalid is in his first years of horse exercise; in the country, where appearances are of less consequence, a plain saddle may be converted into a patent safety by very cheap contrivances—such as a covered pad of brown Bedford cord.

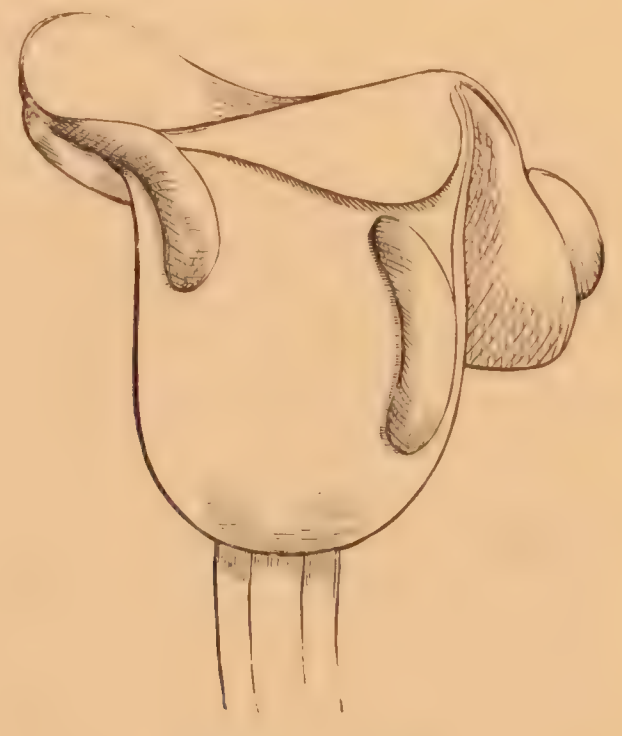
To be thoroughly comfortable and safe, it is as necessary that the pupil should be measured for a Somerset saddle as for a pair of trousers or breeches. The seat must be large enough, the ridge under the thighs fit in well, and the pads in front of the knees be arranged to a nicety. A celebrated tragic actress, who had been in training to perform Joan of Arc on a very common saddle, described the change to a well-stuffed, well-fitted Somerset as "all the difference between abject terror and perfect confidence."

The slipperiness of an ordinary saddle may be avoided in a Somerset either by expensive quilting or by using buckskin, which does not wear well in wet weather, or by the less common plan of employing the rough instead of the polished side of the leather. Nothing is more likely

to occasion a fall than a smooth saddle. All new saddles are slippery. Examples of saddles so made were shown at the South Kensington International Exhibition of 1874.

The stirrups should be large and heavy. The best stirrup-leathers for ordinary use are the old civilian (not military) pattern; but for the adult pupil there is a kind of stirrup-leather, invented by White, which is more convenient to alter, although it only allows a variation of three holes, and is not calculated for hunting purposes.

Having the horse, the bridle, and the saddle, next comes the operation of mounting. How this should be done, according to the best examples, will presently be explained with several illustrations; but the adult need not trouble himself with the niceties of the art, so long as he takes care to stand near enough to his nag's shoulder not to get kicked. In reality, one side is as good as the other for mounting, often better, although according to military school rule the left, or "near," is the right side. To avoid all unnecessary exertion, let the pupil use a horse-block if



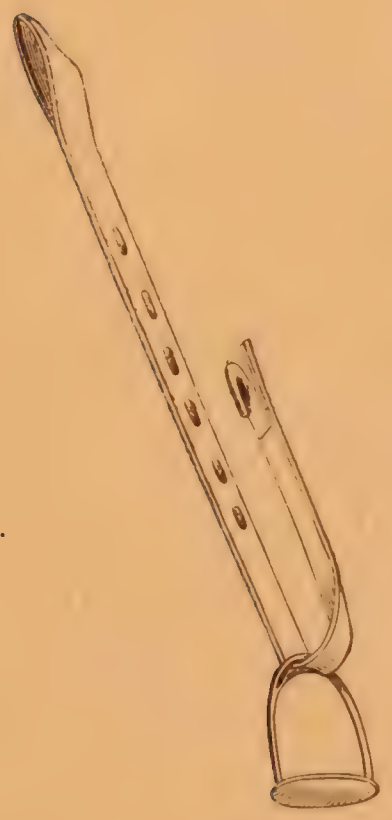
AUSTRALIAN SADDLE.

there is such a thing left in his county. They were universal when demi-pique saddles were the rule, and when the wives of farmers and doctors rode to market or visiting on pillions; but of late years they have generally been pulled down, and used for building piggeries or dog-kennels. If the hack selected is not more than fourteen hands high, the pupil will be able to mount from the ground; but if some artificial aid is required, and if there is no place for the purpose—no bucket without a handle—the Charles Simmonds horse-step is the best; any carpenter's apprentice can make it in half an hour. It consists of a square box, to which is attached the handle of a hay-rake. It is light, and may be moved anywhere at a moment's notice.*

The best place for an adult to take his first ride in is a riding-school; and the best instructor is a riding master, if that master has the common sense to know that such a pupil is not to be treated like a raw cavalry recruit. The great point is that the adult pupil should be made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The idea of tormenting him in order that he may at once acquire the regulation seat of, say a sergeant of police in training previous to promotion to an inspectorship, must be dismissed.

* In use at the stables of Mr. Charles Simmonds, Holywell, Oxford.

The length of the stirrups can be settled by no fixed rule, they should be adjusted to that length that will give the pupil the most confidence, and that will vary according to the conformation of his extremities ; the round, plump, thick-thighed subject cannot fit himself to the saddle like an incipient Don Quixote. The point is to get into the middle of the saddle comfortably, sitting upright, but not stiffly upright, with the shoulders well thrown back, and this will be done by turning the toes out in a natural way, not in like a trooper. But if a man has acquired round



STIRRUP-LEATHER.

SIMMONDS' HORSE-STEP.

shoulders and a stoop over the desk, it will generally be found rather too late in the day to drill him into a better form, and the best must be made of his scholastic attitude. If he does habitually poke his nose forward, he should be advised to avoid damage by keeping his head on one side or other of his horse's neck. If there is no riding-school to be had conveniently, an empty barn will afford a very efficient substitute ; and if there is no barn, then some empty fold-yard or other enclosure, where there is nothing to distract the attention of the pupil or his steed.

In the first instance, it is quite sufficient for the adult pupil to acquire the mystery or knack of "seat," without troubling himself about the niceties of holding the reins. They are, however, as already observed, to be held the one in the right and the other in the left hand ; not only because

this is the common-sense method of guiding a horse not intended for battle, but because with a rein in each hand the rider is most likely to sit *quite square*, a very important point.

Holding the reins too short is a very common fault, and fatal to a good seat. The arms to the elbows should hang loosely in a line with the hips, and the hands should scarcely extend beyond the pommel of the saddle; at the same time giving and taking with the play of a free walker's head, not held rigidly, but always returning to the right attitude. You can never go into the Park without seeing a great many boys and some men holding the reins short in one hand, and that hand half way between the pommel and the horse's ears, with an almost straight arm—a vile and dangerous habit—and, curiously enough, some very famous artists have drawn horsemen with one arm at full length holding the reins, and leaping a gate. Having arrived thus far, if the adult pupil cannot subscribe to a riding-school, where everything is done in regular routine, let him put his pride in his pocket, and selecting some quiet lane or solitary common for early morning or late evening exercise, submit to be led at a walking pace either by an attendant on foot or on horseback, until he feels and finds that he can turn round and look behind him, stoop down and adjust his stirrups on either side, and perform other simple motions without losing his balance or his nerve. Practice makes perfect. The first practice should be in a straight line, then in a small circle, changing from right to left. It is far better for the first dozen lessons that the pupil's horse should be led, and that he should not be troubled with attempts to guide it.

The lessons should be short; with a person in delicate health, and therefore easily fatigued, half an hour's walking and softly trotting exercise is enough for the first dozen lessons—in no case should the lesson exceed an hour. This warning is important, because men of pluck, slightly excited by successful first attempts, are apt to do too much at one time. But if the lessons or exercises are short, they should, if possible, be continued from day to day; six half-hour rides on six successive days will do infinitely more toward moulding the muscles to the equestrian form than three lessons of two hours each with an interval of a day between.

When the services of a competent teacher cannot be had, the next best aid is that of a good model to imitate: not a soldier, although some of the very finest horsemen are found amongst cavalry officers, because a soldier has to follow rules which do not affect a civilian; not a huntsman, because to the best huntsman the horse is only a machine, and one hand is always occupied with the horn or the whip; but from watching a clever colt-breaker or accomplished professional steeplechase rider, very useful lessons may be learned.

It may safely be assumed that any man of forty, not disqualified by physical defects or oppressed with excessive corpulence, may, with patience, perseverance, and pluck without rashness, learn how to ride and how to enjoy riding any well-broken horse, without looking ridiculous, after from fifty to sixty well-arranged rides within the space of three months. But it is a sort of exercise that cannot be taken up and abandoned for a long interval with impunity. Even practised horsemen suffer severely after a certain time of life, if, after a long cessation from horse exercise, they attempt the feats of their youth; feverishness, indigestion, a fluttering heart, a disordered liver remind them that for long days the man requires preparation as much as the horse.

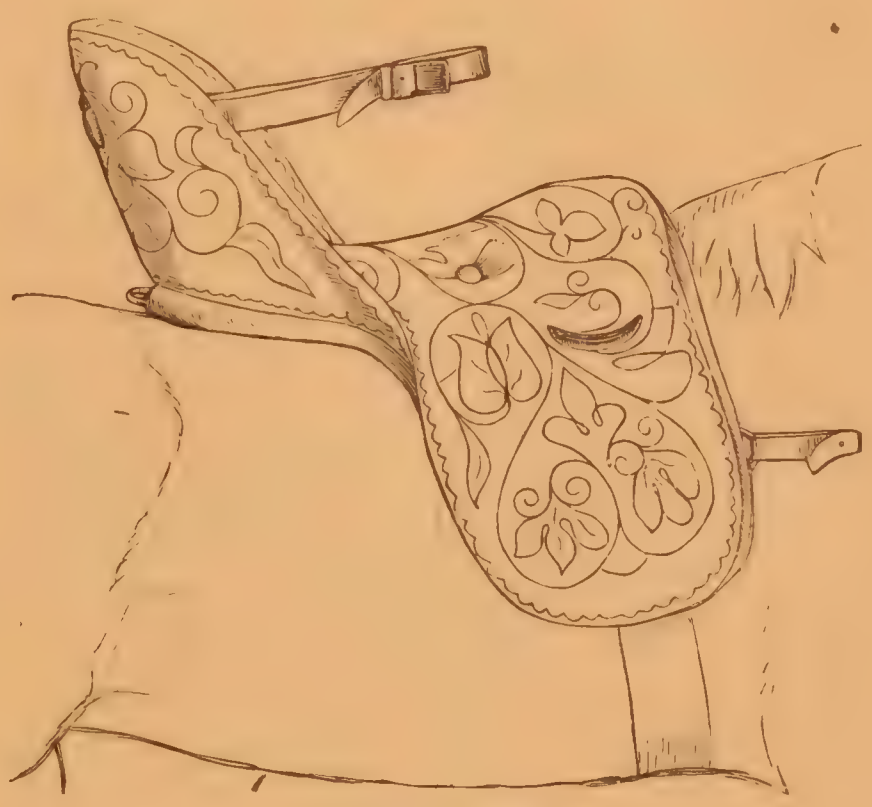
A great deal of the comfort of riding depends on proper garments for the lower limbs. Theoretically, there is no riding-dress so comfortable as well-made breeches and boots, either of the modern cavalry or the plain "butcher" pattern. The next best substitute is a pair of leather overalls, fastened at the sides by buttons, not with springs. But those whose age and position would make boots for riding in a town objectionable must pay attention to their trousers. The material for riding-trousers should be thick woollen, and may be dark—there are some very nice partly-elastic materials in dark colours—they must be constructed by a real trouser-maker,

who will make you sit down when he measures you, and they must be worn with straps, whether straps are in fashion or not. Wellington boots are the best with trousers; shoes are quite out of the question. Trousers without straps, slipping up the leg of a timid horseman, are an acute form of unnecessary misery.

EQUITATION FOR CHILDREN: ADDRESSED TO MOTHERS.

Something was said in Chapter IV., commencing at page 92, on pannier and other ponies for children; but much more remains to be written on this very important subject.

LEADING-STICK.



PAD FOR A CHILD.

PANNIER PONIES.

Irreparable injury has been done to young children of both sexes, by the ignorance of parents, nurses, and grooms in attendance on babies riding in panniers. Children should not be put into panniers (except in a reclining position, supported by pillows as in a bed) until they have attained a certain degree of strength. To a thoughtful person there is something frightful in seeing a couple of infants bobbing their heads with every step of a pony or donkey, like a porcelain mandarin, and so continuing until the period fixed for the constitutional ride is completed; for these poor little things, if they have the sense, have not the strength to complain after half an hour's jolting. Children in panniers look very pretty, and if they are strong, and at least five years old, the air and exercise may prove useful; but weak children and infants of tender years are much more liable to suffer in brain and in spine than to derive any benefit from the shaking they are likely to endure.

In all cases the panniers should be of the modern shape, that is, constructed that the children, well balanced, sit with their faces in the direction that the pony moves. The back of the pannier

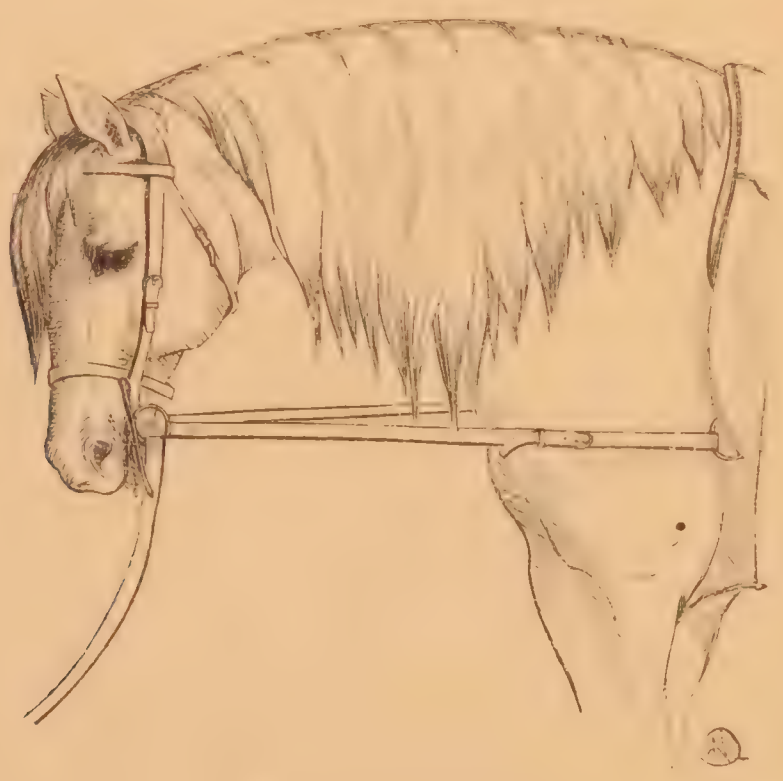
should be high, and stuffed like the back of a carriage, to support the backs and heads of the children, when tired, in an easy position.

If a pony is used for carrying panniers, in all cases flap-reins (see illustration below) should be fitted to the bridle; and so buckled as to restrain it from increasing its pace beyond a walk, or from the effects of a sudden ebullition of high spirits. Donkeys do not require such precautions.

For instructions as to leading-stick and reins, page 93 may be consulted. Neat leading-reins for pannier ponies may be made from the white cords sometimes used for pillar-reins. The Dutch Department at the International Exhibition of 1874 had some extremely neat black hemp driving-reins, so rounded as to be convenient for the soft hands of women.

PONY RIDING.

There are boys on farms and in mansions, where the stable is always full and the stable door always open, who from their earliest years cannot be kept from riding, or trying to ride, every four-



PONY WITH FLAP-REINS.

footed creature they come across. They mount the big house-dog, and get many falls in experiments on the docility of pigs, calves, and goats. They make friends with the grooms, and while still in short petticoats are lost by the nursemaid and found sitting on the back or rather neck of some steady old nag in his stall, while Robert the strapper hisses away at polishing harness or boots. A little later they ride one of the plough teams as they slouch slowly home, and take unlawful possession of that useful slave the family donkey.

These sort of boys seldom come to any serious grief. As to restraining their equestrian propensities, inherited perhaps from some very distant ancestor, which sorely vex the hearts of pious and pedestrian parents, whose greatest daring has stopped at a chariot and pair of fat hay-fed coach-horses, that is always a waste of time.

But where there is no such violent taste, nine or ten years old is quite soon enough to commence the horse education of either boy or girl. Many boys of tender years have been ruptured, or otherwise seriously injured, by premature attempts at making them ride astride broad-

backed, rough-trotting ponies, or donkeys of uncomfortable paces; and many young girls owe a twisted spine or high shoulder to premature pony exercise on an improper saddle.

The pony for a boy should be shaped like a good hack, with a head and neck that bends and bridles well, and so narrow across the back that his little legs can easily grip it. The best saddle for commencing is a pad without a tree, made of some soft rough substance (felt is as good as anything), with bolsters in front to keep the child's knees back, fastened with one girth, and secured by a surcingle, without which a pad will rarely keep its place. But where a child is to ride without stirrups, a woollen rug folded to the right size, and secured by a girth with a buckle and tongue, is better than any pad. Better still is a pillow, stuffed not too tightly with hair or flock, covered with soft leather, and secured on the pony's back by a broad girth, so that the child sinks securely into his seat. This is an Oriental plan, and makes a most comfortable seat for a boy. Any one with a sewing machine can make the pillow. Stirrups may be attached to the girth if required.

The best form of pad is given in the woodcut, page 301, which may be used for either a boy or for a girl with pommels added. A strap buckled in front of a young child makes it assume the right position, and acquire the habit of sitting up straight. But it must be distinctly understood that the strap of this pad saddle is only to be used when the pony is led, or when loose in a school or barn. It might be dangerous if the pony got away with a child fastened to the saddle. The advantage of thus being strapped in is that a timid child acquires confidence, and the proper form of upright seat, and does not begin by hanging on the bridle. At an early date the strap must be discontinued, and soon afterwards a pad without the back should replace this chair form. With respect to stirrups, it is a disputed question amongst authorities of equal value whether boys should commence their lessons with stirrups or not. My own opinion as regards boys inclines to stirrups, because the seat and grip acquired by riders without stirrups are essentially different from the seat of a horseman on a saddle. Riding on a smooth saddle without stirrups is equally absurd and dangerous.

On the principle of starting as we mean to go on, it is better that the boy should commence by learning to depend on the three legitimate aids to the seat of a civilised European, viz., "balance, grip, and stirrups." After he has acquired the first principles of equitation, he may ride hunting on a pillow or pad, or folded blanket, without stirrups, if he is long and strong for his age. Major Dwyer, in the very able work on "Seats" which will presently be noticed in detail, recommends that stirrup-leathers should be fixed as nearly, not quite, in the middle instead of on the front of the saddle; and this would seem a sensible plan, at any rate, in pad saddles for boys. The stirrups should be of the modern shape of the ladies' stirrup, of a size proportioned to the rider's feet, with a padding to protect the child's instep. The length of the stirrup-leathers should be carefully adjusted to suit the child's shape, seat, and comfort.

In the first lessons the boy or girl should not be allowed to take hold of the bridle at all. A good example in this respect is presented by the practice of professional circus riders. Their children, boys and girls, commence their serious equestrian education at about ten years of age, under the instruction of a strict, sometimes of a very severe, teacher. I have had the advantage at the Agricultural Hall of watching the whole course of instruction of the children of professional circus riders, from day to day, from the first elementary lesson to the finishing touches of *la haute école*. The circus children are of course taught to ride entirely by balance. The lessons are given in the circus ring, on a pony trained to canter at an even pace. Sometimes a soft pad is used, sometimes the animal is bare-backed; but in either case, until the pupils are far advanced, they are not allowed any bridle. The pony is fastened down with flap-reins, the inner rein, that is, the rein nearer to the inside of the circle, being buckled shorter than the outer rein, so that it can

only canter slowly; while the teacher restrains the pony with a lunging-rein, and urges it when necessary with a driving whip. The child, whether boy or girl, commences by riding astride, is taught to sit in an upright easy position, just like the Greek equestrian statues in the Greek Court at the Crystal Palace, with the shoulders well thrown back, each hand resting on each knee, or with the arms crossed over the breast. Thus no trick of holding on by the bridle or leaning forward over the pommel can be acquired.

When a firm seat and confidence have been gained, the child may be trusted with a pair of single reins. But whether in an enclosed place or on the road, the flap-reins should be used, so as to avoid any necessity for the young rider pulling at the horse's mouth; pulling to the right or to the left at the word of command, without any particular method of holding the reins, being quite sufficient for all practical purposes.

"When," says the late Colonel Greenwood, of the Life Guards, a most accomplished horseman in the *manege* school, the hunting field, and the Park, and a very good rider of races on the flat, "you wish to turn to the right, pull the right rein stronger than the left. This is common sense. The common error is, when you wish to turn to the right to pass the hand to the right; by this the right rein is slackened, and the left rein is tightened across the horse's neck—a monstrous and perpetual source of bad riding and bad usage to good animals. When double bridles are used, one rein should lie loose or knotted upon the horse's neck."

It is far better that the child should from time to time hold on and steady itself by a pull at the mane of the pony or the pommel of the saddle, than ever learn to depend on the bridle as a means of keeping its seat. The hard plucky boy only needs good models for his imitation, and he will teach himself while laughing at his own tumbles.

When the child pupil can sit at ease at a brisk walk, buckle a long rein to a cavesson, and slowly canter a well-trained pony or horse, if narrow enough for a boy, in a circle alternately to the right and to the left. There is no advantage in using a pony less than 14 hands, unless to get a narrow seat. Small horses are generally better broken than small ponies. After mastering the canter, you may proceed to the more difficult pace of trotting. Where a riding-school is not to be had for the first lessons, a quiet paddock or a disused chalk or gravel-pit may be made to serve the purpose. A soft ground, and the absence of everything that is likely to distract the pupil's attention, are the main points. After putting the stirrups at the right length, it is important to measure and mark the soft snaffle reins exactly at the length at which the child should hold them in both its hands when sitting in the right position. One-handed riding in the early stages of horsemanship should never be permitted, because one-handed riding means riding on one side. When Colonel Greenwood published the first edition of his "Hints," in 1839, the only style of riding taught was the *manége*, or military one-handed, sword-handed style; but these, with other social matters, have been altered for the better since, and the best teachers only admit the use of one hand in advanced pupils. But as we seldom forget what we learn when very young, it is most important that the habit of sitting upright in the middle of the saddle, with a rein in each hand, should be acquired at the period. "For as the twigs inclined the tree is bent." Children are imitative animals, so if they are taught at all they should be taught on sound principles from the first. If a boy has taught himself to ride boldly and badly, his bad habits should be eradicated without mercy by an imperious master.

One of the best teachers of boys and girls, as well as of men and women, this generation has seen, was Dan Seffert, who commenced his equestrian education in the first years of this century in the High School, under his father, Master of the Horse to the celebrated Margravine of Anspach, and became in 1830 one of the new school of professional steeplechase riders. He won the St.

Albans Chase somewhere about that time, on Moon Raker. He gave his children-pupils of both sexes a style, seat, and hands that could never be acquired on the military one-handed plan.

Seffert's plan was to teach one thing at a time, and he began with the seat. When his pupil could turn, twist, and bend in every direction on the saddle, he began the bridle lessons. Without a firm seat, he used to say, the rider will be too much frightened to use the hands effectively when most wanted. There are at least two schools in London where riding is taught on these sound principles.

To sum up, children must have well-trained ponies, if boys—girls may ride light-stepping horses, not over 15 hands, with suitable saddles and bridles. They must not attempt too much, and commence by learning to sit without touching the bridle. They should never be allowed to run the risk of a fall; but should a fall occur without serious damage, they should be made to mount again immediately, with as little fuss as possible. The first lessons should be in a school or enclosure; no awkward habits permitted. Stirrup-leathers must not be too long or too short; the reins must not be too short.

The whole principles of good horsemanship are summed up in an old Irish huntsman's answer to the widow of his lord:—

"Don't you think, Mick, it's almost time Master Ulick learned to ride?"

"My lady, get him a nice little horse, with some divil in him, of the Chit-chat shape; let him keep his legs to the pony's sides and his arms to his own. Tell him to keep his hands down and his heart and his head up; and very soon, I go bail, he'll ride as well as the masther, 'Heaven rest his soul!'"

What a strong lad of thirteen or fourteen may do in learning to ride in one long lesson at a walking pace, has never been better described than in the autobiography of Lavengro, when his father's groom sent him off by himself, on a sensible cob, for a ride round a mountain in Ireland. But Lavengro was tall and thin, with the instincts as well as the shape of a born horseman:—

LAVENGRO'S FIRST RIDE.

"How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs! and there is no second fear. Oh, that ride! that first ride! most truly it was an epoch in my existence; I still look back on it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love, but give me the flush, the triumph and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob. My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob. Oh, that cob! that Irish cob!—may the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind! Oh, the days when, issuing from the barrack-gate of Templemore, we commenced our hurry-scurry just as inclination led, now across the fields, direct over stone walls and running brooks—mere pastime for the cob—sometimes along the road to Thurles and Holy Cross, even to distant Cahir! What was the distance to the cob?

"It was thus that the passion for the equine race was first awakened within me, a passion which up to the present time has been rather on the increase than diminishing. It is no blind passion, the horse being a noble and generous creature, intended by the All-Wise to be the helper and friend of man, to whom he stands next in the order of creation. On many occasions of my life I have been much indebted to the horse, and have found in him a friend and coadjutor, when human help and sympathy were not to be obtained. It is therefore natural enough that I should love the horse.

"I cannot help thinking that it was fortunate for myself, who am to a certain extent a philologist, that with me the pursuit of languages has been always modified by the love of horses; for scarcely had I turned my mind to the former, when I also mounted the wild cob, and hurried forth in the direction of Devil's Hill, scattering dust and flint stones on every side. That ride, amongst other things, taught me that a lad with thews and sinews was intended by Nature for something better than mere word-culling; and if I have accomplished anything in after life worthy of mentioning, I believe it may partly be attributed to the ideas which that ride, by setting my blood in a glow, infused into my brain. I might otherwise have become a mere philologist, one of those beings who toil night and day in culling useless words for some *opus magnum*, which Murray will never publish, and nobody ever read; beings without enthusiasm, who never having mounted a generous steed, cannot detect a good point in Pegasus himself; like a certain philologist, who, though acquainted with the exact value of every word in the Greek and Latin languages, could observe no particular beauty in one of the most glorious of Homer's rhapsodies. What knew he of Pegasus? He had never mounted a generous steed; the merest jockey, had the strain been interpreted to him, would have called it a brave song! I return to the brave cob."

CHAPTER XV.

A LESSON ON HORSEMANSHIP.*

A Real Horseman able to Control any Controllable Horse—The Essentials—The Right Shape—Sound Instruction—Practice—Courage—Temper—For Military Horsemanship Military Master Indispensable—The First Lesson in Riding, a Firm Seat—The Next to Control the Horse—Drill and Gymnastics the Best Preparation for Horse Exercise—Impatience and Conceit the Great Obstacles to Improvement—The Horseman's Lower Limbs to be Attached to the Horse like a Centaur—The Trunk Balanced and Flexible—The Place on the Horse over the Fourteenth Dorsal Vertebra—For Proper Seat, see Diagram of Skeleton—Anatomical Description of—Seat Dependent on Shape of Thighs—Turning out the Toes often Essential—Archbishop Harcourt and Canon Sydney Smith—The First Lesson on a Rough Saddle—The Trussed Chicken Lesson—Stirrups or no Stirrups, that is the Question—The Length of Stirrup-Leathers—The Length of Reins—Reins in Both Hands—The Lesson on Guiding—By Hand and by Leg—Walking a Horse—The Head to be Felt but Free—Three Indications: Restraining, Urging, Guiding—The Hands Restrain and Guide—The Legs Guide and Urge—The Importance of Collecting a Horse before He Moves—Walking an Important Pace—How to Walk Fastest—How with most Action—Trotting an English Pace—The Military—The English Style—The Canter a Luxury with Sound Horses—A Resource with Screws—The Gallop—Requires Practice for Horse and Man—When to Stand Up—When to Sit Down—How to Turn—How to Stop—How to Back a Horse.

In the preceding pages an attempt has been made to assist grown men desirous or compelled, when no longer flexible and young, to learn to ride on horseback, by a series of suggestions in the nature of makeshifts. It has throughout been assumed that the adult pupil would be provided with a well-broken, docile animal, and that the pupil himself will take the shortest and quickest road to horsemanship, by sacrificing nothing to the conventional elegance of the riding-school, and adopting any and every means that will secure him safe conveyance.

In the paragraphs devoted to the pony-riding of children of tender years, the main object has been to warn parents, governesses, and nurses against the dangers of ill-considered attempts to make children ride, either when they are too young for the exercise, or when neither the animals nor fittings are suitable for the purpose. In this chapter it is proposed to collect and arrange as many useful hints as possible, for the benefit of those who aspire to be horsemen in the best sense of the term—able to train and control any horse that a civilised man should ride, with as much grace and elegance as the rider's shape and make will permit. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the most docile and intelligent pupil can no more learn the art of horsemanship from a book, than the art of playing the violin; but the young man who learns nothing from the collected experience of the finest horsemen of the present and past generation must be a very poor or a very conceited creature.

To acquire the highest excellence in horsemanship requires well-shaped, well-proportioned limbs, education on sound principles, constant practice, calm courage, and an even temper. No man can correct his shape, many cannot enjoy the practice required for very fine horsemanship; but all may start on sound principles, all may control their temper in dealing with an unreasoning

*In this chapter I have had the assistance of Mr. D. Seffert, Messrs. George and Thomas Rice, and Mr. Frederick Allen, of the Seymour Street Riding-School.

animal, and all who begin to ride young may acquire the courage of average skill. Between the perfect horseman, who is prepared and able to train and subdue any horse, however high-couraged, if not irreclaimably and obstinately vicious, and the horseman who can fairly take his own part on any horse of average training and average temper, there are many degrees of skill. It is to the latter class that this chapter is specially addressed.

Where the pupil-student desires to acquire military horsemanship—as, for instance, in the case of a subaltern of volunteers preparing for promotion—there is only one course open to him. He must place himself in the hands of a military riding-master, whether he has learned to ride before or not. To military horsemanship the writer of this chapter has nothing to say, although the precepts it contains have been approved by brilliant cavalry officers who have also graduated as masters of fox-hounds.

The first thing a rider has to learn is how to sit his horse in that form which will make his seat most secure, and consequently give him the greatest command over his horse; but a "horseman," in the best sense of the term, should not only be able to stick to his horse under difficulties, but be able to control and direct him; make him walk, trot, canter, gallop, leap, stand, and move on at his will; should know "how to quiet and subdue the hot-tempered, and put life and action into the sluggish."

All this is easy to say, to do is quite a different thing. It shall be assumed that the pupil is a youth arrived at the age when he may be expected not only to imitate like a child the examples set before him, but to be able and anxious to understand the reason why of every axiom laid down by his instructor. It shall further be assumed that he is strong enough, and has pluck enough, to go through the fatiguing process of adopting his limbs and muscles to an entirely new set of motions. As in the case of young children, military drill or gymnastic exercises are the best preparation for lessons in horsemanship. The youths who go through the exercises on the horizontal bars, and other performances of a graduate of the *Turnverein*, will not find any of the attitudes and motions prescribed by the riding-master difficult.

The principles laid down by Madame Brenner, in her excellent treatise on calisthenic and gymnastic exercises,* apply equally to first lessons on horsemanship for both sexes and all ages. "Two grand rules," she writes, "must be constantly observed—first, the avoidance of fatigue; secondly, the recognition of amusement in connection with the lessons. The exercises or lessons must be conducted according to the physical capabilities and requirements of the individual."

The greatest difficulty in carrying out a system of gymnastics (or horsemanship) is "impatience." The story of a lady who declared, after seeing the first exercise, that she could do it in five minutes, but who afterwards admitted that it required five days, might be matched by every serious teacher of horsemanship. Another golden rule is, that "no exercise should ever be carried on until the pupil is tired out."

The first lessons of gymnastics in the book from which these quotations are made, are directed towards "the vigorous healthy action of the muscles connected with the chest, arms, and shoulders"—"to strengthen the lower limbs, and induce suppleness and pliability."

Again, "the swinging dumb-bell exercise—the dumb-bells not being too heavy—is one of best aids towards the development of the chest, *from its compulsory detail of a firm position* of the lower half of the body, while the upper half is actively employed."

Now that is exactly what is needful for a horseman—that his lower limbs should be attached to the horse like a centaur, and his trunk should be well-balanced and flexible.

* "Gymnastics for Ladies," by Madame Brenner, Bruton Street. 1870.

There are young men in such fine condition as to need no preparation for commencing any athletic exercise, however foreign to their previous habits. To such these hints on preparation and training do not apply.

In the hundreds of elaborate treatises that have been written on the Art of Horsemanship, from the time of Xenophon to the thirtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, none have explained the principles on which a horse should be saddled and a rider should sit on his saddle so logically as Major Dwyer,* to whose scientific essay on the most important points of good horsemanship the writer is much indebted, although the practices have been followed by all fine horsemen of all nations, unwittingly, just as Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* talked prose without knowing it.

Major Dwyer commences by describing the skeleton of an average horse standing in a natural position; that is, with its head stretched forward, and its hind-legs, instead of being perfectly perpendicular from the hocks downwards, brought forward to assist in maintaining its equilibrium.

"The animal is at rest, but a greater share of weight rests on the fore-legs than on the hind, because the head and neck in that position are heavier than the tail.

"It will be observed of the framework of the back—the spinal column—on which the rider's weight is to be placed, that whilst the under line of the vertebræ inclines slightly downwards towards the fore-hand, the spinal process of the first thirteen vertebræ of the back, reckoning from the point where the neck is attached, incline backwards; whereas those of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth dorsal and the six lumbar vertebræ incline forwards; the *fourteenth dorsal vertebra* with its process, standing perfectly upright, and forming as it were the keystone of the arch, so that, in fact, the fourteenth dorsal vertebra is the centre of motion of the horse's body. This is further shown by the distribution and points of attachment of the muscles of the back and adjacent parts of the fore and hind-quarters." The conclusion, then, from an examination of the skeleton and the bones clothed with muscles, assisted by Major Dwyer's commentary, is that the seat of convenience on the horse and of comfort for the rider is just over the fourteenth vertebra, the keystone of the arch, the centre of the balance—the saddle in the middle of the horse's back, the rider in the centre of the saddle. It is from want of knowledge of this anatomical fact that strong bold horsemen, sitting with a firm grasp too far back, have broken their horses' backs in taking leaps, especially down jumps, requiring more than ordinary exertion.

From the study of the anatomy of the horse, we learn that "the fore-legs are essentially bearers; and the hind-legs, although chiefly propellers, also to a certain extent bearers."

Those who wish to pursue the scientific deduction from this state of facts still further are referred to the first pages of Major Dwyer's book. The plain conclusion is, that to obtain the full use of both hind and fore-legs, the rider must endeavour to preserve a just equilibrium. "Judicious handling and riding are nothing else than finding a proper balance of forces for the well-built horse and the horse defective in symmetry."

The first lesson, then, the pupil has to learn is how to sit in the middle of the saddle and keep there. In fact, to deserve the highest praise that can be bestowed on a steeplechase rider, "he never moves in his saddle."

The proper seat is neither on the fork, like the Duke of Newcastle's, nor on the *Os coccygis*—the tip of the spine—where the tail would be if man had one, but on three bones, viz., two which form the junction of the pelvis with the thighs, which are parallel with the hip-bones and the tail-bone.

This seat has been more successfully described in the following extract from a letter from my friend Dr. John Reeve:—

* "Seats and Saddles," by Francis Dwyer, late Major of Hussars in the Austrian service. Blackwood.

THE SEAT ON HORSEBACK ANATOMICALLY CONSIDERED.

"What is a man to sit on? Well, he has two bones in his pelvis* (the sitting bones)—each one is anatomically described as the *Os ischium*, or *sedentarem*—and a third in the posterior portion of the pelvis, called the *Os sacrum* (or sacred bone). The *Os coccygis* is a small bone at the end of the *sacrum*, and is said to resemble in shape and size the cuckoo's bill; it is the rudimentary tail bone,† and is highly developed in tailed animals.

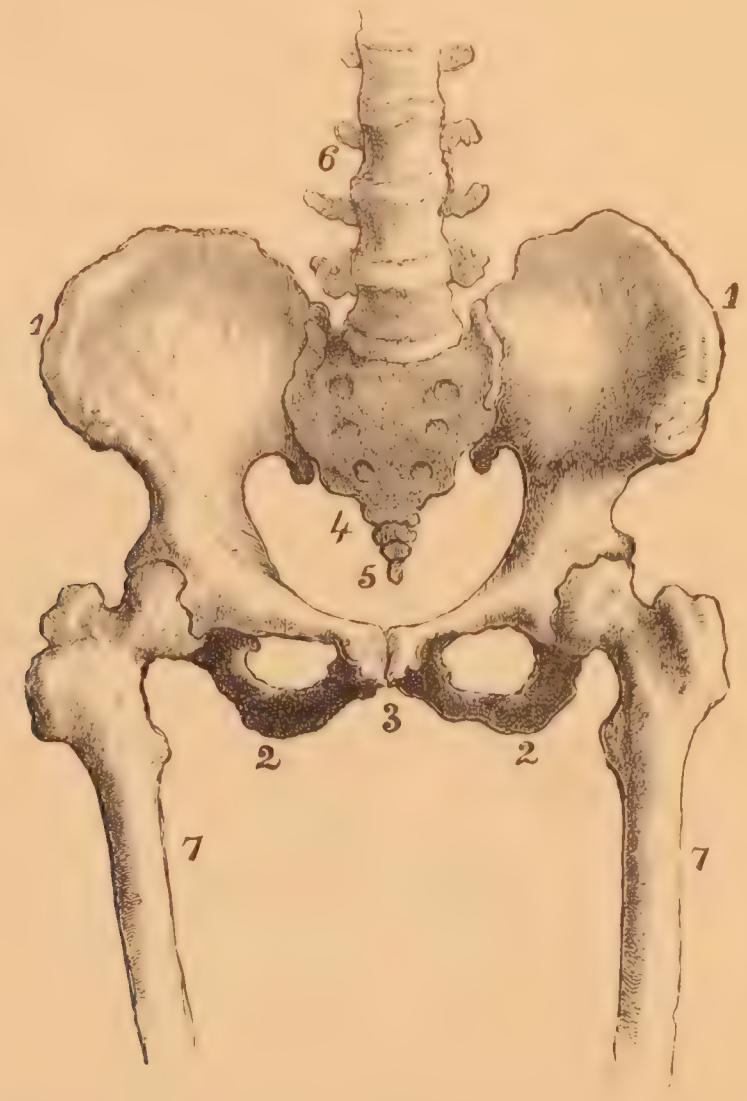


DIAGRAM SHOWING A FRONT VIEW OF THE PELVIS (IN A STANDING POSITION).

1. The *Os ilium* (hip or haunch bone). 2. The *Os ischium*, or *Os sedentarum* (sitting bone). 3. The *Os pubis*. 4. The *Os sacrum*, or sacred bone. 5. The *Os coccygis* (huckle or tail-bone, the extremity of the spine). 6. The lumbar vertebræ, forming the base of the spinal column. 7. The thigh bones.

"The two sitting bones in front, with the *sacrum* behind, form a sort of triangular base for the human seat on horseback.

"If the rider sits in his proper place, he will mainly rest on the two sitting bones, and partially at times on his *sacrum*. He may thus be said to rest on a triangular basis, a seat affording the greatest degree of comfort.

* See diagram of part of skeleton.

† Hudibras, boasting to his lady-love, says :—

"I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse;
Have but two legs, and *ne'er a tail*."—Part ii., Canto i.

"If, however, the rider throws his thigh and leg forward too much towards the horse's shoulder, the *sacrum*, which forms the posterior portion of the bony triangle, will come in too much contact with the back of the saddle.

DIAGRAM OF A MAN ON HORSEBACK, EXHIBITING A SIDE VIEW OF THE PELVIS.

The pelvis is a strong, basin-like, bony cavity, situated at the base of the spinal column, and above the inferior extremities. The bones composing it are:—1. The *Os ilium* (hip or haunch bone). 2. The *Os ischium* or *Os sedentarum* (the bony seat is a rough, thick, strong protuberance). 3. The *Os pubis*. 4. The *Os sacrum*, or sacred bone. 5. The *Os coccygis*, or huckle bone, is the continuation and termination of the *Os sacrum* and vertebral column. 6. Base of the spinal column.

"Finally, if the rider throws his thigh and leg too much back towards the horse's tail, he must then necessarily sit on the front part of his sitting bone (the *perineum*), a position of discomfort and even danger."

"The only firm and steady seat is on this triangle." The Monboddo bone (the tail bone) must neither be over-weighted nor made too conspicuous. "No good rider sits on his fork, but on his seat."

How this seat is to be obtained depends on the conformation of the man. The round, short-thighed man will have more difficulty in fitting himself to his saddle and settling the length of his stirrup-leathers than the born horsemen who win steeplechases. For this purpose the toes should never be turned in, as the old teachers of *haute école* required, or out, like a splay-footed opera-dancer; but just enough to increase the hollow of the thighs. The round-thighed man may have "to get up a hollow curve by turning out his toes a little in excess," says Major Dwyer.

Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who was a very fine horseman, and, before he was promoted to the bench, always in the first flight when fox-hounds were running, once said to the wisest wit of the last generation, "I understand, Mr. Sydney Smith, you object to clergymen riding on horseback." "Not," was the reply, "when they ride very badly, and turn out their toes." For Sydney Smith took the *haute école* view of horsemanship.

The old *haute école* plan of giving a seat and carriage of the body in the first lessons was very good; at any rate, it was a plan on which such horsemen as Mr. D. Seffert and Mr. George Rice took their first lessons. The pupil was mounted on a school-horse, on a buckskin covered, not a slippery saddle, with well-stuffed bolsters before his knees, but without stirrups, a snaffle rein in each hand, and his elbows kept back by a stick thrust through them behind his back, like a trussed chicken.

This plan may have a tendency to make the action of the arms rather stiff, if persevered in too long, but it will certainly stamp in the habit of keeping the hands down and the elbows close. Habits, especially in the young, are wonderfully tenacious, whether they are good or bad. This may be seen in discharged soldiers, who for years after leaving the army show an inclination to salute an officer, and always walk not as civilian mechanics walk.

It is a question worth experiment whether an elastic band or ring of india-rubber—a Ranelagh, in fact—would not be a more satisfactory instrument for confining the elbows than the trussing-stick.

On the question of commencing riding with or without stirrups, different opinions are held. I am inclined to believe that it is better to begin with stirrups, because "the pupil first acquires one seat without stirrups, and then another, which he is to use permanently, with stirrups;" so that it is plainly more in accordance with common sense to begin as you mean to go on. "The most difficult thing to acquire is balance; stirrups were invented to assist in maintaining balance. To add stirrups to a saddle after the pupil has acquired balance, is like giving a boy an air-collar after he has commenced to swim." If it is decided to dispense with stirrups, then, as already observed, not a hard, smooth saddle, but a soft pad without pommel or cantle should be employed.

The one instance in which we should be inclined to dispense with stirrups is when a young boy or girl with a very clever miniature pony is in the habit of following the hounds; because their being dragged by the stirrups may be more dangerous than any fall. I have known one instance of a fatal accident from a boy's foot being hung in the stirrup after a fall at a leap. Boys' stirrups are usually too small; they should be in the modern form of ladies' stirrups.

After a certain amount of skill has been attained in grip, the stirrups may be taken away in a school lesson, to perfect the balance and grip.

The length of the stirrup-leathers should be regulated by the length of the legs and thighs, when they are hanging in a proper position. There is no fixed rule by which this length may be calculated within an inch, because it will vary with the shape of the man's limbs and the horse's

barrel. On changing the saddle to a different horse, it constantly happens that you find it necessary, in consequence of one girthing several inches more or less than the other, to take up or let down a hole. The rough-and-ready measure is by the length of the arm; but very often this is found too long or too short, as arms do not bear an invariable proportion to legs. The only way to arrive at the best length for the stirrups is for the rider to mount, sit down in the middle of the saddle, and adjust the stirrup-leathers so that he feels firm in them and able to get his heels down a good inch; not so short that his legs are cramped, and he is forced back in the saddle in that position which makes it most easy for a kicker to send him over his head.

As to the position of the lower limbs, "the nearer the whole of the leg is brought to the horse's side the better, so long as the foot is not bent below the ankle-joint."*

So soon as the pupil begins to feel confidence in walking, trotting, and cantering slowly in a school, before he enters on the mysteries of managing his horse—a delusion in early lessons, for the school-horse knows his business, and the pupil does not—it is well to commence practice in the motions which involve the body below the hips being firmly attached to the horse, the body above the hips flexibly moving; learning, while still riding first slowly and then fast, to touch the croup of the horse with the shoulders, to bend down and put on and take off either stirrup, and in fact to go through the exercises which are taught by the best modern military riding-masters.

The whole aim of teaching horsemanship is expressed in the few words which I have heard Mr. George Darby, of Rugby, ex-steeplechaser, repeat hour after hour while teaching his young children (girls as well as boys riding astride) in his school in Kensington—"Shoulders back." "Waist slack." "Heels down." "Hands down." "Walk. Trot. Canter. Gallop!"

Until the back-bone ceases to be rigid, and the waist becomes hollow without effort, you cannot have a horseman's seat.

MOUNTING.

In a previous chapter I advised middle-aged pupils to mount as best they could from a chair or a bucket, if a horse-block was not to be had. The correct way of mounting is delineated in the following drawings of the four actions by a man able to bend his knee, standing near to the shoulder of an averaged-sized English horse. Some men could no more assume the attitude of Mr. George Rice in these pictures than they could walk along the tight-rope. They are obliged to stand back in order to get their toe into the stirrup.

But the first thing is to make the horse stand still, a lesson every good hack ought to learn; but even when learned, not always repeated by a fresh and excited animal.

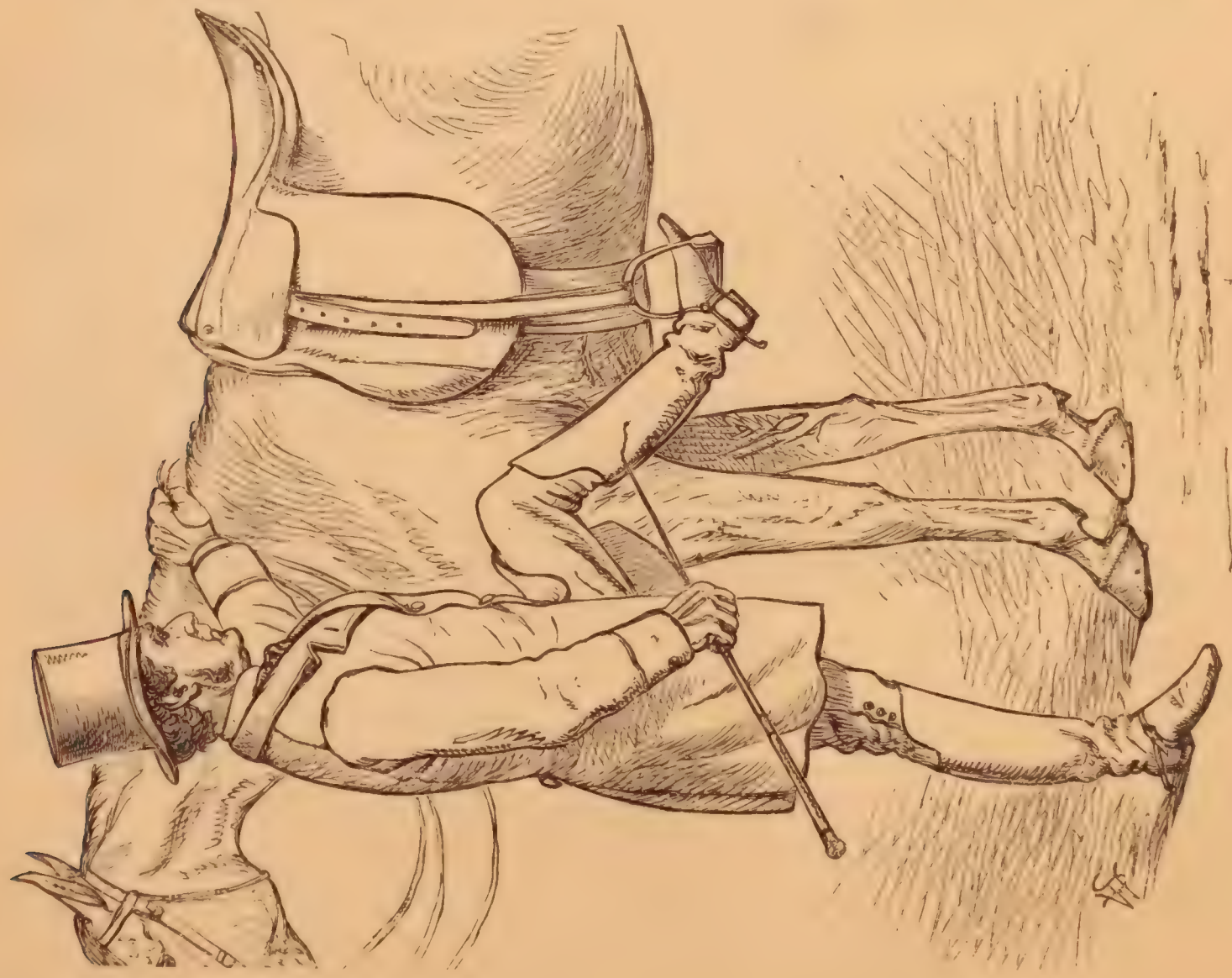
If there is any difficulty, shorten the off or right-hand rein, until the horse's nose points towards his right shoulder; in that position he cannot move.

If the horse is too tall for a short rider, and no convenient eminence near, the stirrup-leather may be let down two or three holes, and taken up again when the rider is mounted; but if this expedient is likely to be required, the holes of the leathers should be punched large enough for the buckles to pass through easily.

According to military directions, the horseman, before mounting, is to twist a lock of the horse's mane round one finger of his left hand. This may do with trained troop-horses, but adopted with a high-spirited fresh hack or hunter might end in an unpleasant drag, and a broken finger or dislocated wrist. A grasp of the mane with the reins will usually be found sufficient.

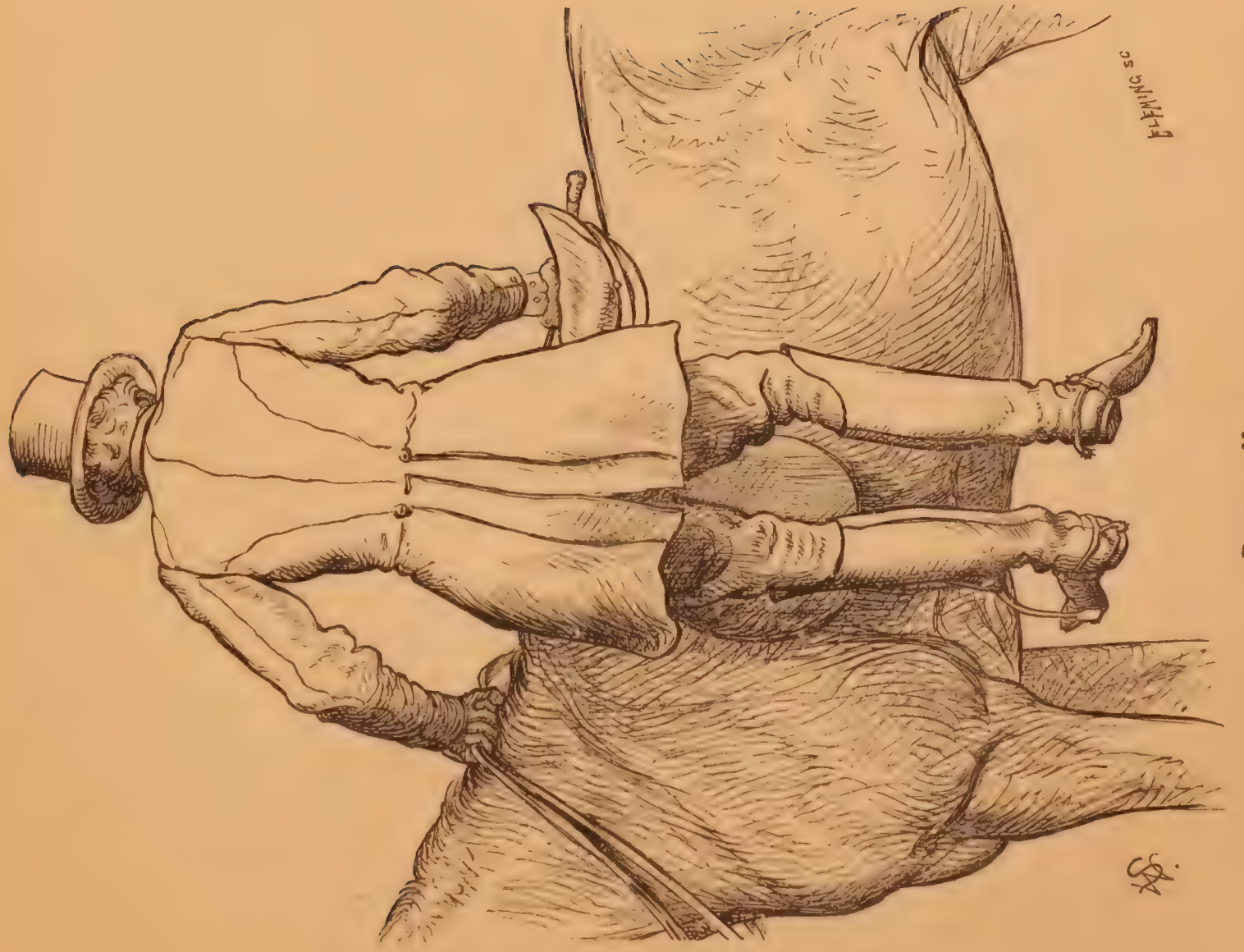
* Nolan.

POSITION No. 2.



POSITION No. 1 IN MOUNTING.

Position No. 4. Mounted.



Position No. 3.

The following successive motions seem very long and tedious in detail, but so would detailed instructions to a savage king on the use of a knife and fork :—

The first position of the accompanying sketch is more easy and relaxed than military rules would allow. The reins hang loose, it being supposed that the horse is held by a groom ; if not so

POSITION NO. 5, SHOWING THE SEAT.

held, it will usually be found safer to have the curb rein drawn through the fingers, so as to feel the mouth and render it easy to hold the horse if he move during the operation.

In No. 2, the rider balancing lightly on his right toe springs to position No. 3. With a fourth movement he throws himself into the saddle, appears as in No. 4, and takes up the reins in one hand.

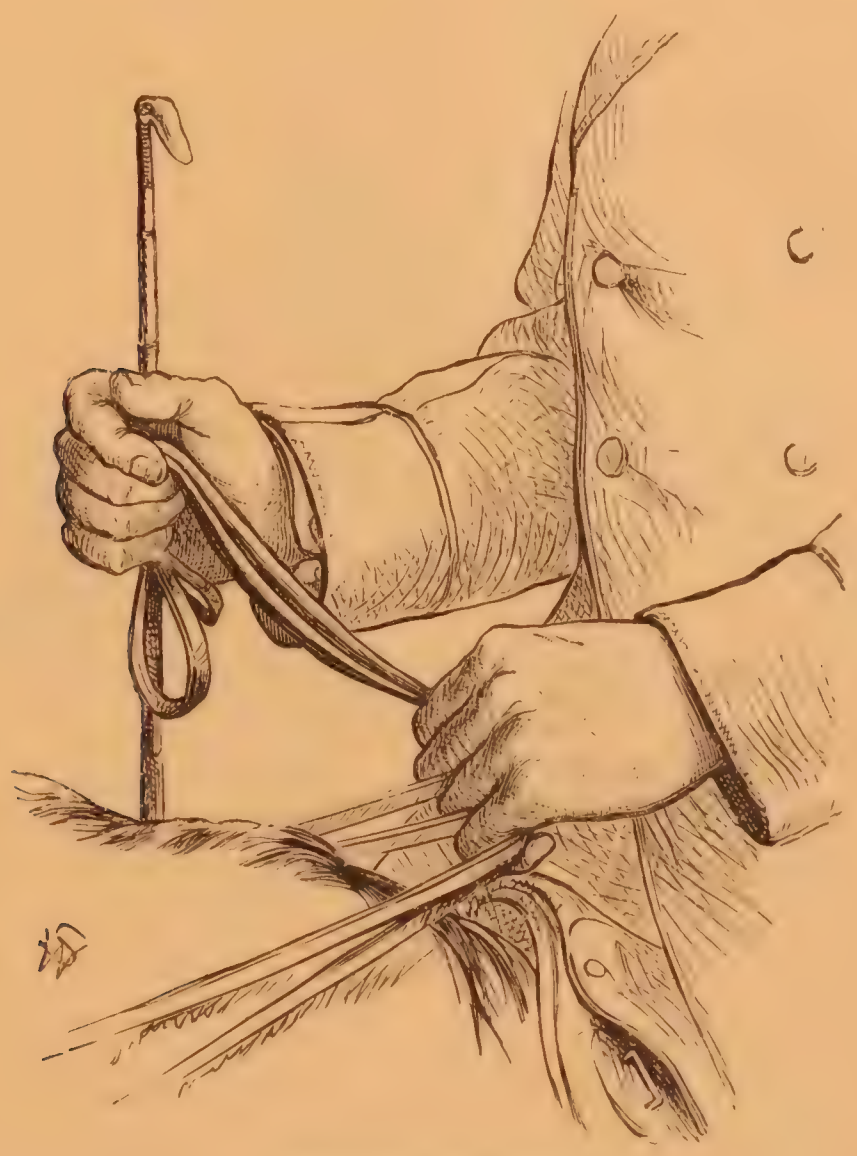
The sketch on this page shows the square seat, the upright carriage, the fall of the legs, and position of the toes, which a well-made man ought to assume on horseback.

In hunting most men thrust the foot home. A man must be very strong to retain his foot half way in the stirrup in a very bustling run, with a variety of up, down, and wide leaps.

THE REINS.

A firm seat having been attained by continuous practice, and close attention to the style of such horsemen as the one delineated in the preceding illustrations, the pupil has arrived at the stage where he may learn to guide his horse.

Until a pupil has acquired that firm attachment to the saddle which is the combined result of



HOLDING THE REINS.

grip and balance, only obtained by patient practice, he does not guide his horse; on the contrary, if any difference of opinion arises, his horse guides him.

Horses are managed by the use of the reins, the legs, and the voice—the voice to soothe, to encourage, and sometimes to threaten.

Military and *haute école* instructors have written very elaborate descriptions of the modes of holding the reins in one hand and regulating the motions of the horse with the little finger. No doubt, those who have thus written can do what they attempt to explain; but pupils can no more learn these extraordinary feats from written rules, than to play like Hallé or Arabella Goddard.

A neat way of holding double reins in one hand is shown in the accompanying illustration.

A DOUBLE BRIDLE IN ONE HAND.

The bridoon or snaffle rein is divided by the third finger, the bridoon rein being uppermost; and thus you may ride a perfectly-trained horse who has learned that he is to turn to the right when the left rein is pulled, and to the left when the right is pulled, as well as possible by a turn of the wrist and a pressure of the leg. But as even a colt, whether he obeys or not, can understand that when the left rein is pulled he is intended to go to the left, a pupil is saved a great deal of unnecessary trouble by commencing in the style of colt-breakers and of common sense, and taking the reins in both hands, thus :—

"But," says Colonel Greenwood, "he must be a very uncommon horseman who attempts, without long practice and careful instruction, to use both bridles; and to adjust their length without disturbing the double bearing on the horse's mouth requires infinite tact and delicacy."

A single rein with a fresh or pulling horse may properly be held in the full grasp of both hands (see illustration on next page). When for any reason it is necessary to ride with one hand, it is better to place three fingers of the left hand, viz., second, third, and fourth, between the single reins.

To shorten reins held in both hands, having first taken care that they are not made too long by the saddler, extend your arms allowing the reins to slide through the palms of your closed hands, then bring them together, and by that simple motion, which can be performed at full speed, the reins will be found sufficiently short.

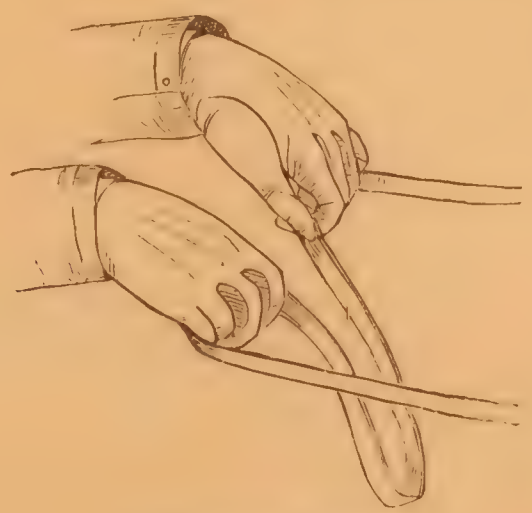
After all, the exact mode of holding the reins is not important, so long as they are held smoothly and flatly, with the hands, arms, and elbows in the right position.

The very finest horsemen seem to regulate all paces from the motion of the wrists and fingers only.

The principles of horsemanship require that the horse should instantaneously obey the indications of the legs and the hands of the rider; but to describe in an intelligible manner how these indications, except the very simplest, are to be given is a task beyond the limits of written description.

The best teachers make their lessons lectures, illustrated by the examples of a mounted horseman or horsewoman; and I am convinced that a great deal of useful preliminary education may be given to pupils seated in the gallery of a riding-school while a teacher with the gift of picturesque description illustrates himself, or by some one mounted for the purpose, each rule of instruction.

Colonel Greenwood, who was the first to substitute the plain English word "indication" for the, in this case foolish, French military term "*aid*," puts the question tersely when he says, "There are three sorts of 'indications.' viz., retaining, urging, and guiding." The hands retain or restrain



TO SHORTEN REINS.

and guide, the legs guide and urge. If a horse is mounted and allowed to stand still for any considerable time, he will most likely sprawl and extend himself in an attitude which is not only ugly, but which requires a decided change of position before he can either walk, trot, or canter in the form he should. If a horse is ridden with a loose rein and careless legs, he can turn round or to one side before he can be stopped; and if he is very much tired is very likely to overbalance himself and fall. All men who perform great feats in walking and running have a balanced pace. Although perfectly-trained horses of admirable symmetry do stand and go alone, a good horseman is always in a position to instantaneously control his horse.

For this reason, although in the hunting-field you often gallop off the moment you are mounted, after dismounting at a locked gate or after a fall, without being settled in your seat, and with the reins held anyhow, because you are in a hurry and have confidence in yourself and your horse, that is the exception to a sound rule of horsemanship, viz., that a horse should be collected before he is asked to move at any pace; that he should be slightly retained by the bridle and slightly pressed by the legs. This makes, or should make him, if he knows his business, stand square, ready to lead off with either leg as desired, and to walk, trot, or canter with mechanical precision. The grooms' phrase of "pulled together," for "collected," is very expressive.

Once in motion the legs of a good horseman on a well-trained horse, however high spirited, will imperceptibly guide and regulate his paces almost as much as the reins, when, after a longer or shorter acquaintance, rider and horsemen have learned to understand and trust each other.

WALKING, COLLECTING, REINING BACK.

Walking is one of the most important paces of a hack, especially of a town hack, a pace that can be very much improved by practice when the animal has any natural aptitude. It may safely be asserted that every horse fit for a hack can be made to walk well, that is, when gentle exercise has taken off the freshness of a young, well-bred, high-couraged horse. Every riding-horse should be made not only to stand still, but to start at a walk.

The prettiest walk is when the nag, quietly settled down, and taught by long experience with a firm rider that he must not break, steps in true time smoothly along, with loose reins, nodding his head. But these are exceptions. There are very few horses which it is safe to leave entirely to themselves, without the silent monition of a rein lightly but so firmly held that the least deviation from the paths of propriety brings the bit to bear on the mouth.

To walk at the fastest pace an animal is capable of, the snaffle rein only must be used, or the double bridle with the curb rein held so as merely to indicate its presence. But in the street and the Park, where the best is to be made of the horse, good horsemen ride on the curb, so as to obtain the utmost action at some sacrifice of pace. It is in this simple operation that the first experience is found of the meaning of light hands, a quality of the same character as "touch" in a pianist, which is important in every pace, from the slowest to the fastest, which is seldom found amongst bruising, brutal riders, and never amongst those who have not attained a secure seat. Light hands mean the power of restraining a horse with the least possible exertion of force, and indicating, by the faintest and most elastic touches of the fingers, what the horseman desires to convey to his horse through the action of the reins and bit, or bits.

To make a horse walk there is nothing more stupid than ill-temper, the use of a whip, or the abuse of the spur.

If a horse is very fresh from want of exercise, the first step is to "sit down and ride him" at a sharp pace until he is settled, and this may be done, if there is a clean and soft road or a field convenient for a hand-gallop, without in the least fatiguing your nag. Then, if he is a young horse, be content with the slowest pace of walking, as long as he does not "jog," or "shog," as some call it. At every break he must be stopped firmly and patiently, and made to begin again. In the meantime, if the rider is a novice, he must carefully study the walking attitudes of those who ride well, and seek to obtain an easy not slovenly style.

The best way of improving pace is to keep to a walk when travelling toward the stable, to which your horse is eagerly looking for his corn. Although a perfect hack may be trusted to walk with a loose rein, this is a practice which cannot be safely followed with a tired horse. He must be held so that he will be compelled to move his legs alternately and evenly. No man in the world can hold a horse up, at any rate as long as he sits on his back; all that he can do is, by a judicious, smooth, steady feel of the reins, particularly the curb rein, to draw the horse's head downward and toward his chest, and thus incline him to bring his hind-legs under him in support of the fore-legs, in regular time.

Walking over deeply-ridged ploughed fields, and fields where turnips are grown on ridges, is capital practice for young riders and young horses. Thorough-bred horses, recently drafted from the turf into hack or hunter stables, and a fine class of park and ladies' horses, which have been bred and trained on the smooth turf of counties where hills are unknown, may be very much improved by being daily trotted over rough, undulating, and hilly ground. Young riders are apt to despise the walking pace, and to be not unnaturally impatient to press on the smart trot or the luxurious canter; but they may depend on it that a close observer will learn a great

deal that must be learned to become a real horseman in walking exercise, by studying a finished horseman and his horse when walking.

Practised horsemen often appear very careless in their seat, and in the way they handle their reins; they have, not without reason, confidence in themselves. But young students must not copy the carelessness of accomplished cavaliers, until that confidence is justified by the essential habit of never being taken by surprise whatever the horse may do. And it should always be remembered that every well-bred horse will, now and then, at the most unexpected moments, take a fit of staring, starting, and plunging. I remember one very hot summer's day kicking a thorough-bred mare along (who, though brilliant in the field, was a slug on the road) past Apsley House, when suddenly I found myself standing on my feet at her head, with the reins in my hand, having performed an involuntary somersault, for which I received the undeserved compliments of the Irish crossing-sweeper, anxious to earn sixpence.

"A horse should never be turned without being made to collect himself, without being retained by the hands, urged by the legs, and guided by both. In turning to the right both hands should retain him, the right the strongest; both legs press him, the left the strongest, the rider leaning to the right; the shorter the turn and the quicker the pace, the more the horse's hind-legs should be brought under him, and the more both horse and rider should lean to the right;" but the right rein must *indicate*, not haul. The practice of good polo players illustrates this—a bad heavy horseman turning sharply to the right, and not leaning in the same direction, but clasping his pony hard with his long muscular legs, will often bring him over.

In reining a horse back, the rider must remember that he cannot move if pulled back so hard and suddenly as to get both hind-legs under him; therefore, the horse must be collected every time he resists, brought square on his four legs, and then reined back. Brutal, ignorant carters may be seen beating a horse for not backing a loaded cart, while the poor animal is in such a position that he cannot move his extended hind-legs.

The pupil horseman must remember there is to be no jerking of the reins, no hauling, a constant feel of the horse's mouth, so that when the animal is in movement there should be a constant touch, or feeling, or play, or bearing between mouth and the rider's hands. "It is," says Colonel Greenwood, "impossible to bestow too much pains and attention on the acquirement of this touch. It is the index of the horse's actions, temper, and intentions. It forewarns the rider of what he is about to do; by it the rider feels muscularly, without mental attention, whether his horse requires more liberty or more collecting."

It is this sensitiveness of mouth which makes the horse so superior for riding and driving purposes to the ass. The fault of the ass is a deficiency of delicacy. You can guide a good horse as accurately as a sailing-boat; with an inch to spare, you can turn in and out of a throng of vehicles with perfect confidence. The ass, when willing to go at either his slow or fast pace, bores along incapable of receiving delicate indications.

The best horsemen guide their trained horses with their legs as much as by their reins, often without using them. It is because women ride on one side instead of astride that they can never equal first-rate horsemen in the management of raw colts and obstinate horses.

The importance of the preceding directions may not at first seem evident to pupils. They may not see why they should walk their horses in small circles when they would like to canter straight forward. They do not see why they should attempt to collect a horse that collects himself. But this "collecting, urging, and retaining" are the foundations of the obedience it is the object of horsemanship to enforce.

By collecting, the horse is kept well upon his haunches—is guarded from crossing his legs,

and has, all the time, as the phrase goes, "a spare leg" to depend on. The horse's head, in turning a corner, should not be pulled farther round than to allow the rider to see his eye.

On broken ground intersected by ruts or holes, let the horse choose his ground, keeping him alive by pressure of the legs if lazy or tired, without flurrying him.

TROTTING.

The trot is essentially an English pace; that is, Englishmen invented the practice of rising in the stirrups, by which the trot can be performed with the greatest ease to the horse and the rider. Never begin to trot until you are quite at home in the walk, and feel that you can do nearly all in the saddle that you could sitting in a chair. Begin trotting on horses easy in their action and obedient to the reins, without being too light-mouthed. There are exceptional horses with so smooth and even a pace that it is not necessary to rise in their trot, or at any rate perceptibly.

The best trotters move audibly on hard roads in the time of 1, 2, 3, 4, perhaps most horses do; but there are certainly some which seem to trot 1 2, and it takes practice to "rise" in time with them. The picture at page 69 illustrates the distinct square trot of a roadster rather than a park hack.

The Continental and military practice is not to rise in the stirrups, but to try to sit close to the saddle, relieved a little by the support of the knees and stirrups. No doubt there must be good reasons for this practice of bumping (which was universal with all European horsemen, civilian as well as military, until steeplechasing with English horses and riders was introduced into France and Germany), because it is retained in the British cavalry, in which the most distinguished officers have been and are hunting men, who adopt the English style of riding when they appear in plain clothes or hunting coats.

The military horseman uses the curb rein in trotting, although he receives his first lessons on a snaffle bridle without stirrups.

Trotting and rising in the stirrups should be performed with the snaffle rein only: the feet so placed in the stirrups that the heel can be kept well down, the leg from the knee downwards falling straight, and moving as little as possible; the rise and fall to escape bumping just as little as the action of the horse will allow. Some horses, and particularly English horses, are much more *impressive* in their trot than others. The elbows should be close without clinging to the sides of the rider, and the snaffle rein should be held firmly, at the proper length, in each hand, and not be allowed to slip a hair's breadth as long as the trotting continues; in this respect differing from the mode of regulating the reins in the canter or gallop. In the trot the rider appears to support the horse on the snaffle bit; of course he does not do so, but the well-trained horse relies on the rider to hold him to that pace. Horses may be trained to slacken their pace and halt as soon as the rider with a soothing word sits down and loosens the reins.

Perhaps more vulgarity is displayed in trotting than in any other pace by hard riders of the sporting publican class, their admirers and imitators. It is a pace in which, with a free goer, it is very easy to acquire bad habits.

On a really good trotter it is, *for a man*, one of the most pleasant and healthy forms of exercise. So thought Lord Palmerston, who might often be met, in his seventieth year, going down the Green Park from Constitution Hill, or by Birdcage Walk to the House of Commons, on a hot summer's day, trotting at the rate of twelve miles an hour. If George Grote, the historian of Greece, had not given up the horse exercise which for a long period was his favourite out-door amusement, his life and valuable literary labours might have been prolonged many years.

The young rider should bear in mind that there is a limit to the speed of a hack's trot—it may be at the rate of eight miles, ten miles, or twelve miles an hour—within the limits of that pace he will travel farther, more safely, and with less fatigue to his horse than at a canter; but pressed

up to or beyond the limits of your horse's trotting powers, it becomes most exhausting, as any one may learn by trying to keep up at a fair toe-and-heel walk with a pedestrian who is two miles an hour better than himself. The man who could walk all day at about three miles an hour would be very soon pumped out in trying to walk six miles in one hour. It is also dangerous, because, at full stretch, the horse on making a mistake has little chance of recovering his balance. Tightly and firmly held, at about eight or nine miles an hour, or whatever be the pace of the slowest of the party's horse on a fair road, trotting is a very conversational pace. Nothing is in such bad taste as for the owner of the fastest walker or trotter to be continually in front of a riding party.

Neither should horses be allowed to break from one pace to another; but a considerate horseman returning home or going to cover will do well to break partly into a hand-gallop rather

NOT THE SORT FOR ROTTEN ROW.

than strain his horse's sinews and joints, and vex his temper, in a vain attempt to keep up with some one who prides himself on a trotter of exceptional powers.

Such a wild goer as the one in the accompanying illustration may be confided to a groom, ready to ride anything, but certainly is not in his place as a gentleman's hack or in the Park; although, perhaps, with patience and good handling, he may in a few months be brought to more regular and less fatiguing paces.

Between the walk and trot is what is called the jog or shog trot. No trick can be more vile in a pleasure, park, or lady's horse, but it is a valuable pace for a tired hunter or roadster; easier to them than walking evenly or regularly trotting. There is no long road travelling in this country now, but the shog trot is practised on the way home by every huntsman, every whip, and every hunting man, after a long day, if he has any consideration for his horse.

Trotting and walking are the paces which, if attained at all in great perfection, are improved as the animal grows older, as long as he retains full possession of his powers. In America, where

they understand trotting as well as we do flat racing, steeplechasing, and hunting, they do not consider that a horse gets his best pace as a trotter until he is at least nine years old.

It is rare that a horse is equally pleasant in both trotting and cantering, especially if the trot reaches more than nine miles within the hour, that is, less than half the rate of American racing trotters. The pupil should practice trotting assiduously to attain a good style, watching the manner of the best masters of the art, and taking an occasional glance at his own performance in the reflection of plate-glass windows. In that pace particularly it is important to attain the peculiar graces of the modern English style—the *ars celare artem*—correct, without being rigid; easy, without being slovenly; upright, not poking toward the horse's ears in the old English style; legs, feet, hands, all in their proper places; rising to ease your horse in the trot not from the stirrups but the knees, not to show your seat, but to ease yourself and the horse with the least possible daylight between your seat-bones and the saddle.

A horse trotting fast should be stopped slowly, by gradually shortening the reins, sitting down and speaking softly the language the horse so soon learns to understand.

THE ACTION OF WALKING AND TROTTING.

The action of trotting squarely is distinctly diagonal, the off fore and the off hind foot following each other. It has always, and correctly, been taken for granted that the action of walking is the same, and is thus illustrated in the portrait of a very fine walker at page 68. But in the summer of 1874 the walk of the officer's horse in Miss Thompson's celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," in which the animal is represented as moving both legs on the same side simultaneously, created a hot controversy, which raged in the columns of the *Times* and *Field* newspapers. The odd thing about this question was, that although all were sure about trotting action, many, including myself, had never thought about walking action at all; and, when we began to observe, were not a little puzzled by the difficulty of correctly noting the slow almost simultaneous motion of three legs. Yet those exact realists the illuminators of missals had correctly caught the action of the walk three hundred years ago. Miss Thompson defended herself stoutly by the example of the great French artist Meissonier, and "Stonehenge's" description of the walking pace, which, however, she misunderstood. Meissonier probably studied his horse's paces from High School chargers. At any rate, there is no doubt that in this detail the very clever young artist was wrong.

On consideration, every horseman will remember that the actions of the two paces, walking and trotting, glide so naturally from one into the other, without that distinct change which takes place when a horse either rises from a walk into a canter or subsides from a canter to a walk, that feeling and hearing alone suffice to settle the question, without the use of eyesight. Major Dwyer treats the question with his usual mathematical exactness in the following passages, in which he discusses it in reference to another question, viz., the effect of the rider's weight on the equilibrium of a horse at different paces.

"In walking and trotting, the horse moves its diagonal legs simultaneously—that is, the off fore and the near hind-leg move together, and alternate in this action with the near fore and off hind ones; so that while one pair is being moved forward the other sustains the weight of the animal.

"In cantering and galloping (slowly), the two legs *at the same side* are advanced simultaneously, the other two remaining behind. But the two diagonal legs of every pair are not set down simultaneously. One hears distinctly four beats in the case of walking and trotting, and two, three, or four in cantering or galloping, according as the horse's weight is adjusted to the latter

movement. Of the two legs acting in concert, the fore one is lifted and set down somewhat sooner than the hind one; were not this the case, a horse could never tread in his own hoof-marks, as he usually does in the trot.

"In very rapid trotting, the animal is off the ground with all four legs for an instant.

"The veterinary surgeon of the famous Austrian stud at Trakenen has observed that the near hind-leg and the off fore-leg of most horses are stronger than the other two, and he attributes to this cause the fact that horses naturally prefer to lead with the near leg in cantering and galloping, the weight being then supported by the two strongest limbs, the near hind and off fore-leg. For the same reason, he asserts that spavin occurs more frequently on the off than the near side; and that horses in wheeling through restiveness always do so to the left, on the near hind-leg."

These explanations show why trotting is the safest pace for a sound-footed horse trotting within his powers, for then he is always supported diagonally on two legs, and two legs are alternately coming to his support. For the same reason, trotting is a dangerous fast pace when one leg or foot is painfully unsound; so, too, walking is dangerous when a young or tired horse is permitted to take a long, lounging, slovenly stride.

THE CANTER.

The canter proper is the first stage before galloping, which is performed with the same action, except at the utmost rate of speed. Then a well-bred horse seems in his gallop to cover the ground by a series of bounds.

The canter is performed on the haunches, the fore-legs seeming to act chiefly as props, and to take very little share in the work of propulsion, if so grand a phrase may be pardoned.

A fine cantering hack moves forward in a series of graceful curves, in the form illustrated by the woodcut of the Marquis of Londonderry at page 289 (copied from a series of equestrian portraits published between 1830 and 1840). The canter of Count d'Orsay's fierce hack (page 290) is rather in the style of display than of the luxury of the middle-aged dandy marquis. A view of the Achilles Monument would have been more suggestive of the man and the horse than the wild mountain scenery which forms the background.

To canter properly the park hack must be collected, brought almost to standstill and on his haunches with the curb rein, touched with the heel or whip on the side meant to lead, and drawn by the rein on the opposite side until the rider can see his horse's eye. Once started, the curb reins only must be used, with a slight give-and-take feeling, the rider balancing himself to the time of the horse's movement. But the hand on the hip would scarcely be considered "good form" at any time since manliness superseded the effeminate affectation of the dandies of King William IV.'s time.

It is difficult to find a horse that can canter pleasantly and slowly in a grand and graceful style, because strength is required in the loins, hocks, and thighs to perform a pace which throws so much strain on those muscles and tendons, and the combination of strength with soft action is rare.

Ladies' horses are always required to lead with the off fore-leg, and this undue strain on one pair of limbs generally produces lameness or ossification in the joints of the near hind-leg. Indeed, there are few horses that have been constantly cantered by ladies that are not in some degree damaged in the overworked sinews and joints.

Sound horses are easily taught to lead with either fore-leg. But if a horse otherwise docile obstinately declines to lead with either fore-leg, it will generally be found that the leg or foot he objects to use is unsound.

Cantering is the pace for park or country use on soft ground. No park hack is worthy of the name that will not, on slight indication, canter at the rate of six miles an hour (any well-bred screw can gallop), springing into the canter from a walk at the rider's first indication.

To canter straightforward at a moderate pace is the easiest of all horse exercise for a novice. The best practice for a pupil is to canter in small circles to the right and to the left, and in a figure of eight on a horse trained to change his leg from right to left, and *vice versa*, without indication from the rider.

In England cantering is considered an effeminate pace, only to be used occasionally; but the best horsemen in performing long distances alternately walk, trot, and canter, thus resting all the legs of their hack, and cover very great distances without distressing him.

It is not needful to dilate at any great length on a pace so familiar, but the young horseman should particularly bear in mind that the slow or collected canter in which a handsome hack makes the greatest display is a pace that tries a horse much more than a trot or hand-gallop at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, for the collected canter is a strictly artificial pace, produced by gentle "urging" against the delicate restraint of the curb; the more collected, that is, slow, the greater the weight thrown on the horse's hind-quarters. Ladies, with the cruelty of ignorance, often abuse pets which would suffer less from a daily "terrific" gallop over sound turf, than from a couple of hours' slow cantering up and down Rotten Row.

For the same reason, although a fresh horse should not be allowed to break and shift from a trot to a canter and from a canter to a trot, it is absolutely cruel to hold a horse down to the same fast pace on a long journey, A horse, if ridden by a heavy man, or by one who does not "rise in good time," will break into a canter in order to relieve the strain on the fore-legs unduly jolted by the rider's weight, and shows his good sense in thus silently rebuking his rider.

Beside the true collected canter there is the "screw canter," affected by horses unsound in two or three legs, or all four, a combination of running and cantering, in an effort to ease their poor feet.

It was at a screw canter that Tennyson's Northern Farmer returned from market, hearing at every step the welcome sound of "Proputty, proputty, proputty"—a sound which the little vulgar street boys impertinently translate into "Three-halfpence and twopence," much to the annoyance of many a Sunday horseman rejoicing in an outing on a hired steed.

THE HAND-GALLOP.

A slight additional urging, a little more liberty of rein, and the pupil advances to the "hand-gallop," the fastest pace permitted in the Park, and, on suitable ground, perhaps the most exhilarating for the rider and the horse. At the hand-gallop conversation is still not only possible but pleasant, and the horse, if high-spirited, is relieved from a restraint that is sure to fret him if the scene is not Rotten Row but some manorial park, or wide-spreading undulating downs. When the pupil can confidently take part in the hand-gallop, and start and stop his horse when he pleases, he has made a great step in advance.

This pace cannot be defined in miles. Some thorough-bred horses will be cantering within themselves, and appearing to be only doing eight or nine miles an hour, when they are really stepping over twelve; while your fat cob will, as French romancers say, be "burning the pavement," and yet scarcely get through seven miles an hour.

The hand-gallop is play, the pace of pleasure parties not hurried, of hunting men going to cover with a half-hour to spare. Galloping is a serious business; it taxes the best efforts of the horse, and requires all the attention of the horseman.

THE GALLOP.

To gallop, the pupil must sit firmly down in the saddle, and take hold of his horse with both reins, holding him together with the snaffle, and making him just know that the curb is there, ready to be used at a moment's notice, and to be used if the horse endeavours to get beyond the pace required. How to so hold a horse it is impossible to explain by written directions. But the object of holding a horse together in galloping, instead of playing with him as in the canter, is to keep him to a measured pace, to make him stride evenly, and prevent his increasing his rate of going at his own will and pleasure. This requires in the pupil horseman both strength and attention. Jockeys, stand up in their stirrups, lean over their horse's withers for the five furlongs, or mile, or mile and a half they have to traverse, until the "supreme moment" when they sit down to finish a close-run race. In this way, for the few minutes occupied in covering a short distance, they relieve the propelling limbs from weight, and give them more power to force forward the horse's fore-hand. But although the practice of standing up and leaning forward over the withers is sound as regards racing, it is both absurd and awkward in riders either on the road or in the hunting-field.

A hundred years ago all fox-hunters stood up in their stirrups; in the first quarter of this century, the English horsemen who did not adopt the *haute école* style rode on the road and in the field in a stupid imitation of the jockey style. It was in reference to these mistaken souls that "Nimrod," the great reformer of the hunting world, said about galloping, "Sit down in your saddle; don't stand up and stick out your hind-quarters as if they did not belong to you." You still see a good many men, some fair horsemen, lean unnecessarily forward, but that is not the style of Seffert, or Rice, or Frederick Allen, or the Darbys of Rugby, father and son, or of the most famous Master of the Rufford (see coloured plate), or his brother officer in the 9th Lancers, and sometime Master of the Pytchley; or, to hark farther back again, of that most finished horseman, for twenty years Huntsman of the Royal Buck-hounds, Charles Davis, whose portrait is given in the chapter on Hunting.

With the shoulders well back, the double reins held in both hands, or, if the horse can be trusted, the snaffle reins only, and the curb reins, knotted or buckled, not too short, hanging loosely on his neck ready for any emergency, the rider gives and takes with every stride; holding his hands low, and, making his elbow-joints hinges, he avoids the rigid pull which deadens a horse's mouth. Thus he swings along in a sort of delicious dream, fully occupied with his horse, the pace too good for conversation.

The points to be aimed at are a firm seat, as motionless as possible below, while the trunk above gently gives to the horse's motion, and hands so holding the reins as to be able to perfectly control and rapidly to arrest the pace. These essential points can only be attained by practice on high-couraged horses in open fields or downs.

Without practice, the pupil who has acquired all the arts that can be taught within the walls of a school, and they are many and valuable, would find himself perfectly helpless if called upon to gallop on the best-trained Leicestershire hunter; for it is not enough to be able to stick on—the pupil must learn to guide, to turn, and to stop an excited horse.

The first lessons in galloping should always be given on horses with good mouths, and capable of being pulled up without difficulty.

It has already been observed that some most docile road hacks become almost delirious with excitement when galloping in company with other horses over elastic turf. Indeed, the mere change from macadam to grass seems to have a champagne-like effect on some horses.

Over ridge and furrow, it is not a bad plan to stand up in the stirrups, and so avoid repeated shocks; but this feat must not be attempted until the rider can stand upright without relying on the snaffle reins for support, without, as the saying is, "riding on his horse's head."

A fine firm feeling of the horse's mouth is as important in galloping, if not more important, than in any other pace, in order to provide for unexpected obstacles or breaks in the ground. The best pace cannot be got out of a horse without holding him together. Victor Hugo's description of a charge of cavalry at Waterloo, the horses first deprived of their curb-chains, is simple nonsense; and so is the poetical phrase of "loose reins and spur in flank"—he who looses his reins and spurs his steed will very soon come to grief.

When a pupil can gallop with confidence over flat ground, he should practice riding down hill, which, with a horse whose fore-hand is properly set on, is much safer than it looks; as long as the horse is kept straight he cannot be too lightly held. If not held straight he is likely to cross his legs, and then a terrific fall is certain. But on sound ground horses gallop safely down hill, because, if they have courage, they get their hind-legs well under them.

Here I come to the end of my hints—they are nothing more than hints—on the various paces to be practised successively by those who would be horsemen—walking, trotting, cantering, and galloping. I have done all I expected if I have succeeded in impressing on my reader the importance of mastering the details of each pace.

There can be no doubt that if a novice has found out what it is necessary for him to learn before he become a finished horseman, he will learn more from watching a skilful and illiterate colt-breaker than from any number of printed lessons. He will thus learn the how, although the colt-breaker may not be able to tell him the why.

A great deal has been written, and might be written, on the management of the reins and the sort of bridle to be used for fast paces; but I think that everything useful may be summed up in this axiom: "Always have a bit that will stop your horse; but, as long as you can, keep to the snaffle. More of this in the chapter on Bridles.

RUNAWAYS.

It is much easier to say what will not, than what will, stop a runaway horse; horses run away from so many different causes. Some from mere temporary excitement gallop off with a feeble rider, and, if wildly handled, make a regular bolt of what a skilled horseman would have reduced to a measured canter in a few minutes; others will try to run away when asked to do something they do not like, as, for instance, to jump a trifling fence. I have seen a horse in the hands of an accomplished horseman walk out of a yard in spite of all his efforts, on being shown a leaping-bar—this walk would have been exchanged for a trot, and the trot for a gallop, in the hands of a less skilful horseman.

Other horses will, on slight provocation, run away if ridden with a snaffle bridle, when they would not attempt anything of the kind with the common double bridle of curb and bridoon, although the curb reins hung loosely without being used. Such horses have felt the effect of the chain on the chin, and its pressure has what is sometimes called a "moral influence."

Some horses will be perfectly docile until alarmed by the sight of a few scarlet-coated soldiers, or the sound of artillery, of thunder, or of a pack of hounds, and then become absolutely mad and unmanagable; but nearly all such horses may be subdued by patient, gentle treatment, judicious training, and the application of proper bits. But for the moment a nervous horse in a fright is as dangerous in a crowded city as a real "rogue runaway"—indeed, more dangerous, for the rogue

will generally take care of himself, although ready to dash under or through anything, at the sacrifice of his rider's head or limbs.

The horse that has once acquired the habit of running away will bolt on the first opportunity. If you suspect his intention, the best plan is to check it the moment he begins to move, taking hold of one rein with both hands, and giving it one or two such violent jerks that the rogue must pause or turn round. Then stop him, and, if you doubt your being able to hold him, get off. Perhaps a too vigorous "plug" may make him cross his legs and fall—not a pleasant contingency, but anything is better than being run away with in a street.

In open country you may compel the runaway to gallop with a loose rein until he is tired, or to move in a constantly narrowing circle until he is glad to halt. A ten-acre field is big enough for this expedient. But the great point is to stop a runaway before he gets into his stride; after he is once away few bits will stop a real runaway—a steady pull is a waste of exertion on the rider's part. Some horses may be stopped by sawing the mouth with the snaffle, but nothing will check an old hand. Another expedient is to hold the reins very lightly, and on the first favourable opportunity, as a rising hill, for instance, to try a succession of jerks. But the cunning, practised runaway is not to be so much feared as the mad, frightened horse. The mad horse will dash against a brick wall, or jump at spiked railings of impossible height. I once saw a runaway horse, after getting rid of his rider, charge and burst open his locked stable door.

On the other hand, I have known horses that never attempted to bolt as long as they were ridden with a sufficiently powerful bit, who started from the stable-door the moment they found that they were trusted in a simple watering bridle.

TO MAKE A HORSE STAND TO BE MOUNTED.

Horses in high condition, not sufficiently exercised, are very impatient, and often will not stand still to be mounted, even with a groom at their head. To active young men, who like their horses to be full of fire and ardour—"above themselves," in stable phrase—this is not of much consequence, work will bring the thorough-bred hack to decorous docility; but sometimes this fidgetiness amounts to a vicious trick, and a horse, quiet enough when mounted, will do all he can to prevent his rider from getting into the saddle.

Young horses should always be made to stand still when the rider is about to mount. With patience and time, there are very few that cannot be taught that they have no business to move until mounted, and that then they are to start at a walk.

Baucher, the great authority in France on all questions of equitation, says that a horse may be taught to stand to be mounted in two lessons of half an hour each; but I very much doubt whether a high-bred, corn-fed horse would submit to half of one of his lessons.

"Go up to the four-year-old gently, as you should with every horse; soothe him with your hand and voice. Then take hold of both the curb reins, a few inches from the cheeks, with your left hand; in the right hand hold your whip with the point down. Tap him gently on the chest, he will retreat; tap him again, slowly, without anger, and speaking to him caressingly all the time. The horse, tired of running back, will try to avoid the whip by rushing forward. Then stop him, and make much of him. This repeated a few times will teach him that to stand still is to avoid punishment."

At any rate, it is worth while to spend a great deal of time in teaching a riding-horse to stand to be mounted without a groom at his head.

Few grooms know how to hold a horse while being mounted by a man, so as to hold the stirrup at the same time. They catch hold of the reins so as either to pinch the jaw or to bring

the curb into action. The proper mode is to take hold of the bridle cheek above the bit, or of the nose-band, with the right hand, while holding the stirrup with the left ; but if the horse is very fresh, then he should be held by *one* snaffle rein close to the cheek. When a lady mounts, of course the groom stands in front of the horse, holding the snaffle reins in both hands.

As the most spirited carriage-horses are taught to stand still when harnessed, there is no reason why riding-horses should not acquire the same lesson ; indeed, unless a real hack stands still to be mounted he is not quiet to ride.

Horses sometimes acquire a dangerous trick of running back while being mounted. On investigation, it will generally be found the cause lies in too severe a bit, roughly held by a heavy-handed groom. The substitution of a light bit will, according to my experience, often cure this vice after severe measures have failed.

Occasionally, a horse is met with which, although quite quiet when mounted, will plunge and kick violently when the rider is in the act of mounting or dismounting. Probably some accident, such as the saddle turning round, has frightened the animal, and shown it how to get rid of its rider.

I once took in exchange from a horse-dealer in a small way—for a hunter that did not suit me—a Prime Minister hack that I had often admired ridden on the road. When the deal was completed, the groom, in return for my fee (not the first he had received at my hands), whispered, "She's a capital bit of stuff, but you must not try to get on her or off her without having her head held by a man." He laid stress on the word "man!"

A few further inquiries the following day brought out the fact that the little mare had more than once thrown a very good horseman over head by plunging before he was fixed in the saddle ; but that once firmly mounted, all vice disappeared until the time came for dismounting, when the same tricks were repeated, unless she was tired out by a long day's work. Severity had failed to cure this most unpleasant vice, so I determined to try a milder plan.

I took the mare into a riding-school, put on a pair of knee-caps, strapped up her near fore-leg, coaxed her into hopping about on three legs—very gently and very slowly—for a quarter of an hour, in order to teach her that if she attempted to move violently she would fall. No sane horse will willingly fall ; a mad horse fears nothing.

When I had fully satisfied her on this point, I threw the rein of a single snaffle bridle loosely on her neck, and, without any one standing near her head, proceeded to mount and dismount many times. Then, unstrapping the near, I strapped up the off fore-leg, and again mounted and dismounted on the off side until I was tired. This lesson was repeated for about half an hour five or six times, after which she would permit me to mount and dismount anywhere—in the street, on a race-course, in the hunting-field—standing like a rock. Once only, in a country lane, she showed signs of her old complaint. I tied up her leg with my pocket-handkerchief, mounted, dismounted ; untied her and mounted again, without the least signs of reaction.

A more obstinate or vicious animal might have required more lessons to subdue, but the principle of making a horse incapable of resisting is the foundation of all sensible horse-breaking.

In the same way, many a horse that has felt the effect of a strong kicking-strap in single harness will travel quietly as long as he feels the strap there, but will very often recommence his old tricks as soon as he finds that it has been omitted in harnessing.

When the soft tan-and-sawdust floor of a riding-school is not to be had, a cattle-yard well filled with straw and muck may be used, or any other quiet place where a horse can fall without damaging his knees.

A distinction must be drawn between a really vicious horse—one intent on getting rid of and

damaging a rider at any cost; one that not only kicks you off, but kicks at you when you are down —and a horse which from some accident has fallen into a single bad habit, such as the one just described with its cure.

WHIPS AND SPURS.

A whip in the hand of a horseman not riding a race or breaking a young horse is carried more for ornament, or as a mild indicator, than for punishment. A lady's whip is supposed to supply, on certain occasions, the squeeze or the kick of a man's right leg.

No one who can help it will ride a hack that requires a whip to urge him along; a slug is much more conveniently excited by a pair of spurs. The grand rule for using a whip is never to apply it in anger.

It is an even greater mistake to quarrel with an unreasoning brute than for a schoolmaster to fall into a passion with a stupid pupil; and it is the greatest mistake of all to flog either in a passion.

The best whip for punishing purposes is in the form of a jockey's, which, tapering from the butt, is not too flexible; and if horses are whipped at all it should be effectually. The most assailable spot of a restive horse is the shoulder. I remember a clever breaker who used to bring his right arm across his breast and left shoulder, making the point of the whip play on a stubborn colt's croup in a way that subdued him when other applications had failed to obtain obedience.

As a general rule, you should not strike a horse about the head; but there are occasions, in fighting with a truly vicious kicker or plunger, when a few calm, deliberate strokes with the pointed end of a jockey whip across the ears or over the muzzle will bring the brute to reason. Brutal men, in a passion, use the butt-end of a whip on a horse's head, hitting here and there, and perhaps destroying an eye.

Spurs, properly employed, are essential for making the best of most horses; but they should not be worn until the rider can stick to his horse without involuntarily spurring—an accident that happens at times to the very best horsemen in hunting. There are a few delicately thin-skinned, nervous horses which cannot be ridden with spurs at all; there are a great many that ride much more pleasantly with spurs, although there may never be any need to use them. Such horses are conscious of their presence, and obey the indications of a slight pressure of the legs which they would not notice if they found that the rider's heels were unarmed.

Almost every good hack and hunter has been broken with spurs, and obeys a pressure of the leg or a kick of the heel, because he has been made to move forward or to either side by the prick of the spur. Although the best horsemen seldom ride without spurs, they use them rarely, and only for some real reason. But when they mount a strange horse, they generally commence by letting him know that they have spurs on, so that he may be prepared for punishment if inclined to be disobedient.

With well-broken horses there is not the least reason for the rowels of the spurs being sharp; on the contrary, they are just as useful in giving a needful indication to move from too close vicinity to a cart-wheel if ground down to perfect bluntness. It is in riding in crowded streets that the use of spurs is most essential, and of a whip the most useless; the reins in both hands, and spurs on both heels, you are in a position to restrain and urge simultaneously, and with the utmost rapidity thrust through the smallest possible opening. It may truly be said that, in a crowd of carriages, the "horseman who hesitates is lost."

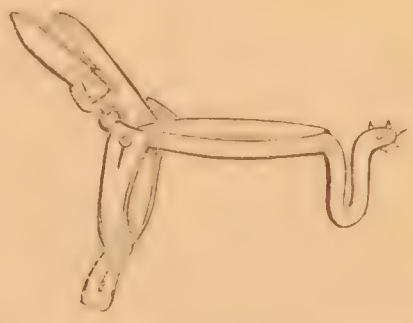
Spurs are essential for forcing a horse at slow paces "up to his bit," so that you can guide him with the greatest certainty; they are also essential for enlivening a slug, and for keeping a tired horse on his legs, but they must be employed with a clear meaning and with discretion. The

horsemen who are most able to dispense with spurs are endowed with long, muscular legs, with which they can give a resisting or lazy animal a vice-like squeeze.

For road-riding two kinds of spurs are in use—the box spur, which is fixed into the heels of the boots, and the trouser spur, which is attached to the boot with straps. The best shape of box spur for walking is the swan-necked, which has the advantage of allowing the trousers to fall nearly to the bottom of the heel. Trouser spurs with straps are less expensive than box-spurs, and avoid the necessity of fixing boxes in all your boots.

In the original form the horseman who wore trouser spurs was troubled with two sets of straps—one for the spurs, the other for keeping down his trousers—a simple improvement has overcome this difficulty; by sewing an inch and a half of trouser strap to the sole strap of the spur, one strap does double duty. When you have buckled on your spurs, you have only to button the inside button of your trousers to the button-hole of the additional strap.

For hack purposes, it is better that the necks of the spurs should be very short. At any rate, inexperienced horsemen, if obliged to wear spurs for a sluggish horse, diminish the chances of



THE TROUSER SPUR, WITH STRAP COMBINATION.

unwitting spurrings by selecting spurs with short necks, and taking all the points off the rowels. Spur buckles may be dispensed with by employing india-rubber instep straps, buttoned where the buckle usually hangs.

TO MAKE A HORSE LEAD PLEASANTLY.

It is a great convenience that a hack should lead and follow pleasantly when you have occasion to dismount and walk any distance on foot. The best examples of horses following, accompanying, and going before a man with a leading-rein are to be seen in the displays of roadster trotters at fairs and horse-shows. Their free-going and obedience to the voice and rein are delightful to witness. It is an acquirement very easily imparted. The needful instructions were very clearly given by the famous American, Rarey, in his original pamphlet.

Provide yourself with a common gig-whip and three or four carrots cut in slices. Lead the horse out in either a halter or a common watering-bridle. A closed barn or riding-school is the best place for all instruction, because there is then nothing to distract your horse's attention; but a quiet lane will do as well. Begin by fondling your horse, talking to him in horse language, and giving him one or two bits of carrot, for which, if he has not been fed recently, he will be eager, and begin to push his nose into your hand for more; then commence by leading him backwards and forwards with one hand, holding the gig-whip trailing behind you with the other, calling to him by name, if he has one, all the time, as thus :—

"Come—come along, come along, old fellow," touching him up gently, or sharply, as the case may be, on his hind-quarters with the point of the gig-lash to drive him forward, and fondling and rewarding him as he comes up to your hand. He will soon learn to press forward to avoid the

flick of the whip behind, and to come to your shoulder to be caressed and rewarded. Instead of flying from you he will learn to seek safety by your side, and follow you anywhere.

When you wish a horse to follow you who has not been thus trained, the best plan is to walk on before him, holding the reins at full length, without looking at him.

Time and patience are well bestowed in teaching a horse such things as to stand still to be mounted, to start at a walk, to walk his best pace whether ridden or led, and to follow his owner in perfect confidence wherever he may lead.

LEAPING.

Every one, man, woman, or child, who learns to ride, should learn to leap, whether intending to hunt or not; because no one can be said to have a secure seat who has not practised the balance required when a horse bounds in the air from high spirits, or when called upon to pass over some unexpected obstacle in a country ride—a newly-made ditch, or a sheep-hurdle set up to stop a gap.

When a horse leaps, he throws the untaught or unprepared rider forward. The object of instruction and practice are to teach and accustom the rider to resist, or rather to neutralise, by his position in the saddle, the impetus forward created by the horse's bound.

With this object in view, the young horseman must sit firmly in the middle of the saddle, with the snaffle reins held in both hands, and both hands held low over the horse's withers, and look straight between his horse's ears. As the horse approaches the leap, he should bend his body back from the hips upwards over the cantle of the saddle, while keeping his "seat" firmly in its place by the grip of his legs and thighs; and, as a great horseman used to express it, in less anatomical language, "curling his sitting-bones (rear) under him." The degree of leaning back depends on the extent of the leap and the action of the horse; at a great down jump, the best horsemen almost touch the horse's croup. Some make the mistake of sitting back *on* the saddle, and thus exposing themselves to the action of the loin-muscles; whereas it is not their seat, but their shoulders, that should flexibly fall back, and return to the upright position when the horse is landed.

According to military instructions, "the body is to be inclined forward as the horse rises, and backwards as he alights;" but that is a feat which only a long-practised horseman can accurately perform. The chances are that the pupil who attempts it, if he does not get a black eye or bruised nose from the horse's neck, will find himself jumped out of the saddle from not having timed his change to the backward motion accurately.

The art of leaping with an easy-leaping horse is easily acquired, if the pupil is properly taught. But some horses, from their powerful hind-quarter action, are very difficult to sit; and some men who have been hunting and riding hard all their lives present examples of every kind of habit that ought to be avoided—notably the foolish practice of throwing up the right hand, instead of keeping it almost level with the pommel, parallel with the left hand; and the awkward practice of pushing the legs straightforward like crutches over the horse's shoulders, instead of keeping them close to his sides, with the knees fairly bent.

More will be said on this subject in the "Hunting" chapters.

The mode of learning to leap is to commence on a perfectly quiet, free-and-easy leaper—one that in clearing a three-foot bar makes scarcely more exertion than in dashing into a gallop and with a slight obstacle to cover. If a leaping-bar is not at hand, there is nothing better than the trunk of a tree.

In the open country little ditches present as useful practice as bars or hurdles. After two or three preliminary lessons, the pupil will do well to follow a good horseman over easy places.

such as gaps in hedges, with ditches on the taking off side. The pupil should on no account wear spurs in the preliminary stages of instruction.

In one of the elder Herring's hunting pictures, in which the hounds are in full cry, an odd-looking man, in a tall hat, is craning forward just as his brown horse is in the air clearing a solid oak fence with a brook on the far side.

Several masters of fox-hounds in flying counties, after examining this picture, have made the same remark: "If that horse makes the slightest mistake on landing, with that seat the rider must come over his head." This figure is said to have been a representation, but may not have been a correct one, of Assheton Smith's seat, although that hard, bruising rider was celebrated for the number of his falls.

In reference to this picture, a West of England squire, one of the hardest riders of his day across the Vale of Aylesbury, told me that although he had ridden to hounds from his childhood, he discovered when he came to London and observed the form of Middlesex steeplechase horsemen, who then made the hunters of Anderson, Elmore, and Tilbury,* that he was all wrong, and from that time completely changed his style of riding at big fences, and leaned well back over the cantle.

The best example I ever saw of the advantage of lying back at a big leap was exhibited by young George Darby, then a child about ten years old, riding a wonderful pony, which (only 10 hands high) would jump a hurdle in a riding-school four feet two inches high, that is, ten inches higher than itself.

The pony used to be led to the far end of the school, and when let go, galloped as hard as he could up to the hurdle, and bounded over it like a deer. The boy sat from the first leaning back over the cantle, but as the pony rose he seemed to be lying on his croup; as he landed he rose up as easily as one of those Chinese figures seated in a globe of porcelain.

You will frequently see in the hunting-field men take hold of the cantle of the saddle to hold on. This is nearly as bad as throwing up the right arm. But if a horse is very light mouthed, a pupil may be permitted to hold on by the breastplate in order to learn to lean back.

Most men in leaping depend a little on the snaffle bridle; you hear them say they "like a horse to take hold of them." This being the case, it is most important that the reins should be held long enough to give the horse power to fully extend his neck. Nothing is more common than to see half-taught riders pulled out of the saddle at a leap by the extension of the horse's neck; and many a horse makes a mistake or refusal from being thus held hard when his mouth should be *felt*, not restrained.

Above all, the pupil should bear in mind that his aim should be to keep his hands as still as possible, and that he should not attempt to move the reins when the horse is rising or about to rise at the leap.

Practice over small natural fences, on a well-trained horse or pony, is better for a boy or young man than in a riding-school; with ladies, for several reasons, the first leaping lessons should be in a school.

VICES.

No sensible man or woman will keep a really vicious horse—that is, a horse that, not from exuberance of spirits, but from malignant spite, seeks to unhorse his rider or injure his groom. But the very best horses, well fed and not sufficiently exercised, will start, shy, plunge, rear, or kick.

A horse not absolutely vicious will seldom both rear and kick, but will follow one of those two

* Will. Bean, D. Seffert, G. Rice, J. Mason, W. and A. Macdonough, &c.

vices in preference. Horses that have a backward look and show much white of the eye are almost invariably vicious.

Horses generally give warning by setting back their ears, or by a curious wriggle of the body, when they meditate some vicious trick.

KICKING.

A kicker seldom rears. However excellent in other respects, a kicker is unfit for park or town use. The risk of being dismounted is sufficiently unpleasant, without the further chance of maiming some other horseman or horse. The power of thorough-bred horses in kicking is something amazing; they will kick in a sharp gallop, and, as grooms say, "high enough to kick your hat off."

A kicker must be ridden in a severe bit; at the first symptom his head must be pulled high up and bent round until he is compelled to turn. His first effort will be to get his head between his knees. As long as you keep his head up, turning him round and round, he cannot kick. Apply the whip from time to time sharply across his shoulders and ears, and spur on the opposite side to that on which you are turning him.

When the kicking is merely an ebullition of high spirits, and an open country is before you, get fast hold of his head, stand up in your stirrups jockey-fashion, and send him along until you have taken the raw edge of his pluck out of him.

Mares are more given to kicking than geldings. If you are not quite sure you can get the best of a kicker or rearer, the better plan is to dismount. Young kickers may sometimes be cured by strapping up a fore-leg; but aged horses are quite incurable.

REARING.

Rearing, as long as a horse is cunning enough not to fall backwards, is a less annoying vice than kicking. If you are aware of the character of the vice, take care to ride on the snaffle reins only; and catch hold of the mane with one hand, while you pull the horse with one snaffle rein, so as to make him change his leg. Some horsemen drop the reins, and put one arm round the rearer's neck. You may spur but not whip a horse while rearing.

Most horses can be restrained from rearing by a rearing-bit of a peculiar construction, which will be described in the chapter on Bits and Bridles; but a confirmed rearer is only fit for a Hansom cab.

Fresh horses often plunge without meaning any harm. In such cases keep fast hold of the head; sit back, and urge into a gallop. If not a confirmed "buck-jumper," he will settle down in a few minutes. If he is a real rogue, get off him, if you can, and let some one else have the benefit of his peculiarity. The only instrument for stopping a fierce plunger is a bit that will not let him get his head down.

Very often horses over-fed and not properly exercised begin to rear, kick, and plunge in play, manage to dismount their riders, and thus become from a first fault irreclaimably vicious.

But he is a very poor horseman who cannot take good-temperedly the "lightheartedness" of a horse when he first leaves the stable after a long holiday.

SHYING.

When a horse shies and turns half round, it is useless to try to force him back, because he always turns on his strongest side; but quick as thought turn round in a complete circle, and if he still hesitates to go forward, circle him again and again, because in this motion he cannot resist.

If a horse shies without turning round, always pull him from the object of his alarm. If he

tries to rub you against a wall or tree, pull his head towards it. If a horse is really and justifiably alarmed, as, for instance, at a threshing machine, dismount, soothe, and lead him past.

A FEW RULES.

Make it your habit to fondle your horse before mounting, so as to accustom him to your voice.

Always approach his head first.

Do not touch your horse's side with your toe in mounting. In dismounting have only the toe in the stirrup, if you are tall enough to touch the ground with the other foot. If you are not, throw both feet out of the stirrups at the same time, and dismount holding the reins and mane in one hand, the cantle of the saddle in the other.

Do not trot until you have learned to walk, or gallop until you are at home in the trot.

The bridle-hand is the left hand, but both hands ought to be equally the bridle-hands of a civilian.

The whip-hand is the right hand.

The near side is the left side, as you sit and face the horse's ears. The off side is the right hand.

All horses have a strong side; you must turn a restive horse on his weak side.

A horse with fine shoulders and flexible action is easier to sit, even when plunging, than a more placid horse that carries his saddle badly.

Never begin to fight with a horse unless you have breath and strength enough to win.

POLO.

The game of polo has, since this book was commenced, attained such importance among the class of horsemen to whom the price of a few ponies more or less is of no consequence, that I need make no excuse for adding a few lines on this latest development of good horsemanship; for although only ponies are employed, polo players to excel must learn to gallop, stop, and turn at speed with a precision not required at any other horse exercise, unless it be a bout with single-sticks, instead of sabres, as practised by the cavalry officers in the great riding-schools at Vienna and Pesth.

Polo demands skill as well as strength, indeed, more skill than strength, although a man must be in first-rate condition to go through a well-contested game without distress. Polo, since 1873, has become a familiar game in every cavalry regiment in the kingdom; good polo ponies fetch fabulous prices. The London clubs included, in 1874, civilians as well as soldiers, scions of the highest aristocracy and sons of the "newest rich men"—to use a French phrase—who not only played every week of the season at Lillie Bridge, but introduced this new form of "jousting," as a rival amusement to the "Tournament of Doves," within the exclusive precincts of Hurlingham. Yet this game, new to England, has been played in the East for at least a thousand years. In the "Arabian Nights" we read that a king, afflicted with leprosy, was cured by playing at "Mall" (that is, polo) with a stick, in the handle of which some subtle medicine had been concealed, which penetrated into the king's hands when he was heated and perspiring with the game.

It is not a slight recommendation of polo, as an exercise of the horseman's art, that a very hard, bruising rider across country, one of those thrusting fellows who are equally ready to risk their own and their horse's necks and limbs if they can only be first, would find a great deal to learn beyond blind pluck before they could make even a decent appearance at polo.

POLO RULES.

The following are the rules drawn up for a Polo Club established at the Curragh of Kildare:—

1. The game is to be played by not more than twelve players, six on each side.

2. The goals to be 300 yards apart, where the ground will admit of such length, and the boundary flags from 150 to 200 yards apart.

3. The goal-posts to be eight yards apart.

4. Players are not allowed to play with anything but proper cane-handle polo sticks. The balls to be approved of by the members of the club.

5. The ball to be thrown up in the centre of the ground at the beginning of the game, the rival players galloping from a spot agreed upon.

6. When the ball is hit out of bounds, it must be thrown into the playing-ground by an impartial person on foot.

7. No player is allowed to hit an adversary's pony. It is permitted to crook an adversary's stick, but on no account is the player allowed to put his stick over the body of his adversary's pony.

8. No player having gone through the bully and lost possession of the ball, and finding himself between the bully and his adversarys' gaol, is permitted to hit the ball until he has at least one player, exclusive of the goal-keeper, between him and the hostile goals.

9. The club colours to consist of

10. Each side shall provide an umpire, whose decision shall be final, and who, on detecting any irregularity or infringement of the above rules, shall be empowered to suspend the game until such irregularity is corrected, according to the combined arbitration of both umpires.

11. *The height of ponies to be limited to fourteen hands.*

12. When a player breaks his stick he is on no account to have another brought to him into the playing-ground, but must ride to a place appointed for sticks.

13. Any player may interpose his pony before his antagonist, so as to prevent the latter reaching the ball, whether in full career or otherwise, and this despite the immediate neighbourhood of the ball.

14. Players dropping their sticks must themselves dismount to pick them up.

15. No person allowed on the ground (players and umpires excepted) under any circumstances whatever

16. No dismounted player is on any account to strike the ball while on foot.

17. When the ball is hit between the goals, without going between the posts, the side defending the goals is entitled to a hit off.

The favourite size for polo ponies amongst the members of the Hurlingham and Military Clubs that contend at Lillie Bridge is not much over thirteen hands. Winkers ought to be attached to the bridles, to protect the ponies' eyes from a chance blow in a *mêlée*, and their legs should be carefully bandaged—a strip of soft felt outside each fore-leg, under the bandages, is an extra protection against the blows to which the ponies are exposed in the heat of the contests. There is room for a good deal of improvement in the dresses of the players. The striped shirts are simply hideous; and red nightcaps give them the air of Metropolitan Market Butchers, the white caps that of lunatic cooks.

POLO IN YARKUND.

The following account of a game of polo, played by Tartars at Kargil, a fertile valley touching on Ladak and Little Mitel, was sent to *The Times* by one of the mission to Yarkund in 1873:—

"We were five Englishmen among a thousand spectators, each of whom had his eye on the ball, and cheered and laughed as brilliant hits were made or tumbles risked.

"The course is a flat sandy patch, of about two hundred yards by forty, from which the grass had been worn during the great contests that come off in the month of holiday these mountaineers indulge in as soon as the winter snow has ceased to fall. The longer sides were bounded by natural terraces, about three feet high, and the goals at either end were marked by a couple of willow trees. Music was not wanting; the tom-tom and the pipe were in full force, to excite the competitors, who, duly marshalled, paraded before the game commenced.

"Each party consisted of a captain and five men, as ragged a lot as you could meet in a month's march; each rode a knowing looking *tattoo* (Indian for pony) of from eleven to twelve hands high, from which the horseman could take the ball from the ground with his hand when at a gallop. The sticks were simply polo sticks. The following was the order of the play:—

"The twelve players assemble at one end of the course. The captain of the party defending the up goal, having the hit off, holds the ball in his hand; the start is given, and the whole group tear away at a gallop in apparently wild confusion, but soon an order in disorder is apparent. The leading horseman is a scout, and on the same side as No. 2. The captain, when half way down

the course, throws the ball and strikes it as it falls; it flies some forty yards, and to win the down goal seems only too easy; but the defenders come up hand-over-hand, and, in spite of every apparent advantage, the scout is passed, and the ball turned back toward the up goal; and now is displayed the skill of back play. Back-hander after back-hander brings the ball once more to the centre of the course, and still there is a representative of either side to keep it rolling. Now the twelve are racing as hard for the up goal as they were just now for the down. Men and ponies are in good condition. There are neither falls nor awkward collisions; *each tattoo, trained to act in unison with his rider, obeys his legs, leaving both arms at liberty for full striking power on either side, by either hand.* There is free hitting, hard riding, and spirit, in polo as played at Kargil."

In the sentence I have marked in italics is compressed the essence of the horsemanship which it is the object of a cavalry soldier to attain.

CHAPTER XVI.

HINTS TO "AMAZONES."

Horse Exercise for Women Needs no Argument—Women as a Rule Ride Badly—Why?—Not Sufficient Practice or Instruction—Seldom Hear the Truth—Some Never Learn How to Sit; Some How to Guide—Some Sit Fast and Inelegantly—Qualifications Essential—Physically Fit—In Active Condition—Wear a Suitable Dress—Have a Proper Saddle—A Trained Horse—A Competent Teacher—Preparatory Physical Training Sketched—Dress Described in Detail—Boots—Chemise—Trousers—Corset—Head-dress—How to Hold the Habit—The Side-Saddle, with Illustration—Dimensions of Side-Saddle—Description of Third Pommel—Stirrup-Leather, both Patterns—Princess of Wales's Pattern of Side-Saddle, Illustration—Girths Important—Crupper, when Useful—The Horse—Important Points of—Height to be in Proportion to that of Rider—Shape of Fore-hand, see Illustration, page 71—Paces—Queen Victoria's Opinion of a Lady's Horse—Temperament—Age—Mounting: First Position, Illustration; Second Position; Third Position; Fourth Position, and Descriptions—Common Errors—Fifth (Bad) Position—Riding Boldly and Badly—Reins, Management of—Requires Manual and Verbal Explanations—Illustration, Reins in Both Hands; see also Coloured Picture for Seat and Reins—Trotting, Illustration—Cantering—Galloping—Necessary—How to—Proper Preparation—Leaping—Every *Amazone* should Learn How—"Vieille Moustache's" Instruction for Water-Jump—Importance of Exercise for a Lady's Horse—A Lady's Hunter, Illustration—Etiquette of Gentleman Riding with Lady—Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington—Improved Leading-Rein, with Illustration—Other Hints—Treat Your Horse as a Friend—Observe if He is Uncomfortable—How to Mount without Assistance—Hunting Advice.

HORSE exercise, for women who are fit for it, is a healthy, innocent, and social amusement; when performed in perfection, it is also an outward and unmistakable sign of wealth, if not of position. It is not, therefore, necessary to write a long chapter to recommend the equestrian art to the attention of the mothers and daughters of England. Whatever prejudices may have existed against equestrianism for women in the minds of the manufacturing middle class before 1830—that year of social as well as political revolution—have long since disappeared.

In Hyde Park a hundred riding-habits are to be seen where there was not one before the date of Earl Russell's Reform Bill—so Lord Vivian, a very competent witness, told a Committee of the House of Lords. At every English watering-place the mob of *amazones*, ill-dressed and well, moderately and execrably horsed, is quite appalling to the observer who does not enjoy the ignorance which is bliss.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," the majority of horsewomen—or, to adopt the more convenient word, *amazones*—ride abominably; so badly that it must be presumed, looking at the rarity of accidents, that they enjoy the benefit of the special providence said to preside over the lives of idiots and drunkards. Perhaps the secret of their immunity is to be found in the hard-worked character of the horses they generally ride, or the watchful care of attendant grooms or friends.

The reason why women ride so badly is not far to seek. A man may learn to ride by tumbling off until he learns how to hold on, and by imitating the good horsemen he meets in his rides, friends or strangers; because a man's is a natural seat; elegance is not indispensable; and last, though not least, he has ten times the opportunity of practice that any woman living in a civilised country can possibly enjoy. A young man can ride any horse, in any dress, with or

without a saddle, in town or country; without losing social position, he may make friends with all the grooms and horse-jockeys of the neighbourhood; in fact, he "may range the roads, the farms, the fields." Without being guilty of eccentricity, he can risk his bones on any horse that others have ridden, and be his own groom if no assistance is to be had.

If the raw man rider makes himself particularly ridiculous, he is sure to receive candid criticism from passing strangers; whilst those of his friends and acquaintances who are versed in the art he is acquiring, either out of good-fellowship or to display their superior knowledge, are only too glad to give him the benefit of serious advice or sarcastic chaff.

With women, commencing to ride is a serious business, requiring a competent teacher, a special dress, a special saddle, and, for safety and symmetry, a horse specially trained for the purpose.

The time and fuss required to set a riding party in motion when only two or three ladies have to be fitted to strange horses and strange saddles, even if they are all practised horsewomen, is terribly exhaustive of the patience of those who are past the age of indiscriminate admiration; and when any of the fair equestrians are only half taught and timid, each will require, if particularly pretty and coquettish, the assistance of two grooms and at least two gentlemen during the operation of mounting.

Few riding-masters who have their bread to earn, and still fewer gentlemen, care to ruffle the plumes of a charming novice, unaccustomed to contradiction of any kind, by once, twice, or thrice telling her that she does not understand or does not follow the rules requisite to form a real horsewoman. A severely truthful tutor runs the risk of being considered impertinent if a paid teacher, and a "tiresome bore" if an admirer.

The consequence is that you see amongst the fair would-be *amazones*, who have the power of acquiring every accomplishment money can buy, frightful examples of some one of every kind of inelegant or dangerous habit. A maker of side-saddles, whose high reputation enables him to speak the truth, informs me that he has offended many fair heavy-weight customers by saying plainly, "Your horse's sore back has nothing to do with the fit of my saddle; he will always have a sore back as long as you sit on one side and hang on the pommels."

Some ladies never take the trouble to learn how to guide a horse. For years they ride daily, but they ride placid steeds, accompanied by some mounted man, who looks after them just as a nurse looks after a child when it begins to run alone. Rotten Row in the season is full of horsewomen who would not ride a strange horse alone over a strange road for any consideration.

Others acquire a really strong seat, ride hard to hounds, handle the reins with more or less skill, but present an appearance painful to contemplate. Amongst such may be counted the daughters of hard-riding hunter-breeding farmers, as well as ladies of fortune who never hear the jokes of their flatterers or see the caricatures that are handed round when they have left the room.

Every one flatters the latter, and the former too if they are good-looking; so they continue to ride at and over everything, until a severe fall or serious domestic duties put an end to exhibitions equally absurd and alarming to those who really know how, when, and where women ought to ride.

The best horsewomen are found amongst professional *amazones*, who have gone through a regular course of instruction under teachers who as likely as not enforced their precepts with an occasional flick of a riding-whip; and amongst ladies of high position, in whose families saddle-horses of every kind in the stable are as much a matter of course as silver forks on the dining-table, whose natural taste for equestrianism has been cultivated as regularly and carefully as all the other accomplishments of a wealthy and well-born dame, who has in a tribe of sisters, aunts, and cousins, relations and friends, models of excellence and elegance. A few years ago two wives

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of earls and three daughters of an earl—some of them mothers of families and welter weights, some of them young and feather weights—were equally remarkable for their grace in the Park and their skill in the hunting-field. To mention their names would be an impertinence, and contrary to the plan of this book.

Therefore young ladies who cherish the in every respect praiseworthy desire to enjoy the delicious and healthy excitement of horse exercise, and thus to be able to take part in one of the pleasures of their fathers, brothers, lovers, husbands, and friends, will do well to master the following essentials for safe and elegant equestrianism.

First, they must be physically fit for the exercise, as to lungs, heart, and, above all, nerves.

The girl who is afraid of the common objects of the farm and field, who screams on the slightest possible excuse, who flies from a peaceful milch cow, and trembles at a mouse, is not fit to mount a horse, that is, if her terrors are real. They may be either a foolish imitation of other silly women, or one of several small expedients for exciting interest in the male breast. In the former case, a course of bathing and a few timely words from a sensible and good-natured woman would probably effect a cure.

A month of hydropathy, at one of those great establishments which the majority of patients frequent rather for amusement than to cure any serious disease, is not a bad preparation for equestrian lessons.

Secondly, the intending pupils should be in fair condition—able to dance all night, and play at all games, from battledore to Badminton, without inordinate fatigue—that is, unless they are prepared to be content, as invalids must be, with walking exercise on a softly-stepping little horse.

Thirdly, they must wear a suitable attire, from the chemise to the riding-habit.

Fourthly, they must be fitted with a saddle.

Fifthly, they must have a horse perfectly trained for a lady's use, and suitable in size, quality, and temperament to the work and the rider.

Sixthly, when provided with the horse and appliances, the pupil aspiring to become a capable and elegant horsewoman can do nothing without a competent teacher—one who will insist on attention to details apparently insignificant: on that steady practice of walking before cantering, cantering in many forms before trotting, and trotting with ease and certainty before galloping, which are the successive steps of the equestrian art.

The born and skilled horsewoman has, it must be admitted, two advantages over men. She relies for ruling her horses on skill rather than on brute strength; and possesses a mysterious influence over very high-couraged animals, as if, in mesmeric *argot*, she had the power of placing herself *en rapport* with steeds that obstinately resist the strength and skill of the coarser sex.

As to the age at which women should commence to ride, it is by no means necessary, in order to acquire the highest skill, with natural aptitude for equestrianism, that they should commence practice in their childhood; although, if judiciously taught, a well-grown girl may advantageously take her first lesson at ten years old. Some of the finest professional horsewomen, well known in Rotten Row and the hunting shires in 1860, did not take their first lessons until they were over eighteen years of age; and our Indian Empire affords many examples of strong and graceful horsewomen whose first lessons were taken at the cavalry stations of the Indian army after marriage.

In dealing one by one with these six conditions for training a young *amazone*, it may be assumed that a girl who is constitutionally timid and nervous when in an average state of health should never be permitted to mount on horseback at all.

As to the preparatory physical training which is required for those young ladies who have

not had the advantage of the athletic out-door exercises which are open to their sex, their best preparation will be found in the gymnastics referred to at page 308, as likely to be of use to adult men pupils.

The recommendation of preparatory exercises for male applies with tenfold force to female pupils. In Madame Brenner's book, already quoted, a series of exercises are described, fitted to the physical capacities of mere infants and of full-grown girls, which it is not necessary to repeat in detail; but the following extracts, giving a good idea of the principles on which this physical training is conducted, are due to the importance of the subject:—

"The first exercise is with the elastic india-rubber chest-expander.

"The movements in connection with the chest-expander are always necessary. They may be likened to the scale practice of the pianoforte. They should never be neglected, but should stand at the beginning of each morning's work.

"No pupil can with comfort or success engage in exercises more elaborate and more complicated, *until the body and limbs, by being progressively warmed and relaxed, are rendered pliable.*"

The length of time during which this exercise should be practised must depend on the constitution of the pupil. "Ten minutes is the extreme limit; but no exercise should be carried on to the point of fatigue. At first the chest-expander exercise should be only used once a week; in the second or third week, twice a week; and so on increasingly, until limbs and joints gain the suppleness desired, which enables the pupil to perform this and other exercises not only without fatigue, but with freedom and pleasure." "I watch," says Madame Brenner, "the faces of those I instruct, and whenever I notice an expression of weariness in the features, I direct the pupil to desist."

This is a bit of sound advice, which teachers of equestrianism, professional or amateur, would do well to bear in mind. Too often the pupil or the pupil's parent is inclined to insist on the full hour's lesson for which she has paid.

In treating of another series of exercises, the same writer lays down, in the following passage, *the principles* which it is the aim of an equestrian teacher to impart, and which can evidently be best imparted by preparing delicate girls for horse exercise by suitable gymnastic exercises:—

"The special advantage of the wand exercise is found in the vigorous and healthy *action of the muscles connected with the chest, arms, and shoulders;* there comes from it that compelled steadiness of the lower limbs which is so important a feature in the physical education of women."

In the same line, exercises with dumb-bells, "weighing not more than from five ounces to twenty-one ounces the pair," *strengthen the muscles of the back as well as of the arms. Throwing the whole of the upper frame into healthy and exhilarating movement, it is one of the best aids to round the arms and develop the chest.* "From its compulsory detail of a firm position of the lower half of the body while the upper half is actively employed, this exercise compels, in a remarkable degree, that steadiness and equal balance of frame which it is the business of gymnastics (read 'Horse Exercise') to induce."

The special use of certain of these exercises is summarised as follows:—

"1st. Steadiness of body in certain difficult positions, under the muscular exertions of both sets of limbs. 2nd. Graceful movements. Gymnastics (read 'Horse Exercise') should play into the hands of health. Exercise should be no fatigue, for fatigue is more or less a strain on the constitution. The every-day movements of life in the case of the gymnastic (trained) pupil require less exertion than those of the unskilled and untrained. There is plenty of vigour to spare. Thus prepared, the pupils of the riding-school will advance by easy steps; and such ejaculations and expressions as 'Oh, dear, I am tired to death!' 'I am so stiff I cannot move!' 'That ride has killed me!' will not be heard."

It must be borne in mind that gymnastics bring into play muscles not actively employed in walking, and horse exercise muscles not called into action in either walking or gymnastics; hence the necessity for short and frequent lessons.

HOW TO DRESS THE "AMAZONE."

If expense is a matter of no consequence, the easiest way of obtaining a suitable costume for horse exercise is to go to the best and most expensive tradesmen. But ladies have to ride who do not live in London or Paris, and to whom economy is an object; hence the following notes, directed rather to the principles than the details of dress.

When a young lady undertakes to ride in earnest, she must discard every article of her previous attire, except her stockings, and re-clothe herself from head to foot.

The ordinary fashionable boot, with its narrow waist and high heel, will not do at all. The foot she puts into the stirrup must feel the stirrup, and be capable when she is mounted of comfortably supporting her whole weight. The sole of the boot must, therefore, be perfectly flat, as broad as the foot, long enough not to cramp the toes, but not extravagantly long. The heel must not be more than half an inch thick, and long enough to cover the natural heel, so as to catch and keep the stirrup in its proper place.

Riding-boots must be by no means tight, unless the lady prefers cold feet in winter. It is pretty well understood now that a well-proportioned boot will make a foot look much smaller than a tight one.

The most comfortable style of boot for riding long distances is the Wellington, or cavalry boot, which protects the calf of the leg from friction against the saddle. The upper-leather of the feet should be of kid, the leg of morocco or buckskin. The drawback of this kind of boot is that it hides the symmetry of the ankle, and that, if not made to fit easily, it necessitates the dreadful picture of a lady struggling into a pair of tight boots with boot-hooks, and out of them, after a long, wet ride, with a boot-jack.

The best form for ladies' use, under all circumstances, is that of the boot which came into fashion for a short time, with short costumes and long walking-sticks, at Biarritz. This boot comes up to the middle of the calf of the leg, and should be laced up in front, not buttoned. Buttons do not answer at all for riding, and elastic sides have many disadvantages. But if a lady determines to adhere to a short *bottine* for mere park exercise, she must give up the fashionable, narrow-waisted, peg-heeled shape, and adopt a boot that will allow her to place her foot flat in the stirrup.

The advantage of the "Magyar," or, as some call it, from the name of the dance, the "Cracovienne" boot, is that, while it protects the leg and affords a sensible support to the ankle, it is put on and taken off by unlacing, without an ungraceful struggle.

Cold feet are one of the acute miseries of long winter rides. The first condition for securing warm feet is to have them warm from exercise or friction before starting; the next, to wear warm hose. Canadian experience has proved that one pair of silk socks, supplemented by a pair of woollen stockings, preserve more warmth than any one pair of stockings, however thick. Tight gartering will produce cold, as well as tight boots. If socks could be worn with tight silk or woollen drawers, according to the season, garters could be dispensed with; but this suggestion pries almost too closely into the mysteries of female attire.

The feminine chemise (old as old Egypt), flowing to the ground, with short sleeves, must be dismissed in favour of a garment fashioned on the principles of the masculine shirt—that is, with a collar round the neck, long sleeves with cuffs descending over the wrists, a front that may

be displayed when the jacket is unbuttoned, and skirts or tails so short as not to make unsightly lumps or inconvenient wrinkles.

Drawers should be elastic and tight; in fact, very like those men wear.

Trousers are indispensable, fastened by a belt to the waist, and strapped under the boots, if Wellingtons are worn. If the habit is of a dark colour, the trousers may be of black chamois leather, strapped with cloth below the knee; but if the habit is made of light tweed, or any shade of linen or other summer material, then the trousers should be as nearly as possible of the same material and shade of colour. White trousers or petticoats are altogether inadmissible under a riding-habit of any colour, except one of white linen, which, braided with coloured worsted, is sometimes worn in summers of tropical heat, and looks very well.

To argue with those infatuated females who superstitiously believe that men's eyes are charmed and that men's hearts are won by a waist resembling as nearly as possible the form of a wasp or an hour-glass, would be a waste of time. No number of surgical cases would convince them that to compress the stomach, the bowels, the heart, the lungs, the liver, within the limits of a corset several sizes too small is, sooner or latter, equally fatal to health and to beauty. But of one fact in regard to equestrianism they may easily convince themselves—namely, that as the elegance of a woman on horseback depends entirely on the flexibility of her figure; no woman can ever ride well enough to be worth looking at off a walk, unless she is contented with a corset that will support the body without compressing the vital internal organs. If she cannot lace her own boots and put up her back hair, she may give up the idea of becoming a horsewoman, or anything better than a stuffed doll on horseback. A woman who means to ride well can neither afford to cramp her muscles nor to impede the circulation of her blood.

Modern staymakers thoroughly understand the proper proportions of riding-corsets, which, like many other articles of dress, have been immensely improved in the direction of elasticity and comfort since the days of our grandmothers. The one golden rule to be adhered to is, that the wearer—mounting, mounted, or dismounted—must feel thoroughly comfortable, that is, with the full use of every limb and of every muscle. The French proverb, "*Il faut souffrir pour être beaux*," a favourite excuse with bootmakers and staymakers, must be reversed. The *amazone* cannot be elegant if she "suffers." In consequence of the peculiar position of the body on a side-saddle, tight-lacing invariably produces pain on the right side, and pain a stiffness just where there ought to be "willow-like flexibility." "In dressing for a ride," said that accomplished horsewoman, Mrs. Stirling Clarke, "everything should be avoided that may cause uneasiness. Pins should not be used; every article should fit neither too tightly nor too loosely; and all details should be seen to, so as not to require repairs and delay when the horses are at the door—no buttons wanting, no hooks or eyes to be sewed on."

In commencing to learn to ride, it is not at all necessary to begin with an expensive habit or complete costume. Any sort of dark skirt, with one of the numerous patterns of yachting jackets, so long as it buttons round the figure; any quiet-shaped straw or felt hat that will stick on, will do for early practice. When the pupil has reached the stage for riding in public, then a complete and a correct costume, according to the fashion of the time, may be ordered. But from the first day of the first lesson, boots and underclothing made on correct principles are indispensable.

"The body of the habit," says Mrs. Stirling Clarke, "should be carefully made to fit the breast, ample room being always allowed across the chest, which expands in riding. It should be carefully cut, so as to be wide enough at the back of the neck, thus avoiding the disagreeable

tightness which is a common fault in ill-made habits. The waist must not be too long, in fact; if not shorter than the bodies of most dresses it will wrinkle." The sleeves must nowhere be tight, for both arms are required to be actively used.

Youthful and slim figures look well in plain jackets, fitting like a skin. Ladies who are fully developed, not to say stout, will look better in a loose jacket coming down to the saddle, cut to the shape, but not adhering to the figure.

The grand principle in ordering the jacket is to have it so easy that the wearer could in it with comfort play at any outdoor game in which ladies take part.

For winter, a riding-jacket is sometimes made exactly like a man's, with a waistcoat. An overcoat trimmed with fur, like a hussar's pelisse, is a comfortable addition in cold weather, besides having the advantage of displaying the rider's taste and luxury in one of the most genuine of female decorations—expensive fur.

As to the skirt, a lady, an authority on the subject, says, "Unless the cloth be full broad-cloth width, it must have two breadths and a half in the skirt to afford an easy and graceful flow of drapery."

To have the skirt too long, even for park display, is a mistake. It is always dangerous, as likely to catch the horse's feet; and in muddy weather becomes an unsightly, uncomfortable drag. For country rides, a habit need only be long enough to hang gracefully over the feet, but leather linings should be carefully avoided.

Economy is often important to a father with a number of daughters able and willing to ride; but it is no economy to go to a man not accustomed to make ladies' habits or ladies' riding-boots—these are specialities, especially the former.

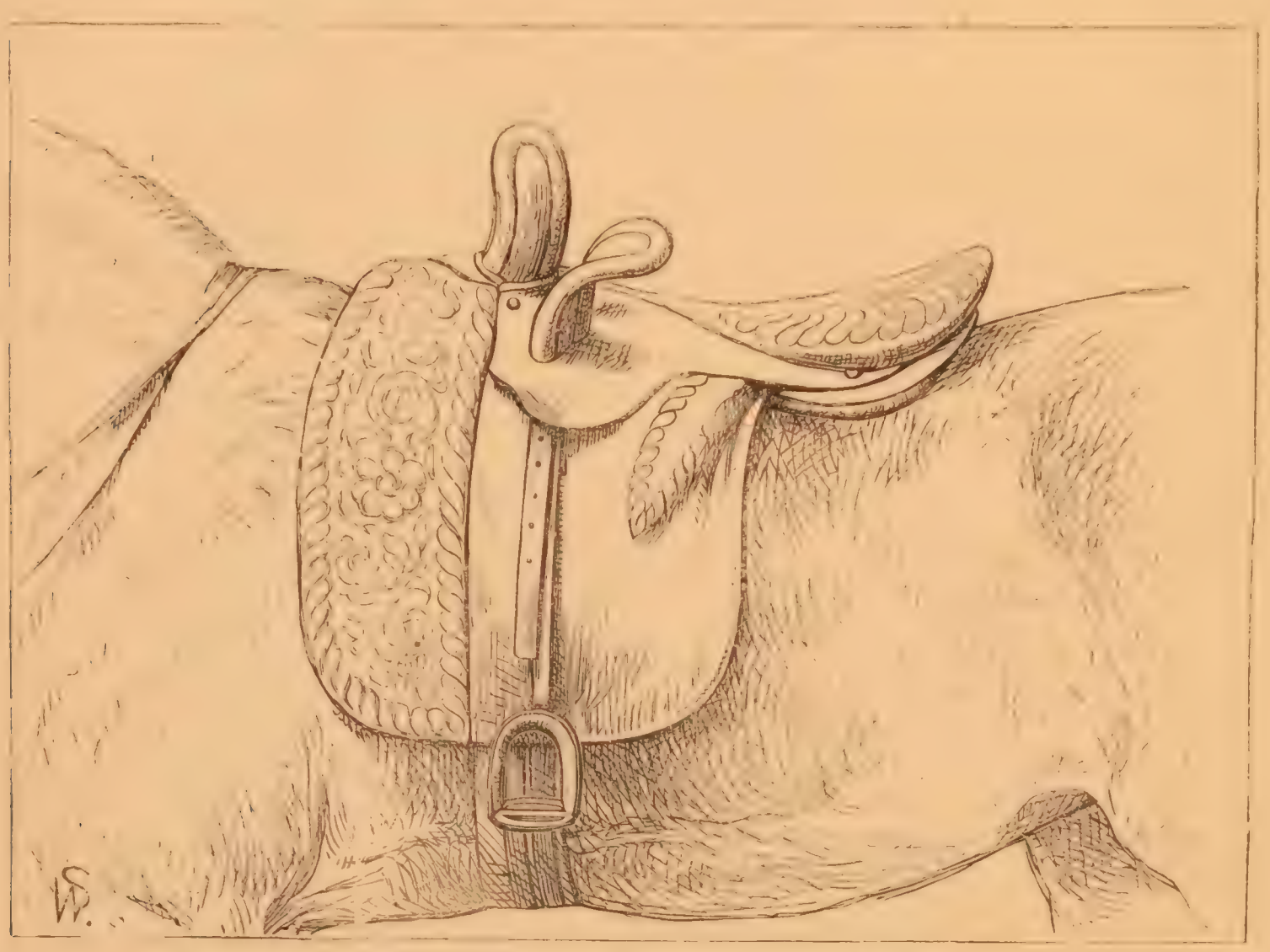
As to the head-dress, there are only two rules that can be safely laid down, looking at the constant changes of fashion, from the hideous to the elegant, and from the beautiful back to the frightful, within the twenty-five years ending in 1874.

First, it should fit so as neither to fall out of place nor fall off; for a horsewoman to have to hold on her hat under any circumstances is absurd, and may be dangerous. Next, it should become the face. The chimney-pot suits some faces admirably, others not at all. The many variations of the Spanish hat, the deerstalker, &c., have the advantage of being properly completed by a plume or rosette of brilliant and appropriate colour.

Formerly something ought to have been said about dressing the hair; but as the damsels of these days for the most part buy their tresses ready made, it would not be wise to interfere with the special province of the *coiffeur*. Good thick kid or calf-skin gloves are more suitable for riding than dog-skin; the reins can be felt through them. Dog-skin are too hard, and too soon dirty. In winter, mits of silk or woollen, long in the wrist, with a thumb and no fingers, go well over kid gloves; but in wet weather woollen gloves are more comfortable than leather.

Attention should be paid and some pains devoted to holding the habit gracefully when walking. "To hold the habit properly, the skirt should first be taken at each side, as far down as the arms will reach without stooping, drawn out evenly to its full extent, and gathered up until sufficiently short for walking. The hands should then be brought forward, with one rather higher than the other, so as not to appear stiff or formal. If the skirt is made in two breadths, it should be gathered up from the seam at each side, otherwise it will drag on the ground behind. When a lady is accompanied by a gentleman, she should hold the habit on the side on which he is walking, so far down only as to enable her to take his arm and clear the skirt from the ground, turning a bit of it over her thumb, to prevent its slipping from the hand." These actions should be practised at home, and before a glass.

The following plan will convert a riding into a walking dress :—"In making the skirt, attach inside, at equal distances round the waist, seven or eight loops of strong ribbon (query, rings), reaching within an inch of the knee ; there are to be merely the same number of double strings, also fastened inside, at such distances from the hem that when tied to the loops the length becomes that of an ordinary walking dress, and forms a double skirt, with the edge only touching the ground. The loops, not the strings, must proceed from the waist, otherwise



STUFFED BUCKSKIN SEAT AND VICTORIA STIRRUP.

the waist will rarely be of an equal length all round."* When the skirt is thus arranged, the jacket may be unbuttoned and the shirt-front or waistcoat of velvet, or sealskin, or white marcella, displayed.

THE SIDE-SADDLE.

Of all the essential equipments of an *amazone*, the side-saddle is the most difficult to obtain in perfection, because it must fit the horse, otherwise it will not remain in its proper place ; and it must fit the horsewoman, otherwise she can never ride in comfort or security.

The legs of a moderately good horseman are as good as an additional pair of girths, astride on a man's saddle, but the security of a side-saddle must depend on fit and the girths alone, which will often have to resist very unequal strains, especially from a bad horsewoman.

Again, a man, by lengthening or shortening his stirrup-leathers, can accommodate himself to any average saddle ; but a woman, if the saddle is too short, rides in constant misery, and, if the

two pommels on which she depends for her grip do not suit the length and size of her limbs, rides in constant danger.

Formerly women rode entirely by balance, deriving slight support from two pommels between which the right thigh was packed. Somewhere about 1830 the hunting-horn pommel was added. This addition eventually led to the reduction of the right-hand pommel by the best makers to a mere indication. This improvement gave women as strong, indeed a stronger seat than most men obtain sitting astride.

The woman's right leg grasps the upright pommel, while the knee of the left leg presses upwards against the hunting-horn. In this position, on a well-fitting saddle, it is impossible for a woman to be thrown as long as she retains her nerves.

But to obtain this advantage, the saddle must be fitted to the length and dimensions of the horsewoman's limbs. The same saddle will not fit two ladies of the same height if the limbs of one be thin and the other full and round; indeed, it is more necessary that a lady should be measured for her saddle than for her boots. Nothing can be more absurd than buying a second-hand side-saddle without riding on it, and yet ladies buy and ride on second-hand saddles, who would never dream of buying boots not made to measure. Side-saddles are generally made too short. The following is a useful table of dimensions:—

MEASUREMENT FOR A SIDE-SADDLE.

For a lady 5 feet 0 inches high, 17 inches long.
" " 5 " 2 " " 18 " "
" " 5 " 4 " " 19 " "
" " 5 " 6 " " 19½ " "
" " 5 " 8 " " 20 " "
" " 5 " 10 " " 20½ " "

According to the latest pattern patronised by fox-hunting *amazones*, the side-saddle is built nearly flat from the front to the cantle. Buckskin covers are more expensive than plain pigskin, but are well worth the extra expense for beginners. It is easy to cover a pigskin side-saddle with a shifting case of felt or buckskin.

Some persons have recommended the retention of the right-hand pommel, in order that the timid horsewoman may have something to lay hold of in a moment of danger from a fresh bouncing horse; a much better plan is to attach a sort of leather handle on the off side of the saddle, just where the hand would fall naturally when sitting upright—this may be fastened to two buckles, and removed when not required.

The advantage of this addition is that if a horse begins to flirt and bounce, a lady, without losing her right rein or disturbing her proper seat, can catch hold of the leather handle and regain nerve and confidence. This *safety strap* may be made longer or shorter, according to the taste of the rider. The same buckles, when not employed for the strap, may be used to attach a waterproof coat or a sandwich case.

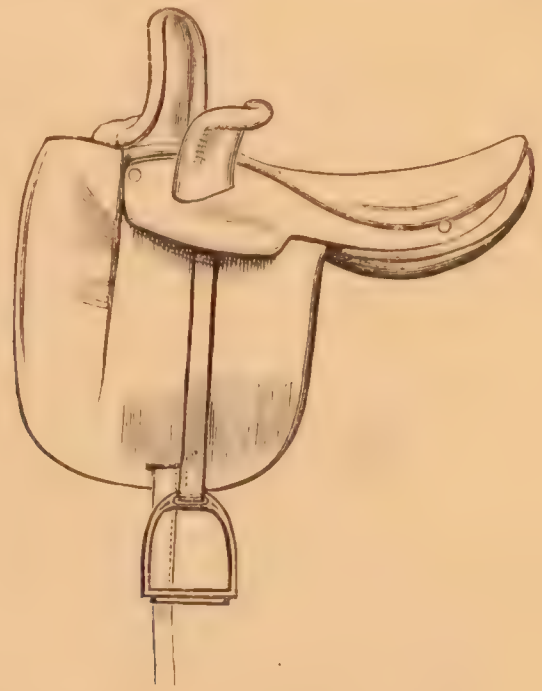
The hunting-horn pommel is made in two shapes—the one short, stumpy-looking; the other curved into a large segment of a circle, and of a more elegant appearance on the saddler's stand—but all experienced, accomplished horsewomen who have been consulted, agree that the latter form is no improvement, that it seriously interferes with a lady's rise in trotting, and would pin the rider down if a horse fell. As it is not seen when a lady is mounted, its shape is of no consequence. It should be padded, so as to be as soft and elastic as possible.

"*Vieille Moustache*" (whose book* should be in the hands of every young riding-master) observes about the third pommel, it "should never be removed, as is too frequently done when the saddle is cleaned." This removing wears out the screw, and the crutch will not remain in its proper position, wobbling about to the great discomfort of the rider. "Some men say that in putting a lady on horseback it is necessary to turn the third crutch round; but for my own part I could never find any difficulty in clearing a lady's skirt when lifting her into the saddle."

On the other hand, a lady of great authority on the subject has all her saddles, which are made by one of the first houses in London, with three different holes for the hunting-horn crutch.

At any rate, whatever be the shape of the hunting-horn, let every young lady, as soon as she has completed her elementary lessons with a master, who has saddles of all dimensions, go to a competent side-saddle maker, and be as carefully measured as a man would be for a set of leather breeches.

One of the latest improvements in the hunting-horn crutch is to reverse the thread of the



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S PATTERN.

screw, making it turn from left to right, instead of in the usual fashion of screws from right to left. The effect of this alteration is that the pressure of the left knee fixes instead of unfixes the screw.

The seat of a side-saddle should be ample, not only for the convenience of the rider, but for the comfort of the horse. The larger the surface the greater the adherence, and the less the strain upon the girths.

The average weight of a side-saddle for a full-sized woman and horse is eighteen pounds; nothing is gained by diminishing this weight to compensate for the increased risk of that curse of the lady's horse, "a sore back." Although eight pounds are an all-important consideration in riding a race, they would not have an appreciable effect on the powers of a lady's horse in a whole day's work. Besides, there is no rule more absolute than that a lady's horse should always be equal to a stone above her weight.

The stirrup-leather of a side-saddle is attached to the saddle by an iron ring; without that spring-bar attachment which is intended to release the stirrup-leather of a man's saddle if the rider's foot should stick fast in the stirrup.

* "The Barb and the Bridle."

The ladies' stirrup-leather sometimes forms a girth, to which, in ignorance of mechanical principles, absurd retaining powers have been attributed.

In the latest and simplest form (patronised by a royal lady), the stirrup is sewed to a single strap, which, passing through the ring-bar, descends until it comes out within a couple of inches of the bottom of the flap, and passing round the belly of the horse, is buckled a single tongue on the other side, thus, keeping both flaps of the saddle close, and dispensing with the old leather girth. By this arrangement the horsewoman can shorten or lengthen her stirrup from the right side without assistance, and without disturbing the stirrup-leg. The disadvantage of this plan is that in the course of a long ride the stirrup-leather becomes almost imperceptibly longer in consequence of the girth of the horse diminishing as he gets rid of his food, for he is an animal of quick digestion.

A stirrup an inch too long often brings on a sore back for the horse; not to speak of a fall for the rider deprived of accustomed support. The quietest horses will now and then give an unexpected start, especially while returning home in the dark.

By way of precaution, the stirrup-leather should have three or four numbers deeply punched into it, say the figures 1, 2, 3, an inch apart, the first number at the point which the lady considers her proper length; she will then at any halt be able to learn by feeling with the finger whether the stirrup-leather has stretched, and, if needful, can take it up a hole. If a lady rides a great deal, the leather should be cut off at the joining with the stirrup and re-sewn every year.

Colonel Greenwood, as far back as 1839, made the following suggestion for improving ladies' stirrup-leathers, but I cannot find that any side-saddle makers have experimented on his ideas. Yet he was a great authority amongst the officers of the household cavalry and their wives and daughters.

He says, "The saddle should be kept in its place by elastic webbing girths. The leather surcingle is used to prevent the small flap on the off side from turning up, and the large flap on the off side from being blown about with the wind, and it should only be drawn tight enough for these purposes. But the strap on the near side should not be attached to the small flap, as is customary, but to the lower part of the large flap on the near side. This will leave the small flap on the near side loose, as in a man's saddle, and will allow liberty for the use of the spring-bar. It will also lessen the friction, by rendering the side of the saddle perfectly smooth except the stirrup-leather.

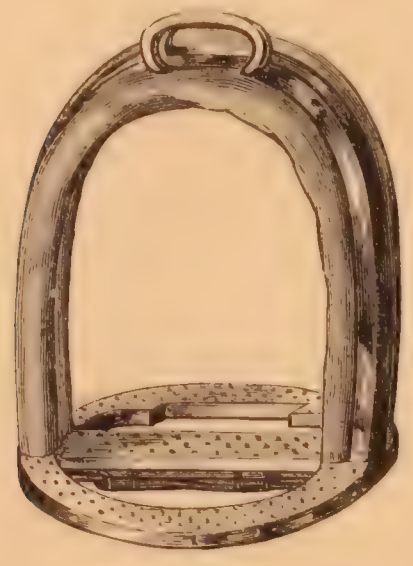
"To lessen the friction, I recommend a single thin strap, as broad as the stirrup-leather of a man. It may have a buckle, for lengthening or shortening, just above the stirrup-iron; or the strap may take on and off the iron by a slip-loop, and passing over the spring-bar as usual, be fastened by a loose buckle, only attached to the strap by the tongue. For hunting, I (the Colonel) always use a single strap, sewn to the iron with a D above the knee, and with a double strap and buckle between the D and the spring-bar."

The slipper-stirrup for side-saddles has been entirely discarded since the hunting-horn crutch was adopted. Three other forms of stirrup are in common use:—First, the ordinary pattern of a man's stirrup, with the inside of the ankle protected by padding. Secondly, the invention of Mr. Latchford, the celebrated London lorimer, which is a stirrup within a stirrup, and releases the foot instantaneously in case of a fall. Thirdly, the invention of Mr. Lennan, of Dublin, which effects the same object in a different way (see illustration).

Mr. Lennan's patent is most patronised in Ireland, Liverpool, Manchester, and Cheshire; Mr. Latchford's in London and the hunting shires. It has been objected to the latter that the second stirrup works loose after a time, and is apt to be lost in the hunting-field. This might be obviated by connecting it with the fixed stirrup by a cord strong enough to hold the inner

stirrup, but not strong enough to resist the rider's weight. An eminent saddler has approved of this suggestion.

The girths of a side-saddle and the girthing are most important points; because with a side-seat everything depends on the saddle not shifting or turning under any circumstances. If there

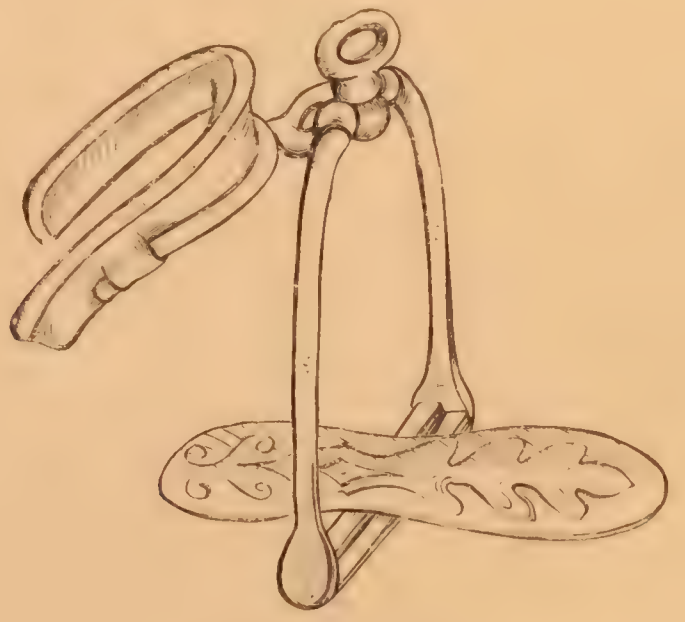


THE VICTORIA.

LATCHFORD'S PATENT.

is any difficulty in fixing a side-saddle, which is sometimes the case when it is necessary to use felt or saddle-cloths to make one fit a horse for which it was not made, the safer plan is to make all tight with a jockey's surcingle.

A man who is a fair horseman, on a well-shaped horse, may ride miles with slack girths; but a woman's saddle in such circumstances is almost sure to turn round. It is easy to assume



TENNAN'S PATENT.

that a lady's horse will have a perfect shape for carrying a saddle, and that the side-saddle is manufactured by one of those who make side-saddles a speciality; but, as a matter of fact, a great many ladies who ride in this country, in India, and in the Colonies, have to put up with such horses as they can get, and in such cases fashion must be sacrificed to safety.

Cruppers are completely out of fashion and out of use, except for the horses of cavalry and policemen. It is assumed that every horse that requires a crupper to keep his saddle in its place

will be forthwith transferred to harness. A crupper is ugly, and in many ways objectionable. At the same time, when a horse which is required to carry a lady long journeys in the country is suitable in every respect, except the form of his saddle-back and ribs under his shoulders, it may be wiser to have a crupper fitted to the side-saddle than to get rid of an animal whose paces and temper are unexceptionable.

For the same reason, the breast-plate, which is universally employed in the hunting-field, will be found a proper addition to the side-saddle of a lightly-ribbed horse in hilly country.

Some young ladies, and many children under medical advice, ride on the off or right-hand side. Some hard-riding hunting ladies habitually use two saddles on alternate days, one for the right and one for the left side; on the ground that it saves their hunter's legs, and makes them more certainly straight at their fences. The idea seems theoretically correct, but the examples, probably from the expense, are rare.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales rides habitually on the off side, on a saddle without any ornament, made by Messrs. Wilkinson and Kidd. Messrs. Langdon, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, have made side-saddles a speciality; and Messrs. Bligh, of Park, have a great reputation. Excellent side-saddles are made by Mr. Lennan, of Dublin, and no doubt by many provincial makers in hunting counties.

Little girls may take their first lessons on a pad like that shown at page 301, provided with shifting pommels adapted for either side.

THE BRIDLE.

A lady riding in parade form, like the illustration at page 341, in the "Row" or the "Bois," is supposed to always ride like a cavalry soldier, with one hand on the curb alone. That will assume that she only rides for display, and always rides a perfectly-broken horse. But as a matter of fact, in England, ladies, fortunately for domestic life, health, and society, do not confine their equestrian exercises to places of public resort; they ride a great deal in the country, making horse exercise a pleasure, and a swift mode of conveyance on a round of social visits, assist, as the French say, in the inspection of farms, trot along country roads, and gallop over open downs. Many ladies who do not hunt ride to cover, and in India and the colonies no precaution should be neglected for making the most of the rough horses which ladies are frequently compelled to ride.

For these reasons the ordinary bridle of a lady should be a double bridle of snaffle and curb, which will enable her to use either or both reins, according to her inclination and skill. How to hold it may be studied, as well as how to sit, from the coloured plate of the Earl of Pembroke's horse, ridden by Mrs. Reynolds.

THE WHIP.

A lady's whip is generally a highly-ornamented toy; but if the horse is not so broken as to act entirely independently of right-hand indications, the whip, however elegant in shape and adornments, should be of a substantial character; for it is meant to supply the place of a man's right leg, and should be fit to give, if needful, an unmistakable "indication."

A properly-made whip may be light, elegant, and yet capable of inflicting a severe cut. It should be furnished with metal loops, for reeving a silken cord, by which it may be suspended from the owner's wrist, if she has occasion to take the reins in the full grasp of a small hand.

THE HORSE.

Horses cannot be manufactured, like side-saddles. Even those prepared to pay the highest market price may have to go far and wait long before they can obtain their ideal. Average

purchasers must be content to take the best article their finances and ideas of expenditure will afford, out of the limited number presented to them for choice.

At page 107 will be found a description of a park hack, which might be applied to a lady's horse without altering a syllable. But such perfection is very scarce, and, when found, very expensive.

The following are points which should be carefully considered in selecting a lady's horse:—

A gelding is to be preferred to a mare, all other qualities being equal.

A LADY'S HUNTER.

It should be well up to the weight of the intending horsewoman, allowing from eighteen to twenty-four pounds for the saddle and habit. Young ladies, if at all inclined to a luxuriant shape, are as mysterious about their weight as elderly maidens are about their age. They should be put in the scale with their riding-dress before a horse is finally decided on. At any rate, a lady's horse should be a good fourteen pounds above its rider's weight, when her habit is neither muddy nor soaked with rain.

The height of the horse should bear due proportion to the height of the rider. A lady 5 feet 8 inches high should select a horse of not less than 15 hands 3 inches, and of suitable character as to strength and substance. Although a narrow thorough-bred horse may be able to carry a lady of fourteen stone, a broad figure looks still broader mounted on a narrow horse. In the opposite direction, nothing looks worse than a short, delicate figure, mounted on a sixteen-

hands weight-carrier. Weight-carrying cobs are out of place under any lady, unless she is very large, and riding strictly for constitutional exercise. Lord Chief Justice Denman, writing to his son-in-law after a visit to Windsor Castle, soon after Her Majesty came to the throne, says, "The Queen wants a horse; it must have quality, to quote Her Majesty's words, 'None of your cobs.'"

A lady's horse must be long enough in the back to carry a side-saddle comfortably and look well. A short-backed horse, however useful under a man, never can look well in a side-saddle.

Low withers, and a neck carried like a race-horse, are altogether inadmissible either for comfort or appearance. Model shoulders, and head and neck that will bridle well, are shown in the illustration at page 71. The special paces of the lady's horse are walking and cantering; if it can also trot smoothly eight miles an hour or more, the owner is fortunate.

The importance of walking well in a lady's horse cannot be exaggerated. A horse that will jog and cannot walk fast and in good form, may be a useful conveyance, but is not a lady's horse. Some years ago one of the sensations of Rotten Row was a very handsome actress, past the first bloom of youth, well proportioned, a welter weight, say well on the other side of thirteen stone, for she was tall, who rode a magnificent sorrel chestnut of perfect manners. This horse and lady never within the memory of the oldest frequenter of the Row went off a walk. But what a walk! —stately, stepping out of the ground as if he were carrying an empress!

Of the canter enough has been said in a previous chapter on horsemanship. The lady's horse must trot in perfect time, with that shoulder-action that scarcely stirs the rider from the saddle. The most accomplished *amazone* on a harsh, high-trotting horse, presents a repulsive figure; equally offensive is a girl jogging along beside her unmindful parent on a little shambling cob.

Temperament of the right degree—free, apparently fiery, but without a particle of violence—is an essential quality in the perfect lady's horse. A slug, requiring constant application of the whip, is detestable; equally detestable and alarming is a hot-tempered brute, always struggling, sidling, prancing, snorting for a gallop, trotting when it should canter, cantering when it should trot, never at rest for a moment. The golden mean will be found in high courage, tempered by docility and good sense, kept in perfect tune by regular exercise.

Men may put up with and ride down a considerable excess of high spirits and of tricks which uncorrected would grow into vice; but although a fine horsewoman subduing and settling down a rearing, kicking, plunging four-year-old, fresh from the stable, is a fine sight once in a way, that should no more be the daily duty of a lady than riding a steeplechaser or driving a tandem.

In the same direction, it is essential that a lady's horse should be free from the slightest suspicion of the unsoundness in feet and fore-legs, or those tricks of stumbling, that lead to falls. Although there are horses that go stumbling and dropping for years without falling, they are not the sort one would like to see under one's sweetheart, wife, sister, or daughter.

To summarise: The lady's horse must be soft and easy in paces, free from all vice, a willing mover, carrying its own head, and as handsome as can be had for the limit of price.

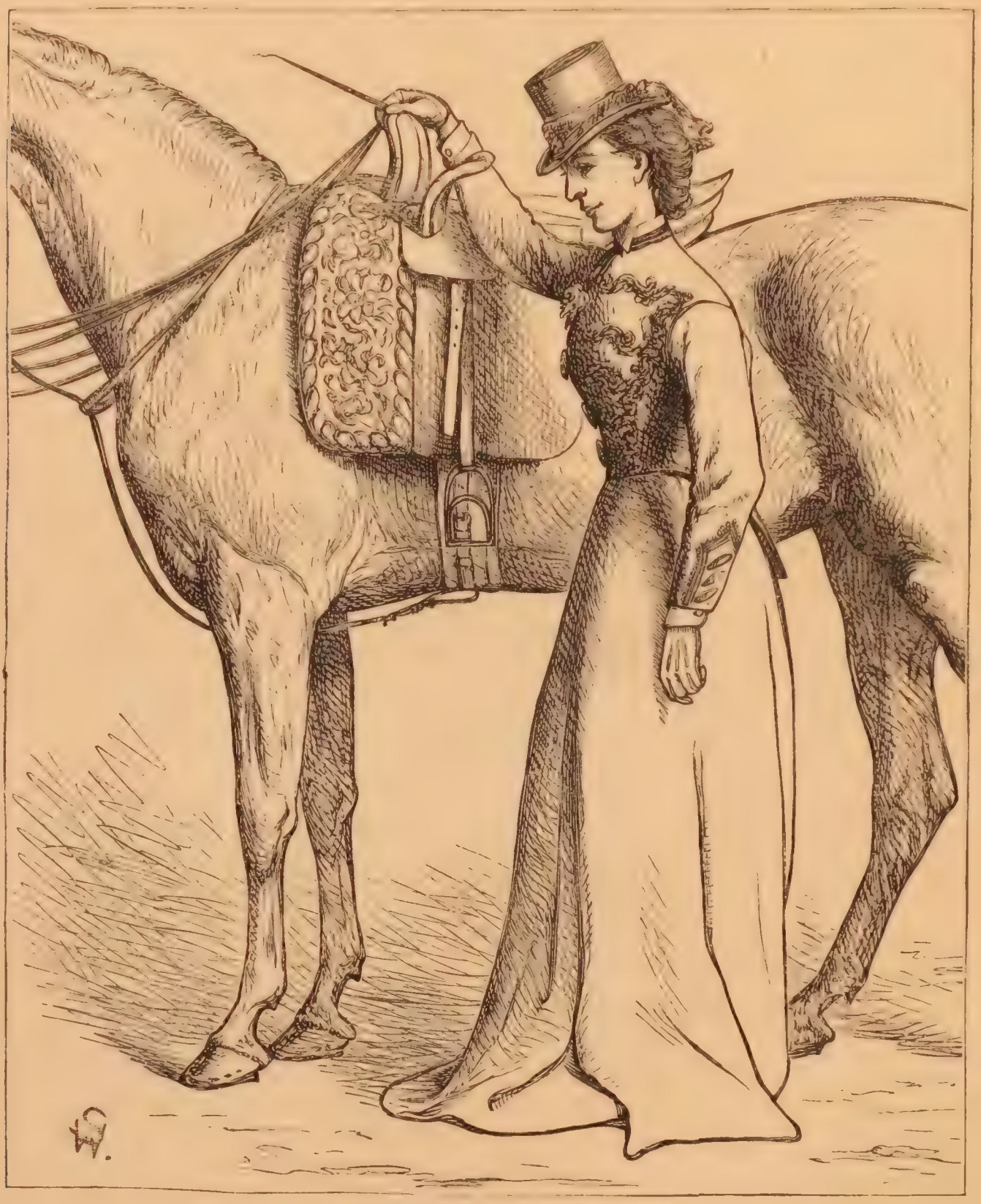
As to age, an animal not less than six years old is to be preferred, when coltish tricks have passed away; and if still sound, springy, elastic, and high-couraged, not to be rejected, but rather to be preferred, at nine or ten years old. There are first-rate ladies' horses which number not much less than twenty years. The legs, feet, and temperament, not the teeth, are the points to be most considered in choosing a lady's horse.

But when a young horse can be found apparently possessing all the qualifications for a lady's use, either unbroken or as yet unaccustomed to the hands and the habit of a woman, it is well worth while to go to the trouble and expense of having it broken by a competent riding-master—

the best of whom are to be found out of London at cavalry barracks. Three months is not an unreasonable time for the full course of instruction of a well-bred colt intended to carry a lady.

MOUNTING.

Mounting for the man, or rather the male who is not going to be a soldier, is not an important

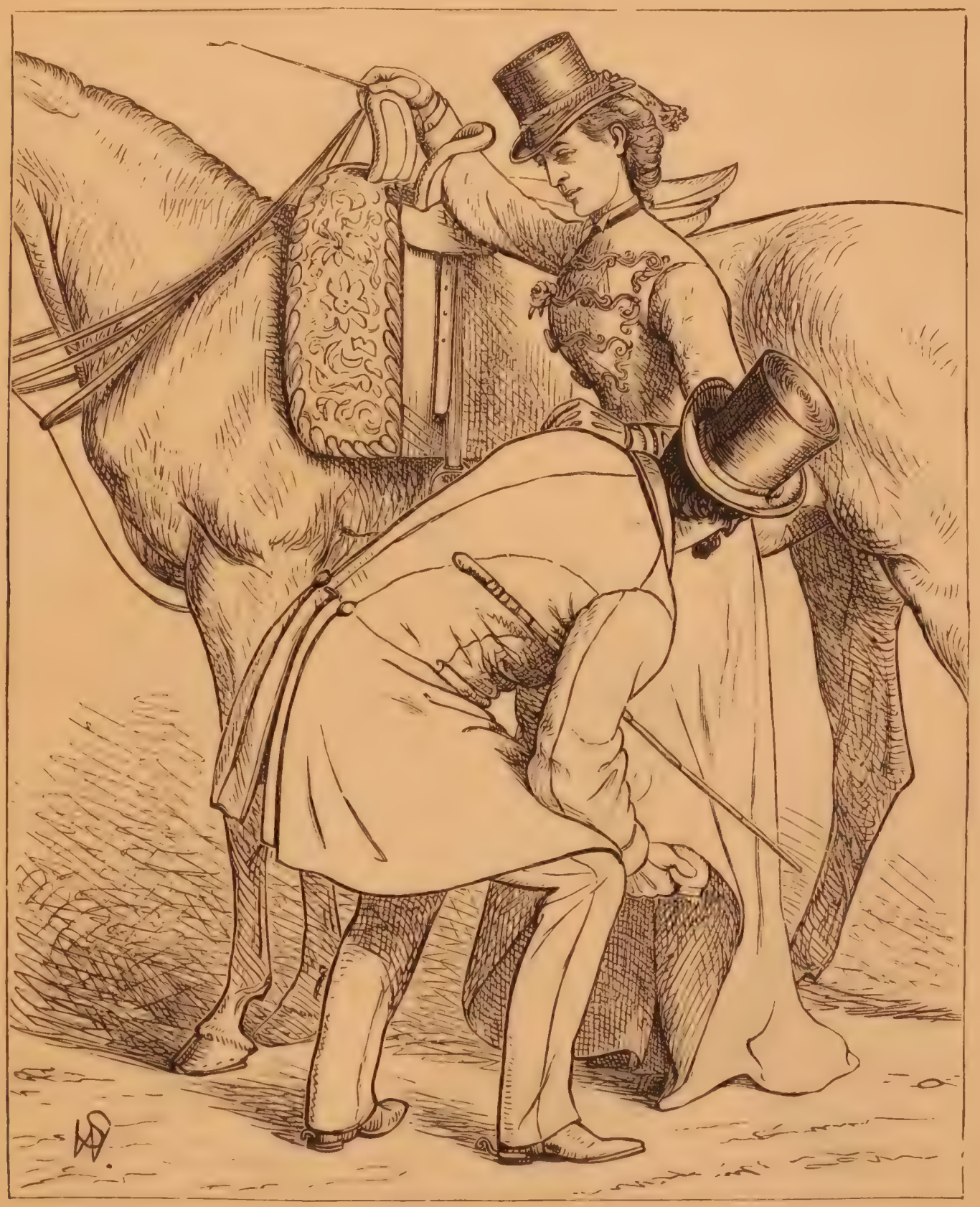


MOUNTING—FIRST POSITION.

matter. The details may be deferred until substantial skill in the management of a horse has been attained; but with a woman, whose seat is purely artificial, it is of great importance that the first step should be the right step. It is literally "*le premier pas que coute.*"

Men and boys are presumed to know something about horses in stables and the field, even if they have never ridden one; but it is often decided that young girls shall learn to ride who have no

more personal familiarity with the equine race than with the tame beasts of the Zoological Gardens. Hence they are not unnaturally very much alarmed when first, without previous introduction, put on the back of a great and powerful beast, whose good-tempered snorts or sneezes carry terror into their souls.



MOUNTING—SECOND POSITION.

It is, therefore, to be recommended that young ladies, who have not had the advantage of a preliminary "stable" education, should be familiarised with horses as pets, before commencing riding lessons.

Any jacket, and any skirt, not too long, will suffice for the first lesson; a whip is a superfluity; but the boots must be sensible boots as to soles and heels.

The illustration at page 356 represents the lady in the first act of mounting. "The right hand placed on the second pommel, with the reins placed under the hand, and drawn sufficiently tight to prevent the animal from moving forward should there be nobody holding his head; the lady's body in a line with the saddle, and about four inches from it; the left shoulder thrown slightly back.

MOUNTING—THIRD POSITION.

"The pupil should then raise the skirt on the left side, in a line from the hip, to about the length of a walking dress, to enable her to place her left foot in the hand of the master. She should bend the left knee slightly, in order to give the cue, at the same time leaning well upon the pommel with the right hand to assist the spring."

"There should be complete unity of action between between pupil and master, but much

depends upon the *position* of both, especially the latter. Standing well forward, he should be in a line with the lady's left hip, and bending down, should close both hands to receive the lady's left foot. The moment that he receives the cue—for example, the word 'now'—moving in exact accord with the pupil, he will, as he raises himself up to a standing position, easily place her on

FOURTH POSITION—MOUNTED (SHOWING THE POSITION OF LEGS AND FEET).

the saddle (see Second Position). He should then with his left hand raise the skirt above the right knee; this will prevent the skirt from dragging, and give ease and freedom to the rider.

"The lady should sit well down in the saddle, in an easy position, placing the left foot in the stirrup (not home, as is generally done), with the stirrup under the ball of the foot, in the form adopted in the military style, or by a gentleman when riding a hack (see illustration above).

"The heel should be well pressed down, the toe raised from the instep, the left knee close to the saddle, and in a line with the ground. Ladies frequently draw back their heels, a dangerous trick, as it unconsciously imitates the action of spurring, and irritates a high-couraged animal; even

the best behaved and broken horse is likely to mistake the motion for an indication to increase his pace. By bending the knee, dropping the toe, and raising the heel, a lady riding displays the sole of her foot to those riding in rear of her—an equestrian blunder of a grave character. This faulty position of the leg and foot also prevents the rider from sitting straight in the saddle, and unduly throws her weight to the right side. Another very common fault, although not so dangerous, is equally defective as to the straight position of the lady on her horse—that is, when the heel is pressed down while the knee is straightened. This makes the saddle slip to the left side, causing pain, and frequently giving the horse a sore back and withers.

"No lady can have a straight and elegant seat unless she so places her knee and foot that her knee is in line with the ground, and the leg from the knee to the foot perpendicular to the knee.

"In order to ensure a straight seat, when the lady alights on the saddle she should look straight between the horse's ears. This will make the saddle sit fair and square upon the horse's back, and give a proper and even bearing to the girths."

The lady is now on her saddle, in a position from which, as long as her limbs retain their ordinary muscular force and the horse keeps on his legs, she cannot be displaced. It is, as already mentioned, a seat much stronger than a man's astride, with the double disadvantage of being entirely dependent on the girths for safety and of not being able to urge the horse on more than one side.

This picture must be carefully studied by every one who really desires to become a horsewoman, because it is on an implicit imitation of this seat as regards the position of the two legs that a good seat depends. More than half the ladies riding in public poke out the right toe and draw back the left heel.

It is in consequence of the importance of strictly observing the details of the seat that, in my humble opinion, all lady pupils above the age of mere children should receive their *primary* education—to adopt a School Board phrase—from women. Men, in nine cases out of ten, are much more capable teachers of all the niceties of horsemanship than even the finest horsewomen; but where it is necessary to put feet and legs in their proper places, the duty is more properly placed in the hands of a woman.

In the same direction, it may be observed that a skirt which conceals all defects is not the proper dress for preliminary lessons. At all gymnastic institutions the pupils wear a costume which consists of a tunic and a loose pair of trousers buttoned at the ankle. In that easy dress all the ladies who frequent a celebrated Liverpool gymnasium appear, and it is also the costume at Madame Brenner's institution.

In order to show as plainly as possible the proper angles of a lady's seat as regards the pommels, the trousers in the preceding picture have been made tight, but that is not essential. Ladies who swim wear a bathing costume, not a loose gown; it is quite time that a similar reform in the direction of common sense should be introduced into the riding-school.

The pupil properly seated should appear on her horse like the figure at page 341; but the average horsewoman, afraid of falling over on the off side, or with a stirrup-leather an inch too long, unconsciously, and perhaps perfectly well satisfied with herself, appears, especially if trotting, like the figure at page 363, all one side.

Once properly placed in the saddle, the next point is for the pupil to attain a "seat," which, amongst other things, means a confident feeling that no ordinary accident will unhorse her. To this part of a lady's equestrian education all the directions at page 303 will apply. She ought not to be troubled with the management of the reins, much less with a whip, which she can have no idea

of properly employing; her whole attention should be concentrated on learning the proper grip of the pommels and the proper balance on the saddle.

Lady Mildred H——, herself the daughter of a noble lady who was second to none in the hunting field, never permitted her daughter to touch the reins until she could confidently walk, trot, and canter a school horse in a figure of 8, as well as perform all the other school exercises.

Where a perfectly-trained school horse is not to be had, it is advisable to confine the

CIRCUS PUPIL.

head of the horse used with flap-reins, as shown in the pony at page 302; a simple expedient which, combined with a head-stall martingale, ought to be adopted by those timid riders who will insist on prematurely appearing in fashionable parades. A horse cannot bolt if thus restrained.

The lady who has mastered the first lessons in the equestrian art, and can sit her horse properly at a walk or show school canter, is then in a position to decide whether she will learn to rule her horse, or whether she is content to pass through life dependent for her comfort on the temper of her steed or the close, nurse-like attention of some groom or gentleman. The horse-woman should sit so that the weight of the body falls exactly in the centre of the saddle, without heavily bearing on the stirrup; able to grasp the upright pommel with the right knee, and press

against the "hunting-horn" with her left knee, yet not exerting any muscular action for that purpose. For this end the stirrup-leather must be neither too long nor too short.

The ideal of a fine horsewoman is erect without being rigid, perfectly square to the front, and, until quite at home in the saddle, looking religiously between her horse's ears. The shoulders should be perfectly square, but thrown back a little, so as to expand the chest and make a hollow waist, "such as is observed in waltzing," but always flexible. On the flexibility of the person above the seat all the grace of equestrianism, and on the firmness below all the safety depends. Nervousness makes both men and women poke their heads forward—a stupid trick in a man, unpardonable in a woman.

A lady should bend like a willow in a storm, always returning to an easy yet nearly upright position. This seat should be acquired while the lady's horse is led, first by hand, then with a leading-stick, see page 301, and finally with a lunging-rein, which will give room for cantering in circles. But where a pupil is encumbered with reins, a whip, and directions for guiding her horse, she may be excused for forgetting all about her seat or her position. The arms down to the elbows should hang loosely near but not fixed to the sides, and the hands, in the absence of reins, may rest in front of the waist.

Common errors are either to sit too much over to the right, and then, in attempting to balance, to lean the shoulders to the left, while the head is inelegantly twisted to the right—this when the stirrup-leather is too short—or when the stirrup is too long, and the lady ignorantly timid, sitting too much to the left, bearing hard on the stirrup ; a hideous position, suggestive of an early sore back for the horse.

The error of hanging on by the pommels is carefully to be avoided. The great object is to acquire a firm, well-balanced seat, without unduly depending on pommels or stirrups. "Let the pupil," says an accomplished horsewoman, "practise riding in circles to the right, sitting upright, but bending a little to the horse's motion, following his nose with her eye ; beginning with a walk, proceed to a slow trot, increasing the action as she gains firmness in the saddle." When, in a smart trot in a circle to the right, the pupil can, leaning as she should to the right, see the feet of the horse on the right side, it may be assumed that she has arrived at a firm seat.

Nothing but practice, frequent but not too long continued, can establish the all-important balance. Practice and practice only enables the rider to instinctively bear to the proper side, or lean back, as a horse turns, bounds, or leaps.

"The movements of the rider should ever harmonise with those of the horse. Thus, when the horse is standing still, at liberty and disunited, the rider in like manner sits at her ease, and may be said to be also disunited ; as she begins to collect and unite her horse, so she collects and unites herself. When the rider is pressing her horse to the union, and drawing from him his proudest and most animated action, then must her own bearing be the extreme of elegance, and her animation in proportion to that of her horse."

Perhaps it may be thought that in the preceding directions too much stress has been laid on "grace" as an important consideration in the equestrian art ; but, as a matter of fact, the principles that secure elegance in a graceful figure are also those that ensure safety.

There are many charming women to whom, in the direction of elegance, Nature has not been bountiful—"dumpy"—or large, stout figures, to whom horse exercise is not only a pleasure, but a necessity of health. These, if they "know themselves," will not deny themselves the pleasures of horse exercise, but will be content to avoid conspicuous display in dress, in the colour or the action of their steed, or in attempts "to witch the world with noble horsemanship."

A lady should no more be deterred from riding, if that is her inclination, because she is not

of the tall and slight figure which alone is perfection on horseback, than from walking or dancing because she has a large foot or a thick ankle.

What is truly ridiculous is a lady riding boldly in an awkward way, with crooked, confident seat, or riding in evident terror, her eyes constantly fixed, not on her horse's ears, but on

CROOKED AND CONFIDENT SEAT.

her attendant horseman; because she has never had the patience, the humility, or the common sense to engage a proper instructor, and attend to her or his instructions.

If a lady, young or middle-aged, cannot trust herself on horseback without a groom alongside her, there must be some great fault in her nervous constitution, her equestrian education, or in the character of her horse. In either case she ought to seek some retired place for her constitutional

promenades à cheval, and not display her incompetent timidity at fashionable hours in fashionable resorts, when an old coachman close to his lady's bridle-rein looks absurd, and a young, handsome groom often scandalous.

For all these reasons, ladies who mean to ride should leave whips and reins alone until they have acquired a firm square seat at a walk, a slow canter, and a slow trot. To acquire this seat it is absolutely necessary that they should place themselves under the tuition of some one able and willing to cure them of their faults.

The accomplishments of an *amazone* cannot be learned in a day, a week, or a month; although a strong, courageous girl may learn in a few hours how to stick on and look ridiculous.

THE REINS.

When a lady has acquired a *seat* in the saddle, she may properly commence her instruction in the art of guiding the horse by the bridle. On this most important part of the subject the instructions will be the same as those addressed to men in Chapter XV.; but as the conventional mode of holding the reins in one hand is quite useless except where the horse is perfectly obedient under all circumstances, no matter how excited, repetition may be excused.

The finished horsewoman on the finished horse rides like the figures at pages 341 and 369, but a long course of study has to be pursued before "a double first-class degree" of excellence is attained.

The ladies should use double bridles, with curb, snaffle, and a fixed nose-band martingale (which should be separate from the cheeks of the two bits), except in the rare instances where the shape of the head and neck of the horse, as well as the temper, are of such perfection that no restraining martingale is ever needed when they propose to leap. In the case of a lady pupil, the curb rein should be shortened, either by knotting or an arrangement of buckles, so that it will lie on the neck or over the right-hand pommel. One rein is enough to commence with, and that the snaffle; because a frightened beginner is very apt to make dangerous use of the curb rein, especially if the horse is what he ought to be—high-couraged.

Lessons on equitation given on dull slugs are like lessons in dancing without music.

The snaffle reins must be held in both hands at equal lengths. This is more important in teaching women than in teaching men, because it is an additional inducement to sit straight.

In using one pair of reins it is not of much consequence how they are held, so long as the arms are kept near the side, the wrists turned rather in, the left hand as low as the knee will admit without resting on it, and the right hand about on a level with the third pommel.

The pupil is to be taught—contrary to cavalry practice and "The Book of Aids"—that when she wants her horse to go to the right she must pull the right rein, when she wants to go to the left the left rein; but these actions must be performed smoothly, moving the arms as little as possible, with the wrists—only in fast paces are the fore-arms to move from the elbows, "giving and taking."

When both reins are used, the object is to guide and hold the horse with the snaffle bit, the reins of that bit being the tighter of the two; the curb reins being used to collect and restrain, except on parade occasions, when the curb only is used. To explain the exact arrangement of these two reins would take up a great many words, even with explanatory woodcuts, while the whole mystery of placing them relatively between the fingers may be learned in a few minutes from personal instruction. It is the object of this chapter rather to lay down general principles than minute details. For an example of a fine seat, the reins held in both hands, the curb the lightest (the horse being on parade action), nothing can be finer than the portrait of Mrs. Reynolds

TROTTING ALONG.

on the Earl of Pembroke's horse, given in the coloured plate, the same horse on which the same artist painted the Empress of the French in a similar attitude.

The manipulation of the reins, when once explained, may be practised at home by attaching reins to an elastic band, fastened to something about the height of a horse's head. In the same way, mounting may be practised on a convenient chest of drawers.

Mrs. Stirling Clarke gives the following five positions of the reins as held in both hands. I do not consider them clear enough to be of much value, but quote them as the advice of a very accomplished *equestrienne*:—

"In the first position, with a rein in each hand, the hands are held about three inches from the body, about four inches apart, in line with each other, with the thumbs uppermost, and the little fingers on a line with the elbows.

"The second consists of a slight yielding of the hands, by which the horse is enabled to advance.

"The third shortens the right rein by turning the little finger of the right hand upwards towards the waist, and inclines the horse to the right.

"The fourth shortens the left rein by turning the little finger of the left hand upwards towards the waist, and inclines the horse to the left.

"The fifth shortens both reins by turning the little fingers up at the same moment, and stops the horse, while by bending the hand inwards towards the body, this position compels him to go forward."

All which may be quite true and easy to professors of the *haute école*, but little fingers of such extraordinary power are rare; and a little experience will teach riders, male or female, to effect their object in a less complicated manner. The point to be aimed at is a delicate yet firm touch, a constant feeling of the horse's mouth, with not more restraint on either or both reins than is required to make the steed turn either way, stop, or back.

Slack reins, or reins jerked instead of pulled smoothly, are equally errors of equestrianism.

Light hands give and take, and always return to the right position. A fresh horse may be allowed to draw the reins through the rider's fingers; but they must always be shortened again (see page 319), so that the rider has command of the mouth, just as the steersman of a row-boat never allows the lines to become slack. The body must act with the hands. When a horse stumbles, or starts suddenly into a gallop, or plunges in high spirits, the body inclining backward gives weight to the grasp of the reins in the hands.

On walking enough has been said in a previous chapter. A horse at fast paces should always be stopped by degrees; the rider bending back her shoulders as she presses the bit even on the horse's mouth.

TROTTING.

Ladies must learn to trot for several reasons. As already explained, a change of pace is a great relief to a horse in a ride of more than an hour. Almost all horses trot a little when stopped from a hand-gallop. Sometimes the choice is between riding a horse that will trot well and will not canter, and not riding at all. Besides, a lady cannot have a perfect seat without being able to trot.

Short women look better trotting than tall women, unless the horse trots so smoothly that a perfectly upright carriage can be maintained. To see a lady leaning forward over her horse's ears on the trot is very offensive.

"*Vieille Moustache*" recommends that a pupil should prepare for trotting by practising rising and falling without a stirrup, the horse standing still; and that the first lessons in motion, with the foot in the stirrup, should be performed with the assistance of the master riding alongside, with his left hand under her right elbow.

"There should be no twist from the waist; the shoulders perfectly square, every movement in exact harmony with the horse's motion."

As a rule, the appearance of ladies trotting is vile, for want of proper instruction, and sometimes from their having adopted a masculine style. Under any circumstances, trotting lessons should be very short.

The same experienced instructor recommends that pupils should (in a school) trot without reins, "the hands behind the waist, the right hand grasping the left elbow." This was George Darby's system of teaching before he gave the riding-school to his brothers for the Rugby dealing establishment.

CANTERING.

The canter is essentially the ladies' pace; and on a good horse it is so easy to balance that it deceives many pupils into believing they are adepts when they have only learnt the A B C of the art. In the canter the lady's whip, if needful, urges the horse as a man's right leg and spur would. The instructions for cantering are the same for a lady as those at page 325 for a man. A horse must not be permitted to break from a trot to a canter, but reined up and made to begin again.

Some horses trained to lead with either leg, go as pleasantly with the one as the other. This capability of changing saves a horse very much. When a lady rides on the off side, she requires her horse to lead with the near leg.

GALLOPING.

To gallop, a lady must invariably take her reins in both hands, feeling the horse's mouth firmly with the snaffle and lightly with the curb. A writer, already quoted, who holds to the theory of a woman riding with one hand, like a cavalry soldier (which was exactly the reverse of Dan Seffert's early lessons), permits division of the reins between both hands when galloping, and directs that the lady "places her right hand outside her right knee and her left hand, outside the near side upper crutch, the hands not more than six or eight inches from the body, the knuckles upwards, elbows slightly bent," the hands, firmly holding the reins, resting against the saddle.

When she desires to decrease her speed she leans back gradually, draws her hands towards her waist, and with her fingers brings the curb reins into action, thus reducing the gallop to a canter, and the canter to a walk.

But for a gallop the pupil must have been prepared by long preliminary walks, trots, and canters, and be in the healthy condition of a gymnast in full practice. No woman is a horsewoman, or fit to be trusted without a leading-rein, until she can gallop and stop her horse.

LEAPING.

Every lady who learns to ride should learn to sit a leap; not only on the principle that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, but because no lady who rides can ever be sure that on some occasion her horse—stung by a fly or excited by a thunderstorm—will not make a series of bounds quite equal to any probable leap in the hunting-field.

Of course, if a lady has made up her mind that she will never leave the promenades of fashionable resort, that is a different thing; on the same principle she may decline to receive any lessons except walking and slow cantering, because she has made up her mind never to go beyond those paces. But to make quite sure, she must be certain no horse she may mount will ever insist on a fiercer trot or a wild gallop.

When a lady has attained the whole art of equestrianism, she is prepared for every kind of adventure at home or abroad; she can put up with a hunter not educated to carry a lady, and she can make her way on horseback if her lot takes her to any of the wild countries of Europe, the back settlements of America, or those essentially horse colonies, Australia and New Zealand.

A SQUARE SEAT.

The first lessons in leaping should, if possible, be given in a school, and on a full-sized horse—one that perfectly understands the business and enjoys it. A sheep-hurdle is quite high enough, and the trunk of a tree is quite wide enough for the first steps in leaping. Balance, grip of the pommels, and support of the stirrup must be combined; the seat as near the centre of the horse's back as the pommels will permit; the figure erect, not rigid, with the shoulders back, ready

to bend gently backwards as the horse rises in the air—not leaning forward, twisted over on the near side, like a popular, spirited, and absurd picture ("First at the Fence"), which really shows "how not to do it;" the snaffle reins held in both hands, at a length that will enable the horse fully to extend himself, and the rider to bear on his mouth as she bends back over his croup when he is landing. All the time her eyes should be looking between the horse's ears, so as to keep perfectly square in the saddle.

In the first lessons the pupil should not attempt anything but to retain her balance, without requiring or attempting to urge her horse. All the lessons not done at standing leaps should be done at a slow pace; for it is not the business of a lady to ride at fences like a steeplechase-rider or a lunatic, unless water or something else of an equally exceptional character has to be covered in the hunting field. As a rule, the worst and most nervous riders, male and female, are most apt to gallop wildly at their fences.

"*Vieille Moustache*" says:—

"She should take a firm hold of the upper crutch of the saddle with her right knee, sit well into the saddle—not the back of it, because the farther back the greater the concussion when the horse alights—put her left foot well home in the stirrup, and press her leg—(he must mean thigh)—firmly against the third crutch, while keeping the left knee flexible and the left foot well forward, lean slightly forward, *avoid stiffening her waist in order to throw the upper part of her figure backward at the right moment in order to preserve her balance.* The hands must not move except with the body; and, above all, no attempt to enliven the horse by jagging his mouth as he is about to rise—a pernicious habit practised by riders of both sexes, who ought to know better. The horse on which a lady leaps should not require violent urging, and only needs to be properly collected before starting. Reins too short, head too forward, and pace too hurried are the ordinary faults of beginners. Women have on their saddles a firmer seat for leaping than men."

In this branch of equestrianism, practice and sound instruction are the essentials. The occasions when a lady has to gallop at full speed at a wide jump of water or a doubled fence are rare, but to complete the subject the following instructions are quoted from the eminent riding-master already named:—

"*Her elbows should be drawn back until they are three inches or thereabouts behind her waist; her hands below her elbows, six inches apart, grasping the reins divided with the least possible feeling of the curb; the fingers turned inwards and upwards, touching the waist.* As the horse is galloping up on the point of springing, the body from the waist should be thrown back, the hands shot forward, held low, thus giving the horse his head as he springs, but supporting him as he lands."

But after all, words will do very little towards cultivating this very useful and pleasing accomplishment.

Ponies are much more difficult to ride at leaps than full-sized horses, and well-bred horses are more elastic and pleasant than the cleverest coarse-bred cobs.

A lady's horse should be carefully exercised on the days she does not ride. Many serious accidents have arisen from ladies objecting to any one riding their pets except themselves; the very best horses acquire vicious tricks from idleness in the stable.

Not many years ago a lady, a fine horsewoman, the mother of a family, who would not allow any one except herself to mount her thorough-bred horse, was run away with in Rotten Row. The horse rushed madly out of the Park at the Kensington gate, against the wall where the fountain stands, and was killed with his rider—a horrid spectacle.

All highly-bred, highly-fed horses that do not get some hours' real work for five days of the week, should have at least two hours' exercise before they are ridden in town by ladies.

When Her Majesty rode on horseback regularly, it was the duty of a lady attached to the Master of the Horse's establishment to ride and sweat the royal horse in the school at Buckingham

Palace or at Windsor, early enough in the day to allow him time to be cooled and dressed before Her Majesty rode out.

All stud-grooms who understand their business take the same precaution without consulting their "young ladies." A bucket of water, judiciously administered before proceeding to the Park, will produce a soothing effect on a fiery horse; but then there must be no galloping, or serious internal injuries may follow.

The highly elegant creature referred to as the perfect lady's horse and park hack, page 107, is often too delicate and too ornamental for country use. For general utility in the country, the stamp of horse for a lady's hunter is the best. The illustration at page 354 is taken from a lady's hunter in Lord Calthorpe's Leicestershire stud, one good at walking, good at trotting, pleasant at a hand-gallop, able and willing to leap anything a lady should leap.

When a gentleman rides in the Park or other public place, etiquette requires that he should approach a lady on the off or right side; and that in either meeting or passing, if she be alone, he should slacken his pace to a walk. In a visit which Lord Chief Justice Denman paid to Walmer Castle, three years before the Duke of Wellington's death, in a conversation about riding, the Duke said: "When I meet a lady on horseback, I always stop, and if her horse seems troublesome, offer to ride alongside her in the Row until it is quiet. The other day I met a lady on a fresh, violent horse, so I took off my hat, and said, 'Shall I ride with you; my horse is perfectly quiet?' She knew me, for she replied, 'No, your Grace; I think I can get on very well.' After she was gone, I felt sure that it was Jenny Lind." "We all agreed," adds Lord Denman, "that the great singer should have accepted the services of the great Duke, whether she wanted them or not." *

When a gentleman accompanies a lady on horseback, he should ride on the right side, holding his own bridle and whip in his right hand, that he may be prepared to assist her with his left hand if needful. When it is necessary for a horseman to secure a lady's horse with a leading-rein, it *may* be attached to the snaffle bit with spring hooks, in the following manner:—

The hooks to be hooked to the rings of the snaffle; the rein, which should be thin and round, fastened to a ring in the centre of the leather band which unites the hooks. The rein should then be passed through two rings, one of them close to the front flap of the saddle, the other farther on, beyond the right-hand pommel. By this contrivance, if it be necessary to use the rein, the head of the lady's horse will not be drawn on one side in the usual awkward manner; and the horseman holding the rein in his left hand as he rides alongside, will have perfect command without attracting attention to the safety bridle. After a time, if the lady gains confidence, the leading-rein may be fastened to a D under the cantle of her saddle, so as to be easily laid hold of in a gallop, if required, without disturbing her own hold of her reins.

Nothing is so rude as for a gentleman to gallop past a lady on horseback. A gentleman should never ride between two ladies unless at their request.

* "Life of Lord Chief Justice Denman," by Sir Joseph Arnould.

Those ladies who ride perpetually on the curb should examine the chain before mounting, to see that it is neither too tight nor too loose. The disadvantage of riding on the road on the curb is, that if a horse stumbles and is checked by it, the pain throws his head up, and then he is pretty sure to come down very hard.

All hacks, but particularly those ridden by ladies, should be started at a walk, and walked for some distance before being allowed to go fast. The only exception is when a fresh, excited horse—such as a lady ought not to mount under ordinary circumstances—requires a preliminary trot or hand-gallop to settle him down, and this cannot be done in a town.

If two or more ladies are about to ride together, as soon as one is placed in the saddle let her move forward out of the way, *and stand still*, so that her horse may not make the other horses restless while being mounted. Never ride on a side-saddle that is not long enough from the pommel to the cantle. Always settle the length of the stirrup-leather comfortably before starting.

Treat your horse as a friend about whose health and comfort you are interested—not like a mere machine. If a horse usually free and gay appears dull, droops his head, or coughs harshly (not the cough grooms call blowing his nose), or if his coat stares, the rider may fairly suspect that he is sickening for an influenza or some other ailment; return him to the stable, consult some proper person, and *do not* let the groom give him "a something"—"a ball" or "a draught"—or poison his drinking water with nitre. With horses the "stitch in time" maxim is all important.

If a horse is found going on one side, with an uncomfortable gait, with an occasional attempt at a cow kick, the chances are that the side-saddle is wringing his back; if further examination confirms this notion, dismount, and have the saddle removed and re-adjusted. The back of a lady's horse is so liable to be chafed that it should be carefully examined with the hand after every ride, and especially after using a new or strange saddle. Rest is the only sure cure for a really sore back.

A lady, not being professional, should never enter into a pitched battle with her horse if he suddenly turns restless, and refuses to go down a particular street or to pass some strange object, as she cannot squeeze him between her legs like a man armed with a pair of spurs, and as her sex and position make a contest undignified. At the first symptom of resistance, let her groom or some bystander take hold of the snaffle-rein, and lead the horse a few yards.

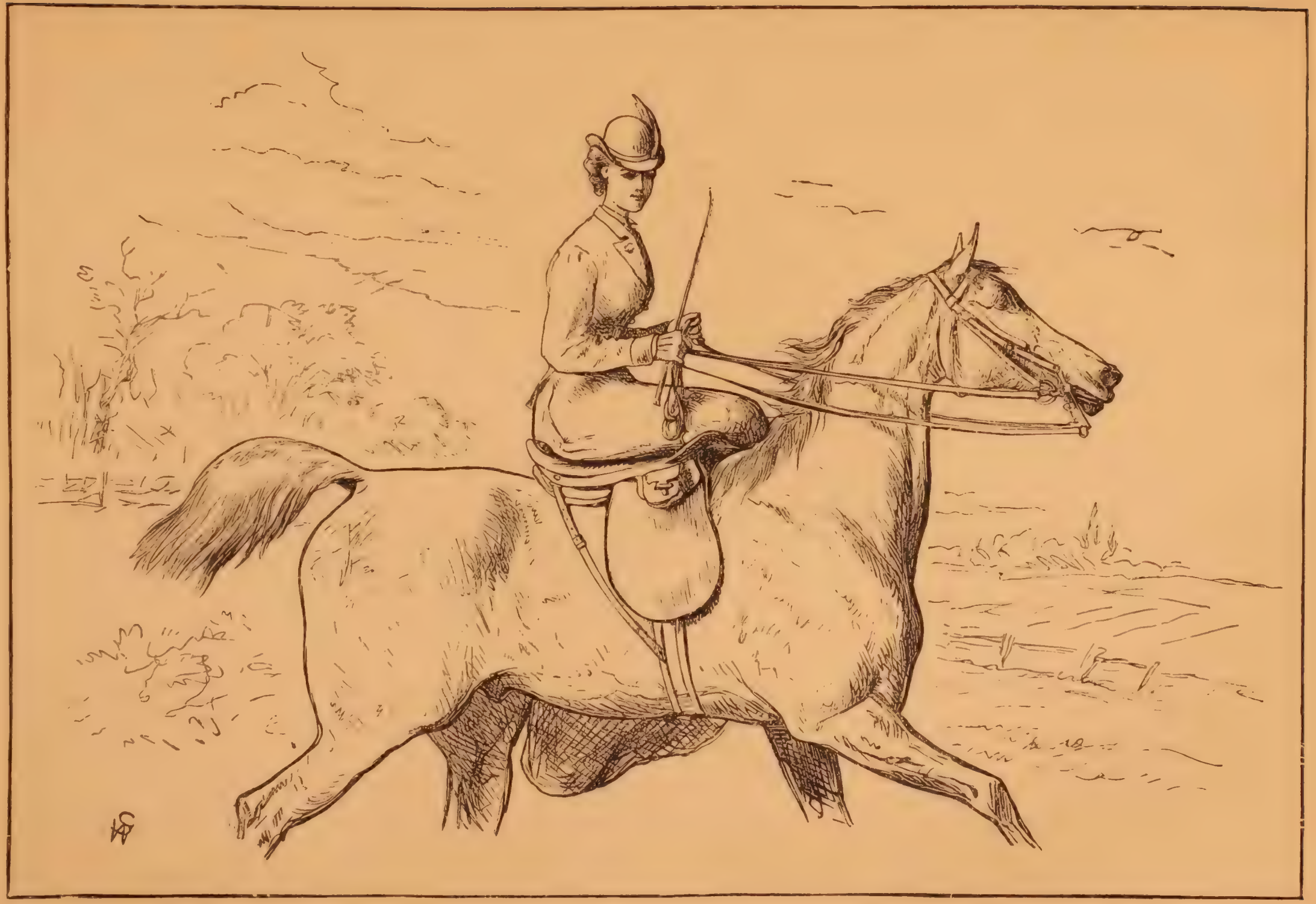
If a groom attends on ladies, in order to be of any use in an emergency, he must ride a horse twice as fast as those he follows. A groom on a cob following a thoroughbred may be ornamental, but is not useful.

All ladies who ride in the country should learn to mount without assistance. A lady's horse ought to stand like a rock; but if at all fidgetty put him against a gate or bank with some one at his head. Then let down the stirrup to an easy height, and mount by taking hold of the upright pommel. If necessary, one rein may be drawn tight round the upright pommel until mounting is completed. When mounted, if the stirrup is fastened on the off-side, as in illustration at page 350, there will be no difficulty in shortening it. In crossing a ford in hot weather, never let a horse drink, as he will be apt to lie down and roll; push him across as fast as possible, not sparing a cut with the whip over the shoulder.

A horse, however gentle in temperament and pleasant in paces, is not fit for a lady to ride unless he will face military and street music, waving banners and plumes, a marching regiment, or a society of Odd Fellows, and every queer noisy movement. The training needful will not impair the spirit of the highest-couraged horse. A really nervous horse can never be trained for the work of a lady.

Speak always when approaching your horse; pat and caress him when leaving him.

Learn how the saddle and bridle ought to be put on.



BETWEEN BOTH HANDS: READY FOR THE FIELD.

A LADIES HORSE. THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL [illegible] OF [illegible]

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY M. NEZAT

Remember, in paying a morning call at a country house, that your horse will be better without food, either corn or hay, unless he can have an hour to digest it; but a moderate quantity of water, often given, in hot weather is most refreshing, although grooms talk as if water was poison.

Hunting advice comes more properly in the hunting chapters, but it may be agreeable to ladies to know that if they can trot, canter, gallop, and jump any ditch three feet wide, they may spend many agreeable days in the winter with hounds, in suitable company, riding through lanes and bridle-roads, piloted by old-fashioned parsons, fat farmers, or grey-headed grooms,

IMPROVED LEADING-REIN.

without encountering, if they ride a proper horse, any more risk than in a canter over Wimbledon Common or in Richmond Park. The per-centage who ride up to hounds, and do the desperate deeds depicted in sporting pictures, of either sex, is not more numerous than that of the ladies and gentlemen really capable of taking part in the songs and duets of the Italian Opera without appearing ridiculous to real judges of music. But even to take this safe part in the social and exciting pleasures of "lane-riding" to hounds, a lady must have learned how to sit and manage her horse, and have a horse accustomed to the cry of hounds.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The engravings of the successive actions of "mounting," "trotting," and "cantering," have been drawn under the direction of Mr. Frederick Allen and Miss Allen, from life.

CHAPTER XVII.

HUNTING.

Definitions of Hunting—Hunter—Huntsman—Master—"The Field"—Hunting Aristocratic and Democratic—The Prince of Wales's Speech—Hunting Fields Suited to all Ages and Purses—Sport in Different Counties—Information for those who have never Hunted—Hunting Tastes Compared with Drinking Tastes—Example of Assheton Smith—Miscellaneous Character of "The Field"—Anecdote of Bishop Wilberforce—Extract from *Souvenirs* of a French Sportsman—Hunting Districts, for Young, for Old—Masters of Hounds who Never Jump—Division—Fox-Hunting—Stag-Hunting—Hare-Hunting—Number of Packs Hunting in England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—The Due Precedence of Fox, Stag, or Hare-Hounds—Stag-Hunting Hard Riding, no Sport—Fox-Hunting both Sport and Hard Riding—Hare, much Sport, little Riding—Shakespeare's Notions of Hunting—Quotation—Gervase Markham on "The Music of the Pack"—Ancient Packs of Fox-Hounds—The Berkeley—The Brocklesby—Transformation of Rabbit Warrens to Turnip Fields—Somerville's Chase—Nicholas Wood's Hunting Horse, 1686—The Tarporley Club, by Warburton of Arley—Extracts from Rules and Minutes—Costume—Change of—Fines—Drinking Habits—Taste in Art—The Club not Literary—Improved Agriculture Flourished with Fox-Hunting—Mr. Pusey and Lord Yarborough's Tenants—How Found—Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Washington Irving on Hunting.

"HUNTING," in the language of the modern English sportsman, is riding after hounds in pursuit of fox, stag, or hare; the "hunter" generally means the horse, not the man. In French, the word "*chasse*" means pursuing anything, from a lark to a wild boar, with a gun, net, or hounds. The word had once nearly as wide a signification in English. The huntsman means the artist who manages the hounds while hunting. There is no word to designate the man who rides after them for sport. "Sportsman" includes the fisherman and the shooting man. "The Field" means the followers of the hounds as distinguished from the "Master," the "Huntsman" (who is sometimes the same person), and the "Whips."

Hunting occupies a very important place in the outdoor amusements of England; it is at once a democratic and an aristocratic institution. It is supported by the wealthy and noble; it is followed by enthusiasts of every rank and of very humble means. In the hunting field all distinctions are levelled. The moment the hounds begin to run, he goes first and keeps first who can; and no one is expected to give precedence to any one, however noble or rich, except the Huntsman (who is the commander-in-chief of the hounds and the field), and the Master of the Hounds, who occupies the place of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This peculiarly English character of our sport was never more happily hit off than in a speech of the Prince of Wales, at a dinner given in 1874 to the farmers over whose fields the Royal Buck-hounds hunt. His Royal Highness said, "Amongst the many dinners I have to attend during the year, there is not one that gives me more sincere satisfaction than that at which we are present this evening. I have a feeling that I am not here among strangers; on the contrary, among friends. Many of the faces I see around me to-night I have known from my earliest childhood. During the time my father kept the harriers at Windsor, I used as a boy to hunt with them. After my father's death, I kept them for a certain time. I have since had the pleasure of frequently hunting with the stag-hounds; I hope to meet you in the hunting field for many years to come. Hunting brings all classes together; everybody in the hunting field feels upon an

A STATE CARRIAGE HORSE.. THE PROPERTY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

equality. I hope that hunting—whether fox-hunting, stag-hunting, or hare-hunting—may long continue to flourish in this country. I trust that for many years to come we shall ride together over the same fields and the same fences; that if we now and then have the same falls, it will only be to get up again and follow the sport with, if possible, greater zest than ever. I may take this occasion to say that the Princess of Wales is as keen a sportswoman as I am a sportsman."

Not so are the customs of the stag-hunts, fox-hunts, and boar-hunts of France and Germany, where a stranger would no more think of intruding, however profound his knowledge of the sport, however admirable his horse and equipments, than into a pheasant-shooting battue in Norfolk or Suffolk.

The aristocratic quality of fox-hunting is shown by the position conceded to the Master of a county pack, which socially is often only second to the Lord-Lieutenant.

But in this country there are hunts and hunting fields suited to all purses and all ages. Packs, consisting of a few couples of merry harriers or beagles for hunting hares or mountain foxes, are frequently kept up by the farmers and professional men of a rural district, at an expense not exceeding the cost of one horse for one season in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire. In the Midlands the man who cares about appearances, and desires to rank if not to ride with the first flight, must have at least six or eight well-bred full-sized horses of high class, with grooms, and carriages, and other expenses in proportion, although he may never be seen out of a lane or bridle road after the hounds have commenced running in earnest; whilst in a country of small enclosures and frequent coverts, with a two or three day a week pack of fox-hounds, half the number of horses, of half the value, will do all that a reasonable man can require. In the New Forest, the pheasant coverts of Kent and Surrey, or the high banks and deep valleys of Devonshire, a clever cob will afford more sport than a sixteen-hand blood Yorkshire hunter. As for the horses required with harriers and beagles in England and Wales, the majority of the field are generally mounted on their ordinary hacks and roadsters. In hunting the pleasure is by no means in proportion to the cost; and it is probable that as regards sport—not hard riding—the enthusiastic Welshman or Devonian on his pony has more enjoyment than many owners of perfect studs in flying countries.

As a matter of course, the man who makes hunting the occupation of his life, who means to hunt every day that hounds can run and horses stand on their feet, will, if he is young, strong, and brave, and can afford it, prefer a grass country, big fields, big fences, big horses, a great deal of galloping, and as little cold hunting as possible; and he may have all this far from the fashionable mobs of the Midlands, or mobs of any kinds. But the class to whom these pages are particularly addressed are those who never have hunted, and only think of hunting because, being able to ride, they find themselves near a pack of hounds of some kind, with leisure enough to enjoy the sport once or several times a week.

Hunting is very like drinking, with a full range from plain ale, humble port or sherry, cheap claret, and so on, rising by degrees to rare vintages of port, Burgundy, Bordeaux, and Champagne, at fancy prices.

Amongst wine drinkers, those who in their lusty youth were content with nothing less than the best of the best cellars, and plenty of it, come down by degrees as they advance in age, or graduate in gout, to a daily measured modicum of the dryest sherry, or a nightly weak allowance of brandy-and-water.

Not unfrequently the fox-hunter who in his golden youth was one of the bright particular stars of the Quorn, the Belvoir, or the Cottesmere, is found at fifty settled within reach of a provincial pack, in a district where arable fields and frequent woodlands make brilliant bursts impossible,

pursuing his old sport with as much pleasure as ever, with a stud of two or three useful animals, whose necks for nine months of the year are not unacquainted with the harness collar.*

Besides the sportsman pure and simple, to whom hunting is the principal business of the winter season, and the chief subject of conversation and preparation for the year, there are (and this is peculiar to this country) a vast number of born sportsmen whose occupations and whose means only allow them to hunt at intervals—one day a week or three days a month—with the nearest pack, be it fox-hounds, harriers, or stag-hounds. In truly rural districts, these include farmers on their market horses, or on young hunters learning their business; military and naval officers, retired to the economic dulness of the country; a few parsons† (their number and wholesome influence on the hunting field is rapidly diminishing); a doctor or two, who persuade themselves, with more or less reason, that they make patients in the field; lawyers, with the same excuse and with more success; veterinary surgeons with young horses to sell; and, particularly in Wales, the thriving, hard-riding shopkeeper, the capitalist of the village. If it is in Devonshire, Cumberland, or the hilly districts of Wales, the blacksmith, the miller, every small farmer, and in fact every one who owns a pony and can spare an hour, follows the hounds.

In the neighbourhood of great manufacturing or seaport towns, "the Field," as the assembly is technically termed, is still more miscellaneous. At many a gateway the old county squire is obliged to rub knees on one side with a cotton-spinner and on the other with a fishmonger; while scores of young fellows, well horsed and correctly equipped, whose fathers worked for weekly wages, are to be found in the first flight. In the neighbourhood of London, the retail tradesmen who hunt in the most expensive form are sufficient in number to fill a special train and form a sort of club.‡

* Assheton Smith, whose reputation as a sportsman was so world-wide that the First Consul Bonaparte, when he was at his levee, inquired particularly for Le Grand Chasseur Smitt (passing over, to his intense disgust, the great advocate Erskine), and who, when he hunted the Quorn Hounds six days a week, had more falls over impracticable fences than any man of his time, contented himself in his old age with the Teddington Hounds, Hampshire, where scarcely a fence was to be found in a week which could not be avoided.

† The late Bishop Wilberforce objected to hunting, which is not an ecclesiastical offence. Soon after he was appointed to the diocese of Oxford, he observed, in a reproachful tone, to a hard-riding rector, "You hunt a good deal, I believe, Mr. B——; do you think it quite a clerical pursuit?" "Well, my lord, I don't think it worse than going to balls." "Ah," replied the bishop, "you allude to my being at Lady Jersey's ball; but I beg to assure you that I never was in the ball-room." "My lord," answered the parson, "that's just my case; I go out with the hounds, certainly, but when they are running I am never in the same field with them." The parson hunted to the day of his death, and was even chairman of the hunt committee. He was an excellent parish priest, and a popular magistrate with the labouring classes.

‡ "Un jour j'assistais à une chasse à courre avec la meute royale dans les environs de Windsor.

"J'étais arrivé au rendezvous tout plein de mes impressions des chasses de Compiègne et de Rambouillet, et, bien que je m'attendisse à voir quelque chose de différent, j'espérais rencontrer un style, une grandeur quelconque.

"Cette illusion fut de courte durée.

"Je m'apperçus bientôt que l'étiquette était bannie pour faire place au sans façon le plus complet, il me semblait que quiconque possèdant un cheval était venu se joindre aux piqueurs pour jouir d'un temps de galop.

"Neanmoins, ces apparences me semblant en quelque sorte subversives je résolus de les approfondir, et m'adressant à mon compagnon, charmant garçon Capitaine aux Gardes, je lui demandai si réellement ces messieurs en habits écarlates et ces brillantes amazones, appartenaient tous à l'aristocratie. 'Pas le moins du monde,' me repondit il en souriant, 'la plupart sont ce que vous appelez en France, "des épiciers."

"'Ils appartiennent au commerce et à la bourgeoisie; je puis vous montrer ici, trois marchands de vin, deux tailleurs, un notaire, deux commissaires priseurs, et un restaurateur; cependant, je puis vous désigner aussi, le Ministre des Affairs Etrangères et un ex-Lord Chancelier.

"'Quant aux dames, cette grosse brune est une marchande de modes, plus loin cette blonde qui a sans doute perdu son peigne pour montrer que ses magnifiques cheveux sont *à elle*, est sans profession, enfin cette mignonne créature à votre droite est un professeur d'équitation pour dames et autres dit on.'

"N'ayant aucune raison de douter de la veracité de mon ami, je ne pus m'empêcher de souhaiter qu'en France nous puissions nous enorgueillir d'une telle bourgeoisie car tous les chasseurs étaient admirablement montés et la plupart m'ont paru être excellents écuyers."—"*Souvenirs de Chasse*," *par le Baron de Sauviac.*

Under these circumstances, it is surprising to find English writers well informed on literature, science, fine arts, and politics, discussing hunting as if it were an amusement which was one of the monopolies of the aristocracy and plutocracy. A writer in that very intellectual journal, the *Spectator*, quite amazed at the enthusiasm created by the speech of the Prince of Wales already quoted, could only account for the popularity of a sport requiring "so much less skill and courage than Alpine climbing" by its being one of the privileges of the rich!—a singular example of learned ignorance, for any butcher, baker, or blacksmith, with a screw, can hunt at the expense of an hour or two; while six weeks and fifty pounds would be the very least cost of time and money involved in a climbing trip to Switzerland; not to mention that Alpine climbing requires strength and vigour of no ordinary character, while the amusement and excitement of the hunting field is open to all ages, from ten to seven times or even eight times ten years. There is at least one patriarch in every hunting field.

Here the wine simile comes in again:—You may confine your potions to a glass or extend them to a bottle. You may rush to the front, and if your horse and skill are equal to the occasion, keep close to the hounds for the whole day, not missing a single fence; or you may join the ruck—the majority of every hunt—who, religiously punctual in their attendance and persevering in their galloping, never take a fence that a twelve-hands pony could not buck over. Nay, more; there are several hunting districts in high repute in which fences to jump are so rare that you must go out of the way to find one. Indeed, those who have taken their notions of hunting from the frightful accidents by flood and field exhibited in the shop windows of sporting printsellers will be surprised to learn that there have been distinguished masters of hounds, eminent sportsmen, who have never ridden over a fence; but have regularly dismounted until a hole was bored through a hedge, a gate pulled off its hinges, or a stone wall levelled to within two feet of the ground.

Hunting is divided into—

FOX-HUNTING,
STAG-HUNTING,
HARE-HUNTING.

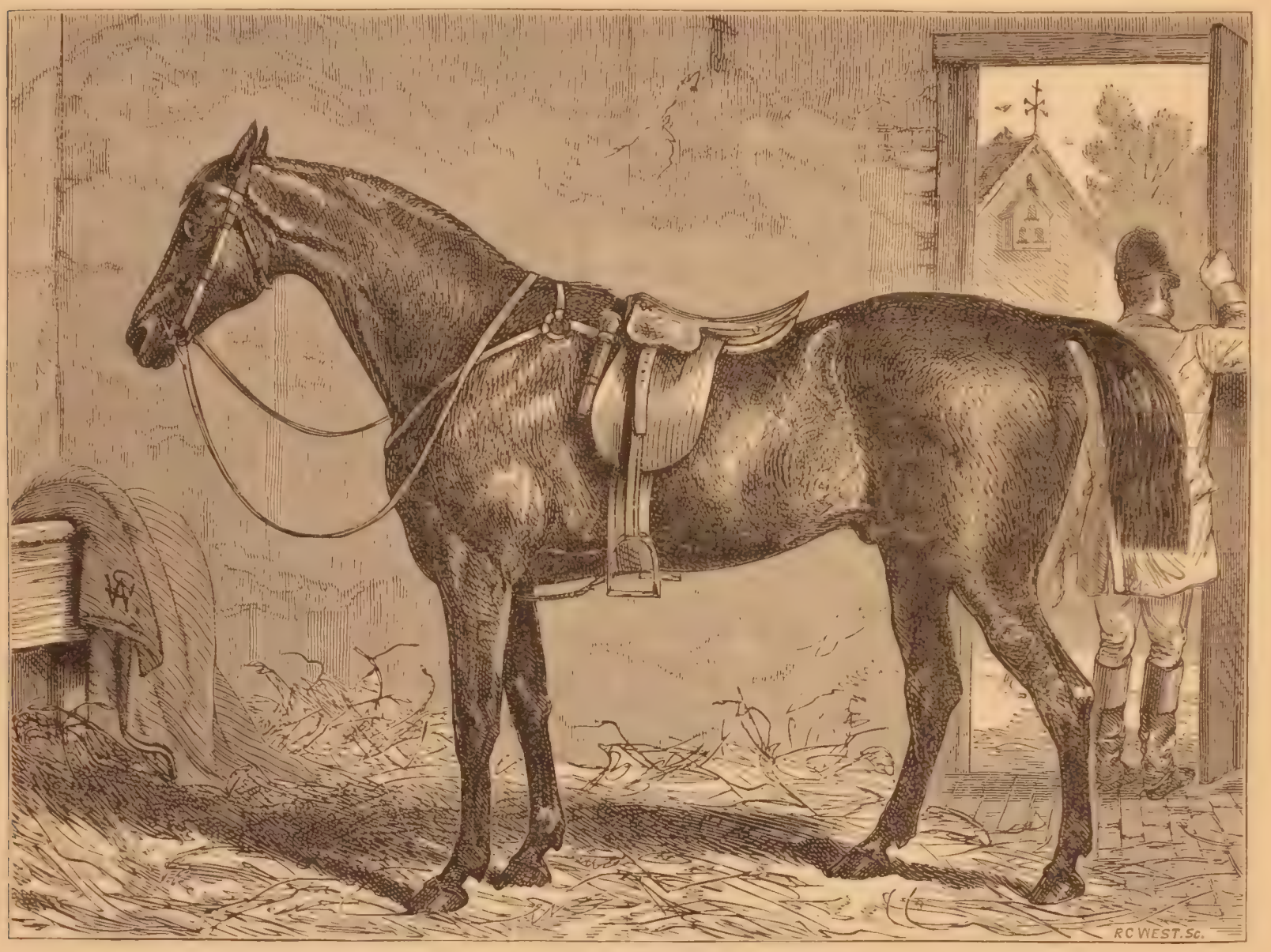
"The Field Rural Almanac," for 1874, gave the particulars of one hundred and twenty-nine packs of fox-hounds in England and Wales, of ten packs of stag-hounds, and of eighty-seven packs of hare-hound; eight packs of fox-hounds in Scotland; in Ireland, seven packs of fox-hounds, one pack of stag-hounds, and forty packs of harriers.

Out of the forty counties into which England is divided, or rather forty-three if the four Ridings of Yorkshire are counted as four counties, there are only three in which there are no recognised packs of fox-hounds—that is to say, in Westmoreland, Middlesex, and Lancashire. Middlesex has the benefit of the Royal Buck-hounds.

Some twenty years ago Norfolk, famous as a fox-hunting county in the great days of the Holkham sheepshearings, had no fox-hounds. But since that date two packs have been established, and carried on with as much vigour as when corn was twelve shillings a bushel, and Mr. Coke encouraged his tenants to hunt in scarlet; although Norfolk is too arable and too much infested by pheasants to take even second rank as a fox-hunting county.

A friend who in his youthful days (somewhere about 1830) was one of the two or three straight riders to hounds on Exmoor, who first showed the keen sportsmen of that wild country that it was possible to gallop a thorough-bred horse down hills as steep as the roof of a house, protested, after looking over my MSS., against the order in which I have classed the three

divisions of English hunting, contending that stag-hunting, as a "Royal Sport," should be placed first, then fox-hunting, and last hare-hunting. But as, except in the two counties of Devon and Somerset, the deer hunted are tame, trained animals, turned out from and taken home in a cart, the majority of sportsmen will accept my order and regulation of the degrees of honour of the chase; while those who are essentially sportsmen, versed in the niceties of what our ancestors called "woodcraft," and not entirely wrapped up in hard riding, will place hare-hunting before stag-hunting.



THE HUNTSMAN'S HORSE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

A judge quoted by William Cobbett, in his "Rural Rides," used to say, "All wine is good; the best is port, and at least two bottles of it."

In the same way, one may safely assert that all hunting is good. The best is fox-hunting, in a country where the scent lies well, and there are big fields of sound turf to gallop over.

But in hunting as in every other amusement of a busy people, the majority of its followers cannot choose their place and time; if they are determined to hunt, they must be satisfied with the hounds—fox, stag, or hare, within reach.

Stag-hunting, as carried out with the Royal Buck-hounds, Baron Rothschild's, the Surrey, and some other advertised packs, affords the maximum of hard-riding and the minimum of sport, unless drag-hounds be considered to show any kind of sport.

They exist for the benefit of two classes, those whose occupations are political, financial, or commercial, who desire to hunt after reading their morning letters, and to be home in time for the

evening post; and for those unhappily-constituted minds to whom sport is nothing, hard jealous riding everything—a class not altogether unknown to and detested by the masters of fox-hounds in the best hunting counties of England.

Fox-hunting in a suitable country combines, in the course of a season, with plenty of scientific sport enough hard riding to satisfy the greatest glutton; and even in a good scenting country, which is unsuitable for straight riding, is capable of affording exquisite pleasure to real sportsmen.

Hare-hunting in a good country affords the maximum of sport with (in a Midland county sense) the minimum of hard riding.

Englishmen have been hunters since

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran."

As long as the country was thickly dotted over with forests, there was little riding after the pack. The hunter, guided by the music of the hounds, lay in wait or galloped to points in order to bring down the game with bow, or spear, or gun, as still practised in the woods of Virginia and other States where farms are divided by forests.

Cecil, in his "Records of the Chase," quotes MS. directions for hare-hunting, written in the time of Henry IV., in which very sound directions are given for hunting harriers.

Those who hunt in North Devon or the mountainous districts of Wales, pursue their hunting as Shakespeare did more than three centuries ago. Nothing less than personal experience and enjoyment could have inspired the noble lines in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" of Theseus and Hippolyta; they must have been recalled to many an undeveloped sportsman overlooking a wooded valley while the hounds bayed beneath:—

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley . . . . . .
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear.
. . . . . Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder." *

This was written in 1534, when the whole country was covered with woodlands, so that hunting was necessarily more by sound than sight. Shakespeare had in his mind the chase of the deer with blood-hounds, which are accurately described in the often-quoted lines from the same play:—

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

* "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act iv., Scene 1.

The time of the fox-hound—a very different animal—had not yet come, although there is reason to believe he was doing his work for the gentry and yeomanry on the great grazing grounds of Yorkshire.

Gervase Markham, already quoted at page 161, writing not quite a hundred years after Shakespeare, also dwells upon the charms of the music of the pack, declaring that "of all the field pleasures wherewith old time and man's invention hath blest the houres of our recreation, there is none to excelle the delight of hunting, being compounded like an harmonious consort (concert) of all the best parts of more refined pleasures—as music, dancing, running, riding, hawking, and such-like."

The oldest pack of fox-hounds by name is the Berkeley, which in ancient days had its kennels at Wormwood Scrubs, and hunted all the way through Hertfordshire to Gloucestershire; but the continuity has long been broken. The Berkeley Hounds, kept at the castle of that name by the Fitzhardinge family, are a comparatively modern creation. The Berkeley Hunt, which has its kennels at Watford, in Herts, still dresses its huntsman and whips in the old orange-tawny plush livery of the Berkeley family.

The Brocklesby pack has been maintained in the family of the Pelhams, Earls of Yarborough, more than 150 years, and a written pedigree of the pack has been kept for upwards of 120 years; it is therefore the oldest pack in the kingdom. In 1850, by the kindness of the second Earl of Yarborough, I was permitted to examine all the papers connected with his hounds. Among them is a memorandum, dated April 20, 1713, by which "It is agreed between Sir John Tyrwhitt, Charles Pelham, Esq., and Robert Vyner, Esq.,* that the fox-hounds now kept by the said Sir John Tyrwhitt and Mr. Pelham shall be joyned in one pack, and the three have a joint interest in the said hounds for five years, each for one third of the year" [therefore they must have hunted all the year round]; "that the establishment shall consist of sixteen couple of hounds, three horses, and a boy." The united pack soon passed into the hands of Mr. Pelham, and down to this day the hounds are branded with a "P."

I also examined at Brocklesby rough memoranda of the kennel from 1710 to 1746. From 1746 the Stud Book has been kept up without a break. From 1797, the first Earl of Yarborough kept journals of the pedigree of the hounds in his own handwriting; since that time, up to the date of my visit, they had been kept by three generations of huntsmen of the name of Smith. The last Smith was killed hunting a few years afterwards, a very unusual death for a huntsman. In the time of the first Lord Yarborough, 1794, his country extended over the whole of the South Wold country part of the Burton Hunt, which is now hunted from Lincoln; and he used to go down into these districts for a month at a time to hunt the woodlands. He told his grandson, the late Earl, that when he began hunting, about 1750, there were only three or four fences in the thirty miles between Horncastle and Brigg. Turnips had not then conquered heath-land and rabbit warrens. Hugo Meynell, the father of modern fox-hunting, and the founder of the Quorn Hunt, formed his pack chiefly of drafts from the Brocklesby kennels.

Somerville, who describes himself "as a well-born squire, and six feet high," of Warwickshire, in his poem of "The Chase," published in 1734, devotes separate cantos to stag-hunting in Windsor Forest, hare-hunting, and fox-hunting; and that keen sportsman, the first Lord Fitzhardinge, used to declare that he learned from that poem all he knew on the subject of scent.

The fox only rose to his present pre-eminence as a beast of chase, sacred as the Egyptian Apis except before the hounds, somewhere about the early part of the seventeenth century. The

* Ancestor of the Author of "Notitia Venatica," and formerly Master of the Worcestershire Hounds.

mode of riding to hounds which forms its principal distinction is not more than a hundred years old.

In a speech of Oliver St. John, against Strafford, quoted by Macaulay, he said "Strafford was to be regarded not as a stag or hare, but as a fox, who was to be snared by any means, and knocked on the head without pity."

Nicholas Wood, whose third edition of "The Gentleman's Recreations, with the Addition of the Hunting Horse," was published in 1686, begins his "Introduction" by saying that "hunting is a game and a recreation commendable not only for kings, princes, and the nobility, but likewise for private gentlemen, and a noble and healthy pastime;" and he concludes with, "No musick can be more ravishingly delightful than a pack of hounds in full cry to such a man whose heart and ears are so happy to be set to the tune of such charming instruments." He names "five beasts of venery, also called beasts of the forest—the hart (which hath his season in summer), the hinde (which begins when the hart's is over), the hare, the boar, and the wolf. There are also five beasts of chase—the buck, the doe, the fox, the matron, and the roe." Fox-hunting was evidently considered inferior to hare-hunting; he divides it into hunting underground with terriers, and above ground. On the latter he says, "To this purpose you must draw with your hounds about groves, thickets, and bushes near villages, for a fox will lurk in such places to prey on young pigs and poultry. But it will be necessary to stop up his earths if you can find them, the night before you intend to hunt. At first only cast off your sure finders; as the drag mends so add more as you dare trust them. Let the hounds kill the fox themselves. Fox-hunting is very pleasant, for by reason of his strong scent he maketh an excellent cry."

Peter Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting," written in 1779, is a classic with masters of hounds, either fox or hare, to this day.

A good picture of the manners and customs of hunting men of the last century may be gathered from the "Annals of the Tarporley Club," by Rowland Egerton Warburton, Esq., of Arley Hall, which forms the introduction to the last edition of his hunting songs; Mr. Warburton was long not only one of the most brilliant horsemen, but the poet-laureate of that famous club.*

THE TARPORLEY HUNT CLUB.

The Tarporley Hunt was established for hare-hunting on a very primitive plan, in 1762. Those who kept harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Society kept hounds, it is ordered by Rule VIII. that "a pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society."

The country was then as now a dairy district, but very little fenced in, until the discovery of the value of bone-dust in fertilising pastures, and the profits of potato-growing, made farmers insist on dividing their improved fields from waste land with which the county was intersected until war prices, after 1798, stimulated and made universal enclosures and reclamation.

The founders, ten in number, included the names of John Crewe, Booth Grey (a son of the fourth Earl of Stamford), Sir Harry Mainwaring, two Wilbrahams, a Cotton of Combermere, and a Lady Patroness (Miss Townshend), all names still prominent amongst the local aristocracy of Cheshire.

* I had the pleasure of making Mr. Warburton's acquaintance in 1855, when, in consequence of having quoted one of his spirit-stirring hunting songs in "Hunting Notes" contributed to the *Illustrated London News*, he invited me to visit him at his mansion of Arley, and hunt with the Cheshire Hounds, a most agreeable recollection. In the previous week I had had several capital days with the Fitzwilliam Hounds, from Wansford; and had seen something of the Quorn, while staying at Keythorpe with the late Lord Berners to inspect his great agricultural improvements.

By the rules of the club they agreed—

"'To meet twice every year, the meeting for hunting to be held the second Monday in November.' They assembled, it seems, at the club room, at the Swan Hotel, Tarporley, over night. 'Each meeting to last seven days. The harriers never to wait for any member after eight o'clock in the morning.'

"'Every member must have a blue frock, with plain yellow metal buttons, scarlet velvet cape, double-breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up.'

"The following year it was voted that 'the metal buttons be changed for basket mohair ones; and that every member provides himself with a scarlet saddle-cloth, bound with blue.'

"In 1764 it was voted that 'if any member does not appear in the strict uniform of the Hunt (as before described), he shall forfeit one guinea for every such offence.' Two years afterwards Mr. Crewe was fined for having his bridle lapt with red and blue; Mr. Barry for not taking the binding off the button-holes of his coat; Mr. Whitworth for having his saddle-cloth bound with purple; Lord Grosvenor for riding to cover with a white saddle-cloth, and likewise for having his bridle lapt with white, also for having quitted the hunt without leave on Tuesday, he was fined five guineas.

"In 1770, the Club having then become a fox-hunting club, it was voted 'that the hunt should change their uniform to a red coat unbound, with a small frock sleeve, a grass-green velvet cape, and green waistcoat, and that the sleeve has no buttons, the red saddle-cloth to be bound with green instead of blue, the points of bridles same as before.' *

"Leather breeches were the universal wear in the morning, as well as when hunting, amongst country gentlemen of that day. By the 16th rule of the Club, 'If any member of the Society should marry, he is to present each member of the Hunt with a pair of buckskin breeches.' In 1764 this was altered into one guinea for each member of the Club, to be paid into the hands of the Secretary, to be spent in leather breeches. Two years later it was voted that 'any member of the Hunt that marries a second time shall give two pairs of leather breeches to each member of the Hunt.'"

Drinking, in accordance with the spirit of the age, when all or nearly all our most eminent statesmen drank hard,† was an important business at the Tarporley meetings, and is the subject of a series of rules. It will be observed from the following extracts that, unlike the Yorkshire and Devonshire squire, claret, not port, was the favourite liquor :—

"At the first meeting of the Tarporley Hunt, 7th November, 1762, it was ordered that Mr. Booth Grey (the Secretary) procures for the use of this Society two collar glasses and two admittance glasses of a larger size. The 9th rule being 'that three collar bumpers be drank after dinner, and the same after supper; after they are drank, every member may do as he pleases in regard to drinking.'

"In 1769 a change was made in the direction of temperance; the club having been enlarged to twenty-five members, 'never to exceed the same,' it was agreed that 'instead of three collar glasses, only one shall be drunk after dinner, except a fox is killed above ground,‡ and then, after the Lady Patroness, another collar glass shall be drunk to Fox-hunting.'

"In 1772, 'Lord Kilmorie's mild and pleasant administration was approved,' not only by his second election, but by his health being drunk in three goblets. The next year it was voted 'that every member introducing a stranger, pays for the second night of his staying one gallon of claret; for the fourth night two gallons; and if he stays three hunting days, one dozen.'

"In 1778 it was ordered that the part of the order containing these words, 'that the claret never be admitted into the house bill,' be rescinded, and that the deficiency of the claret after what is paid for strangers be inserted in the bill. Claret must have been cheap in those days, for the Secretary's accounts were settled and allowed, being 'on claret account £15 5s. 6d., and on house account £2 2s.' Voted 'that each member of this hunt deposit 29s. in the Secretary's hands for a fund to purchase claret, and that Mr. Roger Wilbraham be requested to order it down.' In 1779 it was 'agreed to allow the landlord fifteenpence a bottle and the bottles, for drinking our own claret.'"

* The present uniform of the Cheshire, like the Surrey Hunt, is scarlet with a green collar.

† In the Memoir of Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, he writes that he left Fox and Grey (the proud, decorous Grey) at the "Crown and Anchor," "very far gone."

‡ As it was impossible to stop all the earths in a wild county, this "killing above ground" was a rare event.

In 1782 the superiority of fox-hunting was fully established, for

"Offley Crewe and Sir Peter Warburton were found guilty of a most heinous offence, in having crossed a hare's scut with a fox's brush, and fined one gallon of claret each; a very light fine for such an offence.

"In 1806 it was unanimously agreed that the members should subscribe the sum of £3 3s. next year for silver forks."

Mr. Warburton adds—

"I am assured by a lady now living, that so late as 1809, in one of the most hospitable houses in the county, a silver fork was never seen on the dining-table."

In the same year it appears that Mr. Smith Barry was the first master of a pack of fox-hounds in Cheshire, supported entirely at his own expense. Mr. Smith Barry's name is celebrated in the annals of fox-hunting as the owner of two hounds, Blue Cap and Wanton, which, in October, 1762, ran a match for five hundred guineas, over the Beacon Course (about four miles) at Newmarket, with a couple of hounds the property of the still more celebrated Hugo Meynell, and beat them. Mr. Barry's hounds were trained in Essex, on Tiptree Heath (since made famous in a different line by Mr. Mechi), "over ten miles of turf." "Blue Cap came in first, Wanton very close to Blue Cap; Hugo Meynell's Richmond was beat by upwards of a hundred yards, the Bitch never ran at all. Sixty horses started with the hounds; only twelve were up at the finish. The first up, ridden by Mr. Barry's huntsman, was rode quite blind; and a King's Plate horse, called Rib, was twelfth. The distance was done by the hounds under eight minutes." Mr. Meynell's hounds, it was said, were fed on legs of mutton during the time of training.

In 1773, at the request of the Club, Mr. Smith Barry sat for his portrait to a local artist, Crank, of Warrington, "one of whose pictures was sold for a large sum recently as a Gainsborough." But evidently in those days portrait painters were not much more valued in Cheshire and Lancashire than house painters, for "the picture is a full length; at his master's feet sits Blue Cap, the winner at Newmarket, the portrait of the master is excellent," yet the Club paid only £21 for it, and £9 16s. for the frame!

The Cheshire County Subscription Hounds originated in a pack established by Sir Peter Warburton (an ancestor of Mr. Egerton Warburton) and others, after the hunt club had quarrelled in 1798 with Mr. Smith Barry, and warned him off their covers.

Amongst the early rules is one that "should the members of this Society in a party attend any of the neighbouring assemblies, the President must ask the Lady Patroness for the time being to dance, should she be there."

The Club was decidedly not literary. "The books belonging to the hunt, Nov. 13, 1768, were seventeen volumes of Heber's 'History of Horse-racing' (presented by Mr. Arthur Barry), the 'Annual Register' complete, 'Pocket Library,' 'Oxford Magazine,' 'Howard's Thoughts,' 'Oxford Sausage' (?), 'Hunting Book.'"

The Club seems to have multiplied fines of claret for invented offences, and to have kept up its convivial character by innocent fooleries not relished in these grave days, at any rate in the clubs of the Upper Ten, although they may be found amongst Foresters and Odd Fellows.

For example, on the 5th of November, 1772, "the Lord President was pleased to signify his intention of investing Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale Royal, of this county, with the Most Noble Order of the Belt. Accordingly, he was introduced to the Lord President by two senior Aldermen. The Whip of State was borne by the Secretary. The Belt was carried on a cushion of state by the Master of the Fox-hounds; Sir Thomas's train was borne by the junior members, and the President's by the Coverer (?). Every member standing, and Sir Thomas returning to the

chair, his health was drank with three cheers. Ordered that he always appear in the insignia of his order during the meeting."

So much for hunting-clubs, which flourished in every hunting county at the time when a distinct line divided country gentlemen from courtiers and wealthy citizens.

Hare-hunting was in the highest favour in England when the country was intersected with hundreds of thousands of acres of waste lands and poor pasture employed in feeding rabbits or miserable sheep, which turnips, fed off by improved breeds of sheep, between 1730 and 1814, turned into carefully-fenced grain-growing farms.

Resident landlords, improved agriculture, and fox-hunting have flourished together; and if the scent is not so good and the runs not so long as when wild foxes were hunted over a wild country, there are more packs of hounds and more followers of the chase by many fold than in the days when amongst the educated class a fox-hunter passed for, if not a fool, a clown.

"Three generations of Pelhams turned thousands of acres of wastes, of Lincolnshire heath and wolds, into rich farm-land. The fourth (the late earl) did his part by giving the same districts railways and seaport accommodation. We may call 'Brocklesby Kennels' and the 'Pelham Pillar' as witnesses to the common-sense of English field-sports. It was the love of hunting that led the Pelham family to settle in a remote county of wild heath, and to colonise a waste with farmers of the first class."*

American gentlemen have frequently distinguished themselves as hard riders to hounds in our best hunting-counties, as they generally do whenever they take up any pursuit that requires pluck and decision; but Mrs. Beecher Stowe, like the English literary critic already quoted, could not understand fox-hunting at all. She relates in her "Sunny Memories" that, dining with Earl Russell, the conversation turned on hunting, and that when she expressed her astonishment "that in the height of English civilisation this vestige of the savage state should remain," they only laughed and told stories about hunting.

It must be admitted that Mrs. Stowe's observations were very natural in a woman who had never been under the influence of hunting associations. She was probably not aware that the hunting-field, judiciously used, is not only an exciting, healthy amusement, but one of the roads to the anxious desire of so many—good society. Washington Irving, who was a man with sympathies for every class and every pleasant pursuit, took a different view of the rural sports that have created our resident gentry out of the rude squires and vulgar citizens of the days of Pope and Addison. He says, in his charming "Sketch Book," "The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterises the men of rank of most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, of robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, pursuing so largely the invigorating sports of the field."

* When the late Mr. Pusey, in a speech at a tenants' dinner at Brocklesby Park, said, "What astonishes me is where Lord Yarborough gets his tenants," a stout farmer answered at once, "I'll tell you, sir; his lordship breeds 'em." In the Midland Counties it is considered an impertinence for a tenant farmer to wear scarlet; but the Brocklesby Hunt was composed chiefly of tenants, who wore scarlet, with the button of the Hunt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HARE-HUNTING—FOX-HUNTING—STAG-HUNTING.

Hare-Hunting—The best Introduction to Fox-Hunting—What it Teaches the Young Sportsman—The Arts of the Sportsman—And of the Horseman—An excellent Apprenticeship for the Young—And for the Old—Anecdote of an Old Baronet—Peter Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting"—Analysis of Ninety-eight Packs—Hallamshire Heavy Harriers—Trencher Fed—Welsh Hounds—Devon Hare-hounds—Three Different Kinds of Country—The Horse for Hare-Hunting—A Parson's Celebrated Pack—Fox-Hunting—Song, "The Galloping Squire"—Charles Fox's Pleasures—The Hunting Map of England—Its Extent—Its Variety—Hugo Meynell the Founder of the Quorn Hunt—The Flying Childe's Hard Riding—George Morland's Hunting Pictures—"Each Nag Wore a Crupper, each Squire a Pigtail"—Ralph Lambton—A Refined Country Gentleman—Lord Sefton, an Epicurean, Introduced the Second Horse System—The Paradise of Fox-hunters—A Ride Round Melton—Other Counties—The Rule for the Learner in Fox-Hunting—Stag-Hunting—In Feudal Times—Temp. George III.—The Present Royal Buck-hounds—Date from 1813—Pure Fox-hounds—Of Large Size—The Royal Huntsman, Charles Davis—Earl Granville's Opinion of—Royal Deer—How Bred—Trained—Caught—Carted to Meets—The Earl of Derby's Stag-hounds—Their Successes—The Surrey—Baron Rothschild's and the Vale of Aylesbury—Whyte Melville's "Lord of the Valley"—The Petre Stag-hounds, Essex—The late Charles Buxton—His Stag-hunting Ballad, "Forrard Away"—The Black St. Hubert Blood-hounds—Letters from Thomas Neville, Esq., and Lord Wolverton—Wild Stag-Hunting in the West—Sketch of, by a Q.C.—Note on Octogenarian Parson Sportsman—The Drag Hunt.

DIFFERING from very high authorities, I consider that the young horseman, not bred to field sports, not familiar with the etiquette of the hunting-field (which in its way is quite as important for success in society as the etiquette of the drawing and dining-room), after he has mastered the management of his horse, will do best by commencing his career as a sportsman with hare-hounds. He will learn, amongst other useful lessons, to understand the important part that the pack plays in the performance; that hare-hounds are expected to do their own work, without the assistance of "views" from the field; that they are never on any excuse to be overridden. He will also learn the autocratic position of the huntsman, the importance of silence, and the serious impertinence of any interference.

With fox-hounds in a flying country, a plucky young fellow, ignorant of the first rudiments of the art of hunting, following the bad example of men who ought to know better, may, with a good start and a good horse, make and keep a place in the very first flight, with half the pack behind him, on his very first appearance on the hunting-field, and from that time forward consider himself to have taken a first-class degree in a science which requires a good deal of experience at least to pursue it like a sportsman and a gentleman.

In hare-hunting the hare goes first, the hounds always next, then the huntsman, and lastly the Field.

There is another advantage in hare-hunting as a preliminary education for the nobler pursuit. As a general rule the chase is deliberate; the competition for a place in the front being less keen, the novice has time to watch the example and to listen to the sage precepts of the mentors of the hunt, amongst whom, if it is an established pack, some fine sportsmen will certainly be found, not unfrequently veterans who have been hard riders to fox and stag in "their hot youth."

Now the arts of the sportsman are as well worth acquiring as those of the horseman. Hare-

hunting is not only an excellent apprenticeship for the young fox-hunter, but a safe recreation for those who have taken to horsemanship late in life, because they can take just as much of it as suits their constitution, and leave off when they please.

The hare, unlike the fox, runs in circles. You have therefore your choice either to follow the hounds, or to ride the segment of a circle saving the devious turns; or, indeed, you may stand still and, if the country is open and undulating, watch the chase while waiting for the return of the hare and the pack.

Amongst my earliest hunting recollections is one of an old Somersetshire baronet, who used to take his post on a fat cob in the middle of a hundred acres of grass almost surrounded by coverts, and spend the morning in listening to and watching a pack of queerly-bred beagles chasing hares out of and into the coverts. On rainy days, the groom who stood at the cob's head completed the picture by holding a huge gig-umbrella over Sir Edward's head.

This was in a part of the county never visited by fox-hounds; and when one day the pack got upon an outlying fox and raced him, followed only by one very young whip and a stranger youth, for thirty minutes, great was the sensation; nothing but very humble flattery on the youth's part saved the whip's place.

Down hares are stouter than the hares found in arable districts, and frequently run nearly as straight as a fox. In Ireland it is said that the hares in the grass-feeding, stone-wall-divided districts afford quite as good sport as foxes in our second-class counties.

Peter Beckford had, he relates in his "Thoughts on Hunting," a very perfect pack of hare-hounds, in what he describes as "a very bad county for the purpose," that is, closely enclosed and too plentifully provided with coverts and hares. He sums up the advantages of the sport in a very few words: "Hare-hunting is a good diversion in a good country. You are always certain of sport, *and if you really love to see* (and hear) *your hounds hunt, the hare when properly hunted will show you more of it than any other animal.*" "It should be taken as a ride after breakfast, to get an appetite for dinner. If you make a business of it you spoil it."

The ninety-eight packs described in the tabular summary of the "Rural Almanack" differ more in breed, size, and quality than any of the established packs of fox-hounds. They are variously described as harriers, fox-hounds, beagles, and cross-breeds of those three breeds—a very favourite cross being between the harrier and the fox-beagle, which was the blood of which Beckford's pack was composed. Many packs consisted of purely-bred dwarf fox-hounds. They varied in height from beagles of fifteen inches to pure harriers and pure fox-hounds of twenty-two inches; the intermediate size of nineteen inches for cross-bred harriers appearing to be most popular. The number of couples varied from ten to twenty, fifteen being about a fair average. A dozen packs of beagles not exceeding fifteen inches in height were generally hunted on foot.

The countries hunted over by hare-hounds differ as much as the packs. Thus the Earl of Pembroke's, which hunt the country round Salisbury, including Salisbury Plain, and which acquired their reputation during a quarter of a century under the mastership of Mr. Walter Flower, were pure harriers; an equally celebrated pack, the Brookside, hunting Rottingdean, on the Brighton Downs, were from a cross of fox-hound and harrier. Sir Robert Harvey's, hunting round Slough, in Buckinghamshire—formerly Prince Albert's—were pure harriers; Messrs. Russell's pack, hunting near Dartford, in Kent, with a great reputation for showing sport in an enclosed country without ditches, were half-bred fox-hounds, and nineteen inches high. Admiral Lord Phillips hunted near Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, with a pack of very small harriers; Sir Francis Winnington in Worcestershire, with dwarf fox-hounds; at Torquay the pack was composed of harriers.

Amongst the curiosities were the Hallamshire "Heavy Harriers," which were trencher-fed, have never had kennels, and are assembled at the sound of a horn blown on a hill, and hunted for the amusement of the Sheffield journeymen cutlers. Several Welsh, Westmoreland, and Cumberland packs have been kept in the same manner from time immemorial.

The Welsh packs frequently hunt everything, from a foumart to a fox, from hare to an outlying deer.

Devonshire probably supports more packs of hare-hounds than any county in the kingdom;

LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNTER.

many of these consist of only a few couples, uneven in size, colour, and character, but all with plenty of music and hunting qualities, kept up by joint subscription of farmers, in old barns or pigsties.

In the first quarter of the present century, it is in the recollection of a sexagenarian squire, who himself hunted his father's scratch pack of fox-hounds—that nearly every rector in North Devon kept a pack of hounds for the amusement and with the help of his parishioners, and that there were at that time not less than forty packs of one kind or another north of the river Exe. Amongst these parsons were the Rev. Mr. Froude, who, with his ferocious pack of fox-beagles, hunting deer, hare, fox, and human beings indifferently, has been the subject of a sensational novel. Another parson, Barter, of a milder type, had a pack of beagles which he hunted himself, whipped in by the parish clerk, a cripple, who was unable to ride astride, but lay across his moor pony like a sack of wool, and in this position galloped and holloaed, and cracked his whip with infinite zeal and skill.

Hare-hunting countries may broadly be divided into three descriptions:—Enclosed fields, like Berkshire and Kent, where in short bursts there is plenty of fencing for those who like it, while those who do not are pretty sure that if they do not ride up to the pack the pack will come back to them. Hilly countries, like Devonshire and Somersetshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Wales, North and South, where riding to hounds is generally impossible if once they leave the open moors for fields enclosed by high banks. In these counties every little farmer is a sportsman, knows every hound by sight and voice, understands the meaning of every note, knows the habits of hare or fox familiarly, and hunts with all his soul—if old and heavy, from the top of a hill. Jumping is quite out of his line; a select few may rush down the steep hills, and curiously climb, partly on foot, the steep sides of valleys, and by exception leap a gate or stile—but that is quite the exception. The third class of hunting country is over open undulating downs, like Salisbury Plain and the South Downs of Sussex, home of the best mutton in the world, and of very stout hares, which have been known to run clean away from the hounds.

The horse for hare-hunting need not, in an enclosed country, be fast, but should be clever at cramped places. A very good sort of horse for hunting hare or fox in a county of small fields is shown at page 104. No horse, however quiet on the road, should be trusted by an unpractised horseman or horsewoman with hounds, even if only to see the find, without any intention of following them, because some of the most placid of mature years become dangerously frantic when the pack lift up their voices in melodious chorus. In hilly countries and on downs, the hare-hunting horse or pony must be well bred, or he will soon come to a standstill. Indeed, if up to the weight of the rider, there is nothing so good as a well-bred pony for galloping up and down steep hills or over long rolling downs. A tall pasture-county hunter is quite out of place.

A very celebrated pack of dwarf fox-hounds, hunting hare, were kept and hunted for many years in the Vale of the Black Moor, in Dorsetshire, by a Rev. Mr. Yeatman, who had high local reputation as a sportsman, a political orator, a chairman of Quarter Sessions, and as the parson of his parish. This pack also hunted roe deer at one time of the year, but although the roe still exist they are not hunted. Lancashire, which has no fox-hounds, had five packs of hare-hounds mentioned in the "Rural Almanack," probably many more, in the northern district of the county.

FOX-HUNTING.

"Come, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing;
We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass,
We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring.
We have scores of good fellows hang out in the shire,
But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

"One wave of his arm, to the covert they throng;
'Yoi! wind him! and rouse him! By Jove, he's away!
Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along,
Over the open like pigeons. They *mean* it to-day!
You may jump till you're sick—you may spur till you tire!
For it's catch 'em who can!' says the Galloping Squire.

"Then he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye,
As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences, and rails,
The cramped ones to creep and the fair ones to fly.

It's a *very* queer place that will put in the mire
Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

"So forty fair minutes they run and they race—
'Tis a heaven to some, 'tis a lifetime to all—
Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,
There are stout ones that stop, there are safe ones that fall.
But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,
For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire." J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

Charles James Fox once said there was no pleasure so great as winning at hazard, and the next greatest pleasure was losing at hazard. Those who have the sporting instinct, a combination of the tastes of the hunter and the horseman, will agree that the finest sport in the world is fox-hunting in a country like that of the Galloping Squire; and the next best sport, fox-hunting in a country bad for riding but good for hunting.

An examination of a hunting map of England will show the large place that fox-hunting has in our agricultural economy. It begins in Northumberland, a county of hills, dales, and downs, or of great woods that you can ride through, which is bounded by the best hunting counties of Scotland—Roxburghshire and Dumfries—it ends in Cornwall; it extends from North Wales and Cheshire on one side to Norfolk on the other. It flourishes in the greatest perfection in the counties like Leicestershire and Herefordshire, where rich grass pastures feed fat oxen, where the fields range from twenty to fifty acres, and big fences and broad streams demand blood, courage, and condition, if the riders mean to be in the first flight. But it is also pursued with enthusiasm by resident sportsmen far from "the madding crowd" of fashion, over the great arable fields and wide ditches of the "roothings" of Essex, over the flint-covered plough lands and grassy downs, scarcely relieved by a jumpable fence, of Hampshire, over the small fields and heavy banks of Suffolk and Sussex, and amidst the hop gardens of Kent. The grassy vales and sheep-feeding stone-wall-divided districts of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire are second to none for affording sport; while in North Devon and the adjoining hills of Somersetshire, although riding to hounds in a Midland County sense is generally impossible, every little farmer understands the "Noble Science," and takes the deepest interest in the performances of miscellaneous packs, often kennelled in barns, hunted by parsons, and whipped into by ploughboys, which indifferently hunt fox, hare, hind, or foumart for want of anything else. Indeed, it may safely be said for horsemen you must go to Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Gloucestershire, or other pasture counties; but for sportsmen learned in the working of a pack, familiar with every note, to Devonshire and Somersetshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Wales.

Hugo Meynell, the founder of the Quorn Hunt—before his time fox-hunting was assumed to be the amusement of uncultivated squires—first made it fashionable. He established the Quorn somewhere about 1750, and retained the mastership until 1795. He discontinued the old plan of commencing hunting at daybreak or even by starlight, made to come on the scent of the fox on his midnight marauding expeditions, and "drag" up to his lair in the thickets where his kennel had been previously closed by the midnight earth-stopper.

It was under Mr. Meynell's dynasty, greatly to that mighty hunter's digust, that Mr. Childe, of Kinlet, Shropshire (the "Flying Childe"), introduced the Leicestershire style of riding up to the hounds, and flying the fences as they came. This system was at once adopted in the adjoining hunts of the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, the Pytchley, and thence spread through every hunting district of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, where the fields were level and large enough to gallop in, and the fences jumpable.

George Morland's hunting pictures give a very good idea of the old style, for he was essentially a realist.

"Ere Blue Cap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to skurry,
With music in plenty. Oh, where was the hurry—
When each nag wore a crupper, each squire a pig-tail;
When our toast, 'The Brown Forest,' was drunk in brown ale?"

With demi-pique saddles, the old school galloped standing up in their stirrups, holding on with a single snaffle bridle, and made their half-bred nags take, after first pulling up, stiles that could not be avoided and gates that could not be opened.

Ralph Lambton, uncle of the first Earl of Durham, of a family which had lived on their estates from Saxon times, member for his county, a most refined gentleman, was one of Mr. Meynell's earliest and best pupils. He carried the manners and customs of the great fox-hunting reformer into the North, and was long master of one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England. Durham had not then been honeycombed with coal-pits and gridironed with railways. He used to cheer his hounds with, "Hi Haro! Forrard! Hi Haro!" a Norman hunting cry, not known since in England, but which is constantly heard in France when representatives of the old nobility in Bretagne are hunting boar or wolf.

In Durham flourished one of the first of the hard-thrusting riders, the Earl of Darlington, Master of the Raby Hounds, celebrated in a song the heroes of which are forgotten, and nothing interesting to the present generation remains except the Irish chorus—

"Lately passing o'er Barnsdale, I happened to spy
A fox stealing on with the hounds in full cry;
'Tis Darlington, sure, for his voice I well know,
Crying, 'Forward, hark forward!' for Skelbrook below;
With my Ballymoonora, the hounds of old Raby for me!"

Of the local heroes described in this and many once celebrated hunting-songs in the Billesden Coplow, the Cheshire, and other ballads, one may say with Walter Scott's harper—

"Their bones are dust, their spurs are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Of three packs of hounds still hunted under difficulties in Durham, the Raby country is alone worthy of Durham's ancient reputation.

Lord Sefton succeeded Mr. Meynell in the Mastership of the Quorn. He was more of a *bon vivant*, a politician, and a man of fashion than a sportsman, but he, too, was a reformer of the hunting-field. He improved Mr. Childe's flying style of riding, by introducing a second hunter, to be ridden judiciously by a light weight as near the line of hounds but with as little jumping as possible, so as to afford him a relay the moment the hounds checked, if, as was usually the case with his twenty-stone weight, his first horse was pumped out; a luxury in the direction of humanity which has since become universal in all "flying" as distinguished from "creeping" counties, with those who can afford the expense. For those who hunt every day in a galloping county it is an economy, as a horse relieved of a heavy rider's weight at the end of the first sharp run will be ready to come out again sooner than if compelled to toil on all day.

Here the historical part of my subject ends. The history of the hunts of England has been written by many abler pens than mine, from the time that "Nimrod's"* "Hunting Tours" created a new style of writing on sport.

* Mr. Apperley.

The paradise of the fox-hunter is supposed to be comprised in the circle on which fashion, not without reason, has set its seal, of which Melton and Market Harborough are supposed to be the head-quarters, although railways have made Oakham, Leamington, Rugby, and Northampton equally accessible. The packs that hunted this favoured district in 1874 were the Belvoir, maintained by the Duke of Rutland ; the Quorn, divided into two districts, one of which was hunted by Mr. Tailby ; the Cottesmore, in Rutlandshire, an old pack, recently taken up by the Earl of Lonsdale ; the Atherstone, in Warwickshire ; and the Pytchley, in Northamptonshire. As regards

A HORSE FOR STAG-HOUNDS.

sport, Yorkshire has some dozen packs of hounds, supported by a numerous local aristocracy. Holderness, its best pasture district, is not second to Leicestershire. Lincolnshire Wolds and Heath have long been famous as the training-ground of the best class of hunters. Nottinghamshire, with the enormous woodlands of the "dukeries," open and intersected with green rides circling round Sherborne Forest, and with a quantity of light land not good for scent, stands high in the annals of fox-hunting as the home of such famous masters of hounds and huntsmen as Chaworth Musters, Percy Williams, and Squire Foljambe. The Rufford and the Grove are very far from first-class, but picturesque, romantic, and rare for cub-hunting. Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, and Gloucestershire, in which two noblemen maintain hereditary packs, Wiltshire, with its Vale of the White Horse, all afford flying countries and grand sport. In North Devon all the niceties of ancient woodcraft come into play ; riding hard is impossible, but an earl, representative of a long line of sportsmen, kills his full share of foxes *secundum artem*, with the

assistance of a field of farmers and parsons on different hills, many of whom are competent to hunt a pack of hounds.

In Surrey and the greater part of Hampshire jumping is optional. Surrey has several packs of hounds, some of which afford sport in the woodlands and others on the hills. The latter would be pretty good if two-thirds of the coverts were destroyed, and the flints removed from the fields. A beginner in London cannot do better than become a subscriber and try his prentice hand with the Surrey Fox-hounds, or with one of the Kentish packs. Near Ashford there is an extraordinary bit of "Leicestershire" grass. The Old Berkeley, in Hertfordshire, has long been sadly deficient in foxes, which have been eaten up by pheasants, but it has a nice country to ride over.

But after all there is only one good rule for the learner. Take the nearest hounds, as long as it is not a fashionable pack, where the field is counted by hundreds—with such there is nothing to be learned. If there is a choice, bad scenting countries and countries scarce of foxes are to be avoided. Better to hunt a good hare than a bad fox. Ten times more is to be learned on the Lincolnshire Wolds, with the small fields of country gentlemen and farmers, or in Nottinghamshire, or with such packs as the Fitzwilliam (The Milton), one of the best in the kingdom, and one of the best countries of grass, than in the mobs that take possession of the pasture counties.

It should be clearly understood that some of the very best packs of hounds hunt very unfashionable counties; because the character of a pack depends not on the country, but on the master and huntsman, for breeding and making a pack of hounds is a great and difficult art. No money can improvise a good pack of hounds. The best huntsman is lost with a new pack in a new country.

STAG-HUNTING.

Stag-hunting in feudal times was the exclusive privilege of royalty and of nobility. Wild deer abounded in the forests and woods that have long since been disforested, to make way for corn and grazing farms. The hounds used were slow and deep-mouthed; they were set on in relays in likely places for the deer to pass, by foresters learned in woodcraft, who more often *walked* than ran the deer to death.

"The hart," says Nicholas Cox, "hath his season in summer, and when the hinde's begins the chase of the hart is over; that is to say, the hart fifteen days after midsummer till Holyrood-day, when the chase of the hinde beginneth and lasteth till Candlemas."

The fallow deer was also hunted in enclosed parks, across which rides were cut for the hunters —such as may still be seen in the forests of France and Germany. The game when driven to bay was slain by a stroke of the hunting-knife, or a shot from the hand of the most noble person present.

George III.'s hunting seems to have been a compromise between the old and new style; the stags were known by name, and not killed if it could be helped. Six yeoman prickers with French horns accompanied the huntsman. The hounds, forty couple, were of the breed depicted in "Bewick's Quadrupeds," twenty-four to twenty-six inches high, with big head, immense ears, and voices deep as the tolling bell of St. Paul's Cathedral. Unlike the fox-hounds now used, they flagged after the first burst, and did not run into a sinking deer; indeed, like blood-hounds, they scarcely lifted their noses from the ground until the stag was driven to bay.

George III. rode nearly nineteen stone, his horses were under-bred, the hounds were constantly stopped to allow His Majesty to get up, and altogether it was a dreary affair, often prolonged into late in the evening, as may be gathered from the doleful lamentation of the king's attendants, recorded in the Diary of Dr. Johnson's pet, the novelist of the last century, Miss Fanny Burney.

MR. CHARLES DAVIS, HUNTSMAN OF THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS
FROM AN OIL SKETCH BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

During the long illness of the king, the stag-hound pack was sold to go abroad. In 1813 the Prince Regent accepted a pack of fox-hounds for stag-hunting from the Duke of Richmond, and from that time to the present the Royal Buck-hounds have been pure fox-hounds. Early in the present century a pack of true stag-hounds which hunted the wild deer in Devon and Somerset were sold to go to Germany; and when wild stag-hunting was re-established in the West, a pack was formed of the tallest hounds that could be obtained by drafts from fox-hound breeding kennels. Since that period all stag-hunting in England has been carried on by fox-hounds, except two packs of blood-hounds of very recent date.

The Royal Buck-hounds attained their highest reputation under the late Mr. Charles Davis, whose father had been Hare-huntsman of the Royal kennels. He joined the Royal Buck-hounds as First Yeoman Pricker, when stag-hunting recommenced with the Goodwood Fox-hounds; and was appointed huntsman of them in 1822, a post he held for more than forty years, to the satisfaction and admiration of all who met him in the field.

At the dinner where the Prince of Wales expressed himself so gracefully on the subject of hunting, Earl Granville said, "It is more than a quarter of a century since I had the honour of being made Master of the Buck-hounds. I remained there two years; and at the end of those two years I remember Her Majesty's Prime Minister chaffing Lord John Russell for having passed a young fellow booted and spurred into the prosaic Board of Trade. When I look back at all the offices I have unworthily filled, there have not unfrequently been moments when I remember with something like regret an office where the work was a pleasure indeed, where the only care was how to mount the finest horseman and most fastidious of horse-masters, Charles Davis. With regard to Charles Davis, he was not only one of the finest sportsmen, but one of the most courteous men I have ever met. I used to watch him receiving some of the old members of the hunt; and he would say, 'Why, Sir, to see you here quite reminds one of old times;' and I cannot tell you the satisfaction it was to me when, fifteen years afterwards, Davis would say, 'Why, my lord, this reminds me of old times.' The only thing I feel now is that those times are a little too old."

Mr. Davis was tall, and walked very little over ten stone; in his gold-embroidered hunting coat, he forms the subject of one of the coloured illustrations of this work, engraved from an oil sketch by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., kindly lent by Charles Phillips, Esq., of The Cedars, Mortlake. The advocates of Arab blood will like to learn that one of Charles Davis's best hunters was a grey by the thorough-bred horse Grey Isaac, kept by the Duke of York for breeding grey carriage-horses, out of a white Egyptian mare brought from Egypt with the band of a cavalry regiment. This was almost the only horse he ever rode with a double bridle. But then he was, as his portrait shows, a specimen of a born horseman.

The Royal deer for hunting are bred in the parks of Windsor and Richmond; but these are from time to time crossed with stags of vigorous character from other parks.

Stags with their horns cut were at one time preferred; but, confirming the dicta of Nicholas Cox, it was found difficult to make them run well. Therefore, between October and Christmas, hinds and haviers (castrated harts) have been preferred, and form the majority of what may be called the deer stud. Calves castrated never throw up any horns at all, while those operated on as yearlings throw up one set of short horns, which are never renewed.*

The Royal deer for hunting are kept at Swinley Paddocks, where once stood the official residence of the Master of the Buck-hounds. It was pulled down many years ago for some

* The deer tribe, unlike the antelope and sheep, change their horns annually.

unknown reason, and an allowance for the rent of a house has been ever since made to the holders of this pleasant sinecure.

About a score, carefully selected, are kept in a series of paddocks. During the hunting season they are fed on good hay, old beans, and carrots; they keep themselves in condition by playing about. The deer-cart, very like a race-horse van, holds two deer. The day before hunting a dog trained for the purpose is set to separate a selected pair from the herd, and drive them into a shed just big enough to hold them. As they are often fierce, if the deer-keeper has to go into the shed he protects himself with a large wooden shield. On the morning of the hunt the deer-cart is backed close against a movable door, and the first deer is driven into the cart—after one or two days' experience they willingly go in of themselves—a slide partition is then introduced; the first deer being shut in with his head to the door, the reserve deer is sent in with his head to the horses.

After one season the deer generally learn that the cart is a harbour of refuge, and when it is brought up after the chase leap into it of their own free will.

The average work of each deer does not exceed three runs in a season. They have been known to last five and even six seasons; one which had been hunted four times a season for five years, had not a bite on him when he was killed, in consequence of an accident in the barn where he was shut up after a tremendous run.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who hunted deer with a pack of fox-hounds in Middlesex in 1825, and who on this subject really is an authority, says that the deer he hunted ran better than those let out before the Royal Buck-hounds, because "the twenty-three deer he had up from Berkeley Castle every season were returned at the end of the season, and turned to run with their wild fellows in the ample park. The same deer seldom came up two successive seasons, and those that had been hunted had lost their artificial education, and become as wild as ever."

The twelfth Earl of Derby kept a pack of hounds for hunting carted deer near Croydon at the commencement of this century, which have been fully described in one of "Nimrod's" earliest "Hunting Tours." On his death they were discontinued; they were renewed as a subscription pack more than twenty years ago, and have been kept up ever since.

The Surrey Hounds have a fine wild sheep-feeding country, in spite of the encroachments of the villa-creating railroad stations on the Brighton line. During the time they were hunted by the late Mr. Arthur Heathcote, unlike most other packs of stag-hounds, they were never stopped if a good-running deer was before them; on such days only determined horsemen, on well-bred horses in first-rate condition, could live with them. Like the other Surrey packs, both fox-hounds and harriers, the stag-hounds were and are essentially a middle-class hunt, chiefly supported by men engaged in business in London and in Croydon; but the Duke de Chartres, one of the Orleans princes, took an active part in their management, and hunted regularly and rode hard with them until recalled to his own country. Road-riding is not possible over the barren hills and downs of Surrey, when the hounds run straight. A second stag-hound pack has recently been established near Dorking.

Ever since 1839 the Rothschild family have kept up a pack of hounds for hunting deer over the Vale of Aylesbury, one of the finest countries in England; indeed, the Vale is nearly all grass, with fences, and a good deal of water to jump. There are, however, roads through this rich vale; and in his later years, the late Baron Meyer, a welter weight, frequently showed that, with a sharp groom in attendance, it was possible to keep very close to hounds without taking a single leap.

But Whyte Melville, whose prose description of a run in the Vale has been previously quoted, has done the sport and the country still more justice in the following verses.

The last stanzas of the original have been omitted, but even Major Melville's enthusiasm could make nothing of "a finish" with a carted deer.

* * * * *
* * * * *

"Fresh from his carriage, as bridegroom on marriage,
The Lord of the Valley leaps gallantly out.

"Then in a second, his course having reckoned—
Line that all Leicestershire cannot surpass—
Fleet as the swallow, when summer winds follow,
The Lord of the Valley skims over the grass.

"Yonder a steed is rolled up with his master,
Here in a double another lies cast;
Faster and faster come grief and disaster;
All but the good ones are weeded at last.

* * * * *
* * * * *

"Beat, but still going, a countryman sowing
Has sighted the Lord of the Valley ahead.

"There in the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,
Steals the dark stream where the willow tree grows;
Harden your heart, and catch hold of your bridle,
Steady him! rouse him! and over he goes.

"Look, in a minute a dozen are in it;
But forward! hark forward! for draggled and blown,
A check though desiring, with courage untiring,
The Lord of the Valley is holding his own."

At Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, where there is a limited but fine tract of pasture, divided by ditches and quickset hedges, with open hills, a subscription pack of stag-hounds was established and hunting in 1874, instead of a pack of harriers which were kept by a late Earl of Brownlow; the farmers of the district (and this is worth noting) objecting to hare-hunting as much more destructive to the fences than a deer which goes straight away.

In Essex, in addition to four packs of fox-hounds and several packs of harriers, a very celebrated subscription pack of stag-hounds, which were originally founded by a Lord Petre, has existed for many years, and are now managed and hunted by a scion of an ancient hard-riding family.

The country hunted requires a fast and very clever hunter, for a mistake will not unfrequently involve not only a fall, but the need of a plough-horse and ropes to get your hunter out of a deep ditch.

This was the favourite country of the late Charles Buxton, M.P., a hereditary philanthropist, essentially a student, a serious politician of advanced views, an accomplished amateur artist, in fact, the very last kind of man that philosophers of the library and the desk would expect to find in the hunting-field. He was a bold but not a judicious horseman, for he generally rode his horses to a standstill before the end of a good run. He was so fond of the Essex country that he used to travel from his seat in the heart of Surrey to join Lord Petre's hounds. He, too, tried his hand at a stag-hunting song, and a very good song it is, but it fails at the same place as Whyte Melville's, because there can be nothing poetical in putting a hart or hind back again into a van.

"FORRARD AWAY."*

"Forrard away, forrard away!
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away!
They flash like a gleam o'er the upland brow,
They flash like a gleam on the russet plough,
O'er the green wheat-land far to see,
Over the pasture, over the lea.
Forrard away, forrard away!
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away!

"A stiff ox-fence, with its oaken rail—
'Rap, rap' go the hoofs, like a peasant's flail—
A five-foot drop; see the rushing brook,
Send him at it, don't stop to look;
Dash through the quickset into the lane,
Out on the other side, forrard again.
Forrard away, forrard away!
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away!

* "Posthumous Memoirs of Charles Buxton, M.P."

"Carefully now at the ditch and bank,
Into the copse-wood thick and dank.
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
Forrard away, forrard away !
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away !

"A moment's check, one cast around,
'Tis forrard again, with a furious bound ;
Mellow and sweet their voices sound.
Steady, my pet, at the five-barred gate ;
Lightly over, with heart elate :
Up with the elbow, down with the head ;
Crash through the bullfinch like shots of lead.
Forrard away, forrard away !
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away !

"Look at the hounds, their muzzles high,
A sheet would cover them, on they fly,
'Tis music, now, not a whimpering cry ;
Neck or nothing, we'll do or die.
Swinging along at a slashing pace,
With souls on fire each risk to face.
Forrard away, forrard away !
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away.

"Thread the hazels, over the stile,
'Tis forty-five minutes, each five a mile.
Hurrah for the stag-hounds ! Let others sneer
At the fatted calf and the carted deer ;
But we know as we feel our hunters' stride
A man must be a man who with these can ride.
Forrard away, forrard away !
Cheerily, ye beauties, forrard away !"

HUNTING DEER WITH BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Thomas Neville, Esq., of Chelland House, near Winchester, for many years hunted red deer, chiefly obtained from the Duke of Beaufort's park, at Badminton, with a pack of black St. Hubert blood-hounds; but, in answer to my inquiries, he said that he had found great difficulty in keeping up the pure breed, the puppies being so very bad to rear.

Lord Wolverton, who established a pack of blood-hounds for stag-hunting in Dorset, in 1871, favoured me with the following letter, dated September, 1874:—

"I began in 1871 by buying six couple of hounds from Captain Roden, of Kells, county Meath, which were excellent, but perhaps not quite the pure blood-hound; they had a (fox) hound cross in them. I have bought and bred a good many pure blood-hounds, with sixteen couple of which I hunt red deer. These hounds are 26 to 27 inches high; black-and-tan, with fine noses. They run very fast, getting over the ground with a long stride. *They will stand no lifting;* and only lose a scent when they are pressed by horses, or taken off to attempt a cast, like fox-hounds.

"I find them handy to voice, but any 'whipping-in' makes them sulky. Their notes are very deep, and when running a cold scent the music is extremely fine. They race fairly together, and do not tail more than the ordinary stag-hounds. They not dash for a scent like fox-hounds, but they *drive* in good style. I have hardly enough yet to draft, or I could get them as level and to run as well together as fox-hounds. The puppies are very difficult to rear."

In reference to these blood-hounds, Captain Roden said, in a letter to *The Field*:—

"The hounds now in the possession of Lord Wolverton were bred by me—at least, eight couple were. I saw them last summer at his place. I obtained the breed from the late Mr. Jennings, in Yorkshire, and Mr. Conan, of Bladun Burn, near Newcastle. I then began my pack by keeping them as low as I could, but not less than twenty-six inches. Their weight at two years old should be about seventy to eighty pounds. They do not come to maturity until three years. They are very delicate until they are eight or ten months old, and require unskimmed milk and lots of room; in fact, should be at large for hours in the day *without* a man, for this reason—they have great intelligence, and are not mere machines, like fox-hounds; they soon learn by themselves what to avoid, and will act accordingly. I hunted a 'drag' always with mine, a small piece of *raw* meat, the fresher the better, about one pound weight. A man took it on foot, and I gave from two hours'

to four hours' start if for horsemen, two hours if for mere exercise, of which they require a great deal—four hours, sometimes six hours. The man should go about five miles, and put the drag in a tree. Nothing is to be put in the meat on any account. They will not be driven or stand cracking a whip—get sulky or cross—they must be let alone, and the slower they go the more beautiful the hunting. In breeding I found that the narrower the head, a high point in show-dogs, the worse hind-quarters—no second thighs, and consequently they were unable to last for quick work. That and flat feet are the drawbacks. The sooner they are let hunt the better; at three months old I used to begin. They never seem to care so much for any scent as what they were first entered at. They require a large kennel, as when they fight there is much harm done, and they do not cool down for some time. One which had been petted by Lady W. was put back into the kennels, when the others killed him at once; but they are in general quiet. I don't think they are to be always left to servants; they can pick up bad habits like other animals, but to a master they are delightful—so affectionate and obedient. They must have a gallop of some kind thrice a week, or they get puffy, for you must not let them get low or shorten their food. They should be above themselves or they get tired; plenty of flesh, often given, raw, and large lumps at a time. The chewing promotes digestion. In work they do not cast like other hounds—each hound goes alone—and never watch for another dog; in fact, they never take their noses off the ground, and only one deer was killed by them in Dorsetshire. Even when in the same field they never get a view; so all deer have been saved without difficulty. A pack of ten couple is as many as should go out, as they all give lots of music. Fifteen couple should be kept, so many accidents occur. They eat more than other hounds, and won't stand short commons and have it made up with whip-cord."

The great point in favour of stag-hunting with busy, hard-riding men is, that the fox chooses his time of breaking and his point across country; while the carted deer is led out at an appointed hour, with a fine open country before him that he must cross if he runs straight.

WILD STAG HUNTING.

On the hills and moors of Devonshire and Somersetshire, bounded by the Bristol Channel on one side, wild red deer, the remains of a very ancient and numerous tribe, are carefully preserved by the proprietor of Exmoor and other landed squires.

A subscription pack commences hunting, with all the forms of the ancient chase, in the month of August. The game is usually marked down the previous evening, separated and driven out from the protecting woods by a few couple of slow hounds (tufters), and at the propitious moment the body of the pack, pure fox-hounds drafted from other packs for their great size, are laid on. The idea, the sight of the wild deer and an eager pack, are inspiriting; but as in nine cases out of ten the hounds take a track over which no horse can follow, except at a foot pace, it is doubtful whether those on foot or on little moor ponies do not see and enjoy as much of the chase as those mounted on the best hunters.

It affords fine constitutional rides, a thing worth seeing under the pilotage of some experienced member of the hunt; but in the opinion of a sportsman who has ridden in the best counties of England, one good day with the Badminton or the Berkeley, the Vale of the White Horse or the Heyrope, not to speak of a stout fox across the Vale of Belvoir, was worth a week on the steep hills and bog-intersected moors of the only English wild stag country.

On the subject of wild stag-hunting no man is a higher authority than Mr. Edward Karslake, Q.C., a Devonshire man born, famous in his Oxford undergraduate days for his desperate horsemanship with hounds. The following is the condensation of an article which appeared in "Bailey's Magazine" for September, 1874, signed with the initials "E. K.," and which, although written in

the character of a stranger to the hunting peculiarities of the wild West, bears a pleasingly suspicious resemblance to other literary efforts of the great leader of the Chancery Bar :—

"*En route* for Coulsham, the meet of the stag-hounds, I jog through the beautiful Limberscombe Valley. By-and-by I come out on the open breezy moorland ; all around the landscape is dotted with patches of moving scarlet, which indicate horsemen on their way to Coulsham. Arthur, the huntsman, is keeping watch at the barn door where the hounds are kennelled, trying in vain to keep silence amongst some impatient young ones ; the whip in deep conversation with the 'harbourer,' who, however, keeps the knowledge of the result of his early morning visit to the 'combe' * for the special ear of the master, not yet arrived. . . . . Then comes the parson of the hunt,† the best and keenest of sportsmen, with a smile and joke for all. . . . . We all ride into a field from whence we have a perfect view of the combe. The master takes up his position for seeing the deer get away, and waits patiently with a powerful field-glass in his hand. Two hours pass ; not a sign. Hark ! a hound speaks, then another. The field is in commotion ; only the master is calm and silent, watching the hounds with his glass as they push eagerly through the brushwood. In a minute every hound has opened. An excited farmer 'tallies,' pointing wildly to a small brown object that looks no larger than a calf, going slowly over the distant hill-side. At the same moment Arthur's voice is heard, 'Ware hind ! ware hind !' while crack goes his whip like a pistol-shot in the clear air.

"More waiting—more waiting ; time goes on. Hark ! a single hound speaks in cover. Now there's a perfect chorus ; it grows louder. Arthur is this time cheering his hounds. In the distance George's cap is up ; a brown animal at a fast swinging trot breaks at the far side of the cover. We hear George's distant 'tally,' as he gallops forward to stop the 'tufters ;' while Arthur trots back to the barn for the pack, blowing his horn. Out they come, and away we go clattering after them, up the road to the moor—a long train of us, all anxious to see the hounds laid on. In five minutes Arthur stops, looks at the master, who nods, then trots on again with the hounds, we standing still. They feather for a minute, then dash forward with an eager whimper, and they are on the line. The scent is burning ; they stream silently away across the Exford Road ; here the hounds check a moment, and we jostle and push through the narrow gate of the forest wall. I take a glance forward ; billow after billow of heather-clad moor seems to rise before my eyes as far as I can strain them, and I know that I am looking away over the genuine Exmoor forest.‡ The field has tailed considerably. I see many straggling in the distance, trying to make for some point which they fancy the stag will pass. I follow a sagacious-looking sportsman in grey, who seems to know the moor, and avoids bogs that would have soon stopped my mare. Down a steep hill-side, half galloping, half slipping, we go. I follow the example of my leader, jump off, and run down by the mare's side, then across a gurgling stream, up a real steep pinch of hill, which stops many, and still find myself looking across a perfect wilderness of moor. Next comes a boggy bit that none of us can avoid ; here many good ones are reduced to a walk, I can't think how I ever got my mare over it, but she was bred on the moor, and has many years' good condition in her. She is not sorry to catch her wind on the top of the hill. Arthur has missed his second horse, and is in difficulties. I hear a shrill whistle, a lad leading the second horse appears ; in a moment we are 'forrard' again. Luckily the hounds have checked just below, and are eagerly trying both sides of the stream. Down stream we go for several miles, then the hounds suddenly turn upwards, and we are once more on the open moor. The pace increases ; I can't last much longer at this rate. We reach a cover ; down through it we gallop, the hounds in full cry. We turn and twist through paths only wide enough for one horse in a line.

"We can see nothing, hear nothing, for every hound is silent. We stop, we listen. Hark, a whimper. 'That's Nelson down by the water ;' and Arthur dashes down the steep path at a break-neck pace. I follow as fast as I dare. My mare is quite beat. I hear a wild 'Tally-ho,' and catch a glimpse of a noble stag slowly making his way down the stream below. The hounds are baying all round him ; he rallies with his back against a rock ; just as he is sinking on his knees the huntsman casts a rope round his horns. I turn away ; when I look again the stream is blood-stained, and the hounds are lapping it. The stag is lying half in the water half on the bank, slain by the huntsman's knife, his eyes already glazed. Arthur 'whoops' and blows the *morte* note on his horn ; it echoes through the combe, and dies away in the distant sea."

* *Combe*, a ravine in the hill-sides.

† The Rev. John Russell, a most popular character in and out of his county, was for more than a quarter of a century master of a pack of North Devon fox-hounds. In 1873 Mr. Russell, who is eighty years old, was the guest of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Sandringham ; preached before the royal party on Sunday ; was present at a ball ; hunted with two packs of hounds on two days in the East of England ; reached North Devon in time to preach a charity sermon on the following Sunday ; and hunted with the Earl of Portsmouth's fox-hounds on Monday.

‡ Exmoor, see page 86. A forest by tradition only, for the only plantation has been formed by the Knight family.

From this picturesque sketch of wild stag-hunting in the West, a stranger who desires to enjoy it will understand that he will require first a well-bred little horse accustomed to a hilly country, and next a guide to show him the few only practicable paths, through bogs, up and down hills and combes of rolling stones, steep as the roof of a house. The fox-hunter in a flying country has only to trust to his horse, his pluck, and his horsemanship, and stick close to the hounds when they are running, without asking questions of any one as long as they do run.

The wild stag-hunting in the West has one great advantage. It enables the sportsman to begin hunting at a time of the year when no other hounds have commenced work, and to take up his residence on the North Devon coast, and enjoy atmosphere and picturesque scenery only second, if second, in its re-invigorating effect, to Switzerland. A hard-worked man of business, and good sportsman, who regularly hunts with several of the best packs within forty miles of London, writes me: "I prefer North Devon to Switzerland, because I can be on horseback all day. I put up at the 'Feathers' Hotel, Minehead, which has railway communication with Taunton. I brought two horses and a groom from London with me, and it is well I did, for it is very difficult to buy horses in condition fit to gallop in Devonshire at that time of the year. Anything that can gallop down and up the hills of Surrey and Sussex will do, but the condition must be first rate. The best of my two had been running in harness for six months before going down. There is next to no jumping, and you must stick to some countryman as a leader, or you will be lost in ten minutes when the hounds run, but there is no difficulty about that. If you wear scarlet it should be a Bouverie jacket of merino, the material used by officers in India. Black boots, of the pattern recently adopted in the light cavalry, are best, because you have to walk a good deal to ease your horse at steep pitches and in boggy ground, and peat bogs do not suit top-boots; I think brown russet leather boots might do. You require a 'cover' coat strapped to your saddle with your flask and sandwich-case, because you may leave off thirty miles from home, and, after a hot day, have to ride back in a cold mist; for the same reason, neither sandwich-case nor flask should be too small—inns are scarce. A good field-glass, to be strapped on like a general officer's to your waist, will be found a means of amusement in the long intervals of stag-hunting, if not absolutely useful.

"A Norwegian carriole, fitted to carry a boy as guide, would be a capital carriage for this country, but it should have bells and a lamp, as the North Devon lanes are very dark and narrow, and the farmers gallop home sometimes after a market dinner. If more 'wheel' accommodation is required, I should recommend one of the Northampton four-wheeled dog-carts, that lock completely, so as to turn round in the smallest space."

IRISH STAG-HOUNDS.

Ireland has only one advertised pack of stag-hounds, the "Ward." They hunt close to Dublin, in one of the best countries in the world. Earl Spencer, when Lord-Lieutenant, secured the admiration and good-will of not a few of his political opponents by the determined manner in which he followed these hounds, of which Whyte Melville sings—

"Not a moment to lose if you'd share in the fun;
Of a gate, or a gap, not a sign to be seen!
Ere the dancers are ready the music's begun,
To the tune, if you like it, of 'Wearing the Green.'*
For a horse may be grassed and his rider be floored
In a couple of shakes, when they start with the 'Ward.'"

* "Wearing the Green," a Rebel song.

DRAG-HUNTING.

This chapter would not be complete without a few words about the drag-hunts in which a scratch pack of hounds is set to hunt a train scent or drag, taken by a man across a country intersected by fences more or less difficult, according to the taste of the managers.

It is not sport in the hunting sense of the word, but it is a very exciting amusement for men and horses, and capital practice for those who wish to learn how to ride fast and straight across a flying country.

In a drag-hunt the young horseman learns to "harden his heart," to "take hold of his horse by the head," and decide at full gallop where and how he will get out of a field the moment he has jumped into it. He can also get himself into condition before serious hunting commences. At Oxford the drag-hounds were formerly kept by the principal "tuft," *i.e.*, nobleman, of Christchurch College; but this laudable custom may have been recently discontinued in deference to the seriousness of the age.

A drag-hunt, not ridden too fast, is an excellent method of preparing young horses for the hunting field, by exercising them to leap and accustoming them to the cry of hounds. But it requires a very cool old head not to do too much with a four-year-old if you have a good place.

Drag-hounds may be of any breed, and the wilder the better. Fox-hounds are the best where great pace is required, but great fun may be had out of heavy harriers or even beagles.

A scratch pack of drag-hounds might be introduced in many parts of the Continent, where the prejudices of the landed proprietors and the foreign laws of trespass would not permit real hunting.

CHAPTER XIX.

HUNTERS.

The Hunter—Poetical Description—The Five Essentials in Prose—Height of According to Country—Extraordinarily Small Horses—Exceptions—"The Unknown"—Analysis of Size of Hunters at Islington Show—Height of Horse partly Depends on Height of Rider—The Points of a Hunter of any Size—Hunter's Action—Bad Shoulders Dangerous—Welter Weights—Their Preference for Five-Year-Olds—Celebrated Old Horses—Iris—Rainbow—Faults of Old Hunters—A Hunter should Jump in Cold Blood—Hunters Trained by Farmers the Best—Curious Habits—Anecdote of Irish Hunter—The Sort for a Big Country—For a Closely-Enclosed Country—Advantage of a Horse Leading Well—Charles Buxton on Choosing Hunters—A Master of Fox-hound's Plan—To Job or to Buy—By Auction—Hack Hunters of Oxford—Cambridge—Cheltenham—Windsor—To Turn a Hack into a Hunter—Walking Lessons.

A HEAD like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
  An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown,
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
  And quarters to lift him smack over a town.

When the country is deepest, I give you my word,
  'Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along ;
O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
  And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too strong.

Last Monday we ran for an hour in the Vale ;
  Not a bullfinch was trimmed, of a gap not a sign ;
All the ditches were double, each fence had a rail ;
  And the farmers locked every gate in the line.

I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook,
  A big one—a bumper—and up to your chin ;
As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look :
  There were eight of us had it, and seven got in!"*

The essentials of a hunter of any size may be very shortly stated without any veterinary technicalities.

1. The hunter must have at least one good eye, for a hunter must see his way.

2. He must have lungs good enough to gallop without distress. There are horses that roar, to the great annoyance of every one within hearing, without any apparent effect on their speed or endurance. It certainly requires great courage in a gentleman to ride such nuisances.

3. He must have a back equal to the weight he has to carry ; quarters, hocks, and thighs with propelling power to carry him over any reasonable fence. There are beautiful park hacks and showy harness-horses that have not power to jump over a rail three feet high or a ditch a yard wide.

* From "The Clipper that Stands at the Top of the Stall," dedicated to Colonel the Hon. Charles White, M.P., by Major J. Whyte Melville.

4. He must have such shoulders, and legs so fitted to his feet, that he can land without tumbling on his head, and gallop without tripping over a molehill, a rut, or a clay furrow.

5. All these qualifications are useless unless the hunter has endurance enough to carry him through a day which frequently begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and ends at dark, ten or fifteen miles from home.

If, in addition, he has with high courage a fine temper, will allow his rider to open a gate and mount again after a mutual fall; if he really likes his trade, cries "Ha, ha!" at the sound of a huntsman's horn; if he goes at his fences with his ears pricked forward, delighted, and picks his places with sense, has a "fifth leg" always to spare in a scramble; if he has a good constitution, drinks his gruel freely after the last run of the day is over, and eats his feed and lies down after he gets home; if he will stand three good days in a fortnight, and two ordinary days in a week, he is a treasure, although he may have an ugly head, a rat tail, an unfashionable colour, contracted feet, corns at times, and many skin-deep blemishes. If, in addition, he is a good hack, can after a hard day alternately walk and shog for ten or twelve miles at about five miles an hour, he is an invaluable animal, especially to the man whose love of hunting is great and means for enjoying it limited.

The important questions of temperament and constitution are fully treated in Chapter III., on the choice of a horse, pages 77 to 80.

One of the best modern authorities on hunting and steeplechasing, in both of which pursuits he has often been first, and generally among the first,* lays it down that "in a big flying country the height of a hunter is of little consequence so long as it is over 15 hands 1 inch." Hunters not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches were the fancy of the late Mr. Arkwright, the Master of the Atherstone Hounds, who was at the same time the father of two sons—both masters of fox-hounds. Mr. Bury Congreve, of Harborough Magna, a farmer near Rugby, who was equally brilliant across country and over the steeplechase course, had the same taste for small horses, and bred and sold several to Mr. Arkwright. Mr. John Bennett, of Bosworth Grange, riding thirteen stone, hunted "The Unknown," which was only 14 hands $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, with the Quorn and the Pytchley for several years, without ever giving him a fall. At timber he was extraordinary; indeed, the late Sir Richard Sutton, Master of the Quorn, said he was one of the best hunters he ever saw cross Leicestershire.

The "Unknown," as will be seen from the engraving which will appear in a future chapter, was a plain but sensible-looking animal, and, like the steeplechase mare Emblem, an exception to all rules. The list of little horses that have distinguished themselves in Leicestershire might be extended to pages, but the solid fact remains, that the men who habitually hunt the Melton circle prefer big blood-horses, and will rarely look at anything under 15 hands 3 inches high.

That tall horses are most saleable is proved by the Catalogue of the Islington Horse Show in 1874, when out of about 100 hunters, nearly all for sale at prices varying from 120 to 400 guineas, thirty-five were over 16 hands, and not a dozen were under 15 hands 3 inches.

The annals of steeple-chasing prove that a horse 15 hands 2 inches high can fly across the biggest country, and probably there are more perfect hunters of that than of over that height; but tall horses make tall fences look less, and that is a point of importance to many keen sportsmen. To carry great weight, a horse, whatever his height, must be very broad and not too long. Of course a symmetrical sixteen-hand horse is better than one of not superior shape and courage two inches less. The heavier the man, the greater the breadth and the less the length required.

* Digby Collins.

Shape, however, is useless, without true action. There are plenty of hunters exhibited, which, although very powerful to the superficial eye, are really not able to carry their own weight across a country.

In a district of hills, banks, and dales, a full-blooded cob, from 14 hands 2 inches to 15 hands 1 inch, of the right shape, will go up, down, and over, with more ease to himself than the lengthy flyer in flat countries. Wherever hills have to be hunted over at any pace, blood is essential, the nearer thorough-bred the better. In those countries where the fields are small, where you

A GOOD START.

have to pull up at nearly every fence in order to hop on a bank so as to clear a double ditch, blood is less important than exceeding cleverness, because your horse gets his wind between every fence, and tall horses have no advantage whatever. Men under five feet six inches should, in preference, select hunters not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches, because horses exceeding that height are very inconvenient for them to mount in a hurry, or remount after falls that are inevitable for any who attempt to ride straight.

All hunters, whether 13 hands 3 inches or 16 hands 3 inches high (with certain packs of harriers and even fox-hounds, a pony carries a sportsman of the right height and weight as well as any Northamptonshire giant), must, to excel, have the following points well developed :— "The withers high and the shoulders long, in order to enable him to rise well at his fences, as well as to clear the obstacles that may come across him, in the shape of ridge and furrow, drains, hillocks, &c.; the hips and pelvis should be broad, with light back ribs and a loose

flank, in order that he may be able to dash his haunches under him at 'a big jump.' I have seen these 'points' intensely developed in a pony 10 hands high."

"It is a good sign when a hunter gets his hind-legs well under him in walking, lifting them rather high, and appearing to almost balance himself on them."

The hunter's action must not, like many a fashionable town hack's, be knee action; it must be shoulder action—"without correct shoulder action the best hind-leg action will be useless, because it is the business of the shoulders in leaping to throw the weight back to the hind limbs." It will be observed that Lord Coventry, in his letter to me at page 205, attributes Emblem's extraordinary quickness in jumping to her excellent shoulders. This is what is meant when a hunter is said to bend himself, which he could not do without breaking his back in two pieces if he had bad shoulders.

A hunter with bad shoulders (there are plenty for sale) will lean against instead of rising at his fences; in country phrase, he will "pitch" at his jumps. If he is gay and good-looking, ridden by a lively young farmer's or dealer's clever boy, he may go scrambling along in countries where timber-jumping is never attempted, until, falling into the hands of some victim, he will tumble headlong over a stile in the middle of a run, and certainly fall at any heavy down jump.

A hunter, like all other horses except race-horses, is considered to be in his prime at six years old, and so he is for selling purposes, if he has previously been in the hands of a man who has thoroughly taught him his business. The welter weights who do ride hard in flying countries often choose a "a raw five-year-old," preferring the courage of youth to the cautiousness of age. Such was the taste of Mr. Edward Greaves, late M.P. for Warwick, who stood six feet four inches high, and rode full twenty stone straight across country long after he had passed threescore years; and such is the taste of a well-known Warwickshire first flight man, county M.P. and Protestant champion. On the other hand, there are hunters whose reputation is maintained in the market through a full decade, as, for instance, Captain Anstruther Thomson's Iris, on which he is painted by Sir Francis Grant in the presentation picture of the Pytchley Hunt; and Rainbow, which shared with other horses in the honours of the famous Waterloo Run. Iris was sold for 500 guineas, and Rainbow at little less when over ten years old.

I saw at Cheltenham, in 1851, a white Irish hunter that went in the first flight over the stone-wall country, and was said to be twenty years old. His teeth, long and curved, showed a great age. Hunting farmers, with horses to sell, ride them pretty hard at four years old. The Duke of Rutland was well carried one season by a horse which was purchased as a four-year-old; it turned out to be three. A very straight-riding farmer declared that he was never better carried than by a thorough-bred three-year-old, and he rode thirteen stone some pounds; but having put this filly by, expecting her to grow up a wonder, she was never worth a farthing afterwards.

The fault of old hunters is that they are too clever. They calculate distances *too accurately*. My advice to beginners is to purchase finished hunters, which are chiefly to be found without mark of mouth, because of the two performers one ought to have experience. If the eyesight be good, the lungs sound, and the legs in good galloping condition, age is no consequence, neither are the blemishes of bangs, blows, and thorns.

There is a great difference in the performance of even clever hunters. Some are foaled natural jumpers, and seem to know how to take off and how to land the very first time they are shown a fence; they appear to enjoy the sport. These when well bred are treasures. Other hunters, and not the worst, leap with such a "spang" that even good horsemen, if not forewarned, have been dismounted at the first fence. Others have the unpleasant trick of pausing and then

bucking over, giving the rider a horrid jar. For these reasons it is well worth the while of young sportsmen to pay dearer for a trial in the field, where sometimes the temperate are hot and the hot temperate. A friend of mine purchased a big, well-bred horse, after seeing him leap every kind of fence in cold blood in the finest form; but this horse, although by no means hard-mouthed, was so excited in the field that he was only fit to ride a straight run with stag-hounds. Such instances are common. At the same time, it must be remembered that many horses, both hacks and hunters, that are apparently hot and pullers while new and strange to the rider, settle down comfortably after a short mutual experience. But the horse must have a reasonably good mouth, and bridle well. A horse that will be delightful to a young straight rider will be a perfect nuisance to a middle-aged man who only wants to potter about; a horse accustomed to go and not allowed to go is sure to pull. Except a kicker, no horse is so dangerous in the hunting-field as one the rider cannot hold; he is not only capable of rushing at and through impracticable fences, but of killing hounds, knocking over that sacred person, "The Master," and dashing into a gap where a man and horse are scrambling. And when a hard puller overpowers his rider, he is very apt to refuse his fences.

One of the best hunters I ever rode was most annoyingly fidgetty on the way to cover, seeming more fit for a procession in a circus than the hunting field; but the moment the hounds found, she calmly settled down to business, and took her fences with the most delightful alacrity and precision.

The greatest fault a hunter can have is to refuse his fences—reasonable fences—either with hounds or in cold blood. It is a sure proof that either he is a bad temper, or weak and tender before, or that he has been badly ridden by a timid craning man.

You sometimes hear people say, "Oh, he is a very good horse with hounds, but he wont jump in cold blood." Then he is not a perfect hunter. Look at the ordinary case of riding to cover alone, with no horse to give you a lead over a fence. You see the hounds hunting along a hill a mile off. You propose cutting off a long angle by taking the ditch and hedge out of the road. Your horse declines; rears, kicks, plunges, tries to bolt down the road, and makes you not only look like a fool, but perhaps lose "the run of the season."

For pleasant riding no hunters are equal to those broken to hounds by horse-dealing straight-riding farmers. These horses are ridden one or two summers about the farm, taught to stand to be mounted, to help to open a gate, to creep up, down, and through gaps. They are ridden not too hard until thoroughly trained; and then, as the rider knows every yard in the county, the taking off and landing of every fence, they are ridden straight but coolly and temperately with hounds over timber, stone walls, hedges, double ditches, or whatever comes in the country, and have no idea of refusing until they fall into the hands of some one whose heart fails him at the critical moment. A perfect hunter tries, at any rate, to do any leap his rider really wishes him to take.

In some counties there are very few ditches; in others, no water and no stone walls; in others, doubles are unknown; while, as before observed, there are hunts where you may ride all day close to the hounds without being obliged to take a fence. A horse sold by auction as a hunter must be sound in wind and eyesight—that is the only warranty in the word hunter; he need not be willing to jump a fence two feet high, although some juries have taken a different view. Of all fences, it is most necessary that a hunter should be willing and able to jump timber well and in cold blood. Hedges have gaps, ditches may be scrambled through, stone walls may be pulled down; but a stile, a new post and rail, or a locked gate must be negotiated or tumbled over, if you do not consent to be shut out of "the run of the season." Now tumbling over stiff timber is one of the most dangerous accidents of the hunting field. Every horse that has the propelling power in back, hocks, and thighs, and the courage essential for a hunter, can be taught to jump timber in good form, if not

too old to be cured of bad habits. Some horses which have been badly ridden or steeplechased rush furiously at timber, and it is more dangerous to interfere with them than to let them have their own way. It takes a very fine strong horseman, with great patience and time, to cure this way, the very worst, of taking timber. Others, bad-tempered or practised too much at weak hurdles, will rush through without rising.

Unless you are young, strong, and very confident in your skill, not pluck, it is better to commit your hunter for improvement to some first-class professional horseman, who will keep him in one field all day sooner than let him refuse or rush his fences.

The perfect hunter will trot or canter up to his fence slowly as a matter of course; but on an intimation from his rider by legs and voice that powder is required, will regularly mend his pace until he comes with a rush and clears the bullfinch, wide bank and ditch, or brook, at a stride.

Horses leap in two ways, some with their hind-legs tucked up closely under their bellies, others with their hind-legs streaming behind them; the former is the best form, stronger and safer. The horse then alights on his hind-legs, and is ready to repeat the spring or continue the gallop without a moment's loss of time. Some, at water, actually land sideways, the tail level with the head.

I once hunted a thorough-bred Irish horse by Burgundy that ran away if ridden in a snaffle, and if with a powerful curb galloped with his nose nearly on the ground until he came to his fences, when he raised his head exactly to the right position, leaped with the greatest accuracy, and then resumed his investigation of molehills. It was very unpleasant until you got accustomed to it, but he went over the worst ground, even through recently-stubbed plantations, with perfect safety. Far more dangerous are hot, ewe-necked, star-gazing, and peacocky horses, with weak necks and light mouths, which, when pulled, throw up their heads and drop short, or run into their fences. Nothing less than the practised hands of a steeplechase jockey can make anything of these misshapen brutes, some of which, however, might be perfectly in place in harness, or even as park-hacks, with a proper martingale. Novices should have nothing to do with light-mouthed horses, often praised as snaffle-bridle hunters. A great sportsman said truly not one horse in five hundred is fit to ride through a run with a snaffle bridle; and not one man in ten thousand is fit to ride hunting on the curb. It is much easier and pleasanter to ride a horse that goes up to the bit and "takes hold of you." Light-mouthed, snaffle-bridle hunters are for horsemen with a close seat and fine hands, or for old gentlemen who ride to hunt but not up to the hounds.

Nothing makes you feel more helpless in a fast run than a light-mouthed horse that will not go up to the bit, stands still and kicks in the middle of a big field, if he or she—they are generally mares—is asked to turn from the ruck, to take a short cut, or in any other way differ from the rider. The perfect hunter for most tastes eagerly pulls at the rider, but can be easily stopped by a touch of the curb. But there are good horses and horsemen in both ways. About the time of the first Reform Bill there were in Suffolk two hunting parsons famed in that district of small enclosures as sportsmen and horsemen. One always took firm hold of his horses by the snaffle rein, and, to use a slang phrase, almost rode on their heads; the other rode with a perfectly slack rein, and guided his hunters entirely with his voice and a little crooked stick. It was a question in that county which of the two brothers was the better man across country.

The hunter *par excellence* is one fit to go on the best days in the county of big fields and big fences with fox-hounds and stag-hounds. On such days, in such country, nothing but blood and high condition can keep on respectable terms with the pack; but, as already stated, there are more than twice as many packs of harriers as fox-hounds, which may be perfectly enjoyed with horses of less size, breeding, and, consequently, value, than are required to cut a respectable figure in the

fashionable pasture counties. A handy horse, under 15 hands high, that can jump, and canter ten miles an hour, will answer every purpose in a closely-enclosed country with harriers, and indeed with fox-hounds. A sixteen-hands hunter of Yorkshire and Leicestershire stamp may be judiciously ridden to harriers at four or five years old for practice; but a corky blood cob will get to the end of ninety-nine runs out of a hundred just as well. In down and hill-pasture countries, where the hares are stouter and run straighter than in arable countries, where, without much travelling, they can feed fat on corn or roots, you must have blood, especially if you have to gallop and climb hills.

A WEIGHT CARRIER—VERY CLEVER.

For stag-hunting you want a thorough-bred horse that will either fly or do doubles. No horse is a perfect hunter that cannot be turned in a very small circle.

In more than half the hunting districts it is at times necessary to dismount and lead your horse, either to ease him in ascending steep hills, or to get through a cramped place, or to relieve him of your weight in returning home on a cold night after a fatiguing day. It is therefore wise to teach your horses to follow you freely on either right or left hand, neither dragging back nor rushing at you over a fence. This is an accomplishment easily taught, and best taught by the young sportsman himself, with a pocketful of short carrots, a gig-whip, and a leading rein, as described at page 93. A few summer evenings spent in pushing through gaps leading over ditches, and even

low stiles, is time well spent; but for perfection the hunter must learn to know and love his master's voice.

Abraham Cawston, a heavy farmer, a first-rate sportsman, who used to hunt the South Essex Hounds, a clay country intersected by ditches and hedges, had a pony which always went first over cramped places, the farmer hanging on by the tail!

After the enumeration of the various perfections of a hunter, it is right to add that in every hunting-field there are to be found odd and apparently ill-shaped brutes steered by bold, practised, determined riders, who keep pace with, and sometimes out-pace, hunters of perfect form and priceless value; but these waifs and strays of sport, however coarse they may appear in head or heels, are always, if the truth was known, well-bred.

Tom Edge, the silent humble companion of Mr. Assheton Smith, who never spoke unless Mr. Smith spoke to him, never rode less than eighteen stone. In a very good thing, thirteen miles without a check, there were only four up, Assheton Smith and Tom Edge being two of the four. Minutes elapsed before any of the field got up; yet the horse Edge rode, Gayman, was "a queer-looking creature, thin neck, large head, raw hips, and a rat tail, for all the world like a seventeen-hands dog-horse. You couldn't get your hand between his front legs, they were so close; he always had to wear boots" ("Silk and Scarlet").

"When I was young," wrote Charles Buxton,* "I bought horses by their looks. I was careful to see whether they had good shoulders, were well ribbed up, and so on. Now I am old [he was then forty-five], what I want to know is how he goes; if he can go well I am sure he is made well."

A comparatively slow horse, if an extraordinary and resolute jumper, will often get the best of much faster horses in a five-and-twenty minutes' burst, if a few very stiff and awkward fences intersect the first half-dozen fields. A harum-scarum youth on a horse not worth thirty pounds will often face stiff timber, or trot up to a double hog-backed stile, and, dropping like a cat into a rough lane, leave a dozen two-hundred-guinea nags pounded.

The man who cannot afford expensive horses should have them clever and in first-rate condition.

TO FORM A STUD.

In forming a stud of even not more than four hunters, it is desirable to fix on and keep to one stamp of horse. This involves some trouble and some expense; but, always supposing that the stamp is suited to the country, it has the same sort of correctness as well-fitting clothes, and does credit to the taste of the owner. There are some very good sportsmen who pay no attention to stamp, seldom have two horses of the same sort; ride a slashing thorough-bred one day, a cob the next, and a thick old-fashioned hunter on the third day. There are others who could not enjoy looking over their stable if so incongruously filled. A Master who hunted his own hounds for nearly twenty years, celebrated for the completeness and excellence of a hunting establishment maintained on moderate means, and whose horses, except as to colour, were always matches good enough for a team, writes to me on this point: "My practice was, being light (about eleven stone), to buy good-looking blood animals, not over four years old, *whether I wanted them or not*, if the price was anything like reasonable; and I always drafted them at twelve years old, if they happened to last so long."

When a young or rather intending sportsman desires to form a stud of hunters, it is much easier to tell him what not to do than what to do.

If he begins in summer he may venture on horses made up for sale, that is, fat, a condition

* "Notes of Thought."

which every one knows to be foolish, but which no dealer dare neglect if he wishes to satisfy the majority, that is, the most ignorant of his customers.

The better plan for a young beginner, if he cannot buy horses after riding and seeing them ridden in the field, is to job three or four hunters from one of the hunter dealers who lay themselves out for that branch of the trade. He can then select them on the dealer's farm, find out if they suit his style of riding, and form some idea of their mode of fencing. If his engagements will not allow this, it is better to give the dealer an account of his weight, height, and ideas about riding, and leave the responsibility to him.

Jobbing is expensive, but you know the limit of the expense. You can change the horses that you do not like until you get suited, and you can arrange to buy any of the horses jobbed, at a price settled beforehand. It is not pleasant to be paying for the hire of three or four horses during a frost, but it is also unpleasant to have a stable full of horses of your own under the same circumstances.

Good hunters may be jobbed from well-known dealers in London, Oxford, Cheltenham, Wansford, near Peterborough, and, in fact, in every hunting district. Oxford, Cheltenham, and Windsor are the best places I know for hack hunters for men not over eleven stone. When, after a trial, one of these has been found to suit, it is best to secure it at once for the month or the season.

Oxford and Cambridge will both be found desirable hunting quarters for novices during the winter vacation, because there are plenty of clever horses to be hired at these Universities, and in vacation time there is no one to ride them. Oxford is within reach of at least five packs of fox-hounds, which leave nothing to be desired by any reasonable man.

When a celebrated stud of hunters is sold by auction, they generally fetch more than they ever do again if sold singly. Such sales afford opportunities of buying horses known to be good hunters; but in a long stud there are always a certain number of screws and brutes which fall to those trusting souls who buy blindfold. Only strong, practised horsemen buy hunters without either a trial or a character. All the observations on choosing a horse in Chapter III. apply to buying a hunter. Although the most satisfactory way of choosing a hunter is out of the hunting-field after a stiff run; so much depends on the rider, that it by no means follows that the horse that carried Farmer Thruster in the first flight will even go at all with a novice. Some men have the knack of making every horse that can gallop, gallop where, when, and as they please.

Finally, if you have no friend on whom you can rely to choose your first stud of hunters, the better plan is either to job or to place yourself in the hands of a dealer, with a limit as to price In any case, the beginner should buy only hunters who perfectly understand their trade, and defer trusting himself on four-year-olds and unbroken hunters until he has had a little experience; for no extent of instruction, and no amount of pluck, will compensate for want of experience in the hunting-field.

There are, however, very useful half-bred horses to be purchased at times, four, five, six, and seven years old, which are capable of being made good hunters if put into proper hands. This is especially the case with half-bred horses not much over 15 hands 1 inch, which have not fallen into the hands of owners with hunting tastes. Such animals may receive an important preparation for the hunting-field at the hands of any young horseman in the course of ordinary country rides, before being placed in the hands of the "hunter horsebreaker."

As before observed, the first business of a hunter is to gallop over rough ground with a leg always to spare; but there are capital horses of defective education, who would be in danger if a molehill of extra size came in their way.

Whether a horse has come from a training stable, or has been passing his time in town work, if he has the right shape and temper he may be made a hunter for some country or other. The first stage is to teach him to walk—not on turf or Rotten Row, but where there are all the varieties of texture of a country where the condition of sport is excellent and of agriculture deplorable.

Begin by riding him daily and carefully, with a double bridle, for an hour at the most, at a walk over a ploughed ridge-and-furrow field, or a field of turnips set on the ridge, if it is your own, or the farmer does not object. Just feel his mouth enough to collect him, otherwise leave his head as loose as you can. After two or three days' practice, extend the time to two hours, and trot him for half the time. Do not spur or bully him if he makes mistakes, only collect him. Then walk him home. Then take him to some meadow full of hidden grips and water-courses, or some woodland plantations, and walk him with a loose rein for a week or two. At the end of that time, if his shoulder action is naturally correct and his legs are properly inserted into his feet, he will have learned to pick his way under difficulties—a lesson which a mountain or moorland foal learns at his dam's side. When he can walk safely over uneven ground he may be trotted sharply, and finally galloped. Afterwards, if there are any suitable steep hills, let him learn to descend them, first slowly then quickly. All this is practice for the young horseman as well as the young horse, and prepares both for the hunting-field.

When the time for leaping lessons arrives, the novice should secure the services of some wiry old professional, of sober habits and even temper.

Formerly there were certain counties in which sportsmen looked for hunters, and Ireland was and is famous for both breeding and training horses fit for every style of hunting. But railroads, penny post, and telegraphs have placed the whole kingdom on a level, and it is very rare that a man can buy a single horse more cheaply from the breeder than from a dealer. A great deal has generally to be paid for the "great expectations" that hang on a first-class four-year-old. The man who will be content with a second-class horse will generally be able to buy it, plus a very useful education, at seven or eight years old, for the price it was sold for at four.

One-half of the goodness of a hunter depends on the way in which it has been ridden, and the other half on the way in which it has been fed.

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUNTERS.

Amongst the illustrations of this chapter are:—

1. FREEMASON, a favourite hunter of the late Meynell Ingram, Master of the pack of hounds in Staffordshire which still bear his name, engraved from a picture painted for Mrs. Meynell Ingram by Alfred Corbould, Esq. Mr. Meynell Ingram was a descendant of the father of the Quorn Hunt mentioned at page 391. On his death Freemason passed into the hands of Lord Halifax, the father-in-law of Mrs. Meynell Ingram. Lord Halifax was "the oldest member" of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet to whom Lord Granville referred when, in answer to some chaff by Mr. Bentinck on the non-sporting character of the Liberal members, he offered to back the youngest and oldest of his co-ministers against the youngest and oldest of Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet—a very fair and ingenious retort. The Marquis of Hartington was the youngest member, and they would have had to ride against the Earl of Malmesbury and the Earl of Carnarvon.

2. The WILD IRISHMAN, from a picture by Ferneley, of Melton, ridden by Captain Percy Williams when Master of the Rufford Hounds. "So called, because when first purchased he was very bad to manage, and took a deal of breaking. I bought him as a raw four-your-old—probably only three—from old John Potter, of Talbot Lane, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, when he had never had a bridle on, but had been ridden with a halter, in consequence of which one side—the near side—of

CREAM GLATE CARRIAGE HORSE,

OF HER MAJESTY'S STUD

FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY ALFRED CORBOULD ESQ^RE

'FREEMASON'

A VE[illegible] HUNTER OF THE LATE HUGO MEYNELL INGRAM ESQ.

CAPTAIN PERCY WILLIAMS ON A FAVORITE IRISH HUNTER.

FROM A PICTURE BY JOHN FENNELLY.

"FULL CRY"
TOM CLARKE, HUNTSMAN OF

STILTON A HUNTER

"JEM MORGAN" HUNTSMAN TO THE BERKELEY HUNT

GOING TO COVER [illegible]

his mouth, was quite dead; and I rode him, as the original picture shows, with a slack rein. In nine seasons that he carried me and my man he never gave either a fall over a fence, nor was ever in difficulties but once, when he bolted off the road-side into a huge briar bush, concealing a deep ditch, and was lost to sight for some seconds. He was extremely easy to sit, and the position, as if in an arm-chair, over a big fence, is not exaggerated."*

3. Portrait of Tom Clark, on a grey horse, when huntsman to the late Mr. Morrell, Master of the Berkshire Hounds. Clark was afterwards huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort, and went with His Grace on an expedition to France to hunt wolves. But the Badminton Hounds would not own the scent. Clark came back with a very high opinion of the capabilities of the country for "wild sport," and said that if he had been younger he should have desired nothing better than to hunt in France with a pack of unentered English fox-hounds.

4. Portrait of Stilton, a thorough-bred Irish hunter, winner of the Punchestown Steeplechase, hunted by his owner, Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V.C., M.P., for many years with the Pytchley Hounds. Painted by Mr. Sheldon Williams for this work.

5. Portrait of Jim Morgan on a favourite hunter, in the orange uniform of the old Berkeley Hunt, when it was maintained by the late Earl of Lonsdale. Jim Morgan's reputation as huntsman was made in Essex with the celebrated Mr. Conyers, Master. He was a daring horseman, and always jumped gates if there was no one to open them, because, he said, he could not open them himself, his right arm being stiff from a fracture. Morgan was killed, after he had retired from his post, by his horse falling on the road-side as he cantered to cover.

6. "Going to the Meet." Portrait of a lady on a hunter well known with the Queen's Hounds, by Mr. A. Corbould.

* Letter from Captain Percy Williams.

CHAPTER XX.

TRAINING FOR HUNTING—RIDING TO COVER—RIDING WITH HOUNDS.

Necessity of Preparation by Training for Violent Exercise—The Author's Experience—How to get Exercise in a Town—Baths: their Use—Cub-hunting the Best Preparation—Going to Cover—Behaviour—First Lesson—Your Own Insignificance—Silence is Gold at Cover-side—The Way to Cover—Riding your Hunter of the Day, or a Hunter for Exercise, or a Real Hack—Advantages of Wheels: Dog-cart, Phæton-drag, Tandem, Wagonette—The Light-weight Groom—Railway Conveyances: The Latest Luxury a Pullman's Car—Riding to Hounds—"A Word Ere we Start"—Requisites for First-flight Men—Audacity in Flying Countries—Ruffians often First—The "Leading Article"—The "Following Article"—The Sort to be Studied—Gate-opening a Useful Art—"Do not Speak to the Man at the Wheel"—Advice when Hounds are Drawing—Ready, not too Ready—The Find—The Rush—Tally Ho, Away!—Keep your Eye on Leading Hounds—Egerton Warburton's Ballad—The Field of a Run Analysed—Small Percentage of Straight Riders—Sketch of Pytchley Country by a Native—Poetical Advice—Importance of Blood—Condition in Man and Horse—Of Decision—To Ride or Not to Ride, That is the Question—Small Enclosures Easier Hunting—Hunter for the First Season must Creep and Fly—Timber-jumping—Its Importance—Dick Christian on Riding in the "Shires"—Falls to be Avoided in Training a Hunter—Sir James Musgrave and Tom Heycock—The Honourable Grantley Berkeley Hints—Leaping in Cold Blood and Larking Spoil Hunters—Water-jumping—Big Water Stops the Field: Why, and Why Dangerous—Anecdote of Brook-jumping with Stag-hounds—Another of a Cob with Harriers and Hind—A Stereograph of a Water-jump from the "Brooks of Bridlemere"—Lady Julia's Slang—Falling an Art and an Instinct—Old Horses Fall worse than Young Ones—Pleasures of Memory after a Run—Beware of Boasting—Captain Anstruther Thompson as M. F. H.—Poetical Sketch of—Ladies Hunting—How—First Class, Second Class, Third Class—The Old Marchioness of Salisbury—Increase of Hunting Ladies—Three Hunting, Hard-riding Countesses—A Clever Hunter Essential for a Lady—The Hunting Side-saddle—Hunting-bridle—The Pilot—The Honourable Mrs. Jack V.'s Pilot: his Fee—The Young Ladies who are a Nuisance—Ladies' Hunting Costume Requirements.

No man engaged in sedentary summer and autumn pursuits can enjoy a fast or a long day with hounds without a certain degree of preparation. Without preliminary training, a fast five-and-twenty minutes, with a fair share of "fencing" on the first day of his season, will tax, in a very painful manner, the action of the heart and lungs of a man who has been using his head and not exercising his body; and if, in addition, when the hounds leave off, there are fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, the unaccustomed sportsman will be stiff and sore from head to foot for a fortnight. *Ex perto crede.* I never endured more agony in my life than in the last ten minutes of a fast thirty minutes, ridden on a perfect thorough-bred hunter, with a good start, with the Milton Hounds over a grass country. My summer had been occupied day and night with Parliamentary committees and literary work; my rides had been limited to Hansom cabs; my labours had been sustained by strong coffee, champagne luncheons, and the sort of dinners which successful railway promoters gave in the days when George Hudson was a king. With such preparation I was not half an hour in the saddle before I was doing my best to keep in sight one of the best packs of hounds in England, running with scent "breast-high." By instinct, good luck, a horse that never swerved a line from his fences, and a despairing grip of the breast-plate, I kept my seat over the last fence of the field when the hounds ran into their enemy in the open, but I was speechless, black in the face, my heart going like the engine of an express train, and I was only saved from fainting, or worse, by the friendly care of a tall farmer, who lifted me off my horse, like an infant, laid me on the grass, and applied his flask to my parched lips. I rode home under the pleasant excitement, without complaining, but could eat nothing, lay awake all night in a

burning fever, and did not recover my usual tone for a week, during which time putting on a coat or a pair of boots was a work of painful labour. Young men can survive such rash experiments, but at a certain time of life they become positively dangerous.

Where horse exercise in the non-hunting months is impossible, the requisite condition may be retained or obtained by any out-door or in-door athletic exercise that produces perspiration, and calls the muscles of the limbs and back into action. Violent exercise in the morning does not suit men engaged in serious mental pursuits; it is not a good preparation for brain work; but a great deal may be done by gentle exercise at convenient times after the labours of the day are over, whether it be with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, or rowing, or riding upon a bicycle. Lord Palmerston wrote to his brother, then ambassador at Naples, that when he went to live in Piccadilly, as he found the distance from Cambridge House to Downing Street not sufficient for exercise, he made a point of riding at least once round the Park between his hours of greatest leisure—eleven and one o'clock.* This probably brought one o'clock Rotten Row rides into fashion.

Diet is of as much importance as regular exercise, and that every one can regulate for himself.

A few Turkish baths *after exercise* on foot or horseback followed by cold douches will do wonders towards reducing the superfluous fat, and giving tone to the nerves of a frame exhausted by mental and sedentary occupations, if there is no organic derangement; but both alone, without exercise, although they may improve the tone, will leave the muscles weak and flabby. Now, horse exercise of any kind brings into action muscles not ordinarily employed, while galloping and leaping put an extra strain on these muscles.

Mere muscular fatigue, if not accompanied by want of sleep and fever, is not a serious consequence, but it is pain that may as well be avoided.

The particular kind of preparation by which a man should train himself so as to derive no harm and as much pleasure as possible from the exercise of the hunting-field must depend on his age, habits, and hours of leisure; but those who cannot find time to ride may train, by a gradual course of gymnastic exercise, either at home or in the hall of a *turnvercin*; those whom the river does not suit may find an hour in daylight for the racket-court, or in the dusk for a bicycle ride. Volunteers who keep up their drill are always in fair condition; but it is no matter how it is done so long as in some way or other the heart and lungs are prepared for extra exertions, and the muscles suppled and strengthened by preparatory practice. Even professional steeplechasers who, being within the weight they had to ride, have indulged too much in the luxuries of the table, have been known to fail for want of condition in the final squeeze of a closely-contested race.

To sum up, a young man exposes himself to pain and ridicule, a middle-aged man endangers his health, by attempting hard riding after months of absolute repose.

Fortunately, at no period of the history of this country were there so many forms and degrees of athletic exercise within reach of the urban sedentary population.

The best preparation for fox-hunting, and the best introduction to "the noble science," is cub-hunting, which begins very early in the mornings of September with every hunt that has woodland covers. At cub-hunting, riding a clever cob or even pony, the novice has an opportunity of acquiring a vast deal of useful knowledge, by studying the refinements of fox-hunting before breakfast. While getting himself into condition, he can learn from the enthusiasts, who only are to be met with at that hour, much that must be overlooked in a knot of fashionable "thrusters." The huntsman is out to teach his young hounds, from the example of his old ones, their duty. There is no competition for the start, riding is a secondary consideration. Woodlands have to be threaded

* "Life of Lord Palmerston," by Lord Dalling, vol. iii.

at some expense of rents and tears in the old shooting-jacket. Blind gaps have to be slowly negotiated and stiles jumped standing. If by exception there is a burst of ten minutes after an "old customer" or precocious cub, there is no one to record or observe feats of horsemanship. It is quite a case of *Fox et prætera nihil.* Therefore, I solemnly adjure young fellows anxious to become real fox-hunters not to neglect their cub-hunting.

GOING TO COVER.

The young sportsman about to meet the hounds for the first time is, or ought to be, as much elated as the young lady preparing for her first ball. It may be assumed that he has learned as much of the art of riding across a country as can be acquired without the excitement and the practice of actual hunting; that he is provided with one or more hunters suited to the country, and his dress, if not in the height of the latest and often-varying fashion, is not of a character to attract attention by its eccentricity; that he is "fit" and anxious for a long day's sport.

The first lesson to be impressed upon him is that what he wears, what he rides, and what he does in the hunting-field is not a matter of the slightest consequence to any one except himself. In a meet of fox-hounds in a fashionable country he will be as much lost in the crowd as any stranger in Rotten Row at one o'clock in the height of the season.

In one of Lord Palmerston's letters, he says, referring to the preparation of special ambassadors sent over to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria, "They will most of them be disappointed, for fine coaches, fine horses, and fine liveries excite the attention of no one in London except coachmen, grooms, and coach-builders."

It is the same in the hunting-field. A young man turned out regardless of expense, and in the best taste, will at the utmost extort a few compliments from chambermaids, boots, and the red-coated, barefooted gate-openers attached to the hunt, dependent on casual half-crowns. The majority of a Leicestershire field take "correctness" as a matter of course; while those who do think anything at all of coats and boots are too much occupied with their own get-up to notice that of "a young stranger."

In county hunts, where a few local squires and farmers form the field, anything unusual on the side of "swelldom" in dress excites prejudice against the wearer, unless he shows himself able to hold his own in the first real run.

Mr. Henley, one of the fathers of the House of Commons, advised a young M.P., who had been elected with a University reputation for eloquence, to be silent for the first session unless some subject turned up of which he was thoroughly master; in fact, unless he got a good start. The habits, customs, and etiquette of the hunting-field do not, perhaps, require so much experience as the House of Commons, but still they require a good deal by those who wish to maintain the character of gentlemen and sportsmen.

The advice given to the groom who had married a lady, to "wear a black coat and hold your tongue," is not bad for the young sportsman in his first season. The silence applying to idle questions or wild "tally-ho-ing," not implying that sulky silence when addressed by strangers which some cantankerous fools take for dignity.

There are several ways of going to meet hounds, all good in their way and in their turn. Where the horseman's weight is not over eleven stone, and the distance is not over ten miles, a hunter will be rather benefited than otherwise by being ridden to the meet at an alternate brisk walk and slow trot. This is the practice of some of the very best sportsmen, who, with less than half a dozen hunters decline to keep any horses that are not safe on the road if not first-rate hacks. Wealthy men can afford to buy hunting-machines, able to gallop and jump magnificently on

A MORNING CANTER IN THE PARK (*See page 325*)

soft ground, positively dangerous on the hard high-road. Such was Assheton Smith's crooked-legged Jack o' Lantern. But the real spirit of sport burns in many breasts not provided with incomes which make stud expenses a secondary consideration.

When the distance is not too great, and the time for performing it ample, there is no better preparation for a good day's sport than riding your hunter to cover. But the plan will not do for unpunctual languid lie-a-beds, like Whyte Melville's Honourable Frederick Crasher.*

The hack, in an economically-managed stud, is often one of the hunters, who gets his exercise and makes himself useful at the same time; or it is a four-year-old not yet taken into work, but exercised, accustomed to the sight and sound of hounds, and ridden by a steady groom (who has brought on the hunter of the day), a little way after hounds have found. In dry weather there is no pleasanter way of getting to cover, especially when a good part of ten miles or more may be done by short cuts over bridle roads, through field gates, with here and there a gap to be jumped, than on a good galloping or smooth-trotting little hack. It forms a harmonious overture to the fox-hunting opera, and makes an enthusiast feel extremely eager for the hottest fun of the day, if fun there should be.

When the distance is long or the roads muddy, with rain threatening, wheels, whether they be attached to mail phaeton, ladies' phaeton, wagonette with a party, or any of the numerous forms of dog-cart, have the advantage of conveying the fox-hunter clean and dry to the cover side—

"Fresh from his carriage as bridegroom on marriage."

If there are ladies of the party, who are not horsewomen, they may see more or less of a run, and dispense much appreciated hospitality, in the blank intervals of a long day, in a long-bodied wagonette.

A four-in-hand drag, or *char-à-banc*, is never more in its place than when conveying a party to cover-side; a tandem has almost an appearance of being of real use, harnessed to a well-loaded two-wheeled dog-cart, in a hilly country, and may be employed to get or keep a hunter, as leader, in condition; while to descend to the most economical level, a fast pony, in a Battlesden car, is a very perfect conveyance for two sportsmen and a boy-groom. But there is one condition essential for any enjoyment in going on wheels to cover—the horse or horses must be fast. To crawl along sticky lanes at the rate of seven miles an hour, behind a wheezy cob, is purgatory in an acute form. The last mode of getting to a meet is more familiar to those who hunt with stag-hounds from the metropolis, and fox-hounds from Oxford, for the once familiar charge of "a tandem" or "hack on" has almost disappeared from the bills of Symonds and Tollett.

In a complete stud there is always at least one light-weight groom, a steady lad, whose business it is to take the hunter to cover-side, at such a pace as to bring him there as fresh as possible; but the young fox-hunter must take care how, under the idea of saving his horse, he trusts him to a scratch groom, hired for the job. He may find that halts at public-houses, and gallops to make up for lost time, have taken a good deal more out of his favourite than if he had ridden the whole distance himself.

Heavy weights must send on to cover, and save their hunter by dismounting and walking át every convenient opportunity, if they wish to make the best of the few extraordinary runs that fall to one man's share in one season.

There is no more luxurious conveyance than a railway carriage. Hunting-season tickets have long been an established system, and even Market Harborough may be reached by rail from

* See the novel of "Market Harborough."

London in time to meet the hounds. I once met a contractor who was in the habit of taking a special train to get to fox-hounds; but, as he failed for half a million, and paid an insignificant dividend, his is not an example to be recommended to men who, using ordinary conveyances, ought to be punctual.

The railway directors of the best hunting-lines run specials, and put on *drop* carriages to express trains, for the accommodation of hunting-men. A party of from half a dozen to a dozen can engage a saloon carriage, provided with a dressing-room and even cooking arrangements. The finishing-stroke has been put to the luxuries of hunting by the addition of American sleeping-cars—dressing-rooms by day, bed-rooms by night—so that you may breakfast going down, dine, or take tea, and sleep or play whist returning. The Midland and London and North-Western Companies have found it worth while to make direct extensions to Market Harborough for the accommodation of hunting-men; and all over the kingdom the locomotive has become a hunting-machine.

TO RIDE TO HOUNDS.

"Boys, to the hunting-field! Though 'tis November
The wind's in the south;—but a word ere we start:
However excited, you'll please to remember
That hunting's a science, and riding an art.
The fox takes precedence of all from the cover;
The hunter's an animal purposely bred,
After the pack to be ridden, not *over;*
Fox-hounds are not reared to be knocked on the head."

Warburton's "Words Ere we Start."

To ride to fox-hounds in a satisfactory, not to say the best manner, requires a knowledge of the sport, a knowledge of the geography of the country to be ridden over, the horsemanship which enables a man to make the best of his horse without using him up before the run is over, and that sort of courage which is expressed by "a warm heart and a cool head."

There are butcher-boys who have never seen a hound, and sailors who have scarcely ever crossed a horse, who, astride a perfect hunter, with a good start, a burning scent and flying leaps to skim, would in a single burst head and cut down a good many older and better sportsmen. In fact, when it comes to mere hard riding, the recklessness of youth will generally get the better of the experience of age in any country where spurs tell more than hands—where a bold, not a clever horse is required.

There is an enormous difference between the brilliant horseman—the mellow veteran who has made hunting for more than a quarter of a century the business of his life, still in the prime of equestrian life, mounted on one of a stud selected with first-rate judgment, the man and horse perfectly acquainted with each other, sailing over a country of sound turf and big fences, with every yard of which he is as familiar as with the fences of his private training-ground—and the politician, the Queen's Counsel, or the journalist who snatches one month out of the year to ride strange horses in a strange country.

"Any one who keeps well up with hounds is a hard rider; but the man who always takes a line of his own, and heads, is one in a hundred. It is unlucky that as a rule the men who do lead are ruffians."* This harsh opinion is borne out, not only by the lives of several bruising horsemen, in which they are treated as demi-gods of the turf and chase, but by the autobiography of at least

* "Notes of Thought," by the late Charles Buxton, M.P.

one hard rider, who has taken as much pains to write himself down a ruffian as Dogberry did to have himself written down "an ass!"

The difference between the "Leading article" and the "Following article" in the hunting-field is so enormous that the two seem scarcely to belong to the same class of mankind. The man who never attempts to rush to the front may be an excellent sportsman; those only are contemptible who are always trying, and never succeed in holding a place in the first flight, or those who are never seen in front in the field, yet are always heard loud on their performances over the dinner-table.

Amongst the prominent horsemen in the hunting-field may be named those who have made hunting the business of their lives, and always have been seen in front. These are always born horsemen—wiry and long-limbed, and hard at the age when most men thicken in the girth, and grow obese. No fat man was ever seen often in front after forty. There are those who ride to sell their horses—these include some of the very finest horsemen; those who ride to be seen and admired—none ride harder if they think ladies or the reporters of a sporting periodical are looking at them; those who ride, like undergraduates, for fun—ready to break their own necks, or their horse's, out of pure exuberance of animal spirits. These often settle down into capital sportsmen. Finally, besides those who hunt because it is the fashion, or because they have nothing else to do, or for their health, there are those who ride to hunt—who never take an unnecessary fence, and never decline anything practicable when hounds are running in earnest. These last are the class whom the young sportsman should study and imitate.

Always, on arriving at a hunt, salute the Master of the hounds, but do it in passing, as you would Royalty, and not as if you expected him to stop and shake hands.

On board passenger-ships "Do not speak to the man at the wheel" is often written up conspicuously. The same rule may be applied to the huntsman. Strangers should not ask him questions. He is often obliged to reply to some perhaps important perhaps frivolous questions asked by an influential member of the hunt when he is deep in thought. He would much sooner be let off with a simple salutation.

But before arriving at the event of the day—a find, and a ride over a galloping-country—hours may elapse; and there are certain points to which the fox-hunting student should seriously give his mind. Before *diners à la Russe* became all but universal carving was one of the fine arts of society, to excellence in which *aides-de-camp*, curates, and the private secretaries of political characters not unfrequently owed promotion; in the hunting-field opening a gate cleverly, and holding it open, when going from cover to cover, while ladies and the grave and reverend seigniors of the hunt pass through, gains useful good opinions for the apprentice sportsman. To describe how a gate should be opened would fill a page, which then might not be understood. The young horseman should practice so as to be able to do it with either hand, in the summer; the horse also must have practice. Nothing is more irritating to a crowd than a man fumbling at a gate which his horse will not approach, or which he does not know how to open. Few men get less gratitude than those who dismount to open a gate that has baffled them mounted. In a sharp run it is not expected that he who gets first at a gate shall do more than swing it wide, except for the huntsman or the "master."

When the hounds move off keep them in sight or within hearing—if you can! In a woodland cover you will keep best within hearing by riding "down wind," so that the wind will bring you their voices if they give cry. Old hands who know the country and the run of the foxes may neglect these precautions, but even the cleverest sometimes lose a good run when the pack comes upon an outlying fox in a hedgerow or a turnip-field, or finds a wild one in a wood where the native foxes have been accustomed to hang a long time. Some say, always go where the hounds

go; but that advice is rather too hard to be strictly followed by a stranger. It is sound if some experienced member of the hunt shows the way; but there are covers into which no one is expected to follow the huntsman, and a novice might make himself ridiculous, with scratched face and torn clothes, from pushing through thorns and brambles, when there was a sure point outside, to which all the experienced hands resorted. A huntsman always dislikes to have any one near him.

While waiting at cover-side watching for the fox to break, on no account hallo when you first view him, or you will make him turn "back." Let him get well away, and then put your hat on your whip and give one scream, if you know how. Tally—ho—a-way!!! You put up your hat that the huntsman may know who saw him, as ten to one every one near will repeat "tally-ho!"—like children seeing a balloon. Do not presume to leave your post until the huntsman, with the body of the pack, comes up to the place where the fox went away, even to speak to a friend, still less to get a start with two or three couples of hounds. The man who intentionally or unintentionally "heads"—that is, turns back a fox—is sure to be the object of some very strong language.

One of the greatest crimes a young sportsman can commit is to ride over a hound, and the next greatest is to have a horse that kicks at either hounds or horses. Many young horses will kick until accustomed to the hunting-field; such should have dogs always in their stable.

Until a man knows the country he will do well to take some experienced, well-mounted member of the hunt—a farmer in a black coat for choice—as leader, but with one precaution to be most strictly observed: to ride a few yards either to the right or left, as well as a few yards behind the pilot, or if it is a country where the practicable places are few, and you are obliged to take the same line as your pilot, then be very careful not to put your horse at the fence until he is clear away. To select a man as pilot without his consent, and then jump on him, is a piece of cowardly stupidity; it is no excuse that "you could not hold your horse." If your horse is such a rusher that when you show him a fence he will have it whether you mean it or not, it is your business to go first, or to go home.

As soon as you reach cover-side take stock of the nature of the fences and the country, and, as far as possible, make up your mind on your first two or three leaps. If there is one gate through which a whole crowd of horsemen must crush, ride carelessly along the hedgerow. Sometimes you may discover an unsuspected place in a thick bullfinch through which a determined horse will push, or a clever one bore his way, and by one jump get a fair start.

Suppose the huntsman has leaped into the cover, crying—

"Loo in, little dearies! loo in!"
How eagerly forward they rush;
In a moment how widely they spread.
"Have at him there, Hotspur!—Hush, hush!
'Tis a find, or I'll forfeit my head!"

However anxious for a good start, the young stranger should take particular care not to make any mistake, and, by being too eager and forward, incur the just wrath of the huntsman.

The swelldom of Leicestershire, "fierce as eagles, jealous as girls," often outride the hounds, and overrun the fox; but these lines are not written for the benefit of swelldom, but of young horsemen, who will not be spared strong, well-deserved language when they spoil sport. For the same reason, while riding as hard as you can, don't distract your mind with the performances of the rest of the field; attend to your own horse, and keep your eye on the hounds—that is, the *leading hounds*—so as to turn as they turn, and pull up the moment they check. If, by good

riding or by a fluke, you are in the first flight, you will do yourself more credit by pulling up short, standing still, and noticing exactly where the check occurred, than by the most desperate leap. Never forget that your sport depends on the hounds first and the huntsman next.

Two of the best Masters who ever hunted their own fox-hounds never swore themselves, nor permitted their servants to swear, in the field; but even strong adjectives are excusable when a lot of jealous riders rush up and over-ride the scent at a check.

The laureate of the Tarporley Hunt has described a familiar scene in many a run in very polite language:—

"Scent on the fallow now failing,
While onward impatiently press
The horsemen, hear Charlie bewailing,
In accents of deepest distress—

"'Why, O why! will you spoil me the day now?
Have they run but to lose him at last?
Oh, gentlemen, hang it all! Pray, now,
Hold hard—let them make their own cast!'

"Not long is the time of their tarrying,
Little dearies! They hit it anew.
See, now, what a head they are carrying!
See how they are running in view!

"See Soldier prepared for the brunt!
Hark! Champion's challenge I hear;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Havock pursues in the rear.

"Who-hoop, they have ended the skurry!
And Charlie, half mad with delight,
First dances, and shouts 'Worry, worry!'
Then tells what each darling has done."

A very pretty and practical description of the sharp and decisive finish of a day's sport, which may have been long or short, according as the fox was found in the morning or afternoon. Generally speaking, it is an afternoon fox, that has completely digested the feast of the night, which affords the best sport—or a dog-fox in the clicketing season, who has travelled far out of his district to visit some distant seraglio.

At any rate, the run in "the Woore country" was far above average—one to be marked with Horace's "white stone."

If there were two hundred horsemen when the fox broke away, there were hardly more than ten up in the field where he was run into; perhaps twice as many more—including those clever old customers who rode to points instead of running the line, and knew every convenient gap, gate, and bridle-run in the country by heart—got up before the last vestige of the fox had disappeared, and the huntsman mounted and moved away. The rest, except those who kept strictly to a convenient road, if there was one, were scattered in all directions, reduced to the slowest of trots, or obliged to walk, in consequence of the loss of shoes that no one ever was able to find. But the Woore (Cheshire) is an open country, where twenty abreast may take the fences. The thinning-out is much more fearful from the crack Wednesday meets of the Pytchley Bitch Pack, as described by a resident—"All grass, chiefly strong (cattle) feeding-land; the fences "oxers," cut and flashed with stubs as thick as your arm—and as sharp as a palisade, or left as bullfinches—a ditch on one

side, and a single rail to catch your horse's knees, if he is clumsy or tired, on the other; fearful crushes at the gates; nearly as bad at the gaps, in which there is room for about ten to get in front; and although there may be fifty eager ones at the start, there is generally plenty of room at the end of a quick five-and-twenty minutes."

It is in such countries that blood, condition, and determined horsemanship tell; and you may follow the advice of Egerton Warburton to the letter:—

"If your horse be well bred, and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in the saddle, and keep his head straight!"

But, first, you must be sure of yourself, and, next, of your horse.

Paraphrasing the lines attributed to Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, our only answer to those who, if they spoke truly, would say—

"Fain would I *ride* but that I fear to fall."

is—

"If you're afraid, then do not ride at all."

It is all very well to say—

"O give me the man to whom naught comes amiss—
One horse or another, that country or this—
Through falls and bad starts, who undauntedly still
Rides up to this motto—'Be with 'em I will!'"

No doubt that is the spirit with which the young fox-hunter should go into the field; but it would be about as sensible to back a one-legged man against a champion pedestrian as to try to ride the line of a straight-necked fox over an ox-feeding country on a literally half-bred, or half-conditioned, or half-broken horse.

But because the horseman and the horse, or one of them, is not fit to contend in the first flight over the Midlands, that is no reason why the novice should condemn himself to mere road-riding. One thing he must do: he must gallop, and gallop best pace, up and down hill, over rough ground, without the slightest hesitation; keep his horse sufficiently in hand not to allow him to sprawl; be quick at turning; avoid as much as possible deep, sticky ground, going round along headlands rather than pump him out across the middle of a ploughed field; never hesitate at a practicable leap; and have eyes and ears alert to keep on terms with the hounds. It is by following these hints that so many heavy men, especially hunter-making farmers, turn up the moment the hounds throw up their heads, and are seldom far out when the fox is killed. The theory of those clever ones, to ride the straight "string" instead of "round the bow," is not always practicable—not such a fine thing as being with the hounds "every yard," but much better than being out-ridden, out-jumped, left hopelessly in the rear, either in a ditch or on a gate, waiting for some yokel to bring back an escaped steed.

In a country of small fields and cramped fences which must be all negotiated at a very slow trot or a stand, and where a real splitting gallop is impossible, there is none of the feverish hurry of a good scenting day in the grass countries.

To get through crushes at gates and gaps where no jump is practicable, it is well to be as quick as possible—put on extra steam to get first. If in a crowd, the Warwickshire maxim is to "hold him and spur him," so as to be ready to bound into full speed the moment you get through

the mob. If your horse is really clever in landing, it is always better to take a very big jump than trust a young hunter in a crowded gateway.

The hunter on which a young horseman should take his first experience in the field should be perfect in two ways of crossing fences: he should temperately and sensibly creep through gaps, step over moderate ditches, climb and descend banks, and also have the courage to dash over and clear a big fence when called upon, or trot up to and leap high timber.

THE DEATH.

If a horse will jump timber, and creep over and through hedge and ditch, he is perfect for most countries. A safe timber-jumper—that is to say, one that can be depended on after a good deal of galloping to clear and land safely over a full-sized gate or stile, is a treasure, because timber—rail, gate, or stile—is often the one way out of a field, a road, or across a railway. Of all accidents those over timber are the worst.

Any—one might almost say every—well-shaped, well-bred, hunter can be made to jump timber, if put in the hands of a competent trainer. Dick Christian said he only met with two horses in his long experience that he could not make jump, and they were both weak in the back. But there are scores of horses hunting that, from being badly trained, are not to be trusted at anything stronger than a sheep-hurdle.

The most annoying and dangerous tricks are swerving, refusing, and not rising sufficiently at, or rushing through, fences.

"If a rider has not knowledge or physical strength enough to collect and pull his horse on to his hind legs, so as to shorten his stride, before reaching his fence, the animal is likely to refuse, because he feels he cannot leap the fence, or must take off too soon or too late." Very fine steeplechasers say that they always fix with their eye the place from which they mean their horse to take off. I confess that, although, after I learned the importance of the rule, I always tried to collect my horse, however fast he was going, I was obliged to leave the choice of the exact fulcrum to my hunter's honour. It is quite plain that if you have to cover fifteen feet, and your horse rises ten feet too soon, he will then have to cover twenty-five feet. Jem Hill, the late celebrated huntsman of the Heythrop Hounds, used to gallop across fields fenced in with stone walls at full gallop, and when he came very near the wall, pull his horse all together, and hop over four or five feet with unerring certainty. But many who tried to imitate him, with less correct hands, came to grief.

For a bold rider there is no fence so safe as a stone wall, because the landing is certain; for timid riders none looks so formidable. The horrid trick of rushing through fences without rising—I have seen a horse dash through a gate—can only be cured by having the animal ridden constantly at timber, not too high, that will not break. But this is not the proper duty of any gentleman, unless he be perfectly idle, and unencumbered with duties of any kind.

If a horse gets out of hand, and feels that he is going faster than you desire, he is very likely to refuse, although a perfect performer in the hands of a stronger horseman. I have repeatedly found that a horse which bolted and refused with the rider in a plain Pelham bridle, when held and collected in a sufficiently powerful double bridle, never attempted to swerve, although I held the curb loose as I came up to the fences, and only made him feel it when racing across big fields.

The habit of swerving, and perhaps jumping the wrong place, or absolutely refusing, is "frequently created by *the hateful practice of holding the reins in one hand as the horse is rising at his fence, and throwing up the other for the purpose of balancing the body.* This necessarily inclines the horse to swerve to the left, and allows him to run into the fence just as he pleases; indeed, swerving, refusing, not rising, and rushing, are all engendered by this most ungainly practice. Until men learn that horses have two sides to their mouths—require equal pressure to keep them straight, and an unequal pressure to make them turn—there will always be refusers and rushers."*

In confirmation of this opinion, I remember that in my boyhood, a dispute having arisen about a point of horsemanship with a youth of the same horsey tastes, we agreed to refer it to our neighbour, the celebrated steeplechaser, Bill Bean, who then lived at Finchley, and kept, for some London horse-dealers, a scratch pack, with which he indifferently hunted "stag and drag." Billy† was not only one of the best horsemen that ever rode between flags, but one of the boldest. The mad Marquis of Waterford was not more recklessly audacious. He was also a most picturesque "talker." He finished a long anecdotal lecture with, "Talk of riding with one hand! why, I've known the time when if I had had four arms and four hands I could have found use for them all!" And then came, "Good-day, good-day, young gentlemen! Whatever you do, don't neglect your hunting. It brings you into such good society."

Another great practical authority, Dick Christian,‡ who was premier horse and hunter-breaker

* "The Sportsman's Guide," by Digby Collins.

† See "The Druid's" "Stag, Drag, and Flag."

‡ Dick Christian, on Mr. Coke's mare Marigold, charged a thick cut hedge, 4 feet 6 inches high, the mare alighting on a bank about a yard wide, with all her four feet together. "When I was in the air I saw my danger, so pulled as she touched the bank, and shot her legs right under her." Immediately below this bank was a steep declivity into an old stone-quarry. The mare

for the "Leicestershire swells" in the first quarter of this century, whose sayings were Boswellised by "The Druid," has perhaps condensed in his "Lectures" nearly all the instructions that can be imparted in mere words. "As a steeplechaser," said Dick, "I always steadied my horse on his hind legs twenty yards from his fence, and I was always over and away again before the rushers. A man should get his horse collected. The front legs of a hunter should be higher than his hind ones when he comes down, but he must not buck! [that is, jump from all four legs at once, like a deer.] Lots of young riders force their horses at fences too much; they'd never get hurt if they'd collect their horses.

"If you don't feel your horse's mouth you can tell nothing about him. If you hold him he can make a second effort. If you drop him he can't. Horses have a bad mouth on the near side because they're always ridden with one hand.

"A horse wants a deal of handling at high timber. If we did not get their fore legs high enough, their knees 'ud get below it, and over they goes. Their tails often came clean bang into my face.

"A quick, safe jumper always goes from hind legs to hind legs. If a horse can't light on his hind legs he soon beats himself. Good rumps and good hind legs, them's the sort!

"In the Low Hills country it's most of it plough—the fields not more than ten acres, with a single fence with a ditch, and some with a ditch on both sides, *not very wide, but wide enough to throw a horse down.* The slower you ride at them the better. They want a handy horse—a perfect hunter, not a flying horse. In this country the horses can't stand above half an hour if the hounds keep straight on without a check.

"In the Vale [of Belvoir] the fences are tremendous when you come at them—staked and bound, wide ditches, timber very big. I once heard a reverend gent say he fairly trembled before a Vale fence, 'to think how he could get over.' And there's thirty miles, right on end, of grass all the way to Harborough.

* * * * * * * *

"When I wanted to teach a horse to leap, I took him to a very low-fixed bar, or the trunk of a tree—not more than knee-high—and held him there until I got him on his hind legs, then let him go. As likely as not he dropped on the bar; I was patient, took him to it again and again; if he turned nervous, I soothed, and waited until he had calmed down. When he went readily at a stand from his hind legs I started him at a trot or canter, and made him slowly fly the body of a tree—so as to spread himself—or four feet of water. When I began on natural fences, I began with small places—first walked and then trotted at them—and soon was able to go over them at any pace I liked.

"The thing is to give your horse *confidence;* then you may take liberties with him; but do it calmly and in good temper, and keep him in the same. At *stitchers* [wide hedges and ditches] don't go too fast, so that he cannot measure his stride, or too slow, or he may stop; many horses have been spoiled by both mistakes. Give your young horse time to get his hind legs under him. If you're too slow, or have him too hard on the curb, he bucks, does not spread himself, jumps short into a far ditch, and then down you both go.

"When you set a horse going at his jumps hold him steadily by the head, not pulling him hard; the longer you hold him steady the further he'll go. A horse does not jump furthest by going over-fast at his fences, or even at water; he wants to be able to measure his strides up to where he

bounded to the bottom of the quarry in three springs, and alighted safely on her legs. The first leap over the hedge in a straight line—the height of the hedge not included—was 18 feet 8 inches; second leap, 10 feet 6 inches; third, 10 feet; fourth, 14 feet 9 inches—total, 53 feet 11 inches.—"*Post and Paddock.*"

takes off. He can't last long in a fast run if he's not kept collected, especially over deep ground, and ridge and furrow."

Brutal horsemen have not patience for such considerate methods of making horses leap. They tumble them about until they either learn to rise or are completely cowed. Sometimes the rude method which Assheton Smith practised succeeds. I have a well-authenticated account of a horse that, after falling twenty-eight times in going across a stiffly-enclosed country, finished by jumping, clean and clever, a new high, spiked gate, and never refused afterwards. But in nine cases out of ten, in a like experiment, if the rider had not been killed the horse would have been a coward for life.

"If," said Dick Christian, "a horse gets a bad fall it frightens him, and he does not enjoy fencing like one that has never had a fall. Let a young one scramble a bit in a ditch, setting quite still on him, but not so as to get cast."

And then he gives the following conversation between two notabilities of the past generation—a hard-riding farmer and a hard-riding baronet :—

"'How do you like your new horse, Sir James?'

"'Pretty well; only he makes me nervous—he hits his timber so hard.'

"'I'll tell you what to do,' says Heycock: 'take him out by himself, quite private, and give him two or three heavy falls over timber. I always do it.'

"'God bless me, Mr. Heycock! you make my hair stand on end.' Them was Sir James's very words; and he was a precious hard 'un, too, was Sir James Musgrave.

* * * * * *

"As to water, when I begin with a young horse I walk him to it (not too wide). I don't let him go away, I never lick or spur him, and, bless you! he soon takes a delight in it."

On the same subject of making hunters and riding to hounds, a few grains, really golden grains, may be sifted from the bushels of chaff which Mr. Grantley Berkeley has manufactured into books under different titles, with the same anecdotes and illustrations presented hot, cold, and hashed up again. On the treatment of all animals he is always both sensible and humane.

"Do all you can to make your hunter *steady*, and if he makes a stumble by no means strike or spur him. If you do, the next time he makes a mistake, instead of coolly trying to save himself, he is likely to make wild scrambles to avoid your whip.

* * * * * *

"Hunters should be taught to do small places—blind ditches, and the like—deliberately, for it is in rushing wildly at such places that the worst falls take place. The horse leaps too soon, puts his fore feet he knows not where, and crashes on his head. As to the pace for riding at fences there is no rule.

"You may pull your horse into a fall by nervous hesitation just as he is about to take off, or you may gallop him wildly into a fall by causing him to take off too soon, and therefore jump either not high enough or not far enough.

"The really first-class hunter flies smoothly beneath his rider, as if his joints were fed with oil. He stretches his splendid stride as if he felt no weight upon his back, and had at the same time each leg at command, his brain and eyes both serving him; timing each step so as to safely span every grip, drain, or furrow that suddenly succeed each other, and with a few strides of *lessened* velocity bringing his fore feet *close* up to the fence, be it hedge, ditch, or brook, so as to compass it accurately—largely, if needful.

"The perfect hunter is prepared to exert his greatest power, if needful, yet never wastes his strength unnecessarily over low or narrow fences.

"The bad horseman spurs and rushes his horse at every fence, instead of reserving sharp urging for great obstacles.

"He swallows his fences as he would a nauseous dose of physic. Kicking with his armed heels, shutting his eyes, he disturbs the calculations of a really sensible hunter—feels a maddened rush, hears a crash, and is indebted to undeserved good luck if he does not find his horse in the middle of the fence, or on his back in the next field.

"The worst thing a man can do is to take his horse's attention from the work he has before him, by striking him with the whip, jagging at his mouth, or needlessly applying the spur. A hunter needs to have his mind at ease and his senses about him. If you flourish your whip or cram in your spurs when the poor dear is timing his stride so as not to take off too soon, looking whereabouts to land his feet on the outside of the fence in front, ten to one he takes off too soon, or rushes through the fence without rising at all."

At the same time Mr. Berkeley truly adds: "Men ride and go well over country in all forms. Some of the most uncouth and awkward-looking are hard to unseat, very hard to pound, and almost impossible to beat."

There are several points about timber-jumping which it is important the first-season horseman should bear in mind.

It does not follow at all that because a horse will clear six feet when fresh from his stable he will do five or even four feet cleverly at the end or in the middle of a really good run. Coarse-bred cobs may be found, that will do extraordinary things in the way of high jumps in a riding-school, at a horse-show, or in a slow run with harriers, that would shut up after galloping half a dozen fields at full speed in a stone wall country, or over a long line of stiles and locked gates, such as may be found in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire. If a young horse will jump four feet six inches freely, and in good form, it is not wise to torment him, by trying how high he can jump until he refuses or falls. Reserve the experience until the time comes when you must, with hounds running, and you and your horse, hot with excitement, either fly park palings, or high locked gates, or be left in the lurch.

If, like many capital old hunters, a horse which is a very big jumper is tender on his fore feet, he should not be taken out when the ground is very hard. There are horses that will gallop in dirt over their fetlocks, and fly their fences in the most delightful manner, that will tremble, sweat, and refuse sheep-hurdles when the ground has been dried hard by March winds.

It is a very pernicious practice to leap a horse backward and forward over the same place—alone, in cold blood. If he is sensible, he feels that you are making a fool of him; if he is inclined to be sulky, it is a sure receipt for increasing the fault.

Larking—that is, jumping real hunters without having hounds before them, merely to show what they can do, or to show off before ladies—spoils many capital horses, causing them finally to refuse. It is, if not advisable, excusable, when it assumes the form of a sort of race over a short cut home after a dull or blank day; then the horses, being in company, get excited, and perhaps even believe that they are hunting. But very good horses are spoiled by racing, because it teaches them to rush at, instead of measuring their fences. There is not one steeplechase horse in a hundred that is worth a farthing as a hunter, because the business of a steeplechaser is to get over the ground without a pause; while the best hunters and best hunting men make full use of "Deliberation's artful aid"—although they do not appear to dwell either in taking off or after landing—and only come with a rush when a thick black bullfinch or a wide water-jump bars the way. Now, if a steeplechaser dwells one second unnecessarily at thirty fences, that makes half a minute—nothing in hunting, everything in a race.

As high, stiff timber is the most dangerous to horsemen, so wide water is most fatal to horses; and yet, theoretically, water is the safest and easiest of all leaps if—there is great virtue in "if"—the landing and taking off are sound water.

Blood horses that really like water scarcely increase their natural stride to cover any ordinary brook. But few horses like water. If a horse has tumbled over a rail he may jump higher at the next; but if a horse, by his own or his rider's fault, jumps short, and gets into deep water, it is very difficult to get him to face a brook again; and when a horse sees the water, and gradually refuses—"shuts up" is the professional phrase—no horseman in the world can get him over a wide place—unless in a boat.

There is no way in which hunters break their backs so often as in jumping at a brook. If they fail to land with their hind legs, the weight of the rider breaks or fatally strains the spine.

The reason that brooks of even moderate width—say fifteen or sixteen feet (a distance which any well-bred galloway can cover in his stride) stop fox-hunters is that both horses and riders are afraid—the horse of falling, the rider of getting wet and rheumatism. If the brook is full to the brim the shining surface alone will stop most horses at fifty yards' distance; if, on the other hand, it runs between steep banks, the horsemen of a prudent age, even if they ride at it, begin to think how they are to get out if they get in, and their horses find out their "weak knees." There is no saying more true than the way to get over a fence is to "throw your heart over it, and the horse will follow if he can."

Many horses jump short when put at wide water because they rise in the air, instead of skimming, as perfect water-jumpers do. In most cases the taking off at water is bad: if level, marshy, and cut up by cattle drinking; if high, rotten with the burrows of water-rats and the eating away of winter floods.

With firm turf to gallop on and take off from, a bold horseman and horse have repeatedly cleared thirty feet, but twelve feet of a brimming brook will stop the best part of a large field.

I remember once, with the Surrey Stag Hounds, when hunting slowly, leaping into a field of some fifty acres, at the bottom of which ran a brook certainly not fifteen feet wide, brimful, and shining bright as silver under an April sun. "Drive down as hard as you can," said a steeplechasing friend; "you'll never get over if you give any one time to refuse." As soon done as said, my thorough-bred scrambling a little on the landing side. Looking back, I beheld the extraordinary spectacle of some three hundred horses refusing, like a mob of irregular cavalry startled at a shell bursting, all over the field. Some prudent gentlemen had ridden down to look; their horses refused, and a cohort including many undeniable hunters followed suit. The great difficulty of water is that you have to negotiate it without having time to choose your taking off, on which, in a very big jump, everything depends. It is in such cases that local knowledge comes in, and enables the experienced man to choose the one solid spot for "having it," while strangers on better horses are beaten by the ground before they make the supreme effort.

The whole theory of riding at water is summed up in the lines—

> "Harden your heart and catch hold of the bridle—
> Steady him! Rouse him! Over he goes!"

The fact is, that if a horse has blood, stride, condition, and courage; if he be willing to jump ten feet of water (which he can do standing), and you are willing, he will surely clear five-and-twenty, *if he can get fairly at it.* But a really willing, clever horse, without blood or stride, cannot get over wide water. In nine cases out of ten he is beaten before he gets to it; for wide water which must be jumped is rarely met at the commencement of a run with fox-hounds.

Many years ago, when I rode under eleven stone, a friend invited me to join a breakfast-party on the last day of the season, with a pack of harriers, when a hind was to be turned out, and promised to "put me up on a snaffle-bridle cob that never had refused a fence." This turned out to be a very intelligent-looking galloway, which had gained a great reputation that season while "hunting of the hare."

As a matter of course, we started at score, over a well-selected country, with a good many low stiles and high banks. Over stiles the cob, at first, hopped like a kangaroo, and climbed steep banks "like a fly on a wall;" but after a time the unaccustomed pace began to tell, and he blundered over a set of sheep-hurdles (with the snaffle I was quite unable to collect my game but out-paced little animal), and I was very grateful for a check at a thick plantation. Out of the plantation we galloped down a fifty-acre field, towards a brimful, sluggish, not very wide brook. I had a capital start, and as it was a very steep incline—I had been accustomed to hills—away I went, as hard as I could. Before me was only one horseman, a jockey-looking personage on a racehorse-looking animal. When we got within twenty yards of the brook, it was over fetlock-deep in stiff clay. The blood horse galloped on, and without an effort took the water in his stride. With spurs in, determined "to do or drown," I pressed on, the cob declining at every yard, until at the brink he dwelt for a second, and then plunged into the middle. Fortunately the impetus sent us close up to the opposite bank, on which, wet to the waist, I climbed, while the exhausted cob laid his head on a bank of rushes, and there rested, until, apparently refreshed by his cold bath, he answered the pulls of the reins and flicks of the hunting-whip, and struggled out with a great effort. All the field, except the steeplechaser, a farmer with a horse to sell, and myself, had crossed by a cattle-bridge not ten yards out of the line, although out of sight. I rode back, for the day was hopelessly lost, a damper and wiser man, and never afterwards attempted water or stag-hunting on a coarse-bred one, however clever.

Nothing can convey a better idea of how a big water-jump is cleared by a fine horseman on a fine horse than the following extract from a novel quoted at the commencement of this chapter. The speakers are an earl, "whose familiarity with the country now stood him in good stead, though *the fine horsemanship and unshaken nerve of twenty years ago were gone never to return*," and his daughter, a "girl of the period," the warm-hearted and slangy Lady Julia.

"These two [the Duke M. F. H. and Walter] seemed the only two inclined to face the water. Lady Julia and her father exchanged looks of intelligence. The young lady spoke first—

"'He means to have it! Papa, I knew he would. Look! he has set him a-going. How well he rides him! I wish I had a thousand (in gloves) on the event!'

"'No hunter in England can jump that water, Ju,' answered the earl; 'he'll break his horse's back, and then he'll be sorry he did not come with us to the ford.'

"Walter had leapt Fugleman over *an awkward place, under a tree, in order to obtain a fair, sound headland, with a fall in his favour leading straight away to the water's edge.* It was the masterly manner in which he increased his horse's pace down the incline that elicited Lady Julia's enthusiasm. Fugleman's ears were pointed, his head was up; he had no more thought of refusing than his rider; at the pace they were going it must be in or over.

"'It's even betting! It's five to two! It's a guinea to a shilling!' exclaimed her ladyship, as Fugleman's quick, determined strokes bore him stride by stride towards his effort.

"'I tell you it's impossible,' answered her father. 'Ju, *don't* be so slangy.'

"'It's a monkey to a mousetrap!' added the girl, looking demurely into his face. 'Papa, the mousetrap's mine!'

"As she spoke Fugleman landed safely on the further bank, made a false step, a short stride, recovered himself, and was away once more after the hounds at his long, easy gallop."

FALLING.

When a man says that he never has a fall, you may take it for granted, if it be true, that he never rides hard except where he perfectly knows the country and the geography of both sides of every fence he puts his horse at; that he never comes across an unexpected grip or blind ditch—

A WATER-JUMP.

in a word, that he and his horse never make a mistake. If a man has very perfect horses, is never in a hurry, always picks his places, and always leaves off the moment his horse is tired, he may ride many seasons without a fall. But a man must be both very rich and a very good judge to find horses that never make a mistake, either galloping or leaping, and must enjoy a prudence of character that would rob youth of all its enthusiasm and half its pleasure.

At the same time, while falls are to be avoided if possible, they are to be taken as coolly as possible when they come. Those who are not afraid, and therefore not flurried, are the least likely to be hurt.

Some—these are the finest horsemen—never leave the saddle in a fall, and are ready to recover their horse at the first opportunity; such have the horseman's structure—light, muscular, long limbs. Others—very good men in the hunting-field, but quite unfit to ride steeplechases or races—short,

thick-thighed, with "wash ball" seats, are pretty sure to roll off the instant their horse tumbles on his head. It is a disputed point which meet with the fewer accidents.

In one year—alluded to in the note to page 5—I must have ridden more than thirty strange horses, in strange countries, and that as hard as I knew how. I had many falls—that is, the horses frequently fell—sometimes inevitably, sometimes from want of knowledge of the country, or of the horse, or from simply bad riding. A single link more or less in a curb-chain will often make the difference between a hunter going pleasantly or pulling and rushing. In that year I was several times severely bruised and shaken, but never broke any bones or was disabled from my daily responsible duties. This is not said by way of self-praise, but simply as encouragement to young horsemen in their first season.

Rules for falling there are never likely to be of any use. Dick Christian, whose trade was to manufacture hunters at steam-pace out of rare blood-horses, says :—

"When a horse made his start to jump I always knew if he was going to fall. I prepared myself: I could clap my hands on his withers, get clear of him, and keep my reins too." It is quite a point of honour with hunting-men to keep fast hold of the reins in a fall if possible.

Dick Christian was never displaced except when a horse fell; therefore he held opinions suited to a young horseman who had not acquired the instinct of sticking to the saddle under the most difficult circumstances. He says :—

"Gentlemen gets falls very bad; you see, they generally ride old horses, and old ones fall like a clod. If they get into difficulties they won't try to get out. They are like that when they get ten years old; they haven't the animation of a young horse. The young ones will still try to struggle themselves right, and will not touch you if they can help it. I'll be bound to be safer riding twenty young horses than one old one."

Observations in which there is a fund of truth, but which should not encourage an inexperienced horseman to experiment on any horse not really and truly a hunter.

One of the best points about hunting is that a day's sport, whether good or bad, affords a sportsman much room for afterthought. A man second in his literary and artistic accomplishments to few members of the House of Commons wrote: "Thinking over a good run well ridden is as good or better than riding it. Even a dashing rider is apt to feel some anxiety (not alarm, but anxiety) as each big fence (the landing a mystery) rises before him; but in chewing the cud afterwards, how he slashes over them, knowing then what the landing is to be!" *

To this candid bit of self-confession must be added a word of much-needed advice. The battle of the hunt should be fought over again in silence, or to your wife, sister, sweetheart, or confidant; at table let others talk, or talk of others. Old men, especially if they are very rich, are apt to grow into egotistical bores; but a young man who dwells on the performances of himself and his horse is not only an ass, but an ass of a very offensive kind. Perhaps one of the most absurd scenes for a calm bystander is a party of undergraduates after a good day's hunting; all have ridden as hard as they could, and are talking at once of the irrepressible *ego*.

Not Cæsar was more picturesquely brief than the huntsman who summed up a rare run with—"The hounds ran like h—, and the old mare carried me like ile!"

For a really perfect sketch of a fine run there never was anything better written than the scene between the Duke and his Duchess, between his bath and his dinner-dressing, which is given in "The Brooks of Bridlemere." The following description of a first-class horseman, by the laureate of Northamptonshire, was, there was no secret, meant for Captain Anstruther

* Charles Buxton's "Notes of Thought."

Thompson, when he hunted the Pytchley Hounds; who was a Master of hounds while still a cornet in the 9th Lancers. He stood over six feet two, had not a superfluous ounce of flesh on his bones, and with his own or some other hounds hunted every day of the week in the season, from November to May, in the woodlands, besides cub-hunting in August, September, and October.

"A RUM ONE TO FOLLOW, A BAD ONE TO BEAT."

"Come, I'll give you the health of a man we all know,
A man we all swear by, a friend of our own.
With the hounds running hardest, he's safest to go,
And he's often in front, and he's often alone—
A rider unequalled—a sportsman complete:
A rum one to follow, a bad one to beat.

"As he sits on the saddle, a baby could tell
He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare;
He has science and nerve, and decision as well—
He knows where he's going, and means to be there.

"We threw off at the Castle, we found in the holt;
Like wildfire the beauties went streaming away,
From the rest of the field he came out like a bolt,
And he tackled to work like a schoolboy at play.

"'Twas a caution, I vow, but to see the man ride!
O'er the rough and the smooth he went sailing along,
And what Providence sent him he took in his stride,
Though the ditches were deep and the fences were strong.

"Ere they'd run for a mile there was room in the front;
Such a scatter and squander you never did see!
And I honestly own I'd been out of the hunt,
But the broad of his back was the beacon for me:
So I kept him in sight, and was proud of the feat—
This rum one to follow, this bad one to beat!

* * * * *

"For a place I liked better I hastened to seek,
But the place I liked better I sought for in vain;
And I honestly own, if the truth I must speak,
That I never caught sight of my leader again."

The "Unknown" (see page 437), writes a Leicestershire sportsman of forty years' experience, "was the most extraordinary creature I ever saw. John Bennett used to ride him over posts and rails as high as ox-pens, and every kind of place; and pounded the whole field. At 'Crick,' on one occasion, where hounds were running hard, the place being rails and over a watering where you would have thought he must have come down; but, no, there he was up to the hounds alone. He surpassed anything I ever saw in the shape of horseflesh."

TO LADIES HUNTING.

Whether the hunting-field is a proper place for ladies is a question not worth arguing, because it is one in which mere argument is not likely to alter convictions or control tastes. Although many ladies have been persuaded to attend the meets and ride more or less hard with hounds, by the arguments of lovers or husbands, by the example of friends, or by the incalculable force of propinquity, the instances are very rare in which a lady who had really enjoyed hunting, who continued to reside in a hunting country, and been able to afford to keep hunters and ride them, has given up the sport on the ground of its being unfeminine or improper. Sometimes loss of health, sometimes diminished income, sometimes the cares of an increasing family, rob the hunting-field of its brightest ornaments. Sometimes ladies who have been the gayest of the gay, and even the fastest of the fast, renounce hunting, with other worldly amusements, in favour of some ascetic form of devotion; but they do not expunge hunting alone from relaxation; they give it up with dancing, theatres, novel-reading, because they are pleasant amusements, and because they have arrived at the conclusion that everything that is pleasant is wrong. Women, like men, who feel at home on horseback, hunt because they enjoy it, and give it up when they cease to enjoy it, without any profound arguments either way.

The habit of making excuses for indulgences that are pleasant was never better satirised than by Quin, the actor, who, entering a tavern, in the days when gentlemen frequented taverns, and

hearing one fop drawl out, "Waiter! give me a glass of brandy and water, because I am so hot;" and another of the same tribe, "Waiter! give me a glass, because I am so cold," roared out in his gruffest tones, "Waiter! give me a glass, because I like it." Right or wrong, the taste of ladies for the hunting-field extends amongst us with the annual increase of wealth and luxury. The number of women who really can ride up to hounds will always remain limited, being most probably in tolerably near proportion to the percentage of first-flight men out of a Quorn or Pytchley field.

In the last, and beginning of the present, century, before the third pommel of the side-saddle was invented, very few ladies rode to hounds. One of the most distinguished was the Marchioness of Salisbury—grandmother of the Cabinet Minister of 1874—who was burned to death in Hatfield House on the 13th of November, 1833, in her eighty-fifth year.

"Old Lady Salisbury," says Tom Raikes, "was one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a half-sister of the late Marquis of Downshire (misprinted 'Devonshire' in the Diary);* she was one of the beauties of the day, famed for her equestrian exploits. In early life she hunted with Mr. Meynell's hounds at Quorn, in Leicestershire. Till a late period she constantly hunted with the Hatfield Hounds, in a sky-blue habit, with black velvet collar and a jockey cap, riding as hard as any sportsman in the field. Her Sunday (card) parties and suppers in Arlington Street continued for nearly half a century to attract all the most distinguished society of London. She was the last remnant of what may be called the 'old school' in England, who for many years gave the *ton* to society. Remarkable for her fine figure, with the high-bred manners of a *grande dame*, Lady Salisbury scrupulously adhered to the state of former days. She always went to Court in a sedan-chair, with splendid liveries; she drove out in a low phaeton, with four black ponies, postilions, and outriders. At night (after the introduction of gas) her carriage was known by the flambeaux of her footmen."

The *grande dames* are all gone. A peeress who attempted Sunday card-parties, visible to beholders walking in the Green Park, would be likely to have her windows smashed. There is not one sedan-chair in London. The only relic of flambeaux is to be found in the iron extinguishers still remaining over the doors of a few town mansions; while ponies, postilions, and outriders are rarely seen, except on the carriages of Royalty; but hunting flourishes more than ever, and the manners and customs of the hunting-field are softened by the presence of numerous noble matrons and virgins. Unfortunately, on the other hand, the multiplication of pheasant preserves has reduced the fox-hunting merits of Herts to a low scale; and the two last noble owners of Hatfield have not been fox-hunters.

In order to encourage the enriched mothers of the middle class, I venture making an exception from the rule of this book, and to name amongst the noble mothers of families who are distinguished as accomplished horsewomen in the hunting-field—the Countess of Macclesfield, from whose hands, during his residence at Oxford, the Prince of Wales received his first lessons in the art of fox-hunting; the Countess of Coventry, seldom second when she rides with her husband's hounds; the Countess of Yarborough, whom the scarlet-coated Wold-men of Lincolnshire swear by. A list might be completed, which would fill a page, of other mothers and daughters of high position.

When a lady hunts it is absolutely essential for the peace of mind of her friends that she should be properly equipped, provided with a horse she can control—"up to her weight," "up to the country"—and clever enough to leap any reasonable obstacle. Courage is important in the lady's hunter for her comfort, but docility is essential for her safety.

* "Diary and Reminiscences of Social Life, from 1831 to 1847, by Thomas Raikes, Esq."

A young horseman is not fit for a second season of the hunting-field if he has not pluck and enthusiasm enough to take his chance on any horse that looks like a hunter, leaving the perfectly-finished animal for the aged, the crippled, the nervous.

It is youth's business—

"To tame the wild young one, inspirit the old;
The restive, the runaway, handle and hold,"

but that is not the part or the place of a lady. It is quite sufficient, if she has hands, seat, and courage enough, on a perfectly-made hunter, to follow the lead of a judicious pilot.

The stamp of hunter for a lady who really means to "ride to hounds" is shown in the engraving, from a portrait of one in Lord Calthorpe's stud, at page 354, a combination of blood and power; also in a coloured picture of a very famous stag-hunting horse; the seat, and style of holding the reins for a lady hunting, at page 373.

Provided the horse has the courageous placidity of temper and the finished education which make a lady's hunter, the next point is that he should be well up to the fair rider's weight. To make sure of this she must, however unwilling, go into the scales, and a full allowance be made for the saddle, which will be nearer eighteen pounds than fourteen. A light saddle for hunting is a mistake.

The pocket of a hunting side-saddle should be large, and arranged so as not to catch against anything. Although it is assumed that some one will always be in attendance on a lady hunting, gentlemen get overpowered by the enthusiasm of the chase, grooms get thrown out, and the flask of wine and water and sandwich-case, which ought to be attached to the saddle, may be urgently needed and not at hand.

The best form of hunting-bridle for a lady is that made by Messrs. Whippy, for Captain Percy Williams, the curb-rein of which can be shortened or lengthened as required, and either lie on the neck of the horse or be taken up in the full grasp of a small hand.

The hunting-habit should be as short as possible, kept down by a loop over one foot, an expedient all hunting-tailors understand, and it should never on any consideration be lined with leather, or any material that will not tear and give liberty, in case of its catching in a fence.

A lady, unless she has a perfectly competent and devoted male friend, should always be accompanied by a real hunting-groom, mounted on at least as fast and clever a horse as her own. Without going so far as Anthony Trollope's Miss Carbuncle,* and saying that "gentlemen cannot open gates," it is far better to have a professional gate-opener than see the admirer, who was all pleasant attentions in the morning, getting bored and wearied towards the close of a chequered day—a change that is very likely to take place if politeness has lost him a good start in a good run.

Ladies should never attempt to go first—to "cut out the work," as the phrase is—in a strange country, because, while falls now and then are a matter of course with a forward horseman, a fall with a lady is a very serious thing, not to be contemplated. She cannot get away from her horse like a man; she may be disfigured, if she is not seriously injured; or she may cut a very ridiculous figure in her trousers without a skirt—an incident which really happened to the daughter of a distinguished Master of hounds, and was immortalised by John Leech.

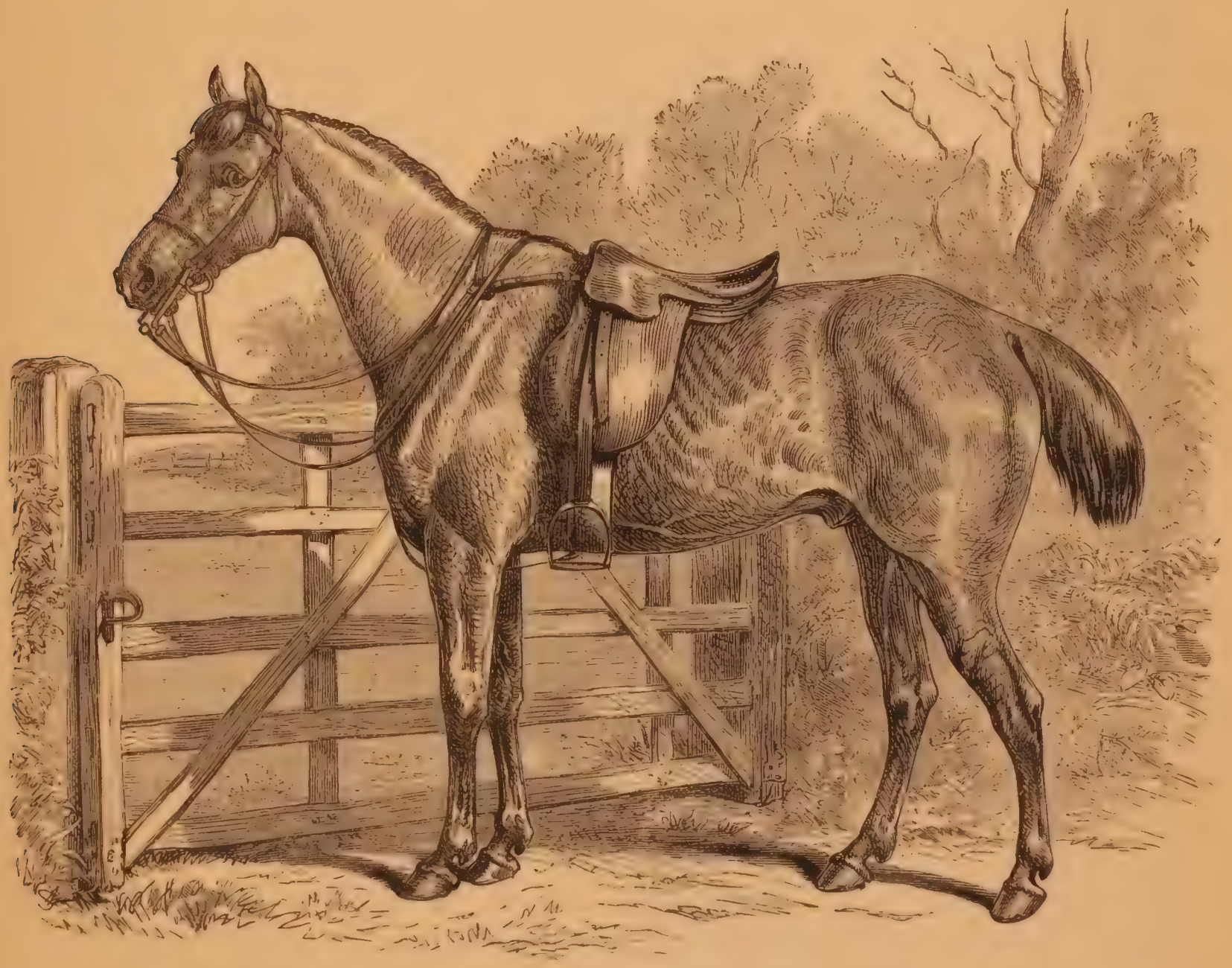
Therefore, if ladies are competent and determined to really ride, they should always have a pilot. Young admirers and young farmers may generally be found ready to accept an office which requires quite as much discretion as courage, and a minute knowledge of the country.

* "The Eustace Diamonds."

The task becomes more difficult when there are two or more ladies anxious to be in the first flight, and, like Lady Eustace, to outride some female friend.

Great ladies have been known to pay pilots--certainly an admirable plan if expense is not an objection. Professionals always excel amateurs where orders have to be obeyed, and dry work has to be done.

It was generally understood that the Honourable Mrs. Jack V., who was near-sighted and a very hard rider with the Northamptonshire and Leicestershire Hounds, paid the steeplechaser,



THE UNKNOWN (*see pp.* 404 *and* 434).

Jem Mason, four hundred pounds for his services as pilot every season. If it were so it was not an unreasonable fee for the advantage of the best leader over the best country in England. It would have had its drawbacks, no doubt, with a person of sensitive feelings; for although Jem in the matter of person and costume was second in aristocratic appearance to no member of the "upper ten," the stable-boy's education stood confessed when, in moments of excitement, he opened his mouth. The adjectives with which he bade Mrs. V. to put on the steam at a *yawner* were much more expressive than polite.

So far I have been treating of the select few—hard as pin-wire, fierce as goshawks, jealous as *soprani*—but so few that they might generally be conveyed to cover-side in one family

brougham; and I have been leaving out of consideration the professional ladies who pursue and improve their business as horsebreakers in the hunting-field with extraordinary skill and nerve—a very useful class. These perfectly well know how to take care of themselves. Young ladies may derive many useful hints by noting, in silence, their performances. But there are a very considerable number of ladies who like, or would like hunting, but who are, not unwisely, unprepared to expose themselves to "serious accidents by flood and field;" who, when hounds are running, prefer galloping round to a bridge, at the risk of losing a run, to the chance of a ducking; who decline to have anything to say to gates that cannot be burst open, or the bullfinches which are taking toll in rags of scarlet coats. As observed in a previous chapter, a lady who can gallop without losing her breath or her nerve, who can sit her horse in comfort over the average leaps, will, even in a flying country, with the assistance of the numerous hand-gates that are put up in all fashionable counties, and the many gaps that are established by the advanced guard of men, see a great deal of sport, and have quite as much riding as is good for most women, without doing anything to be talked about.

Ladies of this, which I will call second class, who are really well mounted, and who really possess the courage which proceeds from skill and fairly good nerves—not the audacity which is the result of ignorance and vanity—are a delightful addition to the pleasures of the hunting-field. They are happy, and they look graceful and happy. They do not alarm you by attempting feats which, unless perfectly well mounted, are much better left to men. They do not shock your taste by familiarity with persons who, though very well in their saddles, are not fit familiar companions for a lady—at least, a young lady. A middle-aged woman of fortune can do anything she likes without exciting the anxious sympathies of lookers-on, whether she is ducked in a brook or rides home in a fly *tête-à-tête* with a horsebreaker.

The young ladies who really are a nuisance in the field are those who, with neither seat nor hands, or mounted on coarsely-bred, under-conditioned brutes, with "lovely heads and flowing tails," will, in the hopes of exciting admiration, thrust themselves into positions in which they are as much out of place as in a Grand National Steeplechase. If their galloway jumps at all, they are continually asking some victim for a lead. They help to crowd into a gateway when hounds are getting away, although they have no more chance of riding straight through three fields than of jumping a twenty-foot brook; and they are as loud in calling attention to merits, beauties, and performances of an animal that would be dear at twenty pounds, as if it were one of the beauties of the Brocklesby stud. The fault of these young ladies—they are generally young, and often very charming on foot—is that they do not accept their proper position, which is in the third class of the hunting-field, with the old squires who have lost their nerves, the fat farmers on fat green colts, and the numerous tribe who love hunting, but honestly admit to themselves that they have not the least idea of keeping up with the hounds if the pace much exceeds ten miles an hour, or the leaps are beyond the powers of a sporting donkey.

Guided by local knowledge, these old hands rattle away along bridle-roads, by short and crafty cuts through woods, farmsteads, dells, and dingles, and continually turn up in the most unexpected places, close to the pack, to the infinite disgust of the young gentlemen who, having honestly ridden every yard, feel themselves robbed of half the credit of their performances.

"If your horse is not up to your weight or to the country," or if your nerve is not equal to the work of the day, the fault of having attempted and made a ridiculous failure is multiplied tenfold by pretending afterwards that you did or could, but for some accident that never happened, ride in a place to which neither you nor your horse was ever equal. This rule applies to both sexes in the hunting-field, but ladies should particularly avoid placing themselves in positions where, in spite of

all manner of charms, they are considered, to say the least, very troublesome. On the other hand, there are not a few examples of ladies bred in town, and transplanted under favourable auspices to the country, who have commenced by riding the lanes on a pony, advanced to a slow, steady old hunter, and finished, well mounted, by taking up a position in good runs as advanced as their warmest admirers could desire. Given the natural strength, nerve, and taste for sport, the rest is merely a matter of experience and expense; the last being an essential ingredient in the hunting of ladies. The hunter of a lady who really means "to ride" in a good county must be *perfect*, and *perfection* is always costly. As a rule, if otherwise suitable, a lady's hunter should not be less than 15 hands 2 inches high, otherwise the habit becomes unpleasantly loaded and draggled with mud on wet days.

The subject of the dress of *amazones* has been very fully treated in Chapter XVI.; but it is important to add that ladies returning from hunting by rail should be well provided with cloaks and rugs, because, after the exhaustion of a good day, the inevitable draughts of a railway-carriage are apt to give severe colds. If circumstances do not admit of a complete change of clothing on dismounting, before travelling home by road or rail, it is very desirable that the boots and stockings should be exchanged for warm, dry pairs, which may easily be rolled in the waterproof overcoat carried by the groom.

BOYS AND GIRLS HUNTING.

As soon as children who have ponies of their own can ride, there is no reason that they should not hunt, if hounds of any kind meet conveniently near, and many reasons why they should. A useful art cannot be learned too early in life. Riding to hounds, like dancing, is one of the accomplishments much better learned at the age when mankind most easily submit to reproof, and are strongly influenced by example.

Little girls "to the manner born" perform extraordinary feats in the hunting-field on ponies; but these little wonders are always mountain-bred, and however small, have the true hunting shape. Therefore, ponies required to carry children with hounds should be selected with more care as to their symmetry and courage than if merely wanted for the road.

CHAPTER XXI.

PREPARATION OF THE HUNTER FOR—TREATMENT IN AND AFTER—HUNTING.

Importance of Condition in a Hunter—Results of Ignorance Fifty Years Ago—A Brutal Age—Anecdote of Sir Harry Vane Tempest—"Nimrod" (Apperley)—The Reformer in Treating Hunters—Hunters Rarely Die of Over-Exertion now—Winter Condition to be Preserved through the Summer—Horses in Daily Use in Summer Stand Hunting Best in Winter—Equally Important for Cobs or Ponies—Condition Explained by a Correspondent of *The Field*—How to Train a Stud of Hunters—Where Expense is not an Object—Value of Oats and Beans—How to Sweat a Hunter—Exercise—Flannel Bandages—Water—Must be Pure—Colonel Fitzwygram's Plan—A Summer's Run for Hunters in a Carriage—Dick Christian's Plan of Training—Use of Sawdust instead of Straw—How to Treat Hunters during a Frost or Snow-storm—Importance of Mashes—How to Make Them—Value of Water in the Hunting-field—After Hunting Hard Rest—At First Shelter—Gruel, how Made—How to Treat and Feed a Tired Horse—Importance of Fresh Air and Warm Clothing—Tired Horses to be Gruelled before they are Groomed—Mud Fever—A great Pest—Three Letters on—Hot Water and Bandages—Cold Water and Bandages—No Water and Bandages—No Bandages no Water—Clipping and Singeing—Origin of—Both Plans Described—Necessity no Longer Disputed—New Clipping Machine Superseded Scissors—How to Clip Legs—Leave Nose, Eyes, and Ears Alone—Hunting Dress—To be Studied for Comfort—Great Improvement in this Generation—George the Fourthian Style Described—The Principles of Modern Hunting Coat—Colours—Scarlet for Choice—Waistcoat with Warm Back Flap-Pockets—Breeches—Decline, Fall, and Rise Again of Leather Breeches—Breeches-cutting a Fine Art—Boots, Varieties of Tops—Napoleons—Butchers—History and Description—Gloves—Buckskins no Longer Worn—Whips—Spurs—The Hunting-Box—Principles of Construction—Warmth—Ventilation—Supplies of Water, Hot and Cold—Aim Maximum of Comfort, Minimum of Servants—Hunting Cottage for Six Bachelors Described—Or One Married Man—Ground-floor Dressing-room—How Furnished—Baths, Variety of—Drying-room for Cloths—Kitchen, its Hot-Water Boilers—Doors, a New Style—Covered Passage to Stable—Lamps, Use of—Sportsmen's Fare—Principles of—Quickly Cooked—Appetising—Digestible, Nourishing—No Dishes that Require Punctuality—How to Arrange a Series, from Soup to Cheese, and Nothing Spoiled—Breakfasts—Various Tastes—The Fox-Hunting Sandwich Case—A Hunting-Meet Breakfast—How to Give.

To make the best of a hunter he must be properly trained, before the hunting season commences, into the condition required for extraordinary exertions in galloping and leaping; he must be treated with due consideration during the hours of hunting, judiciously cared for on his way home and after he reaches home.

Fifty years ago it was quite common to hear, after a very severe run in a fashionable county, of numbers of horses disabled for the season, and some killed in the field. In a brutal, bull-fighting, dog-fighting, man-fighting age,* it seems, from the accounts of great runs, to have been considered almost a sign of spirit in a sportsman to have ridden his horse to death.

You seldom hear of any accident of the kind now, for two reasons: condition is better understood, and it is no longer the practice to bleed exhausted horses.

English fox-hunters owe a deep debt of gratitude to "Nimrod" (Apperley) for his "Letters on the Condition of Hunters," published in the first quarter of the present century. His arguments

* Sir Harry Vane Tempest, the maternal grandfather of the present Marquis of Londonderry, who died, aged forty, in 1813, was one of the handsomest men of his time, and good-natured; yet he made a bet with Harvey Aston that he would knock down the first man that came into the stand at Newmarket, and won it. The turf, hunting, boxing, cockfighting, and drinking—the last killed him—were his pursuits; he did not gamble. He caused some sensation in 1799 by winning the Doncaster St. Leger with "Cockfighter," and riding him in the Park on Sunday, ten days afterwards—the Park being then crowded by the fashionable world. From Sir Harry the Marquis of Londonderry inherits the Durham Winyard property.—*Raikes' Journal.*

were not always as sound as his conclusions. Before "Nimrod" revolutionised the system of training hunters it was the custom, at the end of the hunting season, to turn a stud, the sound as well as the sick, out to grass on the richest pastures that could be got. Thus, every autumn, before the hunting season commenced, all the hard muscular condition of the previous season having been lost, it became necessary to spend valuable time in getting rid of the grass-fat of those hunters that did not come up broken-winded, or otherwise unsound, from the effects of their summer run, to the serious detriment of their legs and feet, before commencing their training for fast work.

Condition means the highest degree of health combined with the utmost muscular and respiratory powers.

The two extremes of *condition* are presented by a horse quite fat after six months on the grass of a rich pasture, and a racehorse trained until he is all bone and muscle, raced until he can with difficulty be kicked along a road, and can only be made to gallop by the instinct of the racecourse, and the hands and spurs of the jockey. There are, of course, many sub-varieties of bad condition; as, for instance, the mean man's hunter, with half the proper allowance of oats, hunted twice a week, or the ignorant, rich man's stud, whose horses, stuffed with corn and beans for the benefit of the corn-dealer, stay idle in the stable to save the groom's trouble.

Stated roundly, "Nimrod's" theory—now generally accepted—was that when once a hunter was in hard condition he should never be allowed to fall out of it until he was invalided; that he should be fed with a proportion of oats in summer, be kept in gentle exercise, and should only be entirely rested and fed on grass or soft food when really sick, or suffering from overwork in his feet or legs.

The treatment of hunters disabled in the course of a hunting season will be described in a future chapter. The common sense of "Nimrod's" theory was very soon made clear to hunting-men. Prizefighting was one of the fashions of the day, and it was noted that Cribb, Belcher, and other fighting celebrities, were more easily trained for the prize-ring, when fresh from work, than when they had led the life of publicans; and that in the same way, horses always fed on dry, compact food—good hay and oats—and exercised, not tired out, were ready to go through a hard run, or a long, dragging day in November, without ill effects; while those which had been fed on grass all the summer were not "fit" before Christmas, when they did not die of inflammation, after a brilliant performance. Even at the present day, when every stud-groom understands the value of condition, cavalry officers on their second chargers, and men who ride horses that have had "a summer's run" as leaders in a drag, or as phaeton pairs, will generally be found in the best places in long, hard runs, on the autumn side of Christmas.

Condition is as essential for a cob or pony intended to hunt as for a blood hunter, because in the excitement of the chase every one is apt to forget the limits of equine endurance.

There is no fall so dangerous as that of a pumped-out half-conditioned animal, for he not only tumbles over a sheep-hurdle three feet high, or a ditch four feet wide, but lies on you after he has tumbled.

The value of condition is remarkably well summed up in the following extract from a letter which appeared in *The Field* in October, 1872:—

"Certainly no animal can reach the full development of symmetry and strength except on the foundation of good food and plenty of it. If a horse once gets weak and low during the summer, he will not be got fit to go through a quick thing before Christmas; and the chances are that if he is called upon for severe exertion before that time his whole system will be upset, or his heart broken (or, as it is technically termed, he will be outfaced), and he will be spoilt for ever after.

"If good food is a necessity during the summer months, much more is it a *sine quâ non* during the season. The hay must be of the choicest upland growth, well got and old, clean and sweet-scented. Oats must be selected with thin skins and full body; and beans, above all, must be of a sample which has age as well as quality to recommend it. Good old beans are the sportsman's greatest comfort. They will land him over a stiff fence when almost every horse is scrambling with fatigue; they will carry him up a hill in a last five minutes, when tails are shaking and others are reduced to a painful trot; and they will bring him home a twenty miles jog without a trip or stumble. You may almost make a certainty of naming the stables where they are in use from the way in which your friends get through the homeward journey after a long tiring day; and still more might you detect them if you could inspect joints and sinews the next morning. To ride a faint, half-dropping horse home along a dark, rough road, with each moment bringing a keener expectancy of a fall, and with each mile nearer dinner lessening the hope of a safe arrival, is alone enough to spoil the satisfaction of a good day; and any one who has experienced it must thank his stars when he finds himself on a strong and sure conveyance. But beans, like powerful drugs, must be given with caution and discrimination; and they require plenty of work and an already seasoned system to co-operate with. If given to a youthful or inflammatory subject, their effects are likely to be baneful instead of useful; and they may set up humour and inflammation to an alarming extent. Thus no horse under six years old should know the sight of a bean; nor should any member of the stud have them till he has settled down to his regular autumn work.

"The first half of condition being a good summering, the other half consists of plenty of slow work, and as much *strapping* as you can give him. Nothing brings out muscle, hardens the flesh, and gives the blood a healthy circulation like thorough strapping—not a mere surface wisping such as an ostler will give a fly horse, but such strapping as a Melton groom (and no men understand condition as they do) will see laid into each of his charges daily, till the pores of both horse and man open freely. A good strapper will go at it with a will, and stick to it till every part of the horse's body has resounded to his vigorous strokes; and a horse who has had the benefit of three months of such preparation will throw off blows and raps like a prizefighter's face. His skin and flesh have attained such a tough and healthy state that there is no tendency to inflammation, and a scratch or bang that at another time would stop him in his work now causes no ill effects whatever."

The orthodox mode of getting a stud of hunters into condition, which will include some young horses fat from the breeder's grass-farm or the dealer's stable, is extremely well given in the following extracts from a manual, out of print, already quoted:—

"When a horse has been resting in the stable some time on high feeding, and his secretions have become foul—a state which ought never to occur in a gentleman's stable—bran mashes, given for three successive days, may be followed by a mild dose of physic—that is, mild in proportion to his size and constitution. Moderate doses repeated will be found more effective and much safer than strong doses."

The following ball is recommended as an aperient:—

"Four drachms of aloes,
Two of Peruvian bark,
Two of resin,
Two of ginger."

Regular exercise to be continued before and after it has acted. (But this seems excessive; two, or at most, three drachms of aloes are enough for a full-sized hunter.)

But some horses will be violently purged by doses that will not touch others. Unless "the secretions of the horse become thoroughly clean and healthy after the first dose has ceased to act, give another ball, composed of Barbadoes aloes, Peruvian bark, sulphate of iron, and powdered resin, two drachms each, every Saturday night, together with copious bran and linseed mashes, until the desired effect is attained."

But in studs of horses of moderate extent, where all except cripples are made useful all the year round, either under saddle or in harness, as long as they are in health, and kept in health by

a copious mash at least once a week—if on very high feed, twice a week—they will require no physic.

This mash should be composed of a quartern of oats for each horse, and a pint of linseed boiled at least three hours, then thrown into one or more glazed red pottery-pans, mixed with as much bran as will bring it to the proper damp condition of a mash, covered with a cloth, and left until it is quite or nearly cold, according as each horse prefers it. The object of adding the oats is to give it an appetising flavour which will tempt many horses that refuse a plain bran mash. A little salt, or for a sick horse treacle, may be added with advantage.

In the last generation the practice of bleeding and physicking man and beast on the slightest or without any excuse was universal. The purging mania still prevails in some stables, as well as that of giving mysterious balls, condition balls, urine balls, and putting nitre and other nasty messes in the horses' water.

Nothing of the kind should ever be permitted, except on competent medical advice. Scores of horses are still killed every year through the quackery of grooms and uneducated farriers.

On the point of forbidding bleeding and physicking the master should be peremptory, whether he himself understands anything about horses or not.

The object being to prepare the hunter, without reducing him to a racing skeleton, so that his condition shall afford the maximum of activity, stoutness, and wind. "This * must be done by hard, long-continued, but not quick work, and by hard and often-repeated food. The hunter (six years old and upwards) should have as many beans † as oats, with some sweet hay-chaff, and as much water as he will drink. His exercise should be not less than five hours walking daily—viz., divided into the morning and the afternoon.

"Once a week he will require to be put through a sweat, or plethora will sooner or later follow.

"On the night previous to the sweating the horse should have no hay; on the following morning one feed of corn and a few mouthfuls of water (Qy.: half a pail); after which put on the sweating-rug and hood, which should be of double thickness to the ordinary clothing, and take the horse to the softest field near the stables. Here he should be walked about until he has emptied himself, after which trot him for twenty minutes; bend him and canter him for about ten minutes; not exceeding at any time twelve miles an hour. In half an hour he will have covered about four or five miles. He should then be taken back to his stable without delay, about six rugs thrown over him, and should thus remain a quarter of an hour; then he should be stripped, scraped, and rubbed dry, fed, and, after three or four hours' rest, should take his usual afternoon's walk.

"So much having been done to improve his general health and increase his muscular powers, the next step is to develop the action of his lungs. For this purpose every day, at the end of his afternoon's walk, he should be galloped for three hundred yards, if possible, up a steep ascent. This will be enough quick work to clear his wind; more will only be injurious, as nothing wastes flesh away so much as continued quick work.

"From the moment hunting commences the horse's walking exercise, on non-hunting days, should be reduced to three hours daily—two in the morning, one in the afternoon.

"Flannel bandages on his legs are essential. On the question of whether or not the feet should be stopped at night, very opposite opinions, of equal value, prevail. On the Charlier plan of shoeing, horses' feet cannot be stopped.

* "The Horse Trainer's Guide," by Digby Collins, Esq.

† Beans are too stimulating for young horses, or any horse not in constant hard work, but invaluable to support hard work; two-thirds oats and one-third beans, is my rule.—G. R.

"If a hunter doing five hours' exercise daily cannot eat five quarterns of mixed oats and beans, with a mash every Wednesday and Saturday, he should be turned out of the hunting to the hack or harness stable. The horse that cannot eat cannot work without becoming weak, and a weak hunter is useless.

"Of water there should be no limit. A large consumption of water is a sign of health." Water should be pure, in clean receptacles, not too cold, and not, on the other hand, allowed to stand in the stable, to attract its impurities. A handful of hay, or a little bran, will take the chill off water better than anything else. Warm water disgusts most horses; others will empty the pail of nearly hot water brought to wash them. The groom's panacea of nitre in water, and all farrier's messes, are to be sternly rejected. "If a horse roars he wants more, not less water. He should have water always by him, and a little drink whenever there is a chance in the hunting-field." This is exactly the reverse of the ordinary ignorant practice.

The above is excellent advice for men of large fortune, who keep hunters to hunt only, and a stud-groom to look after the staff of the stable. But the more economical, and equally effective system, is never to let your hunters get out of condition.

Colonel Fitzwygram * recommends that hunters should be driven as pairs in light carriages during the summer. Leaders in four-in-hands would do as well, as leaders do none of the serious work of stopping, backing, and starting a coach. Some persons summer hunters on tan, in boxes, with cut green food, and never have them dressed, but this must be a great mistake.

Dick Christian's ideas on the subject, as compressed in the following extracts, were those of a practical man, but they applied to young horses in their first season:—

"Begin with plenty of walking exercise, three or four hours every day, divided into at least two rides, and never make him sweat. The hay must be the very best, but with a horse fresh from grass you may begin with mow-hay; gradually increase the quantity of oats, beginning with one peck a day. The best exercise-ground is up-hill for improving the wind, and over ridge and furrow for action. Without action the best looking horse is like a pump without a handle. After the first week the walk may be exchanged every hour for a quarter of an hour's slow trotting, which may be gradually increased to half an hour—but not too much of it. The less you gallop hunters the better, if they are in hard condition, and fresh on their legs; with racehorses it is quite a different thing. No hunters should be galloped so hard as to find out their best paces until they are put to the test in the hunting-field. Many good horses are spoiled by such tricks."

Atwood Bignall, of Croydon, who used to have a hundred hunters † in his "Derby stables," belonging to subscribers hunting from London—many of them with those flyers the Surrey Stag-hounds—used to say, "I leave my gentlemen to get the flesh off their horses;" but this was hard flesh, for nothing but first-rate condition could carry a stag-hunter up and down the Surrey Hills; and no Melton stud-groom ever turned out hunters more fit.

Digby Collins' recommendation of five feeds a day does not meet with universal acceptance; four feeds a day are the rule in very good stables. But there is one indisputable rule—a horse should never have more than he will finish at one time; he must always leave a clean manger. For this reason delicate feeders must have little and often; but delicate feeders have no business in the stable of a man whose horses are expected to be useful servants, not mere luxuries.

The horse of the fox-hunter will frequently be twelve hours under saddle without any food except what he may get at a roadside inn. In fashionable counties, on the days that the hounds are out, every public-house with a stable prepares gruel, and gets ready for the custom of stray

* "Lectures on Stable Management," by Colonel Fitzwygram.

† And has still.

sportsmen; but in wild countries you may travel mile after mile, since coaching and posting disappeared, without meeting any better accommodation than a cow-house.

Under these circumstances the question is, whether hunters would or would not bear fasting better if they were not fed so frequently. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of this question—so much that I shall not venture to give my own opinion, but content myself with quoting the following letter, signed "Q. C.," which appeared in *The Field*:—

"For many years I have accustomed my hunters to only three feeds per day—viz., first at 6 a.m., second at noon (only a small piece of hay), and the third at 6 p.m., so that on hunting-days my horses only miss the small feed in the middle of the day. We are all creatures of habit, and it stands to reason that if a horse is usually fed five times a day and only twice on hunting-days, he must on the latter terribly miss the extra three feeds. Many of your correspondents will doubtless say, 'It is impossible to keep a hunter in condition with this feeding.' All I can say is, let them give it a fair trial—'the proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Since I have adopted only three feeds per day, my hunters not only look fit to go, but after a hard day come home cheerily, and feed well. They are frequently out of their stable twelve hours, having usually long distances to covert."

Where hunters stand in loose boxes, as they should if possible, they are, if gross feeders, apt to eat part of their straw litter in the night, if they are not, like racehorses, muzzled. There are objections to the muzzle, and the difficulty may be got over by substituting a deep layer of sawdust and spent tan for straw. The hunter should have his usual supply of water to sip with his food on the night before hunting. Of course his supply of hay, if any, must be limited.

When hunters are wound up to the high condition described by Digby Collins in the preceding pages, if their daily exercise is stopped by a heavy fall of snow, or any other cause, they must be immediately put on bran mashes, most of their corn and all their beans stopped, otherwise the effect of large feeds of stimulating food is almost sure to produce attacks of inflammation, ending in roaring, opthalmia, fever of the feet, and a host of diseases which will be still more dangerous if, to keep their coats sleek and shining, the stables are deprived of supplies of fresh air, and turned into the groom's paradise—a sort of hothouse.

If a hunter has to walk for an hour to cover-side a bucket of water an hour before he starts will do him more good than harm. In the field, in the intervals which are constantly occurring between hounds finding and running, he should be allowed to slake his thirst, without overloading his stomach, at any clean water. The man who would, after violent exercise, be seriously injured by drinking a quart of cold water, would be wonderfully refreshed by drinking the contents of a wine-glass. It is necessary to avoid loading the stomach of or chilling a horse, but that is quite a different thing from keeping him in a state of thirst, which will soon become fever. On the way home, after a severe run, on a long, dragging day, with ten or more miles to complete before reaching your own stable, the first opportunity should be taken of riding your horse through a shallow pond or ford, in order to wash the dirt off his legs and belly. This is said to be one means of preventing mud-fever. A halt should be made at the first place where shelter and gruel, or some substitute, can be obtained.

Gruel is best made of oatmeal, mixed with about a gallon of water, brought to the boil, and then turned into a bucket, to be filled up with cold water; but when oatmeal is not at hand wheat-meal or barley-meal may be substituted. If neither is to be obtained a stale loaf, cut up and soaked in water, makes a very useful horse-soup, to which a few pinches of salt may be added. A carrot or two sliced up will tempt a feverish horse; and if he hesitates to drink his gruel let him commence with a couple of quarts of cold water.

It is not advisable to give an over-tired horse, or any horse on a journey, a quantity of hay, or even oats, unless he has time to digest it before starting on his home journey.

When a horse is thoroughly exhausted a bottle of beer, strengthened with a glass of spirits, may be given with advantage. On no account should he be bled, except under the advice of a competent veterinary surgeon. All farriers like to bleed; it shows practice. It is not a bad plan to teach hunters at home to like beer; then the trouble of drenching, on an emergency, may be saved.

A tired horse, halted on his way home, needs *warmth and fresh air.* The warmth must be obtained by putting him out of draughts, bandaging his legs in flannel, and covering his loins with blankets or coats, if horse-rugs are not to be had. But fresh air to breathe is essential. How often do half a dozen well-meaning, thoughtless young fellows, excited by a capital run, leave their tired animals to the hands of some ignorant ostler, who crams them pell-mell into a close stable or cow-house, closes every chink where air could get in, and puts before them an ample supply of hay and oats? Presently, while the sportsmen are thoroughly enjoying themselves over a good fire, refreshments, and ossip, the ostler disturbs them with, "Please, gents, the chestnut horse is took very bad." Very likely foul air and unfit food will have disabled a good hunter for the season. If there's a cow doctor near, and he, to stop the fearful action of the heart, bleeds the poor chestnut, he is pretty sure to be dead before morning.

In wild hunting countries, a hard rider will do well to carry a set of flannel bandages in his overcoat case, to help to quicken the circulation of a tired horse.

It is not a good plan to torment an exhausted horse with elaborate grooming. Bandage his legs in their dirt, if water and a quick groom are not at hand, dry his ears by pulling them, put a cloth over his loins, get him to take some drink, and if he is much covered with dry sweat and mud, be content with slightly brushing him over with a damp brush until he gets into his own stable, where his own groom will know how to treat him. A bucket of linseed-tea is not a bad thing for a hunter's first drink in his own box.

The rider likes to be met in his dressing-room, before he takes off his boots, with a breakfast-cup of good *consommé*, or of tea, to support him under the exertion of undressing and dressing; and so, too, the good horse should have something to cheer him before undergoing the salutary "shampooing," which is the true word for first-class grooming.

It has been assumed throughout in these instructions to the young fox-hunter that either his horses, being thorough-bred, carry a fine co[illegible]ough the winter, in spite of living in a healthy, cool stable, or that they have been duly clipped or singed, a practice once as much disputed as that of summering hunters in stables instead of in grass-land, and now just as completely settled in favour of the artificial system. The man who insists on riding a hunter in a long rough coat should confine himself to a maximum pace of eight miles an hour. The man who keeps his stables hot in order that his hunters' coats may shine is only to be compared to the Chinaman who burned down his house to roast a pig.

MUD-FEVER.

Mud-fever is an irritation of the legs and belly, which often breaks out in wet seasons so acutely as to stop horses in their work, has usually been supposed to be caused by want of care in washing and drying the hunter's legs after returning home.

The following letter from Mr. John Oliver, a sportsman well known in the Midlands, appeared in *The Field* in 1872, and takes a new and entirely opposite view of this very important question:—

"I have had a hunting experience of more than forty years, and I with the greatest confidence assert that the disease is a chill caused by the injudicious application of water after hunting,

when the horse is in a heated state. I lived for many years in the V. W. H. country, where the mud in the Braydon Woods is of a very peculiarly adhesive character, and supposed to be the cause of so much mud-fever as is there prevalent. I gave up washing at that time, and several of my friends followed my example, and neither they nor I have had it since in our stables. Curiously enough, this year I had a new groom who had the usual prohibition against washing on hunting days. Some time before Christmas he asked as a favour to be allowed to wash a grey horse who is a particularly dirty goer. I unwillingly assented, and warned him of the consequences. This horse has now the mud-fever, and is the only horse that has had it in my stable since I gave up the practice of washing more than twenty years ago."

Another correspondent writes:—

"I have seen many letters and queries regarding mud-fever, but I have never seen the true cause explained.

"A horse gets a coating of strong tenacious clay on his legs; as long as this remains moist there is no harm done, but as soon as the mud begins to dry or set it begins to contract. The hairs are firmly embedded in the clay, and as the clay contracts it starts each individual hair in its socket (though it may not actually pull them out), and this causes the local inflammation and pain. One or two hairs pulled out would not do much harm, but if a man took a tweezer and started every hair in a horse's leg, he would see something very like mud-fever in the morning. You seldom or never see roadsters suffer from mud-fever. If the road is muddy, it will be muddy to the stable-door, and has no time to dry; and the mud on a road is so mixed with grit and sand that in drying it does not cake or set like heavy clay, so there is no pull on the hair. But a hunter has been galloped through stiff clay, and then perhaps trotted home on a hard dry road, which gives it time to cake. If I lived in a country subject to mud-fever, I would try shaving the legs of my horses so close that the hair could not get embedded. "Scotus."

In 1874, the correspondent on this plague of hard-riding counties was renewed, and the following letter in October of that year repeats the views of Mr. Oliver:—

"Some years ago I asked an acquaintance, a very hard rider with stag-hounds, how he managed with his horses, as he often left off long distances from home, would make for the nearest railway station, give his horse a feed, put him into a train without clothing, seldom reaching home before ten or eleven o'clock. Did not his horses get cold or mud-fever? 'No,' he said; 'mine never do, because I won't have a spark of mud touched until next morning!' Now, I had been used to insist on my horses being groomed after hunting till they would not 'soil a white glove;' but, in spite of all the care taken of them, they were unfortunate, while my acquaintance's horses, more roughly treated, always looked well, and one thing was patent to those who hunted with him—he was bad to beat.

"I've tried both ways, and now neither in summer nor winter will I allow a horse's legs to be washed or bandaged. My hunters are clipped, legs and all, as they come in from hunting; so they stay till next morning, not a spark of mud is removed, and they escape mud-fever.

"Sometimes the mud is of a delicate cream-colour chalk, sometimes of a rich porter-brown peat, varied by every intermediate tint that loam, clay, and deep woodlands can produce. My horses, however, begin the season in condition, my plan being to keep them in condition all the year round; for, unless a horse's condition be good, I doubt if any recipe will entirely keep off mud-fever, though it may mitigate the attack.

"The benefits I find from this plan of leaving the mud on all night are—avoidance of mud-fever; improved condition, appetite, and appearance; clean wiry legs, very different from the *soft*

legs of horses continually washed and bandaged (query: diluted); and a great saving of trouble to grooms.

"Now, it has been objected that if the rider is benefited by a bath, change of clothes, &c., after a hard day, so must the horse be by washing, bandaging, &c. It is a pity a horse cannot say what he feels; but if any one will turn a horse out of a stable into a field on a cold day, he will show what he thinks by rolling, his object being to plaster down his coat to keep himself warm. The mud left on horses all night (for it does not answer to brush it off in the evening) keeps them warm, and is directly opposed to the system of washing and evaporating usually in vogue; whereby a tired animal is completely chilled at the very time that it requires all the animal heat left in it to promote digestion, and recruit exhausted nature after severe exertion."

On the other hand, an eminent authority on Leicestershire hunting, after looking over this chapter in proof, informed me that hunters, whose legs were washed in cold water and properly dried, escaped mud-fever, when all the stables in Melton were sick and sorry with that more annoying complaint.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?"

CLIPPING AND SINGEING.

Horses change or moult their hair, except the mane and tail, twice a year—in the autumn and in the spring. In the autumn they cast the fine silky glossy coat of summer, and by degrees put on a coarser hair, thick in proportion to the quality of the animal, and the cold he has to endure. Shetland and Highland ponies carry a fleece as thick and as long as Lincoln sheep, while thorough-bred horses in training, which are always under cover, when not at exercise, heavily clothed, and carefully groomed, are nearly as sleek in winter as in summer.

There is no doubt that a great many horses are every winter oppressed by the growth of a natural great coat, which might be reduced materially, in weight and coarseness, by extra care and work on the part of the grooms who have charge of them. But such efforts take time. Time is money, and the whole tendency of the nineteenth century has been to save time and money whenever possible by mechanical means.

More than fifty years ago it was the common practice in the south of France and the north of Spain to clip mules in the spring with a pair of sheep-shears. The idea of clipping horses was first introduced into this country by officers of our army, who had seen it practised during the Peninsular War in Spain. At any rate, the practice was discussed as a novelty by "Nimrod," in the old *Sporting Magazine*, in 1825, and it was still under discussion in 1840, when Stewart published the last edition of his capital book on "Stable Economy."

Millionnaires, pupils of the Brummel school, earnestly in search of the most expensive ways of doing common things, substituted the razor for the scissors, and shaved their horses, a practice now abandoned, although I saw an example of a curious failure of the experiment in the Pytchley Hounds country as late as 1860, with a chestnut horse which was actually naked, with the exception of a few long hairs. He had been shaved too late in the season.

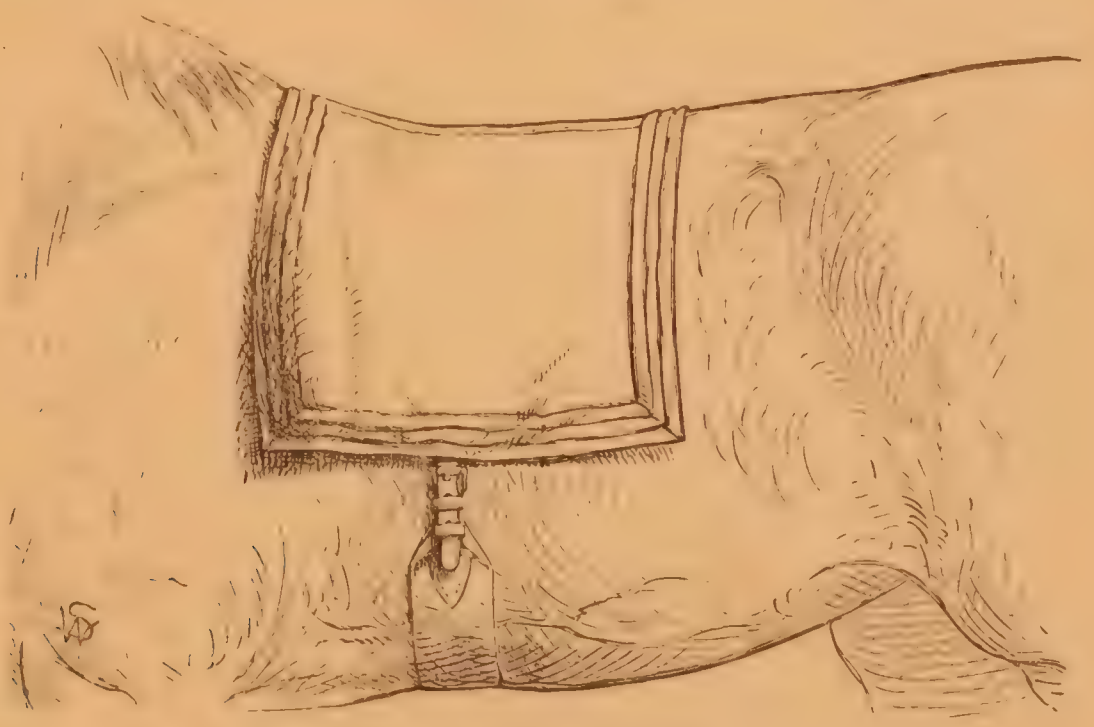
After clipping came singeing, and one or other is in use every autumn in almost every stable of horses used for fast work, either in saddle or harness.

Here and there one may meet with some gentleman, or professor of the old school, who protests against depriving the horse of his native protection against winter cold, as a base concession

to the laziness of grooms, but the world of horse-owners does not stop to argue with them, but goes on clipping or singeing every autumn, greatly to the relief of both horses and servants.

It may safely be taken for granted that there must be substantial merit in any practice, process, or nutriment that is adopted after violent opposition. According to some enthusiasts the world is being slowly poisoned by the continued use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, while others trace "all the ills that flesh is heir to" to the consumption of salt. But no one listens to them, because daily experience contradicts their theories and their facts.

If you have a horse with a naturally fine coat, and if you can secure his getting the amount of grooming that will keep his coat silky through the winter season, by all means keep away the clipping machine and the singeing-iron. But this is rarely the case. Besides, a horse that has once been singed or clipped, will require an annual repetition of the process.



THE TATTERSALL PAD FOR TRYING AND EXERCISING HORSES.

Every one who has ever clipped a horse, after watching him for a few weeks in his long winter coat, has seen how the animal's appetite, spirits, and power of endurance improve in the most rapid and wonderful manner. The clipped or singed horse is dried and cleaned in one-fourth of the time of one with a long coat, if, indeed, the latter is dried at all. When a horse has a short coat, a groom has no excuse for not dressing him thoroughly; when he has a long one, it will not unfrequently happen that on arriving late at night, he will be turned into his stall to shiver in his clammy coat all night. Grooms are but men. We all like as little trouble as possible, and the best results for the least trouble. A long-coated unclipped horse never does justice to the groom's labours, let him work as hard as he will.

As to the chances of catching cold, they would be experienced, if anywhere, in the most famous hunting counties, where at cover-side at least four-fifths of the long-priced hunters are clipped or singed. But then these much-exposed horses are well fed and admirably groomed.

The practice of shaving horses is quite obsolete. Singeing, which was first and is still sometimes performed by a spirit lamp, has become much more common since the use of gas has been so much extended. The gas-singeing apparatuses are very perfect.

Horses with very thick coats are better clipped than singed. Greys and light roans seldom singe well. Some horses absolutely refuse to allow a flame to approach them, and these, unless they can be "*Rarey'fied*," must be clipped. To make a good job of singeing the process must be

commenced early in the autumn, and repeated little by little every fortnight, until the coat is reduced quite close. If this is skilfully done, accompanied by good grooming exercise and sufficient corn, the horse will carry a bloomy glossy coat throughout the winter, and will change from the singed to the natural summer coat almost imperceptibly; but if poor and out of condition, he will look mangy all the summer. Any intelligent groom can learn to use either a clipping machine or a gas-singeing lamp. Singeing should be done on dry days; in damp weather the hair does not burn well.

If a young groom does not understand singeing he should be taught—that is, if he be worth teaching anything. Singeing a horse's head is a very nice operation. On no account should the whiskers, eyelashes, or inside hair of the ears of a horse be touched. Grooms, like the barbers before beards came in, like to clear all before them. But the whiskers are the horse's feelers; to remove them is equally stupid and barbarous; while to cut the hair from the inside of a horse's ears is to remove an important protection, and make room for deafness and catarrh.

Scissors were formerly employed for clipping. It was a very laborious operation, requiring a good deal of practice and skill, but now the hand-clipping machine has been brought to such perfection that any ordinary groom can use one; and, consequently, it has to a great degree superseded singeing. To make a horse look well after singeing it must be commenced as early as October, and repeated several times before the hunting season commences. Clipping may be deferred until the whole of the winter coat has appeared, and then the job can be done once for all the season. In really skilful hands scissors make a better job than a machine, but the skilful hands are rare, and the operation, as we have said, is long and laborious.

"It is a common practice to leave the saddle-place unclipped, with the idea of rendering the hair less liable to saddle-galls. I can only say that I have found the practice productive of the very evil it was supposed to prevent. Indeed, it stands to common sense that it should be so; for in proportion as the skin is saturated with sweat, so will it be liable to irritation." (D.C.)

Of course it is taken for granted that hunting saddles are carefully dried every day, and examined to see that they do not require re-stuffing.

The hair must be very carefully removed from the hunter's legs, in order that cuts, bruises, and thorns may be noticed when the legs are examined after hunting, except the long lock of hair at the point of the fetlock joint; if this is cut off the symmetry of the fore-leg is destroyed. Removing the hairs of the leg about the fetlock requires judgment and skill; superfluous hairs must be pulled out of the tuft. I have never seen the legs of a hunter so well trimmed as by a child under ten years old, the son of a horsebreaker.

After clipping or singeing, it is a sound practice to give the horse a sweating exercise, then to wash him all over with soap and water, dry him thoroughly by a good strapping, and give him an extra blanket; then he will be much less liable to take cold than in his long coat.

A special drawer should be reserved for the clipping and singeing tools—both are required to finish a horse—that they may be packed away properly, and be ready in good order when wanted the following year. India-rubber tubes are less liable to get out of order than the more expensive gutta-percha.

Horses that have once been clipped or singed must have the operation repeated every year, or they will look worse than ever. In the spring of the year, when horses are moulting, especially if they have been clipped or singed, they require some extra food. I have found that a pound of linseed-cake to each horse, in addition to the regular allowance of corn, and five or six pounds of carrots daily, greatly promote the change of coat in the spring. Horses which are well fed get rid of their winter hair a month sooner than those kept on a short allowance of corn.

But, although the short coat obtained by clipping or singeing saves a groom a great deal of work, it is never in a well regulated stable allowed to be the substitute for regular strapping.

Singeing must never be trusted to any one not thoroughly proficient, as if, through carelessness or clumsiness, the skin is scorched, it will look rough for a long time.

"A horse with a long coat, if soaked with rain in going to cover, remains wet until dried by a sharp gallop. He then sweats, remains wet, cold, miserable for the rest of the day, and ten to one is not three-parts dry the next morning, and has been wasting from evaporation all night."

"I once," says Mr. Digby Collins, "was persuaded to ride a horse, hunting, with the long shaggy coat he brought from the green field, and sacrificed a very hardy excellent horse to the experiment. He always got beat after going well over about a dozen fields, and finally turned roarer, and went blind."

HUNTING-DRESS, HUNTING-BOX, AND HUNTING DINNERS.

To be well *and suitably* dressed, according to the country and the season, is a very important matter in the battle of hunting life.

Our great-grandfathers dressed for the chase in a sensible, if not in an elegant style, according to our modern notions, in large roomy horseman's coats, long deep-flapped waistcoats, stout and capacious buckskin breeches, and serviceable if somewhat clumsy boots, which came well over the breeches.

The quotations from the journals of the Tarporley Club, given in Chapter XVII., record the date at which fox-hunters finally adopted scarlet, as distinguished from the green or blue of the hare-hunting clubs.

When George Prince of Wales' consulting counsel, Beau Brummel, ruled the roast of fashion, elegance was sought in tightness; comfort and convenience were cast on one side as vulgar, like vegetables and other wholesome things. Doeskins, fitting like a skin, were the usual morning and hunting-dress of the period.

Once the Prince, ever on the look-out for some costly extravagance, astonished his world with a pair of white kidskin breeches; but the attempt was a failure. The British leather-dressers of those days were not then able to produce an article sufficiently stout for the purpose, and foreign aid was prohibited. Leathers continued in vogue for morning and hunting-dress until the Peace of 1814, when trousers of extraordinary shape were imported from Russia. Some time afterwards doeskin breeches were voted slow, and white corduroys became the only possible wear for a man of fashion in the hunting-field. There was a good wear and tear appearance about the hunting-dress in the first fifty years of George III., which was superseded by the Regent's style, as may be seen in George Morland's hunting pictures. The gold lace of George II.'s time had been for the most part discarded. The coat was single-breasted, and not scanty; the brown tops of the boots, tied with many ribands to the leather breeches, were long. The manufacture of a decent article in blacking had not made much progress; and the cravat above the largely frilled or laced shirt was more like a pudding-bag than anything else. But the men, in spite of their pigtails, looked like workmen; and it was in this stamp of costume that Beau Brummel made his rare appearances in the hunting-field, when he was the favoured guest of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir.

But the Prince and the Beau quarrelled. The latter, ruined, carried his wardrobe, his insolence, and his talent for begging-letter writing to Calais, leaving, as a legacy to his numerous pupils, the white starched cravat, an absurdity which prevailed in modern society until the Crimean War and the introduction of arms of precision abolished the soldier's stock, and gave a degree of

freedom to the necks of all Her Majesty's subjects, which had previously only been enjoyed by sailors, artists, and poets of Byronic proclivities.

Leathers are such delightful wear in dry weather that they never entirely passed out of use amongst the provincial hunting public, but at the period recorded by "Nimrod's" tours in Leicestershire, and etched by George Cruikshank's needle, the hunting-dress, in fashionable counties, had reached the lowest depths of vulgarity and inconvenience. A bell-crowned hat, which could not be kept on the head in windy weather, superseded the velvet-cap; a high starched cravat imprisoned the sportsman's neck. The roomy garment of his fathers was replaced by a dress-coat as tight as a tailor could make it, with a very short waist, a high collar rising to the ears, and swallow-tailed lappels, affording the least possible protection against rain and cold weather; while baggy white corduroy breeches superseded orange or cream-coloured doeskins, cut long at the knees, to meet short pale pink tops, which were prepared, according to rumour, with champagne. Such was the correct costume of the swells of the period, faithfully depicted in George Cruikshank's illustrations of "Tom and Jerry."

Since those days a series of changes have taken place in hunting costume. Hats were superseded in 1840 by velvet caps, which were worn in nearly all the best hunts in the kingdom. Since the Prince of Wales joined the hunting-field hats have once more taken the place of caps. Mr. Charles Greville records that when George IV. died, amongst his collection of some hundreds of garments (the first gentleman in Europe (?) never gave anything away), were *twelve pairs of corduroy breeches*, made for His Majesty to hunt with Dom Miguel. But corduroys are now as much out of date as pigtails. The last Master of hounds I ever saw wear them was Sir Richard Sutton. They were of a dingy blue colour, and very baggy. Cotton cord has been superseded by Bedford cord, a woollen material which is not manufactured at Bedford, and by a variety of elastic woollen fabrics, some manufactured in Gloucestershire, some in Scotland, and others at that well-known fox-hunting centre, Chipping Norton. Woollen breeches are commonly used in rainy seasons instead of buckskins. The rage for tight garments, so tight that the man who used to help you on with your great coat after a dinner party *really earned his sixpence*, has passed away, and the dandy described in Lord Lytton's "England and the English," who could not sit down at a wedding breakfast because he had his stand-up trowsers on, is known no more.

I do not know when the revolution commenced, but the first time I ever saw a pair of loose doeskin breeches and patent leather Napoleon boots, was in 1843. They were worn by the Duke of Beaufort of that day, a first-rate sportsman, a most courteous Master of hounds, and of a figure that made every costume in fashion look well when worn by him. The duke was one of Brummel's youngest pupils and latest victims.

From that time there has been a gradual advance towards comfort and convenience in hunting-dress.

It took time to convert tailors and wearers to principles of common sense in the construction of hunting-coats. The first variation from the dress-coats already mentioned was a single-breasted straight-cut coat, which barely fastened with one button at the neck, or was united with a trinket long out of use, a coat-link, made with a fox's tooth, or fashioned like a snaffle-bit, as may be read in sporting novels of the Jorrocks era.

Napoleon boots, butcher boots, and all the black variations from the legitimate top-boot, were long looked upon with great disfavour by the gentlemen of the old school, but when the fashion was taken up by the Badminton Hunt there was no more to be said against a boot that did not require an artist valet to clean it. The modern cavalry boot only superseded trousers after the Franco-German War.

The Prince Consort used to hunt with his harriers in jack-boots, of the Life Guard cut, and had his imitators, but in the end the neat-fitting Napoleon carried the day. Boots, like coats and breeches, have benefited by the improvements in material which have taken place since all duties on the raw materials and manufactured articles of clothing have been abolished.

Brown and green coats, once universal with harehounds and common with foxhounds, where pink was not adopted, up to the first half of this century, have been superseded by the universal black. Scarlet is the uniform of every established fox-hunting club in the kingdom, except one—the Badminton—an hereditary pack in the family of the Duke of Beaufort through four generations, since, in the time of the fifth duke, a pack of fine staghounds was converted into foxhounds. Curiously enough, although the Somersets were among the stoutest friends of the first Charles and the last James, and have since the Georgian era been distinguished for the stiffness of their Tory politics,* the uniform of their hunt has always been the blue and buff of Charles James Fox, of his Whig followers, and of their organ, the *Edinburgh Review*. The best thing that can be said about it is that, made double breasted, it is a very becoming riding-habit when worn by the ladies of the hunt.

Early in the present century a Lord Vernon had a pack of foxhounds in Derbyshire, and the uniform of the hunt was orange-plush; but it did not take. The sky-blue uniform of the Hatfield Hunt had been replaced by pink before the death of its greatest ornament, the Marchioness of Salisbury. Forty years ago parsons compromised by wearing purple instead of pink. Warburton, after referring to "Henry, our purple-clad vicar," continues in his Cheshire Song with—

> "If my life were at stake on the wager,
> I know not which brother I'd back;
> The parson, the squire, or the major,
> The purple, the pink, or the black."

In the fox-hunting fields of the present day there is no choice in cloth coats between black and scarlet.

The majority of established fox-hunting clubs are satisfied with the distinction of a button, bearing the crest of the Master, with an appropriate monogram or motto; but several have from the dawn of fox-hunting adopted a collar of a different colour from the coat. Thus, the scarlet coat of the Quorn has a white collar; the Berkeley, a black velvet collar, with a fox's head embroidered in gold and silver; the Cheshire and the Old Surrey Clubs both wear a green collar.

An attempt has lately been reported from the fashionable hunting counties to bring black coats into fashion, instead of the accepted pinks, "which have become too common and vulgar." It is quite safe to prophesy that this bit of exclusive affectation will not survive many seasons. The advantages of pink are many: it can be seen far off; it is a good letter of introduction at every inn and turnpike-gate, for the man otherwise well appointed; most men look well in it; properly treated it wears longer than black. Formerly it was considered the correct thing to wear a scarlet coat much stained. Even artificial means were used to produce the desired effect; but of late the custom has been the other way, and hunting valets have discovered some means of making two or three hunting-coats look new every day of the season.

A man had better defer putting on a scarlet coat until he feels at home in the hunting-field. The simpler his attire—as long as his lower limbs are clothed in well-made fitting boots and

* The sixth Duke of Beaufort on his death-bed, in 1833, entreated his son, the Marquis of Worcester, to so educate the Earl of Glamorgan, the present duke, that in the event of the expected revolution depriving him of his property, he would be able to earn his own livelihood.—*T. Raikes' Diary.*

breeches—the better. A velveteen or tweed jacket may prepare the way for a black coat, to be in its turn superseded by a correct pink; and a pair of long black buttoned gaiters, worn with brown Bedford cords, are a sensible preamble to boots. Although one may lay down the principles on which a hunting-coat should be "built," it would be absurd to enter into details which may be changed by the force of fashion any day. When the late Lord Lytton—then plain Edward Bulwer—astonished the world with the first edition of "Pelham," he devoted a chapter to describing how coats should be cut; but in a very few years the fashions had so much changed, that directions which had cost the dandy author no small pains had to be omitted.

A hunting-coat should be a real thing, made to suit the sort of weather to be expected in November, December, January, and February—not a conventional sham—made not only to look well in the ladies' eyes at cover-side, but to protect the wearer as much as possible from cutting winds and heavy rain, when returning slowly home on a tired horse after a famous run, or jogging from cover to cover on a bad-scenting or blank day.

The coats to be worn as spring advances, or hunting the wild stag of the West, should be of lighter material, and without the flannel linings which make modern winter coats so comfortable.

According to sporting novelists and sporting journalists, there are only two or three tailors in the world equal to building a correct scarlet coat; but that is nonsense, although the best reputed names have carried their art to great perfection, and made important improvements. Good workmen are to be found in every hunting centre. Imitation from a good pattern is easy, and it certainly is not necessary to send to London for a hunting costume from York, Bristol, Cheltenham, Chester, Northampton, or even Manchester.

At the same time it must be noted that no pretence is more contemptible than a badly-fitting scarlet coat of inferior materials.

A hunting-coat should have at least four pockets, besides a ticket or small change pocket—that is to say, one outside the breast, for the handkerchief, one inside for the purse, and two in the flaps. Fashion has sometimes placed the pockets of a hunting-coat behind, like that of a frock, instead of on the hips. The flaps may somewhat detract from the elegance of the waist, but pockets so cut are easily accessible for either hand, even when half-frozen, to extract the many useful things a hunting-coat-pocket may contain. I remember when the Earl of Hopetown had the Pytchley Hounds seeing one of the whips painfully trying to grope his way with a fox's pad into the pocket of his tight frock. Nothing could have a more absurd effect. Tailors of the first class perfectly understand how to combine elegance of cut with ease and liberty for every limb.

The best rule is to go to some tailor in town or country who makes hunting-coats a speciality. A hunting-coat of any colour should leave the horseman the most perfect liberty to use his arms, and be so made that the collar will turn up and button over the throat, as well as nearly down to the bottom of the waistcoat. Every man who prefers his comfort to his figure will have pockets at the sides. The waistcoat of a winter hunting-coat should be made like a jacket—that is, the same material, whether cloth, velvet, or fur, should continue all round the back, and not be eked out like ordinary waistcoats with calico or silk. The hollow part of the back is the place where one is most apt to catch cold, after getting into a violent perspiration. Hunting waistcoat pockets should have flaps, to keep the small change from rolling out when you and your horse are rolling and struggling in a ditch.

The Crimean War universalised one of the greatest comforts of the hunting man—the flannel shirt. Many of our ancestors must have been sacrificed to the chill of linen before cotton became respectable. With the flannel shirt came another friend in cold weather—elastic woollen drawers,

which superseded the horribly irritating Welsh flannel drawers; and, by abolishing stockings and garters, facilitated the fit of boots and breeches.

"The Cardigan"—the elastic-sleeved-woollen jacket, to be worn under the coat and over the waistcoat—is another Crimean result much to be commended. It may be white, grey, or black, the grey for choice—be worn open at the chest until slow paces succeed the run, or strapped with an overcoat to the saddle. A very good sportsman, in a very wild and rainy country, once showed me a compact roll, consisting of a hand-knitted Cardigan jacket and a woollen comforter, wrapped in a mackintosh riding apron, occupying very little room when strapped close to the cantle of his saddle. With these he had frequently ridden home, after a long day with the hounds, wet, but warm and comfortable, five-and-twenty miles.

The cutter-out of hunting-breeches should be an artist; and an artist whose natural genius has been cultivated by practice on most fastidious customers. The difference between well and ill-fitting breeches is the difference between comfort and misery, neatness and vulgarity. It is not always worth while to buy the most expensive garment of its kind; as, for instance, summer suits, which are to be cast aside for ever after a few weeks wear; but every article worn in hunting should be of the very best material for hard wear, and the best cut for comfort.

As for the materials of breeches, there is nothing so pleasant to wear and to ride in, or so neat as doeskins—until they get wet through. Then you might just as well have a pair of breeches of cold boiled tripe. Doeskins, with reasonable wear and slight repairs, will last a very long time; therefore the first cost is quite a secondary consideration. But the first cost is not the whole cost. Leather breeches must be cleaned, and unless the young sportsman has a groom-valet up to cleaning them, sending them to a professional cleaner—not always to be found in country towns—means not only expense but delay, inconvenient to men who are on a hunting visit, and hunting five or six days a week. For this reason it is well to have a certain number of pairs of the various woollen materials, plain and corded, white for fashionable counties and fine weather, brown Bedford cord for Clayshire and persistent rain.

Where Napoleon, Hussar, or any of the modern varieties of black boots are worn, pantaloons buttoning at the ankle answer the purpose better than breeches, and are less a work of fine art if made of elastic material.

A well-made man (for a top-boot) can button a pair of properly cut breeches, and draw them on over his calves to their proper place.

To put on and wear a pair of breeches properly, lessons from a fox-hunting expert are essential—from a tailor, for instance, who has been in the habit of hunting in the Midlands.

Boots—that is, top-boots—are even more difficult to obtain in the best, that is, the most comfortable and correct style—than breeches. The late Mr. Bartley (who, amongst other equestrian feats, once rode a horse in a race for the Epsom Derby) had an immense reputation for the *tops* of his boots. It is he who is shown in one of Leech's sketches measuring John himself, and saying, as he took in hand a leg like a walking-stick, "Capital leg for a top-boot, sir; none of your dancing calves!" A profound hunting-boot truth, for no man with a pair of fat calves can ever look well in a top-boot.

Jem Mason, who was the best-dressed man of his day in the hunting-field, used to have his top-boots made by Bartley; he then cut off the old-fashioned clumsy feet, and had them replaced by neat models of French design. The effect was perfect, and, until the secret was revealed, the admiration of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire and the Vale of Aylesbury. It was expensive, at least ten pounds per pair—that is to say it would have been if the wearer ever paid for his boots, but that may be doubted.

Northampton, which is in the centre of one of the finest hunting counties in the kingdom, manufactures capital patent leather black hunting-boots, but whether the art of tops has reached perfection in the capital of "sutors," I am not informed. In London the best trade is in very few hands.

Hunting-boots should be large enough for thick woollen stockings; a tight boot means cold feet. A thin-soled boot that enables the rider to feel the stirrup is most agreeable, but a thin-soled boot does not answer in a clay country and rainy weather; for the greatest horsemen must walk sometimes.

It should be noted that to ride a run in an absolutely waterproof coat, and then get cold by standing at cover-side or riding slowly home, is a fine preparation for rheumatic fever. Wet does not hurt any one in fair health, as long as warmth can be kept up, and this is best done by putting a dry garment over a wet one. The best and simplest protection for the stomach and thighs is a mackintosh riding-apron, already mentioned, which can be put on without dismounting.

The colour of top-boots is the subject of fashion more changeable than even ladies' hair was, *temp.* the Empress Eugenie. They have been worn of all shades, from deep mahogany to pale pink, of all lengths and all ways, from quite smooth to much wrinkled.

Colouring the tops of boots is one of the most difficult tasks of a servant, with a master who cares about such trifles. "Not quite the shade, more like the colour of a North Wiltshire cheese; you had better buy one for a pattern," says one of Whyte Melville's military hunting heroes. The soldier-servant on retiring confides to a friend that "them tops are the torment of my life, I shall be druv to drink by 'em."

Before railways cosmopolitanised all England there were provincial hunting-districts, showing first-rate sport, where, if a stranger appeared in boots not of the hunt colour, and breeches not of the county cut, he was set down at once as a Jacobin, and, perhaps, an atheist, and treated accordingly.

Boot-tops require a special apparatus for restoration after a day's hunting. Therefore, when a young sportsman goes on a visit to a great house not accompanied by his own servant, it will add very much to his peace of mind if he provides himself with two pair of patent leather Hussars or Napoleons. He will thus be spared the agony of seeing his fellow-guests ready to mount while he is shivering in his stockings, waiting for a pair of tops which my lord's fine gentlemen have forgotten. Patent leather does not easily get wet, and can be cleaned over a bucket with a sponge in five minutes, and although Napoleons are not perhaps so workmanlike as well-built, well-cleaned tops, they are much more easy to buy and keep in order.

Hot tin-bottles, glass bottles, hot hay, are all used to dry boots soaked through or filled after a drop into a brook. One excellent remedy is sawdust perfectly dry, heated to the utmost in an oven, and stuffed in hot. Oats have been recommended for this purpose, but one grain left in the boots would cause exquisite agony.

The head-dress for hunting must be that in use, unless the owner is so small or so great a personage that he can set fashion at defiance. The old high-crowned hat was the most absurd hunting head-dress ever invented; it took one hand to hold it on just when you wanted two for your reins. Many men have heads of shape on which no hat will stick over a big jump or in a high wind, unless tied under the chin. For convenience there is nothing like the shape of the hunting-cap which all huntsmen and whips wear; whether for keeping on or for riding through brushwood and briars. But no young man can set custom at defiance and be eccentric in dress. Within my time hats were all but universal in the hunting-field; at that time it took an hour to get into

a pair of new leathers. Then caps became the correct style, and were worn by every one who mounted a pink and professed to ride. When the Prince of Wales took to fox-hunting he set the fashion of hats; and caps are (A.D. 1874) only worn by a few of the old school, and horse-dealing farmers in black coats, which do not go well with velvet caps.

But in the meantime an immense improvement has been made in hats. For hunting, felt hats have superseded both silk and the beaver of gentility, which was the only correct head-dress, until Sir Robert Peel changed his mind on the subject of fiscal finance, and took off the duties on silk and wool. Once a silk hat was the sign of a cad; then, under the competition of improved silk, beaver passed so completely out of use that beaver-skins became a drug, and an animal in danger of extinction multiplied exceedingly in the wild North land. Felt hats, in their turn, have all but superseded silk in the hunting-field.

A multitude of felt "Jim Crows," "Pot Hats," "Deer-stalkers," "Meltons," "Pytchleys," "Market Harboroughs," "Oxonians," fitting quite as closely as the velvet cap, at one-third the price, and thrice the durability, are offered for the fox-hunter's choice. A low-crowned broad-brimmed felt hat is in favour with several modern Masters of crack packs of fox-hounds. But it is very probable that if the Duke of Connaught should take to hunting "with passion," and wear a velvet cap, all the rising fox-hunters of England would follow his example.

Hunting-gloves were formerly universally of buckskin. They are scarcely to be had of that material now for money. Calfskin has almost superseded dogskin. Where expense is a matter of no importance stout kid is pleasant wear. The fox-hunter should always have in his pocket, with a spare silk handkerchief, an extra pair of worsted gloves, through which the reins do not slip in wet weather, and in which the hands are not so cold as in wet leather.

The sandwich-can and the flask will be mentioned under the head of "Sportsman's Fare."

A strong single or two-bladed knife, with a foot-picker in the handle, to cut a stick or a cord, or scrape mud off your boots after a run in ploughed fields, is often useful; but the knives containing an armoury of tools are only fit for schoolboys. Some old hard riders in thinly populated countries carry a case containing a knife, a pair of scissors, and a pair of V. S. tweezers for extracting thorns.

The hunting man's whip should be of a length proportionate to his height. A very first-rate horseman used to have an oak stock a yard long. It should have a short thong, and a spike in the butt to hold back a gate. A heavy whip is a mistake, except in the hands of a "whip" or huntsman, who has to hammer at locks and hinges. Spurs should be of the huntsman's pattern, with short necks, and rowels not too sharp.

When a man goes out hunting he wants money, of course!—enough, and not too much. A hunting parson—a man of the world—always carried a bank-note in a pocket-book in his inner waistcoat pocket, a sovereign in his left-hand outside waistcoat pocket, a handful of half-crowns in his right-hand waistcoat pocket, and in his right-hand breeches pocket a handful of sixpences and fourpences. Thus he was prepared for all eventualities, from a turnpike toll to paying handsel on a horse purchase.

In a celebrated hunting county a story used to be told of a nobleman, now long deceased, equally noted for his wealth and his carefulness, that on one occasion his horse fell with him in the course of a run, and got away. His lordship sat on a gate, surrounded, as a lord always is on such occasions, by a circle of commiserating friends. His servant presently rode up with the fugitive steed, and immediately cried out, in a loud voice, "My lord, a joskin (countryman) caught him, and I gave him a shilling." "Hadn't you such a thing as a sixpence about you?" was the reply of the economical nobleman. Some profane ones laughed aloud, but remembered the hint, and provided themselves with small change.

In harrier fields it is usual to make a collection, "a cap," before or after hunting, of half-a-crown or five shillings from each stranger. It may be clever, but it does not look nice, when some gentleman of imposing appearance asks for change for a fifty-pound note, and so saves his five shillings; yet such things do happen, even in a Royal Windsor hunting-field.

THE HUNTING-BOX AND ITS COMFORTS.

A volume, profusely illustrated, might easily be filled with detailed descriptions of a model hunting-box. The idea is well worth the attention of some young architect anxious to make his taste known to the rising generation of fox-hunters, and willing to put himself to school under one of them. But the majority of hunting-boxes, like the majority of stables, are already built, and this chapter is intended to point out the objects to be aimed at in making such alterations as are possible in an old, as well as such principles as should be studied in a new, house of moderate dimensions—say to accommodate at the utmost, as permanent residents for the season, six men, single or without their wives, or a married man who prefers a well-furnished stable to the pomps and vanities of country life.

The principal requirements of a hunting-box, next to good stabling—of which anon—are warmth in the sitting-rooms and bedrooms, with good ventilation, plenty of warm water, and such a distribution of domestic work as will afford good service with the smallest number of servants.

A closed porch, making a double entrance to the hall, divided from it by a glass door, is the first essential for making a house snug, for no amount of heating-power will keep a house warm if every time the entrance-door is opened a current of cold air is allowed to rush in.

The rooms required on the ground-floor may (according to the opinion of two eminent Masters of hounds, one of them noted for his simple yet excellent hunting dinners) be limited to—

1. A drawing-room, which will also be the library.
2. A dining-room, which will also be the breakfast-room.
3. A third room, which may be a billiard-room, a smoking-room, or anything else.

On one side of the hall should be fitted or built a dressing or rather undressing-room, in which the house-party and their friends can take off their boots and, in wet weather, all their garments, before ascending to their bed-rooms, repose, and to dress for dinner. This arrangement will save servants an immense amount of time and labour. This room should be provided with a cocoa-nut, cork, or other carpet that dirty boots will not spoil, half a dozen sensible boot-jacks (see Engraving, p. 465), enough rails and hooks for hanging up coats, a long table far hats, whips, and gloves, a few low chairs and a long ottoman before mirrors for pulling on boots, and half a dozen good-sized basins, fixed in frames, with at least one tap of hot water. One intelligent boy—half page, half groom—will make the arrangements of this preliminary dressing-room complete.

BATHS.

If cash and accommodation can be found for making a bath-room next to the general dressing-room, that will be a wholesome luxury. This room should be provided with a sink and hot and cold-water taps, and a *douche*, if a fall of water can be obtained. To have full-sized hot baths for half a dozen persons is simply impossible, but with a simple arrangement of portable screens half a dozen persons can take sponge baths—hot, cold, or tepid—according to taste, at the same time.

An easier plan is to provide a hot-air bath, which can be built in most situations for a hundred pounds. To sit from a quarter to half an hour after hunting in a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit, followed by a sponge bath (the shampooing is not essential, and less trouble to servants than as many hot-water baths, with a *douche* to follow), will be found extremely refreshing.

The advantage of having a hot-air bath on the premises is that the same air may be utilised for drying the clothes and boots of men and the saddles and cloths of horses.

Such small and simple hot-air baths are very common round Rugby. As to morning ablutions in the dressing-room, it is not every one who can bear, without ill-effects, a cold tubbing in winter. To such the sitting bath, warmed to 70° Fahrenheit, may be recommended as a morning restorer and refresher, taken with or without a cup of *café au lait* and a pipe. The sitting-bath is also a very comforting expedient after long hours on a wet saddle.

Another most valuable bath for the worn-out or much-bruised fox-hunter—as, for instance, after a roll under a horse in a ploughed field—is the sheet bath, which has the advantage of requiring no other apparatus than a couple of sheets, a big tub—say a pig-scalding tub—and three buckets, the first filled with water as hot as can be borne by the hand, the second heated to about 80° or 90°, and the third to 60°.

The patient must be seated in the tub, in a warm room, covered with one sheet, and another must be ready-heated before the fire. The first bucket is to be slowly poured over his shoulders, then the second, then the third and coldest; he is to be rubbed as much as his bruises will bear, dried with the hot sheet, and put to bed between blankets, with a hot india-rubber or stone bottle to his feet, and refreshed with a hot drink of some kind. A sportsman not bruised but only tired may dispense with the bed and the bottle.

I have known extraordinary benefit derived from this treatment applied at a little roadside tavern to a horseman, after a heavy fall.

Another invaluable hydropathic remedy is the packing-bath, which acts like a warm poultice on the whole body.

Water-bottles of india-rubber have in a great degree superseded warming-pans. They are one of the most useful portable adaptations of that invaluable material for the use of either man or horse, with either hot or cold water.

Of course, there are young and old fellows who require no comforts, can eat anything, sleep anywhere, despise under-garments, defy wet and cold, sit in damp clothes, and laugh at the milksops for whom these hints have been compressed, until they get rheumatism, neuralgia, or toothache!

In an old house the best plan for both comfort and economy in fuel is to replace every grate with register stoves, lined with fire-brick, of modern construction. The saving in coals will pay the whole cost in one season.

A kitchen-range may be obtained from any respectable manufacturer, which will cook and keep a first-rate dinner for a dozen, supply the whole house up to the first-floor with hot water, and, when required, warm the whole house through hot-water pipes.

If the vestibule and all the passages of a house are warmed with hot-water pipes in severe weather, and if all the rooms are provided with ventilating-valves, moderate fires will keep the living-rooms at a pleasant temperature—neither close nor stuffy.

The kitchen apparatus should be on the kitchener rather than the open fire system, because fox-hunters often keep dinner waiting, and the close fireplaces are best adapted for cooking the dishes that are not spoiled by waiting. Of course there must be good arrangement for a broil. Wherever, then, there are half a dozen horses in the stable, and a cow or two kept for cream, it will pay to have a two-horse steam engine. This will cost about £100. The boilers of the engine will at the same time warm the house, the saddle-room, the drying-room, and, if required, a conservatory, and also afford ample supplies of hot water up to the first-floor.

A drying-room, in which coats, breeches, and boots may be placed on suitable frames and

slowly dried, as well as saddles, wet girths, and horsecloths, is not only a comfort, but an important economy in a hunting-box. The steam engine, whose boilers are thus utilised, may be set in motion to pump water from a well, and to a cistern in the top of the house or the stables, to cut chaff, pulp roots, saw wood, or chop meat for hounds. These small fixed engines have been brought to such perfection, are so easy to work, and cost so little, that no country house of any pretensions should be without one.

On the subject of saving and storing either rain or surface-water in a dry country, a pamphlet by Mr. Bailey Denton, C.E., of Whitehall Place, may be consulted with advantage; and also a paper on Sanitary Arrangements, read in 1874 at the Farmer's Club, by Mr. James Howard of Bedford.

Near the dining-room should be a wine-closet or cupboard, holding at least a week's consumption, because it is not pleasant to have at the last moment to send to the cellar. Of course, in mansions where butlers in solemn black preside, and *chefs* of the first order organise the dinners, no hints are needed.

There are two kinds of stoves suitable for a cottage, the principal inhabitants of which are absent most of the hunting-day: those open fireplaces, with a deep reservoir of fuel which are lighted at the top, and which burn all day or all night without a poker, only requiring a handle to be turned once in twelve hours, and those American stoves in which coke only is burned, which combine the advantage of close and open fires. In these the fire may be laid, and a fine blazing heat obtained ten minutes after a match has been applied, when the doors may be thrown open. They are also capital for keeping a kettle boiling.

Mr. Walter Raleigh Trevelyan, writing from the Royal Institution, in December, 1874, to a contemporary, observes, "After warmth ranks the luxury of warm water, I imagine, and if the same fire produces the two without any additional cost, and if the two desiderata are diffused all over our houses, then I think a great end has been attained. For seven years I have found that if you can successfully heat the lungs of your house—your halls and passages—you may defy the open door to make your shiver. Every house has its kitchen fire summer and winter; let every kitchen have its stove-boiler, whence let hot water be conveyed to a 'coil' of 4-inch pipes in your hall, and thence let it pass, by a small 2-inch pipe, to a cistern for hot water at the top of the house, and you will have a well-warmed, well-ventilated, and comfortable house, no grumbling from your asthmatical uncle from India, and you will find your servants' tempers decidedly improved at the immunity they enjoy from dragging the hot water up-stairs. Moreover, all this can be obtained with a small additional expense of say £25 for a fair-sized house, and we shall be able to retain our 'cheerful open grate' and do without the 'close stove.'"

If the stable is close to the house, the same apparatus may warm and dry the saddle-room, and supply hot water from a tap; but if the stable is at an inconvenient distance, a separate apparatus must be provided. It is a very great mistake to permit the grooms to be dependent on the cook for supplies of hot water.

It is important that there should be convenient independent access to the stables from the cottage in all weathers. If it does not exist, it should be made, in the shape of a dry, and, if possible, covered passage.

The Master's eye is all-important, but many Masters hesitate about leaving the fire after dinner to cross a sloppy yard.

The hand-lamps used in the stable should be fitted with flat hooks, so as to hang either on the walls or on the stall-posts. A hand-lamp with a powerful reflector, such as is used by railway policemen, is a very useful article in a country house if always kept trimmed and in order. A good

lamp hoisted on a pole at the lodge-gate, about the time that the sportsmen are expected home, is a comfortable beacon to the weary. Lamps burning mineral oils have of late years been brought to such perfection, and are sold at such low prices, that it is ridiculous to use even out of doors the old tallow-dip and horn lantern.

All the above suggestions may be carried out, if planned as a whole, at a very trifling addition to the inevitable expenses of a hunting-box, where half a dozen hunters stand in the stable, or where hospitality is the order of the day. A cold house, smoky chimneys, a dearth of water, hot and cold, ill-ventilated draughty rooms, will make a party, otherwise prepared to be merry, silent, sulky, and quarrelsome. And this is particularly true as regards bedrooms, where the old-fashioned grates burn a great deal of coal, give very little warmth, and create a fearful draught of cold air when the fire goes out.

In the same way, rooms amply warmed become stuffy and provocative of headaches, when ventilation by valves in the chimneys and outer walls is neglected.

The doors of old-fashioned country houses seldom shut well. An amateur carpenter can for a few shillings make a most comfortable double door with a deal frame first covered with canvass, and then with one of the many patterns of leather paper.

Presuming that the wet and weary sportsman will be received into a well-warmed, well-ventilated house, with simple conveniences for getting rid of his wet garments, and performing his preliminary ablution with the least possible tax on the services of a limited number of servants,—that, on returning from the general undressing and bath rooms to his bedroom, he finds a small brisk fire, an arm-chair, or sofa, on which, wrapped in his travelling rugs, he may, if he chooses, repose until summoned to dress by a reverberating hall clock, a plain table, with all the conveniences for writing, and perhaps a new magazine or *Quarterly Review*—all the furniture may be of the most inexpensive description; plain deal, or the oldest fashioned mahogany, an iron bedstead, with a good French flock mattress, and cotton, not linen, sheets—he will be more at ease than within chambers furnished regardless of expense, where everything seems too fine to use, and the couch and writing-table have been omitted. On this subject the following quotation from that high medical authority, *The Lancet*, is very much to the purpose:—"Amongst certain persons—and the class is rather a numerous one—that which is comfortable is unconsciously considered to be wrong, and objectless self-mortification assumes the character of a virtue. Such persons never wear a top-coat, never have a fire in their bedroom, always shave with cold water, break the ice in their tub of a morning in order to bathe. They are apt to boast of these feats, and to look down upon their weaker fellow-creatures who do not imitate them. There is probably a remnant of old ecclesiastical terrorism in this, a trace of the 'hair shirt and no shoes' of the pilgrims, which is singularly out of place at the present day. In the matter of the morning tub alone the absurdity is well shown. Our boasting friends loudly rejoice that they are not as other men are—the season makes no difference to *them* as regards their morning tub. Now, granted that the cold-water bath is a good thing, it must be remembered that whereas in summer they immerse themselves in water about 20° or 30° cooler than their blood, in winter the difference of temperature may amount, as it does sometimes, to no less than 50° or 60° Fahrenheit. To be consistent, they should raise the temperature of the bath in winter to that which it has in summer. As they are inconsistent, they suffer very often from muscular rheumatism. It would appear, therefore, that this species of self-penance is as injurious as it is uncomfortable; but it would be a hopeless task to argue with such 'cold comfort' advocates, and so we must be contented to take our baths in a more pleasant condition, and enjoy our other little luxuries of warmth, resting satisfied with the knowledge that in thus indulging ourselves we are also securing our health. When it can be obtained, there is no

way of promoting warmth so beneficially as by exercise; but business people, and those with sedentary occupations, are of course debarred to a certain extent from this, and are compelled to resort to artificial heat. It should never be forgotten that it is of the utmost importance to keep the extremities warm; and the feet should be especially cared for, more illness being caused by foolish neglect of them, and by allowing them to remain cold or damp, than people are generally aware of. The best way of keeping feet warm is to wear thick socks, and large, easy-fitting boots.

"There are some who would object to wearing 'great clumsy' boots, but although they should be roomy and thick-soled, they need not be clumsy, and if not quite so neat and pleasing to the eye as the cold, tight-fitting miserable things worn by dandies, they are at least more conducive to comfort. One word of caution, however, to those who may be inclined to act on the other extreme from the 'cold comfort' men:—Never allow yourselves to go to sleep with so many blankets covering you as to produce perspiration, nothing being more weakening or debilitating; and any excess of either cold or heat being equally injurious, should be carefully guarded against."

The next grand point to make the hunting-box complete are daily, well-ordered, well-cooked repasts.

SPORTSMAN'S FARE.

How often is a good day's sport spoiled by a dinner of excellent but unsuitable viands—spoiled by the cook's relying on a degree of punctuality which, where fox-hunters are concerned, is simply impossible!

Fox-hunter's fare should be appetising, digestible, and nourishing. If the party is large, and composed partly of strangers to the host or hostess, it should include dishes which will satisfy a fine young healthy appetite, as well as dishes that will tempt those who feel a little feverish after their fatigue.

The nominal dinner-hour may be fixed at seven or eight o'clock, not earlier than six, but the whole *menu* should be capable of being set on the table in due rotation within thirty minutes after the hunters are heard trampling into the yard to the accompaniment of a deep-sounding table-bell.

To carry out this theory of fox-hunters' dinners, it is evident that large dishes of such boiled fish as cod, salmon, or turbot, or large joints of meat, that require a quarter of an hour to the pound weight to roast, are quite unsuitable. The unfortunate cook who has prepared a turbot and Dutch sauce, with a fine haunch of mutton to follow, for a seven o'clock dinner, will find these *pièces de résistance*, with their vegetables, completely spoiled at eight o'clock, and the same fate would await ill-chosen *entrées*.

It may be taken for granted, that however late the hungry hunters arrive, half an hour is the very least time in which they can exchange their hunting for their dining clothes. So short a time as thirty minutes will only be made to suffice where a very long ride and arrival home long after the nominal hour of dinner has made the manipulation of hairbrushes and the tieing of cravats a secondary consideration. But whatever the time allowed between the arrival of the sportsmen and putting the first dish on the table, the bill of fare should be fitted to it.

I have assumed that, even where the party consists entirely of men, the wholesome rule is insisted on that at the least no one shall sit down in his hunting-dress.

At the celebrated hunting hotel, the Haycock, Wansford, in the good old times, it used to be the rule that every one should dress for dinner, so that there should be no room for the eccentricities of the lazy and slovenly; and it proved to be a very good rule.

The first course should be soup—a clear soup—because a *potage* is more easily digested than a *purée*, which is thickened with flour of some kind.

Formerly it might have been necessary to swell these pages with bills of fare; but, in the

present day any lady who is her own housekeeper, and any housekeeper who is fit to take charge of a bachelor's hunting-box, ought to be able to construct *menus* for every hunting day that no amount of unpunctuality will spoil.

There are no doubt very good sportsmen who are perfectly content with a soup principally composed of hot water, grease, pepper, and wine; fried fat chops, from long-woolled sheep, following a codfish boiled to rags. There are others who do not object to a perpetual course of steak and kidney pudding, or Irish stew, or who can satisfy the sacred pangs of hunger on a cold joint, accompanied with potatoes boiled to starch; but these lines are addressed to those who like to *dine*, as distinguished from mere eating, once a day, and are not content, like schoolboys and ploughboys, with anything, so long as there is plenty of it.

English cooks do not, as a rule, understand making soup with flavour and without grease. For sportsmen there is nothing better than the French *pot au feu*, which is always at the side of the fire simmering day and night. But if the cook is not strong in this department, the Aberdeen tinned soups leave nothing to be desired by any reasonable person.

The fish to follow the soup must be either fried, or stewed, or broiled. Frying soles, or any other suitable fish, cut into small pieces, is only a matter of minutes, which may be done while the soup and glass of dry sherry are being discussed. The *entrées* (one should be enough) must be selected from the list of those which may be prepared all ready and cooked within twenty minutes. This list includes cutlets, larks, and *rissoles* of various kinds. A small braised joint of beef or mutton will stand stewing for an unlimited period, and form the *pièce de résistance*, or in plain English, the cut-and-come-again joint. If the party is small, a *poulet à la Marengo* is quickly cooked, and easy of digestion. Game, snipe, and plover can all be cooked within the limited time, say an hour.

It is not my object to write a cookery chapter, but to indicate the lines, by simmering, braising, frying, broiling, and *sautéing*, on which an intelligent cook may construct little dinners, which will be prepared between the arrival of the guests and the time when the sweets should be put on the table.

A nobleman, now deceased, who used to fill his country house in the hunting season with a fair proportion of hunters and non-hunters, never varied his dinner-hour; but, in settling every morning the *menu* with his *chef* (one of the most serious of his occupations), always decided on a series of dishes which would not be spoiled by delay. If we arrived at anything like near the dinner-hour we silently slipped into places, and, by omitting a course or so, by degrees got on good terms with the more punctual starters; but if we were absolutely late, a neat dinner, especially cooked for us, was laid out in the Bachelors' Breakfast-room.

Good cookery is not dearer than bad, and much more wholesome; but to obtain it, some one in the house must understand its first principles—if not the lady of the house, the housekeeper, or cook housekeeper.

Immediately on arriving—before undressing—fox-hunters require something, when the day has been long and the weather inclement, as support during the time that must elapse before dinner is on the table. Some take tea; some brandy, rum, or gin and milk; others prefer a glass of dry sherry. I prefer a breakfast-cup of good clear soup.

In France, after a ball, in the small hours of the morning, at all good houses, every lady is offered a cup of appetising *consommé*, which is, they say, *calmant et digestif*, and, in my opinion, much more refreshing than tea after hunting.

Hunting breakfasts are proverbially substantial. For my own part, I have never been able to understand how a man could ride hard after a hot cutlet, a couple of eggs, a plateful of cold

meat, washed down with two cups of tea, a glass of curaçoa, and, with some, a pint of ale. Those who can digest all this before the hounds find their fox are very fortunate. According to the maxims of training, drink is hostile to the condition of a running or a rowing man. I think it the same with riding, and that a fox-hunter will go best through a severe day who eats only nourishing compact food, and drinks only enough to wash it down. A lean chump chop broiled, a hunch of stale bread, and a small cup of tea, or a tumbler of claret and water, support without stupefying. But there are no fixed rules for the sustenance of man—they vary with age, health, and dimensions.

The men who cannot find appetite and digestion for a solid, substantial breakfast, must take care to furnish their sandwich-cases properly. Sandwiches are generally dry and thirst-provoking; very few cooks know how to cut them, even if they have the materials for making them. Cold fowl or game, not over roasted, make the best provant for the hunting-field. Here again the editors of cookery books might add a new chapter with advantage for the benefit of sportsmen and travellers.

The hunting-flask is presumed to be filled either for refreshment or for a "pick me up." The latter ought only to be required after a heavy fall. According to modern practice, instead of bleeding a patient who has been rolled over or otherwise knocked out of time, a nip of brandy or whiskey is administered as soon as he has sense enough to swallow. As no one expects to fall, although as a matter of fact every straight rider gets at least one fall in a season, the supply of neat spirits may be left to the good nature of the "field." On the occasion of an accident in any of the established hunting counties there are always at least half a dozen flasks at the disposal of the sufferer.

Some persons are never thirsty, and after the hardest run over the stiffest country require no fillip. These are usually young men in the highest condition, who have confined their dinner potations to a few glasses of sound claret. After late hours, with uncounted cigars and B. & S.'s, a hurried breakfast with no appetite, the drinking-flask is likely to be drawn on even before the hounds have found.

Flasks are filled with all sorts of drinks, from cold tea, claret, sherry and water, to brandy, whiskey, or gin. Two of the best Masters of fox-hounds this country ever saw filled their long horn flasks with gin and water, and seldom tasted them until they turned their horses' heads towards home.

The worst flasks are of metal, silver, or plated pewter, which cannot be properly cleansed. The best are of glass covered with leather if worn in the pocket, and with wicker if fitted into a hunting horse-can attached to the pommel of the saddle. There can be no doubt that the less a man drinks in the field the better for his riding. As for those poor wretches who require Dutch courage, in the shape of drams, to brace their nerves before riding a run, they are much fewer in number than when "Nimrod" wrote his "Life of Jack Mytton," and very much to be pitied.

It is quite certain that no man can retain his riding nerve who, after sitting up late to drink or smoke, is obliged to get up early to hunt.

On the way home, if it becomes necessary to take any refreshment at roadside taverns, brandy and wine are to be avoided, as the chances are in favour of their being, if not of British, of Hamburgh manufacture. Milk can generally be obtained. This, with a dash of the truly English liquor gin, will be found a wholesome restorative to an empty, exhausted stomach. In Scotland or Ireland whiskey would naturally take the place of "Old Tom."

The arts of "making shift" have been carried to such perfection of late years for the benefit of yachtsmen, boat pic-nickers, and canoeists, that young sportsmen, encamping in an old-fashioned

farm-house for the benefit of hunting, need no longer be dependent on the limited resources of a farm-house furniture and kitchen. The well of an ordinary dog-cart will carry enough to make any room of four bare walls comfortable, if not luxurious, while the preserved soups and meats and fish of Aberdeen and America will amply make up for the deficiencies of a rural larder.

I have not anywhere heard, except in the pages of a novel, of the resources of the private telegraph system being utilised in a country mansion. One can imagine an arrangement by which the return of a hunting party might be notified to the stud-groom and *chef de cuisien*

THE FOX-HUNTER'S BOOT-JACK.

the moment they passed a telegraph station within ten miles, and again when the lodge-gates of a park are anything like a mile from the house.

"Nimrod" relates that the first Duke of Cleveland,

"Darlington's peer, with his chin sticking out and his cap on one ear,"

had suits of dress clothes deposited at several farm-houses within a certain distance round Raby Castle. To one of these stations he used to ride when the hunting day was finished, and dress while his pad groom went for a postchaise. As the duke entered the lodge-gates, a mile from the castle, a cannon was fired, and as he drove up to the door the dinner was served.

This is a very pretty story, and might have figured well in one of Mr. Disraeli's novels, but one cannot help inquiring what became of his Grace's hunting guests, who had not the opportunity of dressing for dinner. Still the story is suggestive, and the idea may be utilised by some wealthy Master of fox-hounds with mechanical tastes.

George III. did not manage his hunting so luxuriously as Lord Darlington, for he told the Duke of Gloucester that, "when we hunt together, neither my brother (the Duke of Cumberland) nor my son (the Prince of Wales) will speak to me; and one day lately, when the chase ended at a little village, where there was only one postchaise, my son and brother got into it and drove away to London, leaving me to ride to Windsor in a cart, if I could get one." *

HUNTING (MEET) BREAKFASTS.

It is a time-honoured custom that, when hounds meet to draw certain coverts, the resident at the nearest house should give a breakfast to the Master of the hounds and all comers, without invitation. The persons who practise a kind of open-house hospitality, unknown in any other part of the world, vary in degree from plain farmers to great noblemen. The ordinary character of these "free-feeds" has been immortalised in John Leech's illustrations of the "Adventures of Mr. Soapey Sponge," the hard-riding horse "coper," and Mr. Jorrocks, grocer and Master of the Handley Cross Hounds.

When a rich migrant from town to country life, with all his way to make in the county, settles down in a mansion to which a famous fox-covert is annexed, where it has been usual from time immemorial to precede the drawing by a breakfast-meet; or when, as is sometimes the case, the new squire makes a bid for the good word of the old squirearchy by establishing a fox-covert on his newly-purchased estate, the arrangement of the entertainment becomes a matter of serious consideration.

If it be done at all it should be done well, but not too well. On this point some "grave and reverend seignior"—some acknowledged go-between—of the hunt should be consulted. There is nothing county families resent more than being outblazed by mere money. The object should be to give as good a breakfast as has ever been given, but not remarkable for any startling innovations.

Unless the rooms and hall are very large, and plenty of servants available, a stand-up breakfast, where people may freely help themselves, is the best. The dishes should be selected on the plan of requiring the least possible amount of carving.

When the meet runs up to and over a hundred horsemen, no one but a millionnaire should attempt hot dishes. A few years ago a certain *hermit* duke did give to a provincial hunt, at his uninhabited castle, a hot breakfast as complete as ever was served up to a wedding party in Belgrave Square; but there the underground kitchen communicated by a tramway and a lift with the (on all other days of the year for ten years) deserted banqueting-hall. This duke was more eccentric than the most eccentric English peer of a French romance. The breakfast is mentioned as a curiosity, not as an example.

The liquors are a matter of prime importance, and are too often neglected, that is, two qualities are provided, one for the Master of the hounds and his party, the other for the *oi polloi*—a very great mistake. Sherry, brandy and water, with bitter ale, all good, are variety enough. Six dozen of really good sherry at a hunt breakfast have been known to establish the reputation of a new resident, and £10 would probably represent the difference between a superior and a common

* "Memoirs of Charles James Fox," by Lord John Russell.

article. The brandy should be old; the ale the cleanest tap that Burton or Stratford-on-Avon can produce, supplied from barrels if the "field," is very large; each barrel under the charge of an obliging servant. In a fine ancient or modern baronial hall, quarter casks of sherry, with silver taps, may be set up with good effect; the main object being to make the "Hunt" feel that they are welcome to come in and eat and drink without ceremony.

If it is the custom of the county to give champagne, not otherwise, it should be of a brand safe from headaches.

In very cold weather mulled claret, not poisoned with curaçoa or cognac or other messes, but simply warmed with sugar and a little spice, will be gratefully accepted by many who do not care to leave their horses.

Handing round glasses of cherry brandy is one of the superstitions of British hunting breakfasts, an excellent liquor for producing a headache in its ordinary home-made form. If in deference to old established custom it is considered necessary to give it in addition to dry sherry, old cognac, mulled claret, and sound bitter ale, the wiser plan is to purchase cherry brandy of Copenhagen manufacture.

The success of a breakfast meet is very much enhanced if the giver engages a large number of countrymen to hold the horses of the guests. Fifty men at a shilling apiece will take charge of a hundred horses, and then their riders will have no excuse for not availing themselves of the hospitality of the giver of the feast.

Some persons treat the Master of the hounds—especially if he be a peer—like royalty, and entertain him and his set in an inner apartment on superior fare. But it is certainly not "good form," and would not please such Masters of hounds as the Earl Spencer, the Earl of Coventry, or of Portsmouth.

Well-planned and well-executed, a hunt breakfast may be found a not unimportant step towards county society.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISCELLANEOUS HINTS ON HUNTING.

Division of Packs of Fox-hounds—Private—Subscription—Breeding Packs—Names of—County Packs—Masters of Hounds—Of Ancient and of Modern Families—Names of Sportsmen Born, not Made—Amount of Subscription—Cost of Hunting Fox-hounds—Of Harriers—The Difficulties of a Master of Hounds—Different Kinds of Masters—The Master who Hunts for Sport—The Master who Hunts for Position—Advice to Huntsmen—A Superior Class of Servants—The Qualifications Required—Knowledge of Hounds—Of Foxes—Of Country—Decision of Character—Horsemanship—The Old Idea of Drunken Huntsmen False—Tom Moody not a Huntsman—Two Model Huntsmen—Will Goodall, of the Belvoir—Tom Sebright, of The Fitzwilliam—Their Lives and Deaths—Scent—A Mystery—Evidence from Huntsmen in Many Countries—The Belvoir County—The Dorsetshire—The Herts—The Essex—The Brocklesby—The Berkeley—THE FOX-HOUND—How Brought to Perfection—By Careful Selection—For Certain Qualities—Importance of Even Size—Average Sizes of Dogs and Bitches—Music of Hounds—Diminished by Pace—Canon Kingsley's Description of a Fox-hound—The Parson Describing a Hunt in Hampshire—The Fox—A Picture from Life—The Hunting Men—*Note*—Russian Princess' Opinion of Sporting Writers—A Day in Sherwood Forest, by the Author—Hunting Lessons—A Farmer's Grievance in Queen Ann's Time—George III. the Farmer's Friend—The Hunting Club—Boodle's—Hunting Terms, List of.

THE attempt to give an historical and practical idea of modern fox-hunting, for the benefit of aspirants, would not be complete without some reference to Masters of hounds, huntsmen, and hunting-fields.

Out of 137 packs of fox-hounds in England and Scotland, recorded in the "Rural Almanack" of 1874, the following were maintained without subscription:—The Belvoir, by the Duke of Rutland; the Brocklesby, by the Earl of Yarborough; the Badminton, by the Duke of Beaufort (formerly hunted by the duke himself, and in that year by the Marquis of Worcester); the Berkeley, by Lord Fitzhardinge; the Duke of Grafton's; the Earl of Fitzwilliam's in Yorkshire, formerly in Northamptonshire; the Earl of Coventry's (hunted by himself) in Worcestershire; the Cottesmore, taken up by the third Earl of Lonsdale on his accession to his title (for many years it was a subscription pack, but it was founded by one of his ancestors about a hundred years ago); the Lord Leconfield's in Sussex; the Earl of Portsmouth's in North Devon; Lord Tredegar in South Wales; Sir Watkin William Wynn in North Wales. In Scotland, the Duke of Buccleuch maintained the pack of fox-hounds established by himself in his minority, and the Earl of Eglintoun the pack of hounds established by his father, of Eglintoun tournament memory. In Ireland, the Marquis of Waterford kept up the famous Curraghmore Hounds. There may be other packs less known to fame, maintained at their own expense by private gentlemen; but of the rest, by far the greater number are supported by subscription—in some cases limited to the members of a county club; in others, open to any man willing to pay the fixed minimum contribution, and behave with common decency in the field. With respect to county clubs, a man buying and residing on an estate in the county would be looked on coldly if he did not subscribe; while in some instances—for instance with the Cheshire—"donations" are accepted from the hunting men of Liverpool and Manchester, but subscriptions with the right to wear the club uniform are declined.

Some subscription packs have been maintained under one management for a long series of

years. Such is the Bramham Moor, in Yorkshire, with which the name of the Lane Fox family is indelibly connected; while the Holderness have had one Master in Mr. Hall, a banker, for nearly forty years. As nearly all the excellence of a pack of fox-hounds depends on breeding on fixed principles for a long series of years, it is a great disadvantage when a pack is broken up, and for a new Master to commence to hunt the county with hounds collected from east and west, north and south. Such has been the fate of the Quorn more than once. Master has succeeded Master at short intervals; some managing without and some with a subscription. On each occasion the whole establishment of hounds, servants, and horses has been dispersed; while subscription packs of merely provincial reputation have been maintained without interruption for generations.

The tesselated condition of English society—in which the choicest honours are open to the successful, no matter how born or bred—is faithfully reproduced in rank of Masters of fox-hounds. For example, in 1874, two peers were Masters of and personally hunted two subscription packs of fox-hounds in Oxfordshire; in Essex, a Master was a real tenant-farmer; in Holderness, the Master was a banker; in Suffolk, a few years ago, a father and son, brewers—the father an M.P.—managed at the same time two packs; in Surrey, a pack of fox-hounds, maintained on a very modest scale by local subscriptions, was not only managed but hunted by a genuine London banker—not a retired sleeping partner, but the working representative of one of the oldest City banking firms.

In the same direction it may be noted that the most celebrated Masters of hounds and sportsmen have been by no means exclusively enlisted from the ranks of noblemen or long-descended landed squires. The late Sir Tatton Sykes—the Sir Roger de Coverley of Yorkshire—passed some years of his youth in a solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn Square, and was the grandson of a Hull merchant. Squire Farquharson, who hunted Dorsetshire for half a century, and looked the character of the leather-breeched, top-booted, country gentlemen as much as his contemporary—the Norman descended Sir Charles Kingsley—was the son of a *Nabob*, as the shakers of the Pagoda Tree were called in the time of Clive and Warren Hastings. The late Captain John White, who was known, when Master of the Cheshire Hounds, as "Leicestershire White," and was considered the *beau ideal* of a sportsman in Melton's most palmy days, was the son of a Manchester physician. Out of living Masters of hounds hunting important countries a dozen examples might be quoted of men whose claim to the position rest on love of sport, and not the least on pedigree. The lineal descendants of that illustrious barber, Sir Richard Arkwright, the founder of the cotton manufacture, which enabled England to bear the cost of the wars following the French Revolution, supplied Masters of the fox-hounds in Essex, in Bedfordshire, and Warwickshire in a father and two sons; and in 1874, three Arkwrights hunted a Bedfordshire, a Herefordshire, and an Essex pack. In the same year, the Master of the celebrated Heythrop Hounds was a son of Mr. Thomas Brassey, the millionnaire railway contractor, one of his predecessors in the office having been Lord Redesdale, the paid chairman of the Private Bill Committee of the House of Lords.

The subscription to an established pack of fox-hounds is seldom less than twenty-five pounds, but there are landed proprietors who give five hundred pounds without attending a meet twice in a season.

The guaranteed subscription in 1874, to one of the best packs in a metropolitan county for three days a week, and an occasional by-day, was two thousand pounds a year; but in the same county very good sport was shown with a scratch pack of hounds by a *professional Master* for less than a thousand a year.

On the other hand, a pack of harriers may be kept up in really good style for about five hundred a year. Every gentleman who appears regularly at the meets of a subscription (not being a county

pack) is expected to subscribe, and with the packs that meet within fifty miles of London, a stranger will probably receive a hint to that effect after the third or fourth visit. The farmers whose holdings are within easy reach of a metropolitan railway would naturally object to any hunting at all if the "fields" were not strictly limited. With harriers, a collection called "a cap" is generally made before the hounds throw off, of from two and sixpence to five shillings, from each non-subscriber.

For a new man, in the sense of the French term *nouveau riche*, to obtain admission into a county hunting club is almost as difficult as to be balloted into the most exclusive clubs of London, say White's or the Travellers', and can only be effected by the same means—good introductions. Money alone is not a passport, although with tact it will do a good deal.

The position of the Master of a subscription pack of fox-hounds involves, if properly performed, grave responsibilities, much time and labour, and a host of rural troubles. Varied considerations induce men to accept, and even to seek, the doubtful honour. In the first rank stand those who take upon themselves a government almost as difficult as that of Spain or France, because they are born sportsmen; because the subscription, added to their own means, enables them to enjoy more hunting than they could otherwise afford; because they are never so happy as when hunting their hounds in the season, and in attending to all the details of breeding, exercising, and training them out of season. Such men are content to shog along grass lanes with the pack at their heels for hour after hour in summer, and to spend afternoons in playing with them in some quiet nook of a park. The hounds, the kennel huntsman, and a few chosen friends deep in hound pedigree, content them for society during the best part of the year. Such men, although independent in circumstances, with moderate incomes, and no expensive tastes beyond the hunting-field, are generally popular with all the farmers of the district, and their wives! They make fair words go as far—or further—than money; they exercise infinite tact and temper in settling the inevitable difficulties of damages to fences and poultry, the still more difficult discussions with pheasant preservers and their gamekeepers, and of late years the costly negotiations for the removal of wire fences in the hunting season. When such men are also good horsemen, who, riding in front, can look the *thrusting* swells in the face when it is necessary to cry, "Hold hard!" they have less difficulty in keeping eager "fields" in order than those often capital M. F. H.'s, of mature years and heavy weight, who are obliged to trust to opened gates and easy gaps. But there are some countries where the armies of high-bred sportsmen can only be prevented from spoiling their own sport by the authority of one who combines high rank with hard-riding qualifications.

But even when everything is well managed in the kennel, the stable, and the field, when the farmers are friendly, wire-traps are removed, and foxes fairly preserved, there remain too often bitter drops at the bottom of the goblet of sport, in the shape of a meddlesome committee—of subscriptions insufficient or ill-paid—and of cantankerous supporters who persistently exercise the easy task of finding fault with the hounds, the horses, the huntsman, the style of hunting, and everything else.

Fox-hunting sport is dependant on scent—scent is the most uncertain thing in the world. Without scent the most perfect pack cannot kill, cannot even hunt, and in the course of a few weeks will seem to lose all confidence in the most skilful huntsman. In a bad scenting season the life of a Master of hounds is one of misery at home and abroad. If he is new to the county, he and his establishment are set down as "duffers." Even if he is an old friend, some energetic new arrival in the county—some young peer or squire, fresh from the university, "who knows not Joseph"—gives the signal of discontent, which those who are always tired of "Aristides the Just" echo. "The Master is "too old, too slow; he does not lift the hounds," &c. &c.; or, "is

too fast and impatient." But this rising discontent will often be nipped in the bud by a change in the wind and a rapid succession of good runs and kills.

Quite different is the man who takes the management for the sake of position, and finds all or a large share of the subscriptions. The probability is that, even if he understands how to keep a respectable place with hounds, he knows little or nothing about hunting, or the equally important subject of kennel management, and maintaining the reputation of a pack by judicious breeding.

He is fortunate if his social position, style, and manner enable him to keep his "*field*" in order; still more fortunate if he obtains the services of a huntsman who thoroughly understands his business, and yet on the strength of his superior knowledge does not forget that he is the servant of the gentleman who employs him, and not of the young bloods who tip and flatter him.

Therefore, if a newly-enriched man—the son of some fortunate trader, solicitor, or contractor—determines on taking the responsibilities and honours of a M. F. H., he has one of two courses to pursue: either to qualify himself for the post by careful and assiduous study, or to confine himself to the financial and diplomatic department, leaving the practical part to his professional assistant—the huntsman.

There are two sorts of M. F. H.'s who are equally contemptible: the one who, knowing little or nothing of hunting, is continually blowing his horn and interfering with his huntsman, in order to show his authority; and the other who, not interfering at all, allows himself to be the *butt* and the dupe of the great and imperious gentlemen for whose amusement he pays heavily and works hard.

Fox-hunting is seen under its most agreeable aspect, either when the pack is the hereditary property, or under the management of a gentleman "to the manner born," or where in truly rural districts it is maintained by a small body of subscribers, who are enthusiastic sportsmen, who all know each other, and to use a familiar phrase, "mean business," and nothing else.

Huntsmen, as a body, are an intelligent, sober, thoughtful class; servants not the least like the drunken reprobates who figure in the stories of the orgies of the last generation—the Tom Moodys, whose deathbeds and funerals were the occasion scenes which sound blasphemous to a soberer generation. Tom Moody, by-the-by, was not a huntsman, but a whip; although a very great rider, he had no hunting talent to justify the hero-worship which song-writers and painters have accorded him. "He was a little eight-stone man, decidedly dirty; he would wear his boots without taking them off from Monday to Saturday. His whole existence centered in hunting; he could not read a word; his spare time in summer was spent in fishing for eels."

It is no exaggeration to say that the qualities which make a first-rate huntsman in the field are those which would also make a first-rate commander of cavalry. He must carry the geography of the country in his head, have an instinctive knowledge of the habits of the fox, a familiar acquaintance with the capabilities of every one of his hounds, and the faculty of being able to make up his mind in an instant. With these capabilities, he must be a bold, determined horseman, understand the art of bringing his pack at the commencement of each season into the highest possible condition, and know how to so select bitches and sires, and so draft the puppies of every year, as to bring them to the size and hunting qualities suited to the county, and in other respects, as near as possible to perfection in strength, speed, and hunting qualities.

But the best way of giving those, who have not made hunting the subject of practice or study, an idea of what a huntsman should be, will be to take from an enthusiastic biographer accounts of two of the best who ever holloaed to a hound.

Will Goodall, the famous huntsman of the Duke of Rutland's Belvoir Hounds, so far from being illiterate, had a passion for writing, and had an enormous correspondence with other huntsmen. In the summer of the Great Exhibition he visited sixteen kennels, *but never got to*

Hyde Park. "Playing with his boys at cricket, and watching his bees by the hour, were his principle summer amusements." He kept a most minute diary. His phraseology was very picturesque. "*Screamed over the fallows;*" "*Raced into him, and eat him;*" "*A blazing hour;*" "*Blew him up in the open;*" were expressions characteristic of the ceaseless energy of the man. For every good hit his hounds made he put a cross against their names in his diary, and a note if they did anything out of the common. For instance, "*Lucy made a famous hit at Williford, and won her fox;*" "*Belle showed great superiority of nose;*" "*Wishful beat the whole pack, and racing out of it caught the fox;*" but, on another occasion, "*Wishful and Willing behaved very ill, running hare most obstinately in Eastern Wood.*." He told also how "Knipton (his horse) gave me a terrible fall, jumping into a blind grip (*no fault of his*)."

The following is his last entry—he died shortly afterwards. It is an unadorned narrative of an average day with hounds:—

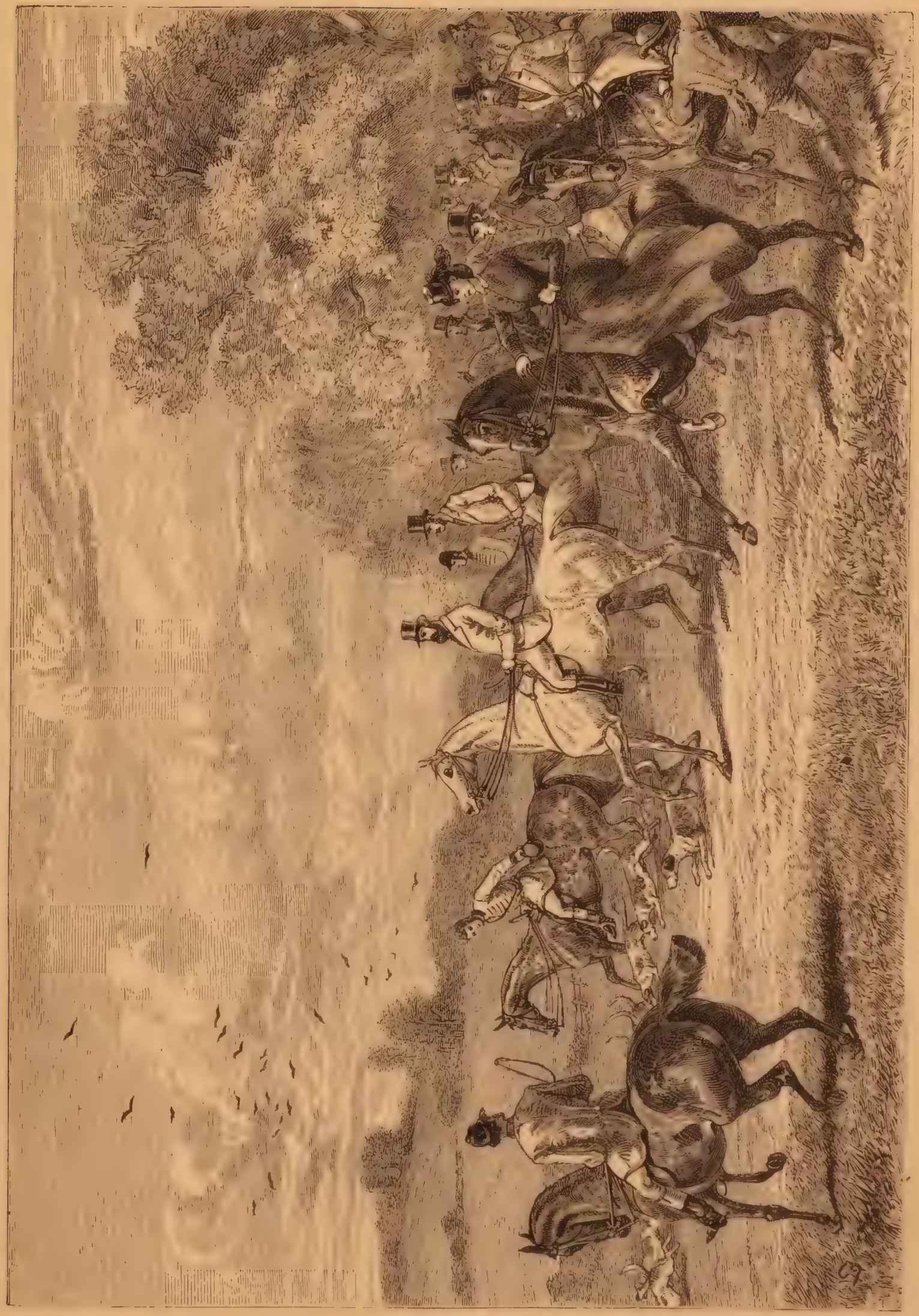
"On Wednesday, April 6th, 1857, met at Belvoir. Found our first fox at Barkston Wood. Run ringing about the hills, with a very bad scent, for two hours, when the hounds began to improve, getting off a vixen, that had laid up with her cubs, on to an old dog-fox. They set to like business, and after running him hard for an hour and a half, forced him out over the Dog Horse pastures, a ring over Musson's farm, and back to the wood; away again to same ring, in view of the hounds, to cover in a large drain, where Comely was soon in, drove him out, and they killed him most handsomely in the open, after being engaged, from first finding in the morning, four hours; thus ending one of the worst seasons on record. A hot sunny day like June wind south, glass very low, and the plough (land) as dry and hard as iron; the hedges and trees all as green as in the middle of summer, and a great many young birds already hatched. Leverets and cubs are very forward; indeed, such a forward spring has not been known by the oldest inhabitant." Here follows a list of the sixteen and a half couple of hounds out.

He died from the effects of an accident. "My kind Lord Duke," as he called him, "bent over his dying bed to bid him farewell." "As the hearse passed the kennels, the mourners were thrilled by the hounds suddenly giving tongue in mournful tones."

An equally fine specimen of a huntsman of the old school was Tom Sebright, the son of a New Forest huntsman, in the palmy days of that wild Norman preserve, before the deer were destroyed, and when Lord Palmerston was one of the ornaments of the chase; after living with Mr. Musters in Notts, Sir Mark Sykes in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Squire Osbaldeston in Leicestershire, passed the remaining forty seasons of his life as huntsman of the Milton Hounds in the service of Earl Fitzwilliam and his sons. An accomplished huntsman, a fine horseman in appearance and manners, a model retainer of a noble house, a most intelligent and cheerful companion, his latter days have been sketched in his finest manner by "The Druid" in a chapter from which the following passages are abridged. I had myself the pleasure of hunting with Tom Sebright more than once, years before "The Druid" ever saw him, and can bear witness that his picture of the fine old man is not over-coloured.

"We loved," says "The Druid,"* "to stroll out with the old man and the hounds into Melton Park. He was one of those fine old sterling characters which well repaid study. The whole place and its accessories seemed exactly in keeping with him. The rick-backed church, with its crooked belfry; the fox-hound sign, nailed to the elm tree; the river Nen creeping on its 'lazy Scheldt-like' course along the broad meadows of Overton; the white sun-dial on the wall of the steward's house, and the quaint intermixture of the Martello tower, with the thatch and the ivy of the

* "Scott and Sebright," by "The Druid."



LAYING ON THE ROYAL BUCK-HOUNDS.

kennels, all blended so thoroughly with him and his honest pride of being part and parcel of an old English home." "During the summer he spent nearly all his time amongst the young hounds—'my lambs'—and cared very little to wander a-field." . . . . . "Tom's manner was rather phlegmatic; he never wearied of enforcing the maxim, 'That so much mischief is being done by being in a hurry.' When a fox was found, his scream would make you shake in your saddle." In hound language and horn-blowing none could excel him, even when he was long past "the prime of a huntman's life," which he put at from thirty to sixty.

"His language to the 'field' was remarkably courteous and guarded, even under deep provocation. If a fox was headed right into his face, he seldom got beyond '*Odd rabbit it altogether;*' if a whip mistook orders, he appealed most forcibly to '*Rags and Garters.*' . . . In the great woodlands" (in which the Milton county is so rich), "it was beautiful to see the hounds fly to his horn. His broad, bold forehead, of the old Noll mould, was a treat to look at, when, with cap in hand, he *lifted* the hounds to their fox, which he never did till they had made their own cast first. At the death he was nervously anxious lest horsemen should tread upon his darlings. Then, if the Earl Fitzwilliam was out, came the dignified, respectful touch of the cap, 'A dog fox, my lord.'

"Never but once did any one of his three Milton Masters speak a word of reproof to him. 'Tom! Tom!' said the late Earl, when he had been left behind at Wastingley Wood, 'you rode away from the Master of the hounds!' 'I blew my horn three times, I assure you, my lord, before I left the cover,' was the answer. Nothing more was said, till his lordship broke silence as they rode back to Milton with, 'Tom, don't let the sun go down upon my wrath.' 'And this,' said Tom, 'was the first and last scolding I ever got at Milton.'"

At length he fell sick. "The last party of friends he ever had to dinner pressed him to sing, and he tried his favourite song, 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky;' but broke down when he had got through two stanzas. Still there was all his old animation in, '*Have at him, boys,*' '*Hi wind 'em;*' and his fair share again as he spoke to his hounds in 'chorus.' Then the horns were got down, and Tom talked like a composer on chase music in general; and fairly beat old George Carter out of the field, when he challenged him to a tune. It was a meeting he had long set his heart on, and it proved his farewell."

He died on a Sunday. "His appetite seemed suddenly to return; once more he hoped for life. He insisted, as it was Sunday, on having two glasses to drink his usual toasts—'A good health to you all,' and 'The Master of the hounds.' 'That's not enough to drink Mr. Fitzwilliam's * health in, Winifred.' But he could do little more than taste it when it was given him. Then his mind wandered. 'Don't you see them,' he said to his daughter; 'they're all round my bed! There's old Bluecap, and Shiner, and Bonny Lass wagging her stern!' 'No, no, father, you're mistaken.' 'Ah! they're gone. How strange, isn't it, I should see them so plain? Oh, dear, they're only flies!'

"The window was open, and the sound of the church bells floated into the room. He told his little grandchild not to be late—'Are you ready for church, Harry?'—and almost before the bell was down his own last summons had been given and obeyed.

"They buried him at Thorpe beside his wife, whose loss, two years before, had almost bowed him down. 'She helped me through many a hard trouble; nothing but her care made me the man I am: but God's will be done.' On her tombstone he had inscribed:—

'Restrained from passionate excess
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress
For those who rest in Thee.'"

* The late Honourable George Fitzwilliam took the pack after the death of his father the Earl.

The length of these extracts may be excused for their beauty, and for the truthful picture they afford of a life and a man so different from the vulgar notions of a fox-hunter.

SCENT.

Nothing is more mysterious than the "scent," on which fox-hunters are dependent for their sport. After a century, in which the experience of the most earnest observers has been recorded, no theory of any value has been framed.

The favourite idea of "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," which has been embalmed in a popular hunting-song, is often found a deception and a snare. Hounds have been known to run tremendously in snow-storms, rain-storms, and the coldest winds, and sometimes under a hot May sun, although that is more rare. As a rule, the best scent is found on grass, and the worst on ploughed land; and where hounds run from grass to plough, it is often found that they decline from racing breast-high to cold hunting; but there are many exceptions to this theory. For example, the Roothings of Essex are a district as flat as a billiard-table, all plough, very little under the influence of the modern system of deep draining, intersected by wide, deep, neglected ditches. There is no county in England that holds such a good scent *after* the ground is saturated with rain.

"The Druid," who never rode hunting in his life, and had the advantage of not starting with theory, has most industriously collected the opinions of a number of huntsmen and Masters of hounds. Thus, Will Goodall wrote:—"I can't say I have observed any very great peculiarity of scent in any part of the country. With a north-east wind and a rising glass hounds will run over any part of it, and catch their fox; but with a *west* wind, which it has been nearly all the season, we have never had a week's good scenting." The late Squire Farquharson, who hunted Dorsetshire for nearly half a century, said, "I have known a burning scent, when, according to accepted rules, there should be none; and I have known a great lack of it under the most propitious prospects; and I have seen hounds fly in a strong westerly wind, which is supposed to be most unpropitious for scent—in fact, I have seen them run in all winds and weathers. At the same time, I am inclined to think that when the quicksilver is low the atmosphere is disturbed, and scent is so fluctuating and *catching* that it varies momentarily; and that, on the contrary, when the quicksilver is steady and settled the scent is good. Dorsetshire (a dairy and hill county) cannot be called a good scenting county in a moist season; but then the *hills* and woodlands hold a good scent."

"The Puckeridge (Herts), nearly all plough, does not carry a good scent, and they like to force the foxes into Essex." The Puckeridge was the pack John Leech frequented, and from which he took most of his comical sketches.

"In the High Wold, Brocklesby county (a county of corn, root, and sheep farms, and a light soil, originally reclaimed from heath and rabbit-warrens), when the county is dry the scent fails. The more rain the better we go; best up to our knees and hocks in mud. In the Berkeley county (grass dairy farms) dry weather is most favourable to sport. The Cotswold Hills hold a better scent than the vale. The Beaufort county is richer land than Heythrop (Oxfordshire), has more grass, and it holds a better scent. The Duke of Grafton's county—Northamptonshire—has much grass land, and is first-rate, and so is the Pytchley, except the northern part adjoining Bedfordshire, which is notoriously the worst scenting county in the hunt."

"In Shropshire, whenever there is scent on the Haughmond Hill there is none in the valley, and the reverse holds good. The Old Berkshire shows most sport in a dry season. When scent had been bad on an October day the fog rose, and the hounds killed their fox in twenty minutes."

THE FOX-HOUND.

In no branch of breeding has the art been carried to such perfection as in the fox-hound. With definite objects, successive generations of huntsmen have selected and bred without any regard to cost, and with all the advantages of recorded pedigree which are enjoyed by the breeders of thorough-bred horses. But the breeders of race-horses constantly breed without regard to form, to soundness, or to constitution, if the blood of sire or dam promise speed. No matter what the defects of a sire that has won great races, his services will be in great demand. Not so with the fox-hound, as he is simply an instrument of pleasure, as his qualities do not win money, the breeder of the most obscure as well as of the most fashionable pack aims at the same perfections. The fox-hound must have the symmetry which insures speed and endurance, a vigorous body and limbs, with no superfluous flesh, and a full development of the chest and breathing powers. He must be keen-scented, and musical in the degree required in the country he hunts.

To all these, and other points too numerous to mention, the Masters of hounds and huntsmen of England, in continual communication with each other, have devoted their attention for more than a century, and have in that time got rid of the "crooked legs," the "dewlaps" of old English and continental hounds, in some instances sacrificing scent and hunting qualities to speed, but always combining in a high degree hunting and racing qualities.

It is in the success with which a huntsman unites the best qualities of a hound, corrects the faults of a good bitch, by putting to a stallion excellent in the qualities where she is deficient, or *vice versa*, that the kennel excellence of a huntsman is shown.

In a pack of reputation it is important that all the dogs and bitches should be as nearly of a size as possible, whatever be the standard of the pack; dogs at the present day ranging from twenty-two inches to twenty-five inches, bitches from twenty-one to twenty-three inches. In some countries the dogs and bitches are hunted in separate packs, "ladies" being considered the fastest; in other countries, equally famous for sport, they are mixed, and then twenty-three inches is the more popular size.

Some Masters of hounds are as particular about colour as about size; others are satisfied if the pack will only hunt and race.

As to size, in the present civilised state of English agriculture, the size of a fox-hound is much a matter of fancy; but where fences have to be run through small hounds are preferred, where great ditches are to be leaped a certain size is essential; little bitches get lost.

It is the mark of a high-couraged fox-hound that he flies his fences in full cry, instead of halting to look for a hole.

As to music, for which the old English and German hounds were so famous, it has been to a somewhat extent diminished by the demands of pace. Certain packs of very high reputation, such as the Brocklesby and the Belvoir, having a very open country to hunt, are much more mute than those that hunt through wild and woodland countries. In Nottinghamshire, Essex, or Devonshire, a huntsman would soon be lost without the music of his hounds.

Intelligent a fox-hound must be, but not too intelligent, for such are "skirters," trying to hit off the scent right or left of the pack. Such might make capital pot-hunters in the woods of Virginia. Docility is essential, but not at the sacrifice of courage. It is not the best hounds who submit to the lash without a growl.

To a stranger to hunting, there is no more extraordinary sight than that of a pack of hungry hounds crowded at a door in sight of their feeding-trough, and not one venturing to come forward until called by name.

All great huntsmen are beloved by their hounds, although they could not rule them without severe discipline.

That earnest poet, Canon Kingsley, who was a "mighty hunter" and a daring horseman in his curate days, describes "the fox-hound as the result of nature, not limited, but developed by high civilisation. Next to an old Greek statue, there are few such combinations of grace and strength as in a fine fox-hound. The old savage ideal of beauty—type of mere massive force—was the lion; of grace, the fawn. Breeding and selecting, through long centuries, have created the fox-hound, which combines both types. . . . . Look at the old hound, who stands doubtful, looking up at his master for advice. Mark the severity, delicacy, lightness of every curve: his head fine as a deer's, his hind-legs as terse as steel springs, his fore-legs straight as arrows; and see the depth of his chest, the sweep of his loin, the mass of arm and thigh, the breadth of paw; and, if you have an eye for form, note the absolute majesty of his attitude. Majesty is the only word; for, if he were ten feet high, instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you contrast him? It is a joy to see such perfection alive!"

There are other passages in the same paper, "A Concert in a Pine-wood"—the description of a hunt in Hampshire—so unlike the usual sensational pictures of Life in Leicestershire, that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting them. It must be understood that the parson is riding on his old hunter through a pine-wood, to administer spiritual consolation to a poor parishioner.

"Stay! there was a sound at last—a light footfall—a hare races towards us through the ferns, her great bright eyes full of terror, her ears aloft to catch some sound behind. She sees us, turns short, and vanishes into the gloom. The mare pricks up her ears, too, listens, and looks; but not the way the hare has gone. There is something more coming. Besides, that hare was not travelling in search of food. She was not 'loafing' along, looking around her right and left; but galloping steadily. She has been frightened; she has been put up; but what has put her up? And there, far away among the fir-stems, rings the shriek of a startled blackbird. What has put him rife?

"'Stand still, old mare! Do you think still, after fifteen winters, that you can catch a fox?'

"A fox it is indeed; a great dog-fox, as red as the fir-stems between which he glides. And yet his legs are black with fresh peat stains. He is a hunted fox, but he has not been up long.

"The mare stands like a statue, but I can feel her trembling between my knees. Positively he does not see us. He sits down in the middle of a ride, turns his great ears right and left, and then scratches one of them with his hind foot, seemingly to make it hear the better. Now he is up again and on.

"Beneath yon fir, some hundred yards away, standeth, or rather lieth, for it is on dead, flat ground, the famous castle of Malepartius, which beheld the base murder of Lampe, the hare, and many a seely soul beside. I know it well; a patch of sand-heaps, mingled with great holes, amid the twining fir-roots; ancient home of the last wild beasts. And thither, unto Malepartius safe and strong, trots Reineke, where he hopes to be snug among the labyrinthine windings, and innumerable starting-holes, of his ballium, covert-way, and donjon keep. Full blown in self-satisfaction he trots, lifting his toes delicately, and carrying his brush aloft, as full of cunning and conceit as that world-famous ancestor of his, whose deeds of unchivalry were the delight, if not the model, of knight and kaiser, lady and burgher, in the middle age.

"Suddenly he halts at the great gate of Malepartius; examines it with his nose; goes on to a postern, examines that also, and then another and another, while I perceive afar, projecting from every caves' mouth, the red and green end of a fir-faggot. 'Ah, Reineke! fallen is thy conceit, and fallen thy tail therewith. Man has been beforehand with thee, and the earths are stopped!'

"One moment he sits down to meditate, and scratches those trusty counsellors, his ears, as if he would tear them off, 'revolving swift thoughts in a crafty mind.'

"He has settled it now. He is up and off, and at what a pace, and with what a grace besides! 'Oh, Reineke, beautiful thou art, of a surety, in spite of thy great naughtiness.'

"I am rising fast to Pistol's vein. Shall I ejaculate? Shall I notify? Shall I waken the echoes? Shall I break the grand silence by that scream which the vulgar *view halloo* call?

"It is needless; for louder every moment swells up a sound at which my heart leaps into my mouth, and my mare into the air.

"And now appear, dim at first and distant, but brightening and nearing fast, many a right good fellow, and many a right good horse. I know three out of four of them. They are not very clever, or very learned, or very anything, except gallant men; but they are good enough company for me, or any one. What matter to you who each man is? Enough that each man can tell me a good story, welcome me cheerfully, and give me, out here in the wild forest, the wholesome feeling of being at home among friends.*

"There is music, again, if you listen, in the soft tread of those hundred horse-hoofs upon the springy, vegetable soil. They are trotting now in 'common time.' You may hear the whole Croats' March (the finest trotting-march in the world) played by those iron heels; the time, as it does in the Croats' March, breaking now and then, plunging, jingling, struggling through heavy ground, bursting for a moment into a jubilant canter as it reaches a sound spot.

"The hounds feather a moment round Malepartius, puzzled by the winding of Reineke's footsteps. I can hear the flap and snort of the dogs' nostrils as they canter round me; and I like it—it is exciting; but why!—who can tell?

"I cap them on to the spot at which Reineke disappeared.

"Old Virginal's stern flourishes; instantly her pace quickens; one whimper, and she is away, full-mouthed, through the wood, and the pack after her: but not I. I am not going with them. My hunting days are over. Let it suffice that I have, in the days of my vanity, drank delight of battle with my peers far on the ringing plains of many a country, grass and forest, down and vale.

"And hounds and huntsmen are already far ahead—are racing up the Roman road. Racing, indeed; for as Reineke gallops up the narrow heather-fringed pathway, *he brushes off his scent upon the twigs at every stride, and the hounds race after him*, showing no head, indeed, and keeping, for convenience, in one long line upon the track; but going, *heads up, sterns down*, at a pace which no horse can follow. I only hope they may not overrun the scent.

"They have overrun it; they halt, and put their heads down a moment. But with one swift cast, in full gallop, they have hit it off again, fifty yards away in the heather, long ere the horsemen are up to them; for those hounds can hunt a fox, because they are not hunted themselves, and so have learnt to trust themselves, and act for themselves, as boys should learn at school, even at the risk of a mistake or two. Now they are showing head, indeed, down a half-cleared valley, and over a few ineffectual turnips, withering in the heart of the wilderness, and then over the brook, while I turn slowly away, through a green wilderness of self-sown firs.

"Hark! a faint, dreary hallo off the moor above. And then another and another. My friends may trust it, for the clod of these parts delights in the chase like any bare-legged Paddy, and casts away flail and fork wildly to run, shout, assist, and interfere in all possible ways, out of pure love!"

And here I may perhaps be pardoned for introducing an account of another hunt in another forest, by a far inferior hand, as a further illustration of modern woodcraft.

"A DAY IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

"The great woods rang again with the cry of the hounds, and the cheers and horn of the Captain encouraging them; without this encouragement they would not work in these vast solitudes.

"There was a pause; a farmer saw a fox sitting in one of the rides with his fore-paw up, as if attentively listening. A wild 'Tally-ho! tally-ho! Hark, holla! Hark, holla!' 'Too, too, too' goes the horn, 'Crack, crack' goes the whip, amidst which the hounds came dashing along from all sides, impetuously lashing their sides, gathering into a pied cloud of impatient fury around and before the Master. A chorus of hounds, his horn, and hollas made the old oaks echo again; a period I could not count, it might have been fifteen minutes or fifty, during which we raced round and through the great trees in a tumult of excitement; at length the forest grew too hot for Master Reynard, and he

* A Russian princess, whose son, having taken to fox-hunting at Pau, in the Pyrenees, was about to continue the sport over the Roman Campagna, asked me to make for her a collection of English works on "field" sports. I sent her a small library, from "Nimrod" and "Surtees," down to the latest railway novel, with a good many volumes of Sporting Magazines. Shortly afterwards, on calling on the princess, who read books in four languages, but spoke French by preference when a little excited, she attacked me at once with—"Savez vous bien, M. S——, que s'il fallait en croire les biographies et les romans tous vos grands sportsmen, seraient d'affieuses canailles, remarquables en outre par leur abrutissement. Ils se livrent à des plaisanteries d'un gout détestable; ils se trompent les uns les autres en se vendant des chevaux; ils ne se marient que pour de l'argent, et, au besoin ils imitent à leur, profit la signature de leurs amis. D'un autre cote, les homêtes gens de vos romans sont d'une rare stupidité. Vous pouvez me traiter à loisir d'optimiste, mais tout cela est trop laid pour etre vrai. Je puis au moins citer un exemple à l'appui de mon opinion, dans ce que j'appelerai 'le bon vieux temps,' j'ai connu votre Lord Palmerston, sa politique etait détestable, mais bien qu'il eut la frenésie de la chasse, c'était un parfait gentilhomme dans toute l'acception du mot."

bolted into the open across a succession of newly-enclosed paddocks; a continuous 'rap, rapping' like a policeman's rattle, and a crack or two, told of horses not quite perfect at timber. 'Forward!' was the word, over plough first, then grass. The fencing not to be despised, and the pace above average, and now the scent improved. Clearing a new turf-bank, we leaped out on the open moor in time to see the fox topping a distant undulation. The pack, altogether—a sheet might have covered them—racing down a green turf ride, the scent breast-high. The Master and two friends, mounted on thorough-breds, had to gallop their best to keep on terms with the hounds.

"We swept along, mad with delight, until a turn brought us within sight of the emerald-green water meadows of Welbeck; and then turning sharp round at the end of a big wood, the pack ran into him close to the mouth of an open drain. Thirty minutes from viewing the fox, and three hours since we began to draw.

"We returned through the oldest part of the forest by moonlight, trampling through the fern. We stopped in one of the glades while the Captain blew his horn again and again to call a lost hound. I almost expected to see Robin Hood and his Merry Men, with bows and bills, burst from the surrounding thickets. It was quite dark when we rode through the park. The Captain sounding his horn as a signal to the feeder, waked up the cry of the hounds left at home. A day in the forest with any scent is worth a week of flinty hills and muddy lanes."—*From Diary of a Visit to Captain Percy Williams, Rufford Hounds*, 1855.*

THE HUNTING SEASON.

The hunting season commences with the wild deer of Exmoor in August; in September, the hare is hunted in those districts of moorland and down-land where there are no crops to be damaged by the sport. Fox-hunting properly commences in November, cub-hunting as soon as the corn crops are harvested, and the season finishes, in most counties about the last week of March, although, in purely grass and woodland counties, a May-fox is often killed if the season is favourable to scent.

From Norman times to the reign of George III. hunting was pursued all the year round. The "Spectator" arrived on a visit to Sir Roger de Coverley on the last day of June, and writes, "Sir Roger is so keen at this sport (hunting with *stop*-hounds, a sort of slow beagles) that he has been out almost every day since I came here."

Throughout Queen Ann's reign the farmers complained piteously of the losses they suffered of hounds and horses galloping through standing corn. Pamphlets were written, and every sort of appeal resorted to, in vain.

It was not until George III., the "farmers' friend," came to the throne, and exercised a personal influence over legislation, that the abuse was abolished, and an Act passed by which the sport was limited to those months in autumn and winter which the old Saxon Chronicle had originally fixed as the 'hunters' months.'†

The keen young sportsman, with time and money at command, may thus commence in Somersetshire in August, and if in September cub-hunting does not satisfy him, may hunt hares on Salisbury Plains, on the downs of the south coast, and the moorlands north, until November, when the best sport will be found in counties where there are no ditches, like the hill stonewall countries of Oxfordshire and Worcestershire. When winter frosts and rains have cleared leaves from hedges, and the rank growth of weeds from the ditches, then sport in the flying countries can be enjoyed in the utmost perfection with the least danger. In a damp spring, fine sport is to be had even up to the second week of May, in a country of pastures and woodlands. But not only crops have to be considered, but lands. Wire-fencing and the increase of sheep-feeding are the greatest obstacles to modern sport. Drainage is supposed to be hostile to scent, but it makes

* When Captain Williams gave up the Rufford country, after hunting it for nineteen years, his pack of hounds sold for three thousand guineas.

† Note to "Sir Roger de Coverley," by William Henry Wills, in the "Travellers' Library."—Longman. See also "Sandford and Merton."

fields rideable that previously brought the best horses to a walk. "In that fifty-acre field," said the late Lord Berners at Keythorpe, to the writer, "I have seen five hundred horsemen brought to a standstill. Now you may gallop over it."

THE FOX-HUNTERS' CLUB.

Boodle's, in St. James' Street, is the fox-hunters' club *par excellence*. A dingy-looking establishment outside and in, as little like such modern clubs as the Travellers' or the Carleton, as Limmers' Hotel (another ancient resort of hunting men), and the Langham. Boodle's was established above a hundred years ago as a resort for country gentlemen who liked better dinners than the taverns of that day. The kitchen still preserves its ancient reputation. All Masters of established packs of fox-hounds belong to it. They have an annual dinner at which present and past M. F. H.'s exchange notes on kennel questions, and fight the hunting-battles o'er again.

Disputes on questions of the unwritten law of fox-hunting, as to the limits of districts and the right to covers, are usually referred to the arbitration of the "Fox-hunting committee of Boodle's."

HUNTING TERMS.

Hunting has its special vocabulary terms, a knowledge of which is essential for comprehending hunting conversation and reports. The proper pronunciation can only be acquired from *viva voce* instruction. My list has been partly compiled from the work of a great practical authority, Tom Smith—"Gentleman Smith," as he was called, to distinguish him from the wealthy hard rider, Assheton Smith. Gentleman Smith had but a very moderate private fortune, and was some fifty years ago what may be called a professional Master of Hounds. He hunted the Hursley pack as far back as 1828, and boasted that with his own hounds, in that bad-scenting country, he had killed ninety foxes in ninety-one days' hunting. When he published the third edition of his "Diary of a Huntsman" in 1852, he was Master of the "Pychely" (*sic*) Hounds.*

Cover or *Covert* (spelt both ways).—Any wood, furze, gorse, rushes, heath, or sedge that will hold a fox. Artificial covers are sometimes manufactured of bundles of faggots.

Cover Hoick.—The huntsman's cry to encourage hounds on "throwing off" to rush into cover.

Eloo in, Yoi over, Edawick, Eadawick, Yoi wind him, Yoi rouse him, my boys, are similar encouragements. especially used in very large covers where the pack are out of sight.

Hoick, Hector, means Hark to Hector, a hound who may be depended on, and who has challenged; and may be continued with

Have at him, old fellow.

Hoick together, Hoick.—To encourage when several hounds are heard, and are getting together.

Taaleo.—When a fox is viewed in cover by the huntsman.

Tally-o-back.—When the fox comes out and heads back again.

Tally-o-over.—When a fox has crossed a ride in a wood.

Ta-a-Le-o.—When one of the field sees a fox clear away, to call the attention of the huntsman.

Hooi (after Tally-ho, away).—A shout to call hounds, if at a distance, on viewing a fox.

Gone away.—The huntsman's cry.

Elope, forrard, away.—Ditto.

Yo hote, yo hote, there.—Huntsman to make hounds hunt when at a check.

Forrard, forrard, hoick.—When some hounds have hit off the scent, to call on the rest.

Yo geote.—To call back hounds.

Hoick halloo, Hoick halloo.—When a halloo is heard from some one who has viewed the fox at a distance.

Burst.—The first part of a run, if quick.

* I have heard that Tom Smith was one of three brothers all remarkable in their way; he for the sport he showed on a very small income and subscription; the Rev. Samuel Smith, author of the Lois Weedon system of growing good crops of wheat year after year without manure; and William Smith, of Woolston, who was the first to produce a steam tackle that could be profitably used by tenants of small farms with small fields.

Burst him.—A term used when a fox is killed without a chance of a check.

Burning Scent.—When hounds run almost mute, owing to the goodness of the scent.

Breast-high.—When the scent is so hot that the hounds have no need to stoop their heads to the ground to catch it, but can go at a racing pace.

Carry a good Head.—When the scent is good and spread out, so that it extends wide enough for the whole pack to feel it, and run well together. More frequently the scent is only good on the line, for one hound to get it, so that the rest follow and depend upon him. Hence

Line Hunters.—Hounds that will not go a yard beyond the scent, and keep the pack right; invaluable hounds.

Crash.—When every hound in cover is throwing his tongue.

Cold Hunting.—When hounds can scarcely feel a scent, and pick it out with difficulty. "After a burst of ten minutes we came on the plough, and fell to *cold hunting*."

Dwelling.—When hounds do not run up to a huntsman's holloa, perhaps feeling a cold scent, will not stir until moved by the whipper-in, or perhaps having lost confidence in the huntsman after a series of bad days. A slow huntsman is apt to dwell.

Full Cry.—When the whole pack are running hard and throwing their tongues.

Holding Scent.—Exactly the reverse. When the scent is quite good enough for hounds to hunt a fox a fair pace, but not enough to satisfy those who only come out to gallop and jump.

Lifting.—When hounds have checked and lost scent, or are scarcely able to over it across bad scenting ground, the huntsman, either because he hears a holloa forward from some one who has seen the travelling fox, or on calculation, *lifts* them forward, for the chance of getting on terms with the fox. This is contrary to the theory and feelings of the best sportsmen, who like to see the hounds do their own work; for, if hounds are continually lifted, they will always be looking to the huntsman, and will not hunt. On the other hand, there would be no sport, if hounds were never lifted, either where the county is intersected by tracts of ground that hold no scent, or where, as in the fashionable counties, horsemen in hundreds so press on the pack that they cannot get room to hunt until the *mob* has been stalled off by a quick gallop over severe fencing.

Metal.—When hounds are very fresh and fly without scent, that is called metal.

Moving scent.—When hounds get on the scent of a fox disturbed in travelling; a scent fresher than a drag.

Mute.—Hounds run mute when the scent is so good, that they gallop at such a pace that they cannot throw their tongues. A hound that runs mute, even if every other respect the best hound in the pack, is a nuisance.

Riot.—When hounds hunt anything beside the fox, the call is "Ware riot! ware hare!" Good hounds have been known to hunt cur dogs, and even a galloping donkey.

Heel.—When hounds, instead of following the fox, run back over the scent the way they came.

Sinking.—When a fox is nearly beaten.

Sinking the wind.—When men go down wind to catch the cry of the hounds.

Streaming.—When hounds go across an open county like a flock of pigeons, it is called "streaming away."

Tailing.—When hounds in a chase run in a line and not abreast—generally owing to a bad scent or the pack not being equal in pace—a common fault in "scratch" packs.

Scratch pack.—A pack composed of hounds begged or purchased, of any size or sort, anywhere under an emergency, or for the sake of making up a cheap pack in a hurry.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

Those who desire to know something of the character of the various hunting districts of England cannot do better than consult the articles contributed under the above title to *Bailey's Magazine*, by Henry Heysham, Esq., the Honorary Secretary of that valuable institution, the "Hunt Servants' Benefit Society." These articles, abridged and illustrated by hunting maps, would form a very useful guide to the young fox-hunter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARNESS—PUTTING IN HARNESS.

Hints for the Pupils of a Driving Master—Harness, Single—The Parts Named one by one—The Collar described—Importance of a Good Fit—How to be Made—Not too Narrow at Bottom—How to Try on—Traces—Where Proper Point of Draft—Traces generally Attached too Low—"Bencraft's Hames"—The French Attachment—Collars for Fat Colts—The Trace Buckle—Its Clumsiness—Cylinder Substitute—Illustrations—To Put on a Collar—How—Caution to Grooms—The Pad—Its Use—Tugs—The "Tilbury," with Illustration—Where to Lie—Place Depends on Traces—Not too Long—Not too Short—The Crupper—Its Use—Its Disadvantage—Variety of—Should be Thick—Breeching, Short and Long—Kicking Strap—How to Put on—The Pad after the Collar—The Bridle—The Bit—Importance of Bit Fitting Mouth—Cruelty of Ignorance in Bits—Mouths Hard and Soft—Description of Horse's Mouth—Where to Lay Curb Bit—Over Curb Groove—Three Dimensions of Horse's Mouth—The Measuring Bit—Illustration and Description—Horses' Tricks from Bad Bitting—Curb Bits Described—Blackwell's Reins for Pulling Horses—Anecdote of Runaway Horses—Nonsuch Pattern Bit—The Snaffle—How to Place in Horse's Mouth—Bridle—How to Put on—The Curb Chain Described—Summary of Driving Bits—Blinkers to, *pro and con*—Bearing Reins, Use and Abuse—The Gag-bearing Rein a Barbarous Invention—Mr. Flower's Anecdote—Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—The Secretary: his *Laches*—Double Harness—Coupling Reins—Illustration of Pair of Horses—How to Put Pairs of Horses into Carriage—To Take Out—Tandem Harness, Improvement of.

DRIVING one, a pair, or even four well-bred, well-broken, high-couraged horses, in good form, is an accomplishment which may be acquired by many to whom horse exercise is impossible, if only they are well taught from the first, and have sufficient courage to practise what they have learned.

Next to horse exercise there is no more healthy, pleasantly-exciting way of taking the air than driving a pair of good horses in an open carriage. There is something very enjoyable in the tramp of their hoofs, the rumble of the wheels, and the gentle swing of a well-built carriage. If the driver is a man, and young, his sense of importance is excusably increased when a crowd of fair passengers are under his charge.

But to drive really well, the driver, whether man or woman, and particularly a woman, must from the first be taught by a really good coachman.

It is even easier to drive boldly and badly than to ride, and quite as difficult to abandon vicious habits once acquired. Little or no exertion is required to retain the seat, however awkwardly occupied. The indications of the reins are in a great degree regulated by rings (technically the terrets) of the harness through which they pass, and a well-broken horse, or pair of horses, in regular work, will submit to a great deal of ignorant coachmanship.

It must, however, be noted that accidents on wheels are generally more serious than in saddle. A bad horseman often tumbles off at an early stage of a difference with his horse and escapes with a bruise or two, but when a horse in harness runs away, or sets to work to kick in earnest, the occupants of the vehicle are lucky if they escape with only broken bones.

It is not enough that a lady or gentleman, who can afford to keep horses with breeding and fashion, should be able to drive swiftly and safely; to do credit to their equipage they should be able to drive slowly and steadily at a measured pace, and in the "best form."

For powerful, skilful rattling along crowded streets, twisting round sharp corners, and backing into narrow gateways, the youths who drive unicorn spring railway vans of London would be very

bad to beat, and for reckless pace in single harness who can excel the butcher-boys and drivers of mail carts? But none of them have the style a gentleman would like to see in his four-in-hand coachman or mail phæton groom, still less in his wife or daughter.

There is no more legitimate luxury for a young lady of fortune, whose tastes lie that way, than a well-appointed phæton and pair; none which excites more legitimate admiration when driven in the manner which shows perfect command over the horses; none which excites more pity, if not contempt, than a nervous, awkward, or bold, awkward driver of a pair of ill-matched, ill-groomed, ill-harnessed horses.

Given the sort of horses a lady should drive, and the nerve that most healthy young ladies possess, nothing more is needed than a few weeks' instruction from a really good coachman, and a few months' practice in quiet streets or lanes under the eyes of a steady groom on the back seat, who may be a very good, without being a skilful and elegant driver.

There are two accepted styles of driving:—The English, which is the only style that ladies—for whom this chapter is particularly written—can adopt, and the Russian, which is also the American.

The English coachman drives with his elbows near his hips, and his hands near his body. The Russian and American extend their arms to their full length, and when trotting, often make the horses almost draw by the reins instead of the traces.

With American drivers speed is the great object; with the English style; see at page 208 a description of a trot down to the Jerome Race Course, New York. In fact, pace with an English horse in a gentleman's gig or mail phæton ends when an American begins to trot in earnest.

Fourteen miles an hour is quite the outside pace of an English pair in a private carriage of any kind, and ninety per cent. of the best appointed harness teams in and out of London never exceed ten miles an hour.

If the wheelers in the thousand-guinea team of a four-in-hand drag can trot fourteen miles an hour, returning from an expedition into the country, from races, a garden party, or pic-nic, they do all that is likely to be required of them in the way of pace.

But no young gentleman in the United States, of horsey tastes, is satisfied with a trotter not able to do his "2.40." That is, a mile in two minutes and forty seconds, or at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. His ordinary pace in driving out of town, with other friends competing, will be about seventeen miles an hour.

In the following pages, noted down from the lips of two of the most accomplished coachmen of the day, an attempt will be made to teach as much as can be taught in writing on a purely practical art, with the view of enabling an aspirant to a first, second, or third class degree in coachmanship to profit as much as possible from the *viva voce* lectures of a professional instructor.

No amount of instruction will stand in the stead of courage, of "nerve," as it is popularly called, but many of those who are very nervous on first taking the reins in hand will, if they have any natural aptitude, acquire confidence after a reasonable amount of practice, in the same way that experienced drivers, who have lost their nerve from illness and long absence from the road, soon re-acquire it, when once fairly settled behind a team of good horses.

It is assumed, for the purposes of this chapter, that the pupils are in a position to obtain well-broken, free-moving horses, suitable carriages, harness, and well-trained servants.

To drive one or a pair of the sort of horses a lady should drive, or even four perfectly-bitted ponies, does not require strength. But for driving a full-sized team of four horses in hand, with comfort and confidence, a certain degree of strength is indispensable.

HARNESS, ITS PARTS AND USE.

No one should attempt to drive high-couraged horses (any one can drive a cab horse in a four-wheeler) without before, or while learning to drive, becoming familiarly acquainted with the use of every part of harness, and the way of putting it on the horse. This knowledge is quite as necessary for women as for men. Without it they cannot tell whether a roadside ostler or a muzzy groom has harnessed their ponies, or put on their bridles after a bait, properly or not. Half the accidents in harness happen from there being something wrong in the fit of the leathers.

DRIVING A PAIR.

SINGLE HARNESS.

Harness for one horse in the heaviest kind of English four-wheeled carriage consists of—

Collar with traces.
Pad or saddle, to which are attached
Tugs, for supporting the shafts.
Crupper, for keeping the pad in its place.
Breeching, to assist in backing or holding back the carriage in descending hills; and, where required,
Kicking Strap.

These are the parts of the harness that make the horse part of the locomotive machine.

To guide the horse there is the—

Bridle, composed of the
Headstall.
Bit or Bits.
Reins for driving ; and, if required,
Bearing Reins.

In a light four-wheeled carriage the breeching is frequently omitted for town use, and also for country use if the district is flat or the carriage is provided with a patent drag. Light two-wheeled carriages are generally driven without breeching, with a kicking-strap, and without bearing reins.

THE COLLAR AND TRACES.

The collar is the first part of the harness to be put on a horse in harnessing. It is composed of two parts—a leather collar and a pair of metal *hames* to which the traces are attached, and to which also a pair of rings (*terrets*) are fixed, through which the reins pass. The terrets are sometimes fixed solidly, and sometimes loose rings.

The fitting of the collar is a matter of the greatest importance ; when it does not fit, pain, wounds, blemishes which often permanently disfigure the horse, and not unfrequently rearing and gibbing, are the result. On the proper fitting of the collar, and attachment of the traces to the *hames* at the proper point, the comfort and power of draft of the horse greatly depend. It is a matter on which temporary grooms are so often careless and indifferent that it should always be attended to by the owner.

The subject of harness has been treated in a more practical and scientific manner by Major Dwyer* than by any of the many writers whose works I consulted, after talking over my own experience with harness-makers and coachmen ; I have therefore freely extracted and condensed a number of passages from his somewhat abstruse essay :—

"A collar too small chokes a horse. In certain positions it will actually stop one by pressing on the windpipe—a case not unfrequently seen with cart-horses starting heavy loads. But a collar too large is even more likely to create a sore, or *raw*, than one too small.

"The collar should be so made that, when pulling, the weight attached to the trace should be distributed over the whole surface of the shoulders, instead of being concentrated on one point, or, what is quite as bad, rubbing up and down.

"A draft on one end of the collar will make it to gape away from the horse's neck at the other end, and consequently cause it to grind up or down in a manner which is pretty sure to establish a *raw*.

"The great mistake made by harness-makers working by rule of thumb is, that even when their total dimensions are correct, they think too much of producing a symmetrical oval figure, and not enough or not at all of the natural lines of a horse's neck and shoulders. The under part of the collar is frequently made narrow, whereas it should be from one inch to one and a half inch wider at its base than anywhere else. A front view of a horse's shoulders in the picture of a pair which illustrates this chapter shows what the shape of the collar should be, and that it should never come lower than *the dotted line*.

"When fitting a collar, it is not enough to adjust it to the horse's neck and shoulders when standing still ; he should be put into draught at a good pace, because the shape and dimensions

* "Bits and Bridles, Draught and Harness." By Major Francis Dwyer.--Blackwood & Sons.

of the neck and shoulders, especially those of high-crested horses, are wonderfully altered when they come to trot. A collar that appears quite long enough for a horse standing at ease will frequently prove two or three inches too short when he is put to a trot."

The point of attachment, technically *the draft* of the traces to the hames, is a matter of great importance. Sometimes the attachment is so low down that the *pull* is opposite the *articulation of shoulder-blade with the arm-bone*, so that at every step the trace presses the movable articulation of the point of the shoulder; while, if a horse is to exert his full strength, the trace must be attached opposite the *immovable* point of the shoulder-blade.

Collar-makers who understand their business understand the conformation of horses' necks and shoulders, and know where to attach the traces to the hames. Where they do not, even when the collar fits, if the traces are attached too low they will draw the collar away from the upper part of the shoulders. When this is found to be the case, the obvious remedy is to shift the point of "*draft*" until an even bearing is obtained. Ignorant people "adopt two remedies, one of which partly conceals, whilst the other aggravates instead of curing the error. The first is to curve the upper part of the collar backwards; this, if not carried to excess, is harmless. The other is to lead a strap back from near the top of the collar to the trace buckle, which practically converts the front end of the trace into a fork whose points are attached to the hames, opposite to the two movable ends of the shoulder-blades, so that in fact *the play of this bone is effectually checked at both ends alternately.* The trace, as before observed, should be attached as nearly as possible opposite to the immovable part of the shoulder-blade—that is, to the centre of the shoulder-blade, which is about an inch higher than the hame-hooks of the majority of wholesale-made collars."

The best modern collars and hames are constructed in this manner. When, from any peculiarity in a horse's make, there is a difficulty in fitting him with a collar that will not gall him, resort may be had to what is known in the trade as the "Bencraft" hames, by which the point of traction ("*draft*") can be shifted to suit the shoulders of the horse or the height of carriage wheels.

But this contrivance has such an awkward appearance that it is by no means generally adopted, although it has been before the public many years. Indeed, there is no more conservative trade than that of harness-maker's, perhaps because all the metal parts of this work are made every year in Staffordshire, by tens of thousands, from fixed patterns.

Various modes are adopted of attaching the traces to the hames, as may be seen in any harness-maker's shop. One of the best is a French invention, little known in England—a hammer-head is fixed to each side of the hames; at the end of each trace is a metal loop or *slot*, of a shape which will pass over the hammer-head sideways, and be retained safely when pulled straight.

The advantages of this plan are considerable: amongst others, the trace plays easily; the collar, with the hames loosely strapped to it, can be passed over the horse's head without the encumbrance of the traces; one of a hot pair of horses may be loosed from his traces by one person without leaving his head.

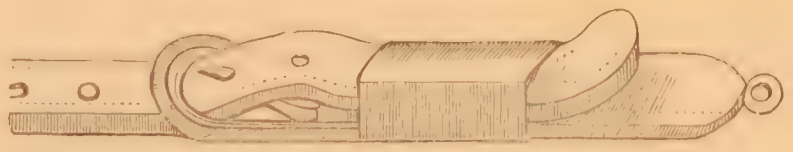
All young horses new to harness, and all fat horses that have not been in harness for some time, are liable to chafe under the collar. This must be attended to at once; they must be rested, if stuffing the collar, or stuffing the draft of the traces, will not remove unequal pressure, and the galled parts bathed with cold salt and water, or some astringent lotion. If this is neglected, a permanent blemish may be created in a few hours. If for some reason it is absolutely necessary to keep the horse at work, where the carriage is light, a breast collar may be used, although

that contrivance, from its passing directly over the "movable articulation of the point of the shoulder," is the very worst for drawing heavy weights.

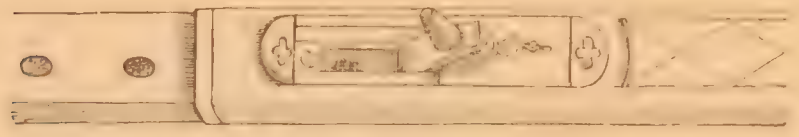
In a stable where young or green horses are being trained to harness, the better plan is to have a number of the cheap straw collars of different sizes, so that there may be no need of using a leather one that does not fit. Many a valuable horse has been spoiled to save the cost of a new leather collar. The collar that fits a horse fat from grass will become loose and gall him as he fines down into condition.

The traces of the harness for private carriages are generally encumbered with a huge buckle for shortening or lengthening them. This buckle, in single harness, is often inconveniently near the shafts, where it can with difficulty be unbuckled in case any alteration is requisite; indeed, in hard-worked establishments, it is often not unbuckled from one year's end to another. In single-horse phæton or gig-harness, fashion permits the buckle to be placed within a few inches of the splinter-bar, where it can more easily be got at; but fashion does not permit this sensible arrangement in brougham or double harness.

The buckle is of little real use; it is considered an ornament, otherwise it would have been



THE OLD BUCKLE.



SUBSTITUTE FOR BUCKLE.

discontinued long since in private carriages, as it has in public cabs. A substitute, introduced more than twenty years ago, is a peg and slide patented by Mr. White, of Bishopsgate, first exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1851. It lies flat, and allows the length of a trace to be easily shifted. It has not made the way that might have been expected, because the cost is somewhat greater than that of the old buckles, and saddlers have no incitement to use or advertise a rival's invention; but of its superiority to the buckle for traces there is no question. For pair and leader harness, this flat White tug is particularly neat. It does not answer so well for the pad-tugs or cruppers of single harness. Messrs. Lennan and Son, of Dublin, have recently patented a simplification of White's invention, which certainly is an improvement as far as cruppers and pad-tugs are concerned, but it yet remains to be proved whether, applied to traces, the iron peg will retain its place under the strain of a hard pull. If it will stand, there is no reason why harness made on the Lennan plan should not be as cheap or cheaper than with the old buckle, which can only be opened by tremendous exertion.

The first step in harnessing is to put on the collar. To put a collar over a horse's head, the hames ought either to be removed or to be strapped on very loosely. The collar must then be taken upside down in both hands, and after being stretched on the knee to the utmost limits, pulled as wide as possible at the moment that it is passed over the eyes.

Many horses with broad foreheads have had their eyelids torn and their eyes cruelly injured by efforts to force over their heads a tight collar, or a collar on which the hames have been buckled tight to save the groom trouble. If the groom's common sense and humanity are not

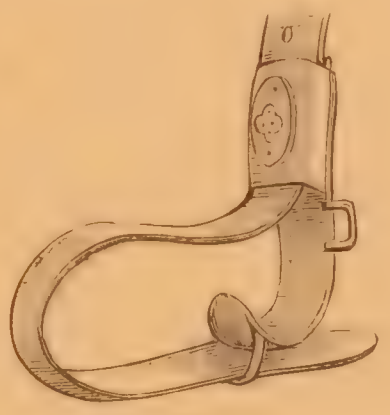
to be trusted, he should be peremptorily forbidden to put on a collar without removing the hames, and a two-foot rule should be employed to ascertain that the collar can pass over the head without injury.

When the collar is on, the hames must be tightly buckled at the top with a sound strap, for everything depends on their holding fast, whether in single or double harness.

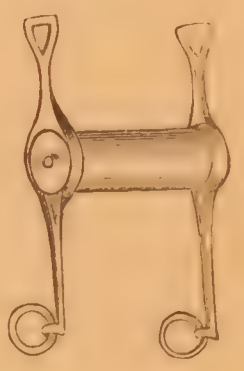
For breaking in young horses, a collar that opens at the top will be found useful ; it spares them one cause of fright.

Collars have been the subject of innumerable patents, but, with the exceptions already mentioned, the old form, probably of Norman origin, retains its superiority. When a horse has to draw a heavy weight, the collar must be thick and heavy ; where, as in so many modern carriages, the weight is nominal, it may be made according to taste, as light as the American patterns, or it may be dispensed with altogether in favour of a breastplate for country use, which fits every horse, and can be put on in one minute in the dark.

RING-SNAFFLE.



TILBURY TUG.



WOODEN BIT.

THE PAD—TUGS—CRUPPER—KICKING-STRAP—BREECHING.

The pad, or saddle, of a four-wheeled carriage has no weight to sustain beyond the shafts, and no strain, except when a horse is descending a hill without breeching or drag on the wheels. The size is therefore quite a matter of taste—modern taste is in the direction of lightness—but a pad of good breadth need not be so tightly girthed as a smaller one, and looks better with a ponderous carriage and horse.

The shaft-tugs attached to it may be either simple loops, as in the cheapest kind of dog-cart harness, retained in their place by the metal stops of the shafts and the traces, or they may be hooks on which the shafts in harnessing are made to fall, retained in their places by a girth passed round the shafts as well as the belly of the horse, which so binds them that the shafts become in fact traces. These are called "Tilbury tugs" (see illustration), after the name of the inventor. In their best form they are expensive, but they are well worth the extra expense, from their convenience and the extra security they afford. It is of importance that the shaft-tugs should be of the right length, so as to suspend the shafts at exactly the right height—that is, the middle of the swell of the pad-flaps, both perpendicularly and horizontally, unless the shafts are much bent, when the tugs must be shorter. The proper horizontal position of the shaft-tugs can only be maintained by the traces being of the proper length ; if they are too short, the tugs and pad, when the horse is moving, are forced forward, and the crupper is thus drawn so tight as to provoke kicking. If the traces are too long, the horse draws the carriage by the tugs instead of by the traces—an absurd arrangement. In either case, a horse of a naturally placid temperament is uncomfortable and not unfrequently becomes restive, to the astonishment of an ignorant driver.

Tugs too long, and the shafts in consequence too low, are a mistake in harness common with country grooms; but traces too long and too short may be seen every day in the fly-broughams and even private carriages of London.

The crupper, discarded from civilian saddlers, seems indispensable to keep the pad in its place in single and double harness, and to allow the attachment of a kicking-strap in the latter.

The late Honourable Sydney Pierrepoint—a great coachman in the palmy days of road and private four-in-hand coaches—used to drive a pair of horses with unlined straps, instead of pads, to support the traces and carry the terret rings, and no crupper, and the leaders of some fast coaches were driven without cruppers, as one learns from the song of the Tantivy Trot. But these are eccentricities, and the use of the crupper may be said to be universal, yet it is a prolific source of kicking, and should not be used in the first breaking of very high-couraged horses to harness. A crupper should be very thick, and stuffed with linseed. A thick crupper is less likely to gall than a thin one.

There is an invention called the "Nichol's Crupper," in which a sort of shelf is provided, for making horses who carry their tails badly hold them out. Whether it can be used without galling the tail is a disputed point; but if it does not it may be useful for the harness of carriages where the splashboard is low and the tails of the horses are long—a conjunction which sometimes leads to the rein getting under a horse's tail, upon which he tucks it in close and often runs away kicking, while the driver is powerless. With the "Nichol's Crupper" the horse could not put down his tail to hold the rein.

Breeching is only required where a carriage is heavy, to assist in backing it. It may be short, like that at p. 17, and is then most effective, but if a kicking strap is used, then long breeching (see Single Harness illustration), of which it forms part, must be adopted.

With a horse, and more particularly a mare, in single harness, traced up close until the tail almost touches the splashboard, a kicking strap is often indispensable, but it is useless unless properly put on.

It must be only just loose enough to allow the horse to trot without his back being chafed by it, and it must be fastened to the shafts *full two inches behind the hip bones*, that is, the place where a loin strap, if used, would pass. An over-tight or over-loose kicking strap, or one passing in a direct line from shaft to shaft, is worse than useless—it may be irritating.

The pad, and the parts attached to it, must always be put on the horse *after the collar*, and before the bridle.

HARNESS BRIDLES, BITS, AND BEARING REINS.

The bridle is the instrument for guiding, restraining, and stopping a horse. An English harness bridle usually includes blinkers and bearing reins, the advantages and disadvantages of both of which will be treated separately.

The most important part of the bridle is the bit. A bit, whether for riding or driving, should be of such a shape and dimensions, and fitted on in such a manner as to control a horse with the least possible effort of the driver. These essentials may be obtained in the highest degree without irritating the animal. Unfortunately, from sheer carelessness and ignorance, a great deal of cruelty is daily practised on the horses of the higher and richer classes, in the way of ill-proportioned, ill-shaped, and ill-fitting bits, which, adjusted in a manner that converts them into instruments of torture, cultivate vice and create unsoundness.

One of the most common expressions in speaking of horses is to say that they have hard or soft mouths. It is true that the mouths of some horses are rendered callous on one or both sides from an improper use of a halter, passed through as a bit while colts, or the improper use of a bit

while being broken, or after being broken; but what is called a hard mouth is as often as not the result of an improper application of a bit that does not fit the horse, a difficulty which may be removed by changing it.

The whole question of mouths, bits, and bridles, has been the subject of serious scientific investigation, accompanied by experiments on thousands of horses by several distinguished cavalry officers of the Austrian army. The result of their investigations has been rendered into English in the small book already quoted, by Major Dwyer, which, perhaps from its rather abstruse style and mathematical illustrations, has not attained the circulation amongst the wealthy horse-owning classes which its merits deserve. In this chapter the passages abridged or paraphrased from the major's work equally apply to the bridles of riding or driving horses.

"On looking into a horse's mouth it will be seen that the lower jaw consists of two flat, irregularly triangular cheek-bones, whose anterior branches form the channel in which the tongue lies, enclosed towards the root, between the two rows of molar (grinder) teeth, further by those portions of the jaw or gums that lie between the point where the grinder teeth cease, and the incisors (cutting teeth) commence, which is known generally as *the bars*, that is, the gums; on the lower portion of *the bars* the *tusks* are to be found in male animals.

"It is of the utmost importance that the curb-bit should be laid on the proper point of the *bars*, where alone it can have the most effect, and do no harm.

"There is a military rule of thumb for placing the *bit* (as distinguished from the snaffle) at a certain height above the tusks, but as mares have no tusks, this is an imperfect rule, not worth attending to, when nature has provided an infallible mark for showing where the curb-bit should be placed."

"The lower surface of the lower jaw is covered with a very thick skin, underneath which lie the roots of the beard, fat, and membrane. This structure is continued up into a certain depression under the chin, called by the Germans the *curb-groove:* the bone beneath the thick skin of the *chin-groove* is flat, and rounded off in all directions." A flat curb-chain, not too wide for the groove, may be applied, by the action of the bit, with a sufficient amount of pressure to control without hurting the horse. If the bit is placed in the mouth exactly over or opposite the chin-groove, and a curb-chain is linked to it at a proper length, the instrument will infallibly fit into its proper place, to be acted on by the action of the hands on the reins.

But to make the best of a horse's mouth, it is absolutely necessary that a point should be attended to which is almost universally overlooked in this country, *i.e.*, the bit should fit the horse's mouth.

"There are three dimensions of the interior of a horse's mouth, which should be accurately ascertained before attempting to fit him with a proper bit, in addition to the size of the tongue, if a port is used. The first and most important is *the width of the mouth* from side to side, measured opposite the chin-groove, including the thickness of the lips. *If that is too narrow*, the lips are liable to injury, or to be squeezed up so as to cover the bars, and thus neutralise the action of the instrument. If too wide, the bit slips from side to side, displaces *the port* from its proper position, and renders it impossible to accurately fix the length of the curb-chain."

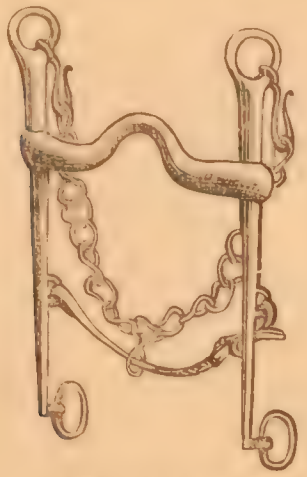
The *port* is the arched portion of a curb-bit, intended to make the pressure rest on the bars instead of partly on the tongue (see woodcut, p. 492).

"The second measurement is of the *width of the channel in which the tongue lies*, in order to settle the proper width of the port, the remainder having to be reserved for the bars.

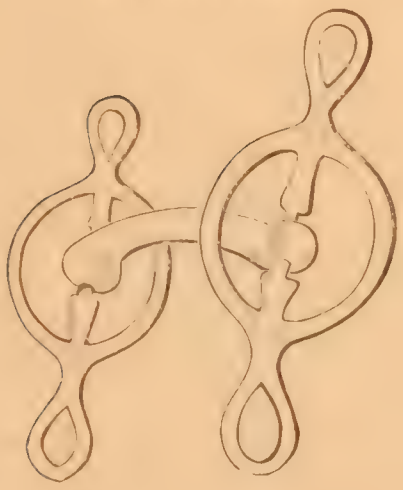
"The third dimension is *the height of the bars*, that is, the distance between the surface of the bars, naked gums, and the undermost point of the chin-groove."

All this sounds at first very complicated, and these measurements are only necessary when a valuable horse presents difficulties in the way of fitting him with a bit; but the principal of these measurements have been brought to the following averages by the experiments of Colonel Von Weyrother, and a simple instrument, of which the illustration engraved for this chapter, of half the original size, has been used, by which the operation of measuring is easily performed.

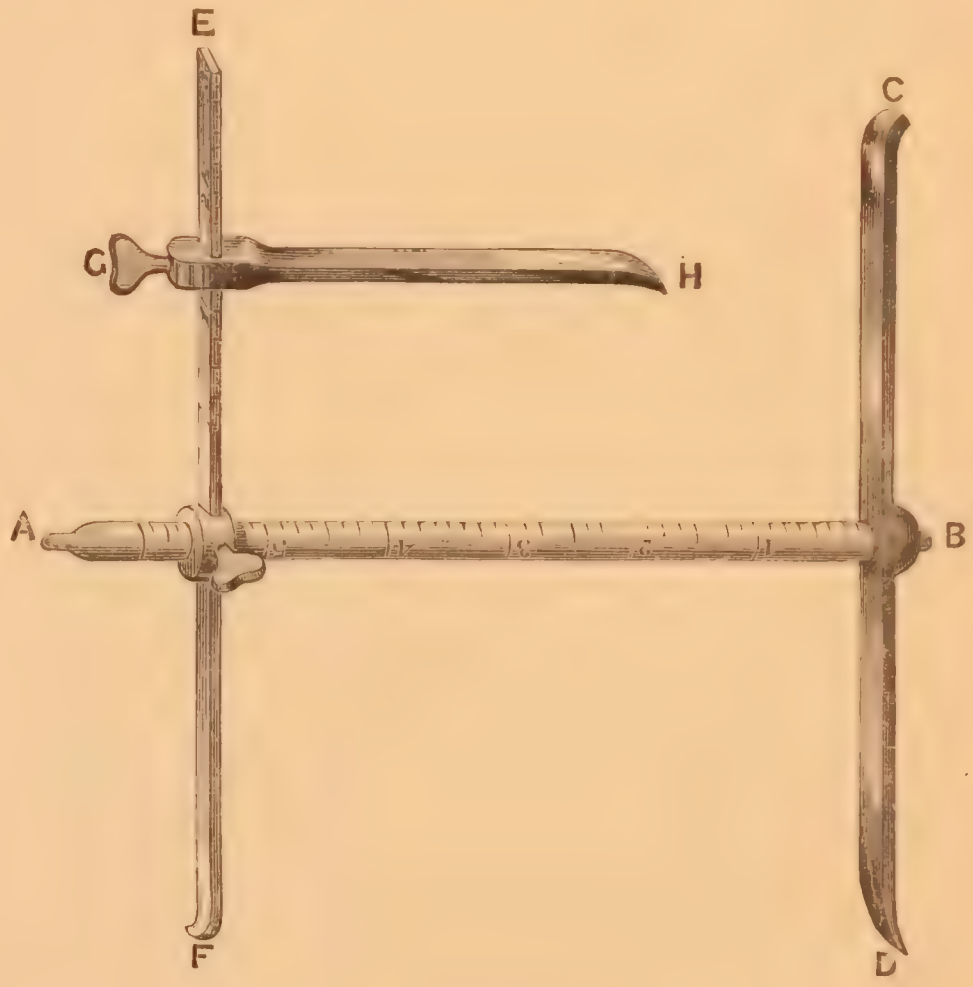
Von Weyrother, formerly chief of the School of Equitation at Vienna, invented a special instrument for ascertaining *all* the necessary dimensions, and this should be in the hands of all those who have any number of horses to deal with; we have named it, for want of some better word, the "mouth-gauge."* This instrument is usually made of steel, and consists of a bar, A B—about six inches long will suffice—fitted on one side, at right angles, with a fixed cheekpiece, C D,



BIT WITH PORT.



RIDING BIT, "*a pomp.*"



MEASURING BIT.

of the form shown by the figure, and having on the other side a sliding cheekpiece, E F, of the same shape and dimensions (six inches long), fitted with a screw for fixing it where required. This bar, A B, is made oval in the transverse section, with the greater axis about one inch, in order to displace the lips nearly as the mouthpiece does, and is usually graduated throughout; but it will evidently suffice to do this with the fourth and fifth inches.

If this gauge be placed in the horse's mouth like a bit, with the bar, A B, at exactly the proper point (opposite the chin-groove), the fixed cheekpiece, C D, being then held gently up to the off side of the mouth (the operator facing the horse's forehead), the sliding one, E F, may be shoved up just close enough to the cheek, at the near side, not to displace the lips; and then fixing it with the screw, and removing the gauge, we can read off the dimensions of the width of our mouthpiece from the scale engraved on A B.

* This, and all Major Dwyer's tackle have, at my request, been taken up by Messrs. White and Coleman, of Bishopsgate Street, London.

The figure shows further a rod, G H, fitted to slide up and down the movable cheekpiece, E F, which is graduated into inches and eighths or tenths on its lower limb. This contrivance enables us to measure the height of the bar of the mouth, which is done in the following manner:—The instrument, adjusted to the proper width of the horse's mouth, is placed as before, with the bar, *a b*, opposite the chin-groove, but *underneath the tongue*, and is then wheeled round on its own axis till the upper limbs of the cheekpieces stand nearly perpendicular to the general line of the horse's nose. This, of course, brings its lower limbs in the opposite direction towards the neck, and the rod, G H, is then gently shoved up till it presses lightly into the chin-groove, taking care that the guage stands square, and that the mouthpiece lies equably on both bars of the mouth. The rod, G H, is then screwed fast, whilst the screw of the cheekpiece, E F, is loosened altogether, so that the latter may be removed without disturbing the G H. We then read off the height of the bar on the lower limb of E F, and have all the necessary dimensions.

"The average height of the bars of a horse's mouth is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches; the upper cheek of horses, under 18 hands, need not be longer. This gives $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the lower one, and a total of $5\frac{1}{4}$, measured from where the curb-hook rests in the upper ring to where the lower ring plays in its socket.

"For ponies these dimensions must be reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches upper cheek, 3 inches lower cheek. The curb-chain and two hooks must be once and a half the width of the horse's mouth.

"One-quarter, or even an eighth of an inch higher or lower in the mouth makes all the difference between right and wrong; therefore the headstall or cheekpieces must be provided with the needful buckles, if the bridle is to be used for more than one horse with a curb-bit.

"The first grand rule is, that in all cases the mouthpiece must be exactly so wide that when placed in the mouth it fits close to the outer surface of the lips, without either pressing on them, or being subject to be displaced laterally.

"An extensive examination has shown that the width of the mouths of full-sized horses averages $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, a few very large ones went up to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while very small light horses did not exceed $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The maximum width of the port of a bit should be about $1\frac{1}{3}$ inches, an important matter, because if the mouthpiece is of the right width, and the port is wider than the channel in which the tongue lies, its corners will come on the bars of the horse's mouth, and cause intolerable pain; if a bit with a port is too wide, every pull of the reins will bring its angles into painful contact with the bars of the mouth." Almost every harness bit used in the most fashionable carriages of London is at least one inch too wide; fortunately they are not all made with *ports*.

"*Light bits, accurately fitted,* are more to be relied on than the most atrocious instruments of torture ever invented.

"It is a great fault when a curb-bit comes out in a straight line with the reins; it is then not so useful as a plain snaffle. It may arise from the curb-chain being too long, or the upper cheek too short, or the lower cheek, proportionately to the upper cheek, too long. The result is that the lever action is lost.

"The next greatest fault is when the bit stands stiff in the horse's mouth, which will arise from the curb being too tight, or the upper bar too long—the latter always produces a third fault—the rising of the curb-chain out of the chin-groove; hence sore chins and restive horses.

"Horses, from bad bitting, sometimes acquire the habit of getting their tongues over the mouthpiece, a trick which renders the whole action of the curb-bit uncertain. Old horses are generally incurable; with young horses the best plan is to ride or drive them for some time with the snaffle, and then carefully fit them with a bit.

"The unsightly trick of lolling out the tongue, common in carriage horses and circus horses, is the direct consequence of tight bearing reins and severe bits. The first step is to remove the bearing reins and substitute a rational bit. If that fails, a fringe of leather, or hempen nose-bag, may be attached to the noseband. The tickling sensation sometimes induces the horse to draw back his tongue, but there is no certain cure.

"Every horse goes best in a well-fitting bit. Enormous bits are constantly used in harness, with cheeks nearly a foot long, weighing from two pounds and a half to two pounds fourteen ounces, which are both cruel and mischievous, and are the result of a depraved, ignorant taste. Large carriage horses frequently have large heads, but it is doubtful whether five per cent. of the horses used in harness require bits of greater dimensions than $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches for the upper, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the lower cheek.

"The cheek may be curved and shaped into any fashion that pleases the eye, so long as it is of the proper length. The lower portion of the cheek should never exceed in length exactly the double of the upper portion. Even when the reins are habitually fastened into a ring below the cheek, still the weight of the projecting arm must affect the leverage of the whole instrument."

A driving-bit, which supersedes the use of a port, is a plain straight or curved bar, moving up and down about an inch on the cheeks, called by the French from its motion, "a *pomp*," and adapted to what are called Buxton bits. This, if properly fitted to the horse's mouth, is an excellent bit. If the cheeks are not united by a bottom bar, this is sometimes called a "Liverpool Bit." There is nothing against it but its very plain appearance; and if the driving public only understood the importance of not making the cheeks more than five or six inches long, bit-makers would soon contrive to get elegant curves of the right proportions.

The bottom bar is only ornamental, and has the disadvantage of being dangerous if used without a bearing rein, because horses are apt, if their heads are free, to hook it on a shaft or the point of a collar in single harness, and on the pole in double harness.

This is the theory propounded by Major Dwyer, the result of experiments on many regiments of Austrian cavalry, by the author of many works on horses and equitation, of high repute throughout Germany.

But the experience of very competent observers in this country has shown that these bits, with maximum cheeks of five inches, are not sufficiently powerful to control English horses which have already acquired bad habits, as runaways or violent pullers; that they are the bits with which colts should be trained to the use of the curb there can be no doubt; that for average horses they are, when accurately fitted, superior to the ordinary curb-bits.

Perhaps Major Dwyer has overlooked what may be called the moral effect of weight and form in a bit in subduing the tendency to pull, although he has made it clear that the power of a curb-bit is not increased by lengthening the cheeks beyond certain dimensions. When a harness or riding-horse, with the reputation of being a runaway or violent puller, that has been driven with monstrous ill-fitting curb-bits, is taken in hand, the better plan is to commence by trying him with the guiding reins buckled to a plain snaffle, with, if needful, a noseband to keep his mouth nearly shut, and with a pair of Blackwell's* india-rubber reins buckled to a reasonable and well-fitted curb-bit. Very often when the instrument of torture is removed he will cease to pull, but if he does pull from the first, or when excited by other horses passing him, a pull equal to nine pounds on each rein brings the curb to bear upon him; then, if the form of his forehand is not too rigid

* Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford Street, has a perfect museum of curious harness contrivances well worth a visit.

to be controlled by any ordinary bit, he will bend himself, and let the india-rubber reins go back to their first length, and go on the snaffle.

Mr. Field, the eminent veterinary surgeon, had a fine, fast-going, single-harness horse that would not face a curb in cold blood, but would bolt with a snaffle when collared or passed by any other vehicle. I had myself an instance of the same kind in a horse with a magnificent forehand which was restive when driven on the curb, but perfectly tractable with Blackwell's reins.

But when a horse cannot be driven in a snaffle, or controlled by a curb-bit of something like the dimensions of the "Dwyer," the better plan is to adopt a Chifney bit, with the india-rubber reins. The lower arm of the cheek of a Chifney is separate from the upper arm, and is not therefore affected by its length. When the curb-chain is properly fitted, it is perfectly easy until the horse pulls, then the leverage is so powerful that if a knife were substituted for a chain it would cut clean through the lower jaw. But for this very reason, unless the coachman has firm and delicate hands, he must drive on the cheek or snaffle, and rely on the india-rubber reins when a strong pull is required.

It is an objection to this invaluable contrivance that the reins have rather a clumsy look, but this might be easily amended. Instead of buckling them on to the flat leather reins, a neater and more convenient plan is to buckle them to a *billet* (tongue strap) sewn on to round reins, the india-rubber being also round.

In dealing with horses that have an inclination to run away, it is necessary to take care that they do not get hold of the cheek of the bit—a very common trick with runaways. This is partly guarded against in riding-horses by the use of the lip-strap, and also by making the cheeks of an S, or the shape of the Hanoverian bit. Messrs. Wimbush, the job-masters, have for full fifty years broken all their harness-horses in with a bit with the cheeks below the bit, bent back at an acute angle (see woodcut); which makes it impossible to lay hold of the cheek, which prevented their young horses from ever acquiring the dangerous habit, *a habit much cultivated by the system of having bits broader than the horses' mouths.*

A gentleman, an owner of race-horses, applied to the saddler whose name has already been quoted, for bits to stop a pair of thoroughbred horses that had more than once bolted with his coachman and himself. It was found that they had the trick of simultaneously laying hold each of one cheek of the Chifney bits with which they were tried. Finally they were fitted with bits of the Wimbush pattern, and to the astonishment of the owner, from the moment they found they could not lay hold of the cheeks, they submitted and became perfectly docile. This was the moral as distinguished from a physical effect.

It cannot be too often repeated that good bitting gives control without pain. A bit that gives pain, or rather, that produces pain that the horse cannot cause to cease by dropping his head to the right position and yielding, is inexcusable. A tight curb-chain and powerful bit make the horse poke out his chin; and then an ignorant person pulls harder, tightens the curb, and resorts to a bit still more severe.

THE SNAFFLE.

A bridoon or snaffle-bit—and the same rule must be observed with the snaffle of a bearing rein—must neither be pulled up too high (as it invariably is with a gag bearing rein), nor suffered to hang down so low as to interfere with the teeth: its proper place is about a quarter of an inch below the angle of the mouth.

The snaffle-bit may be used in driving with all horses "that carry their own heads;" the objection to it, no doubt, is that it does make the majority of horses collect themselves as they

should; and also, no doubt, the appearance, which is not consistent with elaborate harness; but it would not be difficult to ornament the cheeks.

BRIDLING.

To put a bridle on a new horse:—First, fit the head-stall to the horse's head, taking care that neither the forehead-band or throat-band is too tight; then, by the buckles, fit the snaffle bearing rein so that it falls a quarter of an inch below the angle of the mouth, if a bearing rein is used; then the bit, so that the mouthpiece shall rest on the bars of the mouth, exactly opposite the chin-groove. If some irregular disposition of the tusks should render this impossible, it must be moved only just so much higher up as is absolutely necessary to clear the obstacle. The curb may then be hooked, first at the off side, leaving one reserve link, and then at the near side, where it should be long enough to leave two links, taking care that it lies flat on the chin-groove, without the slightest tendency to mount upwards when the reins are drawn.

There should always be room for the first and second fingers (of an averaged-sized hand) to pass flat between it and the chin; if, on gently pulling the reins with the left hand whilst the two fingers are so placed, a pinching action takes place, the chain is too tight.

THE CURB-CHAIN.

The best-fitting bit, even when placed in its proper position, will not work unless the curb is of the proper make and length. The curb, whether single or double, should work quite flat when twisted up to its fullest extent without overtwisting. It should be as broad as it can be made without being too broad for the chin-groove, which it must not quite fill. If it is too broad, there is always danger of the upper edge rubbing against the bone of the chin.

The *curb-chain* should be attached to two spring hooks about one inch and a quarter in length, exactly alike; and the chain should be one link longer on the off side, and two links longer on the near side than the length in use, for convenience of putting it on, and no longer. Curb-chains are not expensive, and it is well worth while to have one for each horse.

SUMMARY OF DRIVING BITS.

The simplest bit is a plain snaffle, which is only suited to light-mouthed horses that naturally carry their heads well. The ring-snaffle is a powerful one, but does not make a horse collect himself so well as a well-fitting curb. The simplest form of curb-bit is a plain rod of iron, which rests equally on the tongue and bars, termed a "Buxton;" this, also made to move up and down on the cheeks, is a very good bit, when properly fitted. Made without a connecting-loop, with short cheeks, it is sometimes called a "Liverpool Bit." A bit with a port, or an arch to receive the tongue, is more powerful, and most powerful when of the "Chifney" pattern (see p. 492).

BLINKERS.

Blinkers, or winkers, sometimes called blinds, are almost universally used on the bridles of pleasure carriages in England, and generally on cart harness. In America, harness bridles are generally without blinkers.

Whether they are more useful or mischievous has been a subject of dispute for many years, but up to the present time, the more expensive the horses and harness the more certain are blinkers to be attached. The horses of the job-masters of London—more than a thousand pair—are all driven in blinkers, and I do not think any state carriage has ever been driven to Court without them.

The objections urged against them are, that if a horse can see behind he is less likely to be alarmed, run away, or set to kicking if he can see what is the matter; that blinkers in summer weather heat the eyes in an injurious manner; and finally, that they hide the most beautiful features of a horse's head—the eyes.

The first objection would be sound if every driver trained his own horses, and could be sure that every horse he purchased had been regularly driven without blinkers. It does not make a horse restive to put on a bridle with blinkers, but one accustomed to a naked bridle probably would become so.

After giving the subject—ever since the American Rarey published his arguments against the use of blinkers—a good deal of consideration, I have come to the following conclusions:—

That it is a good plan to break in horses to harness without blinkers, because, when gradually introduced to the weight and noise of a carriage, they are much less likely to be frightened if they can see what is going on, if you have plenty of time, and break them in a light single carriage, without blinkers; if you are hurried, you must use a break-horse and blinkers.

That there is no objection to driving a single horse, without blinkers, in the country or in town, if it be one of those bold or placid animals that are not afraid of anything, especially of the waving whips of drivers met and passed, and that if he has a really handsome head, it cannot be bridled too nakedly. But the average harness horses are very much afraid of whips, and have large heads, which blinker-bridles improve by apparently diminishing their size.

That the objection to driving a pair of horses, as well as many single horses, is, that they are always looking back, watching the driver, starting the moment he mounts his seat, and flinching whenever he lays hold of the whip, so that he cannot touch the *slug* without exciting the *free-goer*.

That the advantage of blinkers, especially with high-bred, high-couraged fresh horses, full of corn and beans, is, that they help to concentrate their attention on the road straight before them, to render them in crowded streets less liable to shy to one side or the other on any sudden display of any alarming objects.

That the eyesight of horses varies very much. Some fine goers, but timid shiers, are obliged to be driven with a band of leather connecting both blinkers, thus only allowing them to look down on their toes. There are racehorses of no mean merit that are run in blinkers, and even with front shades. It is certainly an advantage where horses used in harness are also regularly ridden, that they should always wear the same kind of bridles—that is, without blinkers.

That where horses—for instance, those of a medical man in full practice—are driven fast and hard every day, they become such steady machines that they may safely be driven in almost any bridle or bits. But where they are objects of luxury and show they must be endowed with a placid, sensible temperament, and have careful training, if they are to face the crowds of the parks and streets of London in the season without blinkers.

Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, as already mentioned, and the owners of most of the trotting railway vans of London, have given up blinkers; and many sets of plough and cart-harness are to be found without them. But some persons urge as a reason for retaining them the necessity of protecting the eyes of cart-horses from the whips of their own drivers.

Any one who proposes to drive one horse, or a pair-horse phaeton, without blinkers, will find a very obstinate opposition in the harness-makers, who are naturally opposed to every change in the direction of that naked simplicity which is to be seen daily in the accoutrements of the tramway-car horses—*i.e.*, nothing more than a collar and traces, and bridles with their reins, without blinkers.

After all, it is no doubt much a matter of taste. It has been suggested that American trotting horses are driven without "blinds," that they may see when their rivals are overtaking them.

BEARING REINS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

The bearing reins are buckled either to a separate snaffle when a double bridle is used, or to the cheek of a Pelham bit, then passed through rings suspended from the head-stall, and hooked on a metal peg or hook provided for the purpose in the harness-pad.

This is the proper form, if a bearing rein is to be used at all; but the fashionable bearing rein consists of a round rein passing from a point of the head-stall at the joining of the frontlet, through a swivel attached to a snaffle-bit, through another ring, and then drawn to any degree of tightness a coachman may fancy over the pad-hook. This is the gag bearing rein.

The object of a bearing rein properly applied is to divide the weight upon the driver's hands; so that whenever the horse droops his head below a certain point, his mouth will come upon the bit of the bearing rein, instead of leaning on the driver's hands. It causes a horse to bring his haunches better under him, prevents him from having too much liberty of head and neck, and removes the temptation of a horse, full of beans, to set to or run off with his driver.

It is also intended to prevent horses when standing still from dropping their heads in a very inelegant manner, rubbing them against each other or against the pole, to which, if there is a crossbar to the bit, they are likely to get fixed, when a frightful accident would be almost inevitable.

There are some horses that it is difficult for a strong man, and quite dangerous for a lady, to drive without bearing reins—that is; with their heads free; and there are times when naturally docile horses are so fresh that it is advisable to put on bearing reins, and this even with horses that carry their heads naturally in the beautiful form which it is vainly attempted to imitate with gag reins.

The proper and only way in which bearing reins should be allowed is when two conditions are observed: first, the snaffle-bit, instead of being drawn up into the cheeks, wrinkling and almost tearing them, should hang full *a quarter of an inch from the corners of the mouth;* next, the bearing rein should be of such a length that the moment the horse raises his head to move into a trot it should become amply slack. A horse that habitually carries his head and neck like a pig is not fit for a pleasure carriage; but there are many intermediate stages between the grand style of head and neck at p. 71, which needs no bearing rein, and many a very good harness horse.

Fitted as above directed, the bearing reins will do no harm, and will prevent a pair of fresh horses in the hands of a fair driver from getting their heads first down, then up and away at the pace of destruction.

But this is not the sort of "fit" that satisfies your London coachman of the highest fashion. He begins by drawing up the gag-bit until he has enlarged the horse's mouth by at least a couple of inches. He then adds a curb-bit of an inch too wide and four inches too long, quite regardless of the size of the horse's mouth, and having curbed this up tight, takes up the reins, climbs on his box, and makes, whether moving or standing at a door, a display very satisfactory to the distinguished owners, who have not the least idea that their horses are enduring agonies for hours.

The result is shown by degrees in foaming, bleeding mouths, lolling tongues, roaring, spavins, restiveness; results to which less attention is paid because the greater number of the finest carriage horses are jobbed, and job-masters are at the mercy of the "bad coachman."

Mr. Edward Flower, of Hyde Park Gardens, well known when he lived at Stratford-on-Avon as one of the hard-riding heavy weights of the Warwickshire Hunt, has agitated this question for some time, with that exaggerated enthusiasm which is essential if any deep-seated grievance

is to be reformed. No great reform, from the time of Martin Luther to Clarkson and Wilberforce, has ever been effected by cautious advocates and soft suggestions.

Mr. Flower has particularly directed his attention to the iniquities of the gag bearing rein, which may daily be seen in torturing operation in the best carriages in the height of the season, and particularly in the carriages of the noble Vice-Presidents, Patrons, and Patronesses of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

Major Dwyer has proved that a bit of moderate proportions is, with a properly-fitted curb-chain, sufficient to restrain and drive, in the best form, any average horse. But as an ounce of fact is admitted to have more weight than a pound of rhetoric, I will quote the following example of Mr. Flower's experience:—"I bought," he says, writing in 1874, "some years ago, a magnificent horse at the hammer for a mere song, with the character of being a *roarer*, a *gibber*, and a *rearer*. He had been driven with a gag bearing rein drawn up as tight as flesh would bear, and a bit weighing one pound fourteen ounces, eleven inches long in the cheek, and six inches long in the mouth. I took away the bearing rein altogether—he naturally carried his head and neck magnificently—and substituted for the instrument of torture a simple 'Liverpool bit.' The roaring ceased soon after the bearing rein was taken away; the bit and harness having been made easy, he ceased to pull, became docile and grand in all his paces, and I might easily have had a profit of £150 on my purchase. I now drive him in my phaeton with a young horse broken on my own plan. I drive them in town and country, and they both obey the slightest touch of the reins."

On this same subject Mrs. Flower writes, in "an appeal to the ladies who own or drive carriage horses:"—"Ladies little know the amount of pain that is being inflicted upon their carriage horses by the use of the gag bearing rein, and the atrociously sharp bits and curbs which their coachmen are so fond of using. When next you step out of your carriage, or go into the park or fashionable streets, just look at the animals' mouths, which are naturally as sensitive as any part of your own frame—how they are frequently foaming, quivering, lacerated by all that torturing iron, while their heads are gagged up by a strong leather rein, through a double pulley to the saddle, which is made tight to the tail by the crupper, so that the mouth and tail of the poor animal are tied together; and in that way they have to draw their load, or stand for hours at theatres, shops, &c., unrelieved, while probably the coachman amuses himself by 'touching them up' with his whip if they venture by restlessness to show the agony they are enduring."

* This society, established a hundred years ago, celebrated its jubilee in 1874. The proceedings were reported in a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, exclusive of the list of subscribers. It appears from the extremely meagre balance-sheet (well worth the attention of the Organisation of Charity Society) that it has an invested capital of about £40,000, a freehold residence in Jermyn Street, an income of over £8,000 a year, besides the share of the fines obtained by its officers—not mentioned in the accounts—which may be estimated at at least £1,000 a year. It has thirty-one officers and servants, costing about £4,000 a year, in salaries, uniforms, and travelling expenses. But, although repeatedly urged, this wealthy philanthropic society has never taken an active step to abate the "abuse of the bearing rein." In the jubilee report costermongers and cabmen came in for very hard words; but the ignorant cruelty of the coachmen of noble and wealthy personages, in the matter of bearing reins, is not even indirectly alluded to. There is an expression of regret that an eccentric nobleman did not succeed in making *criminals* of bird-nesting schoolboys; and amongst the successful list of prosecutions there is one for "baiting rats." The prudence of the secretary, who is in fact the society, was explained with unconscious candour by a late noble patron, in these words—"You cannot expect us to prosecute the servants of the ladies and gentlemen who are our principal subscribers." The indefatigable Mr. Colam—indefatigable certainly in begging for more and more money—has also, I am told, urged, as an excuse for his *laches*, "that gag bearing reins are not mentioned in any Act of Parliament;" which is true. Neither are whips. The Saddlers' Company, the Lorimers' Company, and the Coachmakers' Company, could not do better than take up the duty neglected by the Suppression of Cruelty Society, and circulate profusely-illustrated essays or lectures on the anatomy of the horse's mouth in reference to bits, of his shoulders as to draft, and his trunk as to saddle.

Major Dwyer calls attention to the fact, important in relation to the abuse of the bearing rein, that with the great majority of horses the conformation of the jaws opposes no obstacle to the head assuming the most desirable position, but this is not always the case; if the space contained between the two jaws is narrowed so as to prevent the neck fitting in, as it will in a perfectly well-shaped head, he cannot bend his head into the curve we require to obtain the more perfect control over, and the best appearance in, a riding or carriage horse. In such cases, to try to make a horse bend his neck, by the action of a bearing rein, is something like trying to straighten a limb with a stiff joint.

Again, there are certain glands which lie just under the angles of the two jaws, and run up in the direction of the ear. They are the seat of the affection to which all young animals are subject, called strangles. Sometimes these glands are naturally very large; sometimes they become large as the result of disease; sometimes they become inflamed and enlarged from a driver attempting to obtain an impossible curve of the neck by bearing reins and severe bits.

The agony of the animal under such pressure is excruciating; to get rid of the intolerable pain it will lie down, rear, kick, run away, and the ignorant brute on the coach-box knows no better remedy than "to flog the sulk out of him," whereas the whole restiveness is the result of bad bitting and bridling. Many young horses have lost their eyesight from undue pressure on these glands.

PAIR-HORSE HARNESS.

In pair-horse harness the pads may be as light as is consistent with the character of the vehicle, for they have not to sustain the weight of shafts or to assist in backing; the latter is done by aid of the pole. In America, the pole of light trotting-wagons is sometimes fastened by a hinge, so as to fall on the ground when the horses are unharnessed, and is fastened to the pads for support as well as to the collars by a sort of splinter-bar arrangement, but this system has not found favour in this country.

Breeching is only used in the double harness of state carriages of great weight (see page 13), and sometimes in stage-coaches, to divide the strain on the collars when travelling down hill; but this has been lessened since patent breaks—which can be instantaneously put in action by the right hand of the coachman—have been brought to such perfection.

To put a pair of horses into double harness, each one should be taken up to the pole and attached to it by buckling the pole-pieces (the leather straps that are attached to each side of the pole), or hooking on the pole chains, which are used instead of leather in mail and Stanhope phaetons, as loosely as possible. Then buckle on the reins to the outer side of each, hanging the hand-pieces of the reins, knotted up, over the pad of one of the horses; then, if there is only one man to harness, pass the traces over the roller-bolts—if there are two, these operations are performed simultaneously; and, finally, draw up the pole-pieces to the length required to make the traces draw evenly and squarely. For country work the collars should be attached to the pole, with ample play, so as to leave the horses with as much liberty as possible. In fashionable town carriages it is, on the contrary, the custom to draw the horses very closely to the pole, so as to make them as much as possible a part of the machine, and enable them to turn more rapidly within short spaces.

This tight harnessing is not so pleasant for the horses, and very much spoils the action of riding-horses driven in harness. It is quite unnecessary for useful work, but a matter of course in state and park parades.

The action of the reins in pair-horse harness is essentially different from that of single-harness reins, which act on each side of the horse's mouth.

In pair-horse harness, the part held in the hands, as to the outside reins, runs up to and is buckled to the outside ring of each horse's bit, but the inside reins (called coupling reins), which are made with buckles movable up or down the outside reins, each pass through the terrets of the pads and of the collars, the right hand rein through the inside terrets of the right hand or off horse, the left hand rein through the inside terrets of the left hand or near horse; but after passing through the collar's terrets they are crossed and buckled to opposite horses, so that when you pull the reins of the right hand or off side horse, you also pull off the rein of the near side horse, and *vice versâ*.

The arrangement of these coupling reins is a matter of great importance, for if one horse is more lively and faster in pace than the other, the whole comfort of driving depends on being able to bring them both to the same pace. To do this, the coupling rein of the fresher or faster horse must be shortened by the buckle being brought nearer the driver's hands, so that a pull will act on him before it restrains the placid or dull horse. You may have to hold the fresh horse while you apply the whip to the slug. This is one of the prime arts of the good coachman, and is referred to in the song in the lines—

"Here's to the wagoner, skilled in the art
Of coupling the cattle together."

In order that the buckles of the coupling reins may be adjusted more easily, their length has of late years been increased by about two feet, so as to bring them within not less than six inches of the hands of the driver. This shortening has another advantage: it enables him to stop a pair of violent horses if they show any inclination to run away. By laying hold of the two inside and dropping the outside reins, he will bring their heads and legs so close together that they must almost inevitably stop or fall down.

A good driver looks all over his horses' harness before taking his seat, sees that the curb and snaffle-bits are properly adjusted in his horses' mouths, that the coupling reins are buckled at the right length, as well as the pole-pieces or chains; if the latter are used, that the hooks are placed downwards and not upwards, so as to catch in the bits or collars; then he deliberately takes his seat.

In taking horses out of harness begin by unloosing but not unfastening the pole-pieces; then unbuckle the coupling reins; then unloose the traces, rolling them up compactly to the pads; then unbuckle the pole-pieces, leading the horses clear away from the carriage, without allowing any part of the harness to dangle about them. Two halters should be ready to substitute for the harness bridles, which should be removed from their heads at once, and a hand block put to stop the carriage wheels from moving while unharnessing is going on.

Where the services of two or more grooms are available, the successive stages of harnessing and unharnessing may be performed almost simultaneously; but the occasions are frequent when the owner has to harness or unharness his own horses, with or without the assistance of some perfectly ignorant yokel or street arab; and it is therefore important to know the due order for each successive operation.

Where bearing reins are used, they should not be drawn over the pad hooks until the horses stand in their places beside the pole, and they should be unhooked before they are led away, after unharnessing.

TANDEM HARNESS.

Tandem, once the most fashionable style of driving, is very little seen now in great towns. A few years ago there was a tandem club amongst the officers quartered at Woolwich. In

Australia it is much in vogue, probably because the roads are bad, and a traveller has an extra horse for use at a pinch. The tandem is one plan for keeping a riding horse—the leader—in condition in the summer.

The latest improvement in tandem harness consists in the adaptation of splinter-bars, which often prevent a leader from stepping over his traces.

BREAKING TO HARNESS.

The easiest way of breaking a horse to harness is to put him into the hands of a professional breaksman, who has a break, an old break-horse who understands every word he says, and all the necessary apparatus.

These men, when they are sober, good-tempered, and not in too great a hurry to pronounce their pupils "quiet in harness," do wonders. The last is the greatest fault. Nine horses out of ten submit to everything the breaker requires, and with the help of an old break-horse, as sagacious as a tame elephant, may be returned, fit for the use of gentlemen, in three weeks or even a fortnight; but the tenth, and perhaps a better animal than either of the other nine, objects to the bit, the collar, and the blinkers, refuses to go, stands still, or stops suddenly (technically, jibs), when forced up to start takes to kicking, and finally becomes so intolerably vicious as to be only fit for a Hansom cab, the final destination of a number of horses of the finest shape and action, who are not to be trusted in any less commanding vehicle, or spared from daily work.

There are, however, many instances in which the services of a breaker and break-horse are not to be had. The latter want is serious, because a break-horse at first does all the work, and the raw horse has only to run alongside the pole, and learn by degrees how to share the work. The driver of a break, seated high, and assisted by his intelligent quadruped partner, has such complete command, that only horses of immense power and determined vice dare resist him.

Horses that have been constantly ridden for a year or two—especially hunters accustomed to all sorts of blows, buffets, scratches, and squeezes in coverts and gateways—are, with rare exceptions, easily and quickly broken to harness, and with the help of such things as are to be found on every farm, without any professional assistance.

The foundation of the art of breaking horses, whether to ride or drive, whether colts or practised hunters, is the same, viz., to accustom them by degrees to everything likely to alarm them; to avoid anything that may needlessly irritate them; and, finally, to keep them in such positions that they shall never have the least possible chance of successfully resisting the wishes or operations of the breaker.

That is not the ordinary course in ignorant stables: the animal is pulled out of his stall, where he may have been idly eating corn for a day or two, first alarmed by having a round collar forced over his head and eyes, then irritated by having his tail thrust through a crupper, still more irritated and alarmed by a bridle, with a pair of blinkers, and a huge bit with no attention to fit forced into his mouth. He is allowed very little time to get accustomed to all these trappings, even if pains are taken to prevent the traces and straps of the breeching from flapping about in an unpleasant manner.

The sensible plan is to have a collar that opens at the top; if he is going into single harness a crupper that unbuckles, and may be slipped under instead of drawing the tail through it. Breeching is needless as a commencement. The bridle should fit. The bit a snaffle, unless there is reason to fear that he may bolt, when a pair of india-rubber reins may be buckled, as before described, to the lower bar of a Wimbush pattern bit.

Vielle Moustache, a high authority, the correspondent of *The Field* and *The Queen*, is in favour

of blinkers for breaking; but I say no, let the horse or colt see what you are doing. This opinion is borne out by an experiment of the American Rarey.

The commanding officer of one of the regiments of Household Cavalry placed in his hands a cream-coloured stallion from Her Majesty's stud, that had resisted every effort of the rough-riders of the regiment to make it carry the kettle-drums.

The horse was in the riding-school. Rarey took one of the drums, placed it before the horse's nose, and by degrees got him to smell it; then gave it a slight tap with his fingers, on which the horse started, but smelt it again. Repeating this operation again and again louder, and each time with a drumstick, after a series of starts and smells, the horse began to find out that the drum did him no harm. The drum was then placed against his side, and the tapping process repeated; finally, within certainly less than an hour, Rarey mounted his pupil and marched him round the school, beating the drum loudly. From that time forward the cream stallion bore the gorgeously-attired drummer, beating the silver kettle-drums, pacing proudly at the head of the regiment.

This experiment, and others of the same character, proved to such intelligent horsemen as the late Earl of Jersey, Lord Palmerston, Sir Tatton Sykes, and, amongst others, the present Master of the Fife and late Master of the Pytchley Hounds, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, what were the principles on which horsebreaking should be conducted.

Many horses cannot be broken, especially to harness, without a certain degree of force and punishment, but it should be the aim to create no unnecessary alarm.

With the harness on, let the horse be led about, and finally driven about, by a man on foot, until he becomes thoroughly accustomed to it. Some persons recommend having two men to hang on the traces, to teach the horse the feel of the collar; but this takes up the time of three men, which is not always convenient.

Where a large empty barn or other covered place, or an empty fold, for instance, is available for these preliminaries, it is better than an open road or field, because everything likely to excite or distract the attention of the equine pupil should be avoided. It is also advisable not to put harness on a well-bred hunter or riding horse until he has had two hours of regular exercise, at such a pace as, without exhausting, will take away all that superfluous energy which leads an animal to bounce and start at the slightest provocation.

The next question is, to what vehicle shall the horse be harnessed?

The circus people generally employ a log, with a splinter-bar to keep the traces, which should be very long, apart. This answers very well in a school, but in a field a light bush harrow, made of hurdles and the cuttings of hedges, would answer even better. In this way a horse is taught by degrees to pull a weight, and if he stops suddenly, the log or bush harrow does not run on him as a vehicle on wheels would.

The Americans, who make a study of harness horses, generally break their trotters in one of their light four-wheeled wagons, which is not a wagon at all in our sense in England, but a very light phaeton. In this country a high two-wheeled vehicle of the dog-cart class is generally preferred

There are two modes of using it. In one, and the less common, but suitable for training hunters, is to put a steady harness horse in the shafts and attach the hunter, saddled and mounted, by traces to an outrigger pole with a splinter-bar, and have him ridden alongside the shaft horse. By this expedient a well-broken riding horse in hard condition has been trained to harness in a single day. Another plan, especially adapted for horses inclined to kick, is to put the unbroken one in the shafts, where he is made fast by a strong kicking-strap, and accompanying him with a steady, well-broken horse harnessed to an outrigger, who will do all the work until he takes to the collar. Kicking can be kept down more effectually in shafts than in pair-horse harness.

The orthodox style of putting a new horse into single or double harness is fully described in the following paragraphs from the writings of a contributor to the *Old Sporting Magazine*, who, in the course of his life and misfortunes, acquired great practical experience in every part of a coachman's art :—

"The horse should be harnessed in the stable, where he is least likely to be alarmed. A collar, opening at the top, should be put on. A crupper that unbuckles on both sides should be placed under the tail, which should be let down very gently on it. Everything should be done as quietly as possible. He should then be turned round in his stall, the bridle put on and buckled to the reins. He thus gets accustomed to winkers, which make every object come suddenly before him (this is my objection to breaking-in with winkers). After standing some time (Query, some hours), he should be led out to feel his new trappings, walked, and trotted.

"When he moves without being alarmed at these, the break, with the break-horse ready harnessed, should be placed where there is ample room for a plunge or two. The breaksman must find what sort of a mouth he has, and buckle the reins to the cheek or bars accordingly. The outside driving rein should be on him when he is led up, so that there is only the coupling rein to be fastened when he is put to. In forty-nine cases out of fifty the reins should be buckled to the cheek, but with a horse inclined to kick to the lowest bar.

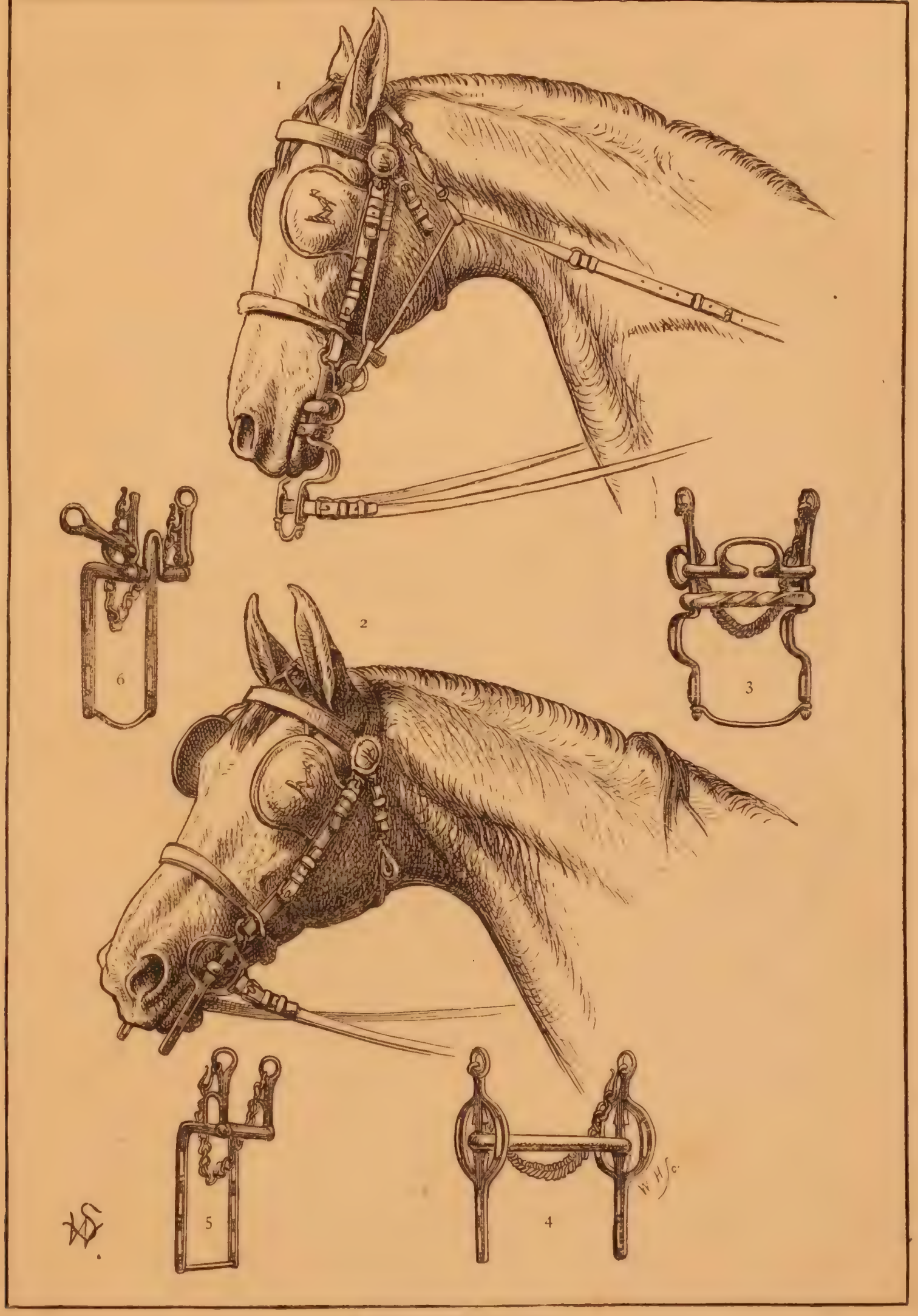
"He must be taken up carefully, so as not to touch the pole suddenly. The breaksman stands at the head of the horses to give orders, one man is to be ready to pole-piece him loosely up, while at the same moment another man joints on the *outside* trace. He is now secure, and the inside trace can be fastened from behind the tame old break-horse. One of the men now takes the breaksman's place, caressing the pupil; if he is very restless he lays hold of his ear. The breaksman jumps up, and, unless with a very refractory customer, the old horse goes off gently. A man runs alongside the young one to encourage him, and keep his shoulder against him if he hangs too much out of harness. He should be allowed to trot along, without feeling either pole-piece or trace, until of his own accord he is willing to go forward. He should not be driven more than a mile, especially if in soft condition, lest his shoulders should be scalded, which would stop a daily lesson, and make him dread the collar. The greatest care should be taken not to alarm him in taking him out of harness. The coupling rein and inside trace must be first undone, then the pole-piece and outside trace, and care taken that he does not touch the break in going off."

Rarey always drove horses for the first few times they were in harness with a thick wooden bit, which did not gall the mouth, but from its size distracted their attention from the idea of kicking.

THE SINGLE BREAK.

To put a horse in single harness for the first time also requires three men, one at the horse's head—all the preliminary precautions having been observed—and two to quietly draw up the gig (a dog-cart with a seat behind, where a man can stand with his face to the horse, being the best for the purpose) and drop it into the open tugs. At the same moment the traces must be hooked on and the kicking-strap buckled to the proper length, which should be previously ascertained.

In this first lesson I think a bearing rein, teaching the horse to be at ease on his haunches almost essential. "The horse being in the break, and the driver in his seat, one man with a limp ... 'ter (which should be put on before the bridle) in his hand, the other with one hand on the shaft or the slip-iron, the first leads the horse; the other moves the cart gently on. No sound, no whip must be used. If the horse hesitates, let him stand still till he is inclined to move. When he does go, let him walk away, the man at his side keeping hold of the halter. After a time coax him to trot, the same man still running by his side. When he goes quiet, let this man fasten the halter to

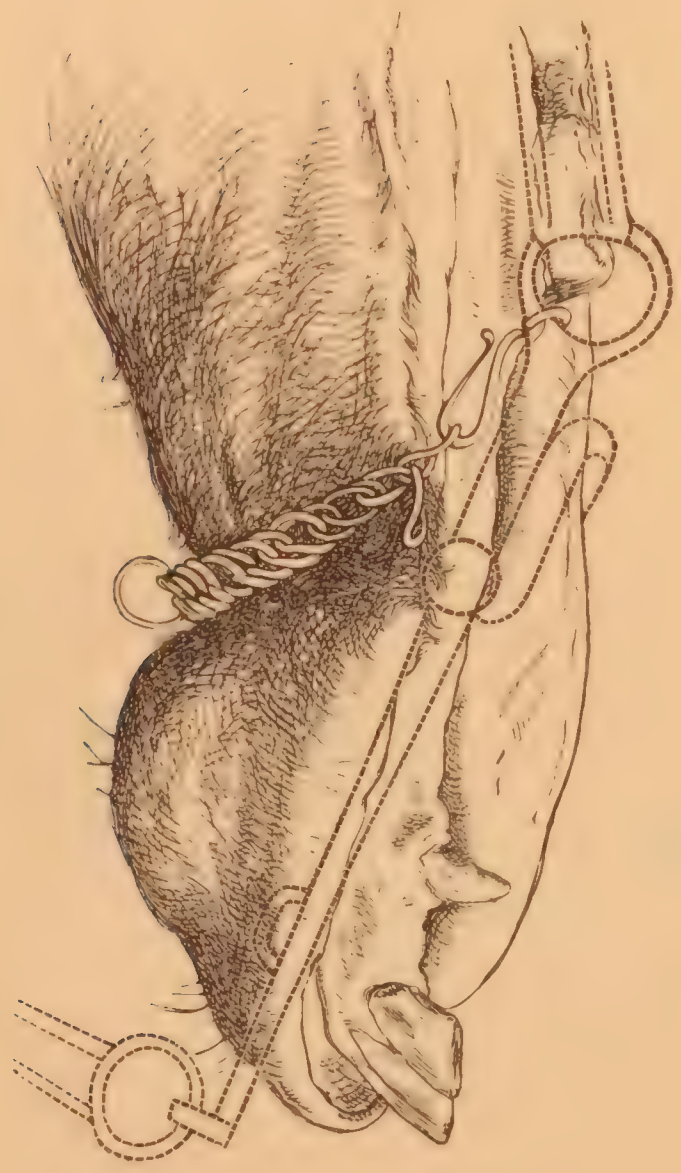


BEARING REINS AND BITS.

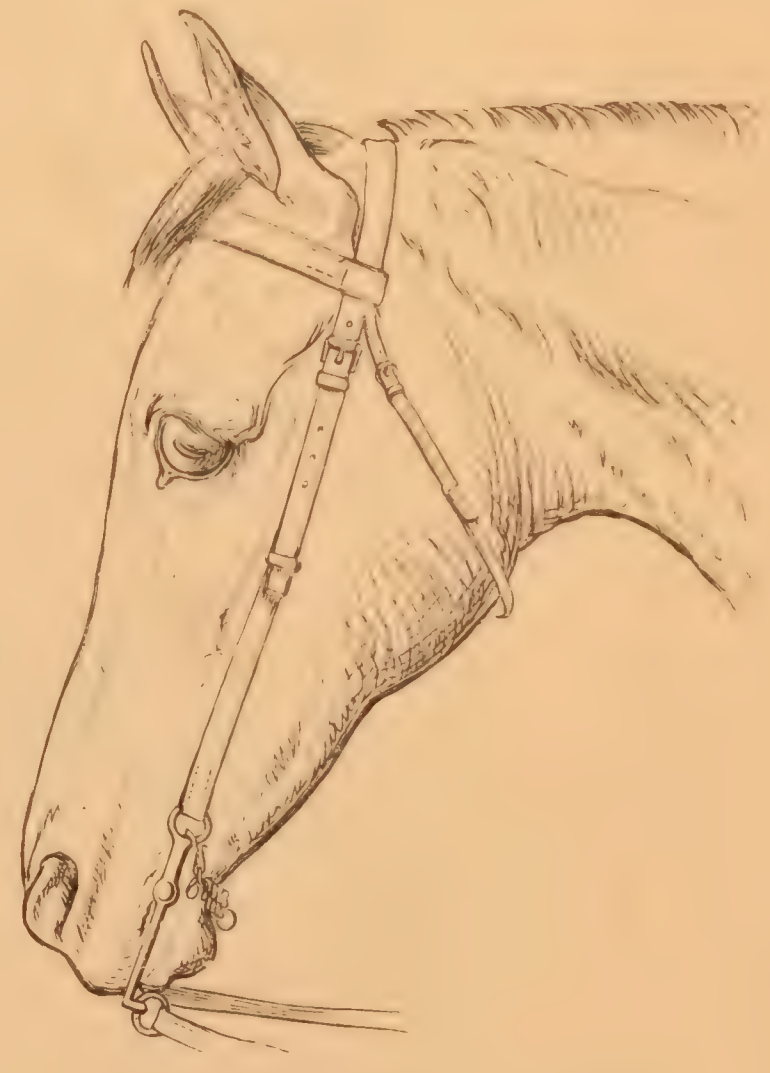
No. 1. Mr. Flower's horse, with gag bearing rein and the instrument of torture in his mouth (*See page* 499). 2. The same horse, without bearing rein and with a Liverpool Bit. 3. The Instrument of Torture. 4. The Liverpool Bit "*à pompe*." 5 and 6. The Wimbush Bit and Chifney Bit (*page* 495).

The Bit at page 492 should be "Driving or Riding."

the "D" of the hame, leave the horse's side, and step lightly up alongside the driver. Should the horse stop, let him stand. He will shortly want to go somewhere; let him take any road he likes, no matter which way, so long as he draws the break after him. *Of all things avoid a fight with a horse till the last extremity.* After a half an hour's drive at the outside take him out of harness with great precaution, lifting the shafts from him without allowing them to touch his flanks or rump.



PROPER POSITION OF CURB-BIT WITH PORT OVER CHIN-GROOVE, *p.* 491.



CURB-CHAIN PROPERLY FITTED, *p.* 493.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DRIVING.

Driving the English Style—French Picture of—The Seat—Neither too High nor too Low—Driver should be Measured for it—The Hands and Reins—The Proper Position of Hands and Arms—Woodcut of—Number of Awkward Drivers—Vile Tricks—The *Rationale* of Driving—Impossible to Control with One Hand—Way of Using Right Hand Described—Easier to Guide a Pair than One Horse—Starting (woodcut)—Begin by Stopping—Start with the Voice—Driver's Hands must Feel Horses' Mouths—Be Able to Stop Instantaneously—Start Slowly—Drive an Average Pace—To Drive in a Crowd—Style and Even Action Essential in Town—Perfection—To Step and Go Together—The Whip—When to be Used—A Lady's Whip to be Long—How Horses should Work—Importance of Coupling—Drive with Brains as well as Hands—Four-in-Hand—Picture of—Early Four-in-Hands—Description of Prince of Wales at Brighton by Tom Raikes—Decline, Fall, and Revival of Four-in-Hand—Elementary Hints on—Pupil must Drive a Pair and Heavy Coach—Exertion Required to Hold Four Horses—Practice of Left Arm and Side Required—Importance of Four-in-Hand Whip—Pupil must Learn to Use it Correctly—The Impatience of Rich Young Men—How to Start Four Horses—The Leaders out of the Collars and Clear of the Splinter Bars—Woodcut of Going Straight—The First Lessons—Stopping—Woodcut of—Turning to the Left—Woodcut of—Turning to the Right—Woodcut of—American Trotters—Vera's Description—Hiram Woodruff's Book—The Mambrino Root of Trotting Pedigrees—Russian Three Horses Abreast.

THE style of calm indifference which particularly distinguishes English coachmen, whether gentlemen or servants, has been very happily sketched by a French author, describing the court carriages at a Drawing Room in 1836, before the glories of dress coaches and chariots had been spoiled by such economical expedients as landaus and broughams, with coach-boxes instead of hammer-cloths :—

"It is truly delightful to mark the fiery, almost fierce action of the horses, restrained without an apparent effort by an impassible coachman, seated on his hammer-cloth, like a throne ; his left hand controlling the long white reins, with his whip, almost upright, resting on his right thigh.

"Napoleon, in giving instructions to David for his equestrian portrait, ordered that he should be represented calm, on a fiery horse—thus to characterise 'the power of mind over brute force.' On this principle every English coachman, seated on his box, has the air of a conqueror."

This calmness is as much the result of the national temperament (which has been described by another Frenchman as "the calmness of ferocity") as of the confidence of practised skill.

THE SEAT.

Every one who orders a carriage which he intends to drive himself should be measured for his seat, if he means to drive horses that require any driving at all. It must be of a height proportioned to the length of his legs, not too low, not too high, but easy and comfortable, just high enough to give the fullest power of hands and leverage of back and legs.

The upright position, almost standing against the sloping cushion of a four-in-hand drag or mail phaeton, much affected by the "golden youth" of the day, is a mistake. It leaves no strength in reserve ; the driver can neither give nor take. If his horses pull, bolt, or fall down, he has no power to resist or assist them. As likely as not in a desperate case he may be pulled off his box. Nothing looks worse than to see a driver obliged to throw his head back if he pulls up suddenly.

For this reason when a carriage is ordered it should be low rather than high, because a low seat can be raised.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The importance of presence of mind and decision might be illustrated by a hundred anecdotes. One of recent date will be enough here. As Captain T—— of the Guards was driving the Windsor coach up to town in the summer of 1874, a loaded brewer's dray turned suddenly across the road before his leaders' heads in front of Knightsbridge Barracks. Without a moment's hesitation he turned them round into a narrow private road. No other movement could have prevented a frightful smash. In driving it may be taken as a general rule, that "the wagoner who hesitates is lost."

THE HANDS AND REINS.

The woodcut on the next page (drawn from life) shows how the reins should be held, with one or a pair, going straight. It is a better plan, certainly, for ladies, whose hands are very small, to hold the reins in the full grasp of the left hand, instead of letting the rein come out between the second and third fingers, as in the woodcut, but that is not an essential point. (*The left hand in the woodcut is drawn rather too forward.*) The elbows should hang easily, be close to but not touching the hips, the wrists and hands slightly bent round in front of but not far from the body. This gives the fullest command over the horses, and should enable the driver to stop them without moving his body. No habit is more fatal to good driving than that of allowing the arm or hands to be dragged out by the pull of the horses until the elbows are away from the hips, and the hands approaching the splashboard, yet nothing is more common amongst amateurs of both sexes, who drive very expensive equipages. Equally offensive and equally frequent is the vile trick of bending the body and poking out the nose towards the horse's ears, instead of sitting squarely, not stiffly upright, in an easy commanding position. Every day in the London season you may see as many well-dressed persons of both sexes making pitiable exhibitions of their driving capabilities, as you do of crippled screws lapped in gorgeous-crested harness, driven by richly-liveried servants in carriages conspicuously emblazoned not unfrequently with coronets.

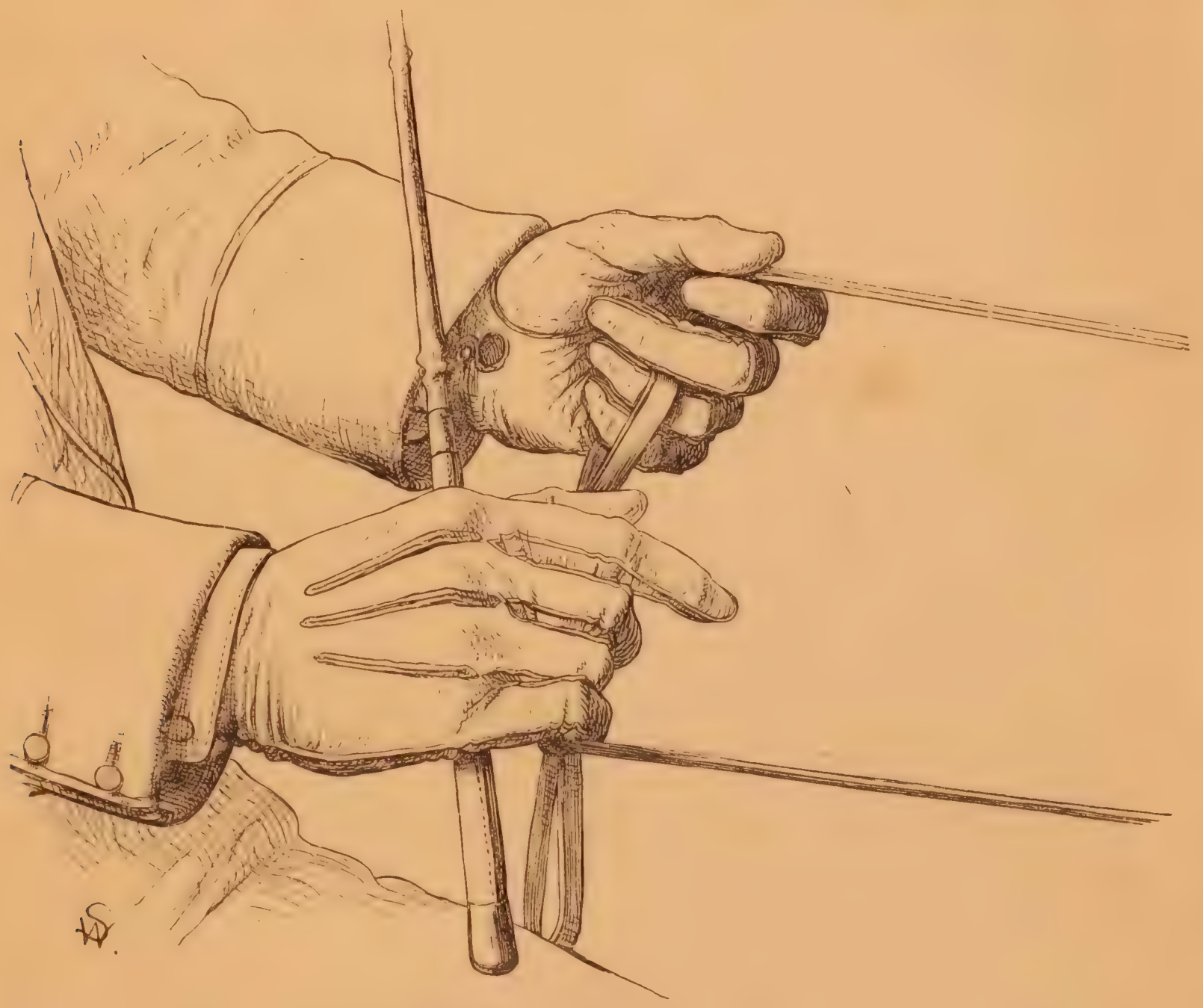
"The *rationale* of driving may be compared to steering a boat. There must be no pulling and hauling first on one side and then the other; the slightest movement will be felt (on a well-broken, well-bitted) horse and anticipated: just as much pressure as is needful to keep the head straight; this pressure on either rein is, or should be, very slight.

"Steady old stagers jog along in single harness without any particular guidance, except when pulled out of the way of something, and free horses press forward naturally in a straight line; but a horse that has the slightest inclination to turn to either side cannot be guided with one hand. Yet driving horses in single harness with one hand is considered the correct thing, and practised by many self-taught drivers.

"With the reins in one hand in single harness you may at any moment be left perfectly helpless—the precious moment lost before you can get up the other hand. The slightest movement of the horse snaps the shafts, and as the reins run parallel to the shafts, there is the least possible guiding power in the hand. The best way of using the second hand, if you do not take a rein in each hand, is to place the exterior part of the right hand upon the off rein (*right hand*), which is grasped by the third little finger if necessary. In this position the forefinger naturally falls upon the near rein, and by exercising a gentle pressure, either with this finger or with the opposite exterior angle of the hand, as may be required, as much accuracy and nicety of force may be employed as if a rein were held in each hand. If the off rein is taken between the fingers with a hard-pulling horse, it will soon cut and tire them, and the hold must be lost if it be required

to touch the near (*left hand*) rein ; whereas, at the bottom of the hand, there is a strong metacarpal muscle well calculated to resist the strain, and the near rein can be easily reached by the first and second fingers without relaxing the hold." *

But when the driver and horse understand each other, and are in steady action, the reins may be trusted to one hand, while the whip is gracefully borne aloft in the other. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is much easier to drive and turn a pair of horses, *if they go well up to the bits,* with one



GOING STRAIGHT WITH ONE OR A PAIR.

hand, than a single horse, because the coupling reins, with a turn of the wrist, may be tightened so as to bring the outside horse intended to turn toward the pole, and the pole, acting as a rudder, turns the carriage. Therefore, in starting with either one or a pair of fresh horses, good coachmen take the reins in both hands ; and in both hands must they be retained as long as there is the least probability of a horse turning to the right or left. So, too, a careful coachman always keeps his right hand conveniently near the reins held in the left hand when driving one or a pair of animals of blood and courage.

* Extract from letter of an Irish gentleman and ex-M.P., who used to assist in driving his father's four-in-hand drag on an annual trip from Calais to Florence thirty years ago.—1874

STARTING.

Having walked round to see that the harness is properly adjusted—nothing omitted, nothing too tight or too loose—the driver should, after taking his seat, begin by pulling his horses together, stopping them, as it were. Harness horses, however high-couraged, should be taught to stand until the driver is quite ready, and to start at some familiar word, such as "*Come now!*" or "*Go along now, pretty boys!*" and not until it is given, and constantly stimulated to go up to the bit by the voice, instead of relying on that essential instrument the too much abused whip.

The horses must be always kept up to the bit, and the reins must always be held so that the driver can feel his horses' mouths, and at such a length, with the hand or hands in such a position that they can be pulled up at any moment without any apparent exertion. A driver should be able to shorten his reins and stop a pair of well-bitted, well-broken horses with a turn of his wrist.

Accustom your horses to start slowly. When fairly under weigh, if driving a distance, choose a pace that suits the slower of the two, and keep to it for any reasonable distance, taking advantage of the nature of the road, to save and ease them by averaging the miles per hour—making play over level and down moderate declivities, going slowly up hill—and only allowing them to walk if the road is very rough, in very hot weather, or up very steep hills.

In passing other vehicles, and rounding corners, always take plenty of room; leaving "shaving to half an inch" to Hansom cabmen, van-drivers, and coachmen of *accoucheur* physicians.

In driving in town and in a crowd, horses must be kept on their haunches as well as up to the bit, so as to stop or turn instantaneously; and the driver before pulling up must look well ahead, so as to select a clear space. In a mob of carriages, sluggish are even more dangerous than fiery horses; but nervous horses, however beautiful and well broken, are quite unfit for the use of ladies or timid drivers. To look well in town a pair of horses must step in tune, like soldiers; style being more important than pace. "To step and go together" is perfection.

Ladies have much more need of a driving tutor than gentlemen. They must bear in mind that many family coachmen—safe, steady men—are ignorant of the first principles of their business.

In going down hill with a pair of horses, the pace should be regulated by the steepness. The drag should not be put on unnecessarily; that is to say only where the carriage would without it be likely to run on to the horse's hind-quarters. If it is necessary to go fast, the horses should, as it were, run alongside the pole with slack traces. If the carriage is to be held hard back by the pole-chains, a slow pace is essential. A bad coachman either wears his horses out with holding back, or going too fast down hill, loses all command.

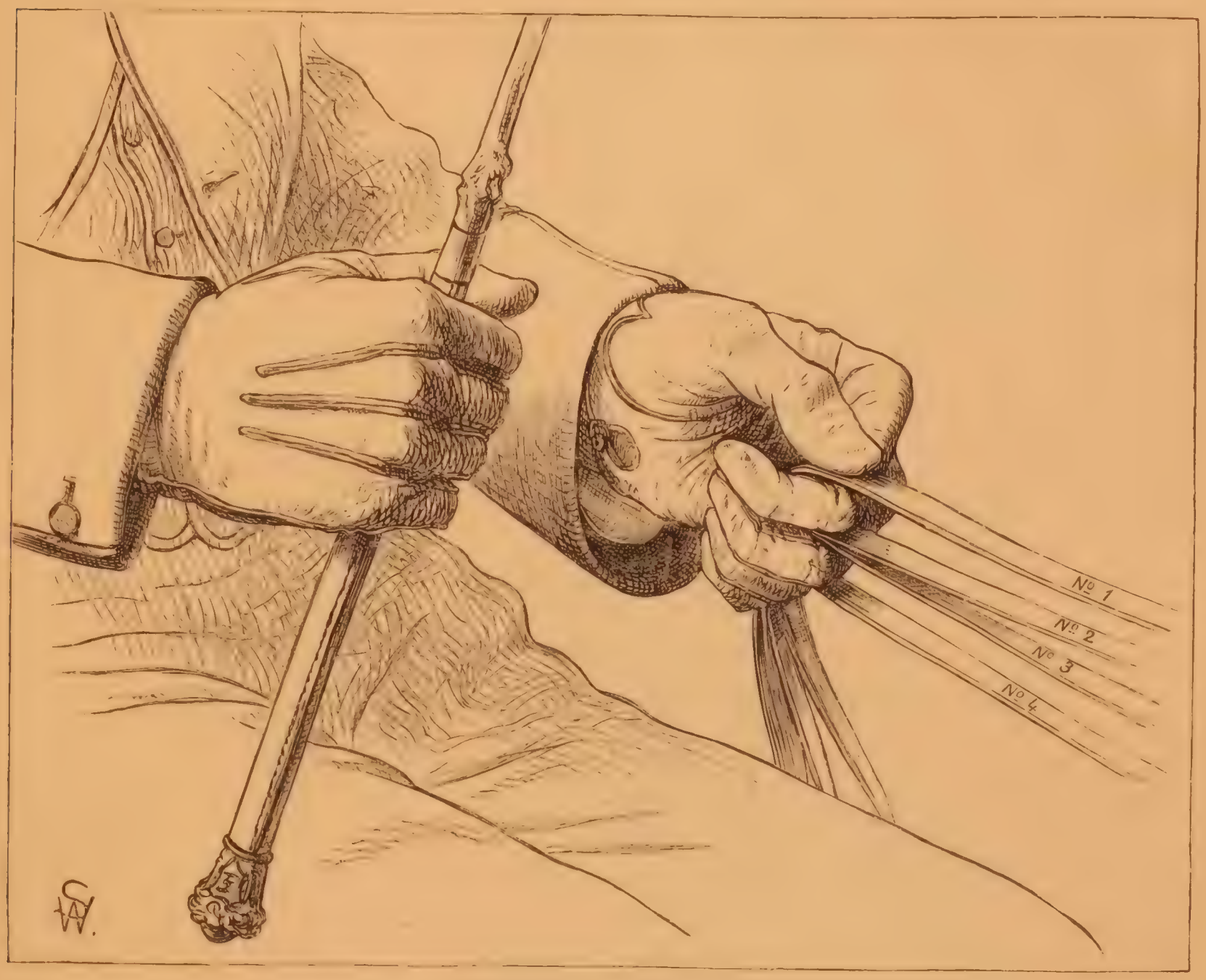
The whip is a part of driving apparatus that can rarely be dispensed with, yet which should be used as little as possible. Good horses who know their driver rarely require more than a slight indication. But if a horse declines to go into the collar and up to a bit that fits, and is not too sharp for him, the whip must be used freely, but without temper, until he gives way. But before resort is had to this *ultima ratio* of charioteers, the driver should be quite sure that all the harness fits, and that the bridle suits the mouth and temper of the animal.

A lady's whip should be very long, and as she generally sits low, she should be carefully taught never to hit horses behind the pad, and, if possible, on the forearm or shoulder.

Horses should work out from the pole, but parallel with it. This may be helped by occasionally slightly touching the shoulders near the pole with the point of the whip. Whether they will work in the form they should will depend on their being properly coupled; that is, that the reins when crossed draw evenly, according to the shape and temper of each horse. An

observant coachman will alter his coupling reins half a dozen times in half an hour the first time he puts a new pair of horses in harness.

Horses strapped too close to the pole are sure to throw out their hind-quarters when suddenly stopped; they cannot help it, and yet they are often flogged for an ungraceful position produced by the mode of harnessing.



FOUR-IN-HAND, GOING EASY.

No. 1, Near side Leader; No. 2, Off side Leader; No. 3, Near side Wheeler; No. 4, Off side Wheeler.

In every kind of harnessing the driver must remember to use his brains as well as his hands, and never to take his eyes off his horses' ears in crowded streets.

No matter whether it is the most unpretending single pony carriage or the most costly pair, the driver who desires to be safe, not to say elegant, in driving, should start on correct principles, listen to those competent to instruct, and study the best examples; for to repeat a simile already quoted, the most elaborate instructions will not teach any one half as well how to use a wheelbarrow as to see a navvy wheel one.

FOUR-IN-HAND.

When the fashion of driving four-in-hand first came into vogue, gentlemen imitated the dress, the accent, the manner of coachmen, but before its final decline and disappearance coachmen had

begun to imitate gentlemen, at any rate in their externals, with more or less success. When the "Tantivy" and "Tally ho's" were running on our main roads, broken-down dandies took to the coach-box, as they do now to the betting-ring and horse market, and did not disdain to receive the extra half-crowns middle-class passengers of horsey tastes were only happy to bestow for the pleasure of sitting alongside a scion of aristocracy, a *ci-devant* swell of the first water.

Besides those who were compelled by their necessities to do for a living what they had previously done for their amusement, there were a number of country squires, noblemen, and persons of less degree, who took shares in horsing fast coaches, for the privilege of occasionally driving. Some, like the celebrated Captain Barclay, of Ury, as may be read in the pages of "Nimrod," and "The Druid," went seriously into coaching speculations, not to make money, but for the fun of the thing. The captain once drove from Edinburgh to Aberdeen for a wager, and, after a hot bath, offered to drive back!

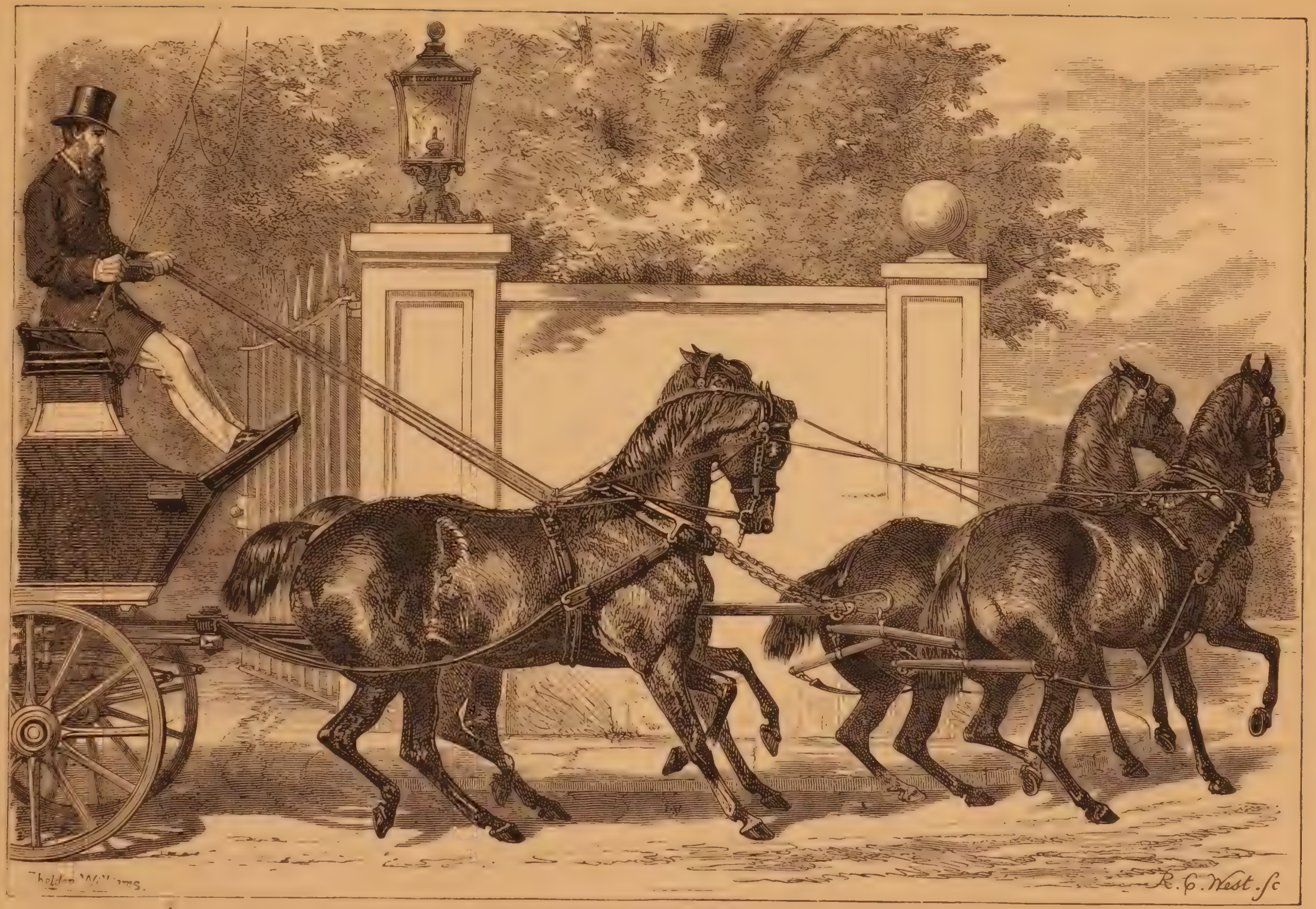
The result of coaching competition and the alliance of gentlemen, as a matter of sport and a matter of business, was a great improvement in every department—in the roads, the harness, the coachmen, and also the formation of a school of coachmen amongst the aristocracy and gentry, whose four-in-hand coaches and barouches were turned out in a number and driven with a skill of which this generation had very little idea, until the sudden revival of the taste, which, after many failures, burst out suddenly about the year 1870.

Driving four-in-hand became a real fashion towards the end of the last century, when George Prince of Wales patronised it, and made four-horse coaches one of the attractions of his residence at Brighton. Not that the Prince drove four-in-hand himself; for either, as a point of distinction, or, as Charles Greville cynically hints, to make the task easier, the team of his barouche consisted of six horses, four of them in hand. The leaders were conducted by a postilion, an arrangement still perpetuated in the Lord Mayor's state coach.

"In those days," says Tom Raikes, "the Prince made Brighton and Lewes races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London, and the racecourse was crowded with the handsomest equipages. About half an hour before the signal of departure for the hill the Prince himself would make his appearance to the crowd. I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, tight nankeen pantaloons, and shoes (!) distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person. The Prince's German wagon (so barouches were then called), and six bay horses—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the grand stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day."

Soon after the middle of the present century had expired the last fast stage-coach had ceased to roll out of London. The number of four-horse drags seen in the London season could almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand; and out of season the solitary representation of a great interest was a rough-looking man driving every day through the suburbs, in all weathers, four useful vulgar grey horses, harnessed to what, except that there were no names on the panels, looked like a hard-worked mail-coach; the owner, according to the gossip of omnibus drivers (who then included in their ranks many broken-down knights of four-horse fame), was bound under penalties in his father's will to drive a certain number of miles every day!

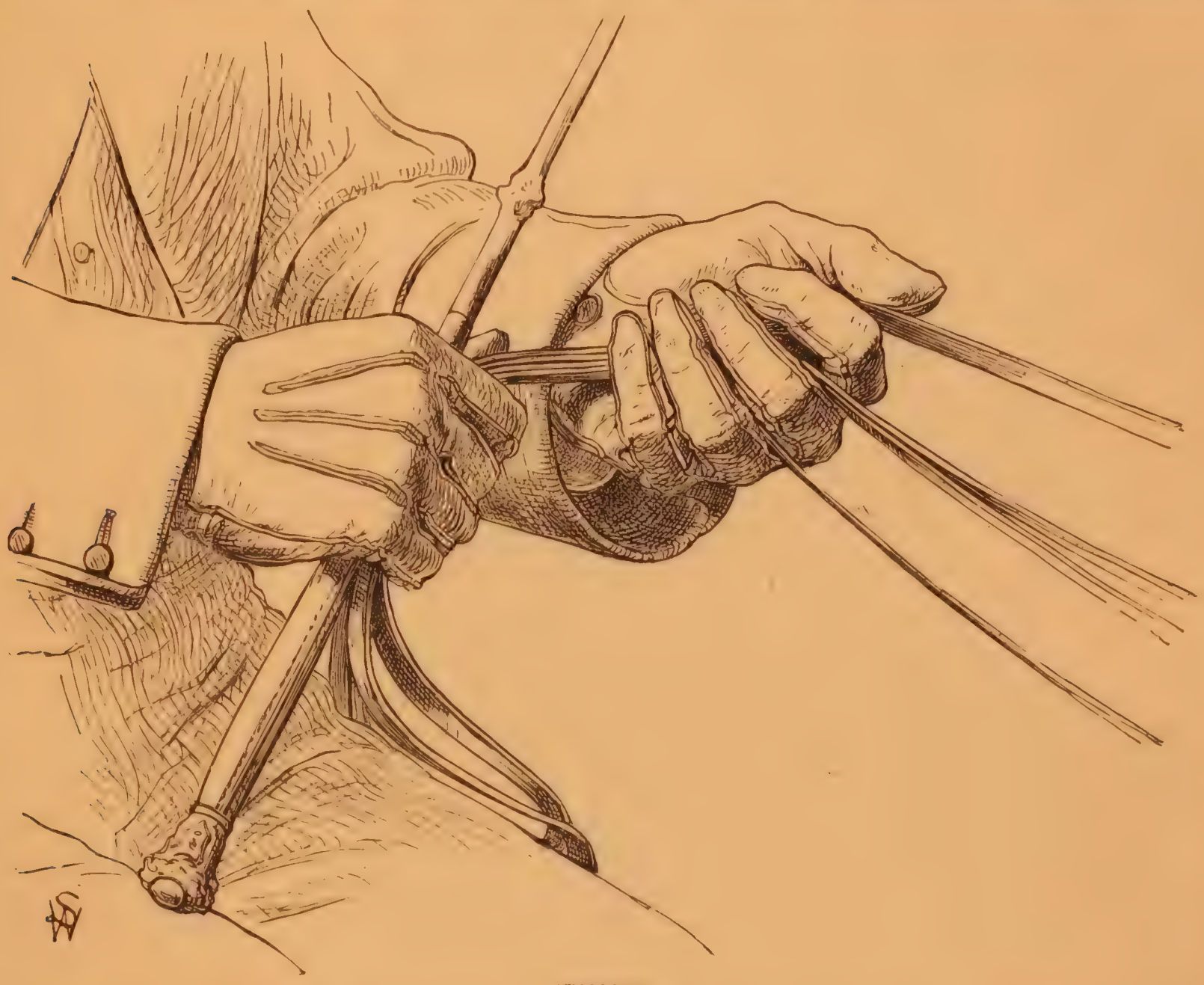
From time to time attempts were made to revive driving clubs, but, according to an authority —the head waiter at "Limmer's"—most of the members forgot their whips on the second season's meet at that noted hostel. In 1870, the F. H. C., an association limited in numbers, and exclusive as White's or Boodle's, alone maintained the ancient traditions of the road. And if the



TAKING UP YOUR PARTY.

late Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, its president, was to be believed, there were several entitled to wear the brown coat and club button who were not willing to trust themselves even with the quietest team without "a nurse" at hand, in the shape of a professional coachman or an amateur of the old school.

Since that date a furious revival has taken place. The services of the professional survivors of the coaching era have been in constant demand, and in 1874 Hyde Park saw as many as a hundred well-appointed drags paraded on the same day before an admiring and discriminating



STOPPING.

crowd of both sexes, which included the *crême de la crême* of the mid-day frequenters of that unequalled out-of-door lounge.

At the same time, encouraged no doubt by the abolition of turnpikes, and the reduction of the duties on horses, carriages, and servants, a number of gentlemen, with a taste for driving, combined amusement with economy by establishing stage-coaches, to run during the fine-weather months, to such pleasant resorts as Guildford, Tunbridge Wells, Windsor, Watford, and St. Albans.

ELEMENTARY HINTS.*

"A man may learn many things in riding and driving by observation and practice, but no man

* These hints have been taken down from the mouth of —— Carter, best known as "Tim Carter" (the consulting counsel of the younger members of the Driving Clubs); have been revised by Mr. Thomas Rice, of Kinnerton Street, and by some distinguished members of the "Road Club." The drawings have been made from life, Mr. Rice having *posed* for the purpose.

can learn how to put four horses together, and drive them in the best English style, without going to school under a really good coachman, strictly imitating his example and following his instructions.

"A first-rate 'wagoner' should have courage, decision, good eyesight, a flexible hand, and strength in the arms and back.

TURNING TO THE RIGHT.

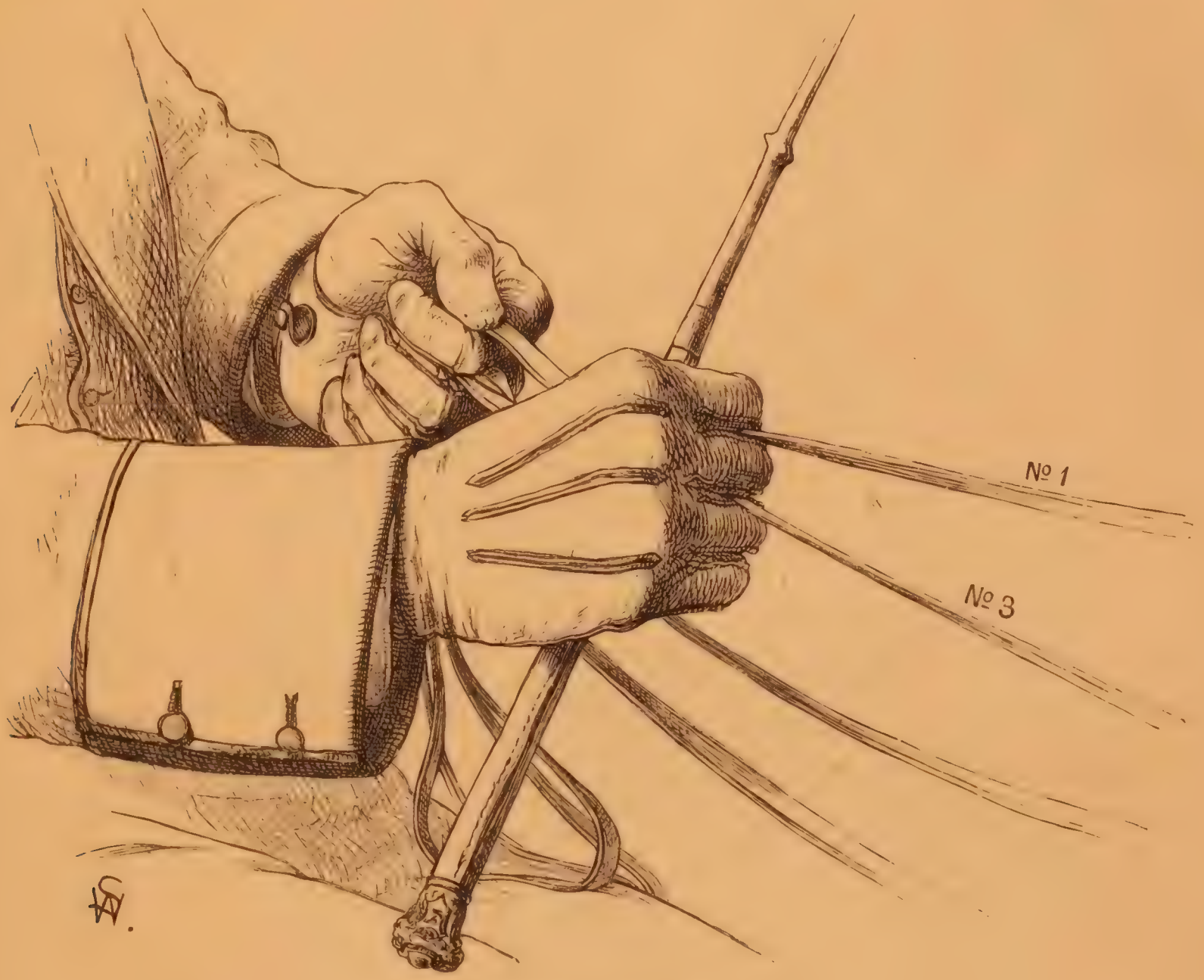
"It is assumed that the pupil knows how to drive a pair of horses. If he has only been accustomed to drive a light modern mail phaeton, he must commence his first lessons by driving a full-sized pair of horses with a heavy coach behind them, and he must practise with a coach and pair, until he has it under complete command, before he has the leaders hooked on.

"The mere exertion of holding four horses going freely for an hour is so great, that a pupil who has not been in the habit of using the muscles of his left arm by sculling, practising with dumb-bells, or Indian clubs, or other gymnastic exercises, will find himself disabled before he has taken a lesson of a quarter of an hour. This preparatory training of the muscles of the left arm and side is particularly important in the case of slight, light men, who in this art are at a disadvantage as compared with tall, muscular, or heavy men.

"Indeed, the premature Welter weight, who finds great difficulty in obtaining hunters up to his weight, may find himself quite in his place on the coach-box.

"The position of the coachman on the box is of more importance on a four-horse drag than on any other kind of carriage. It is essential that he should be able, in the event of a horse falling or the team attempting to bolt, to exert his utmost strength and weight at a moment's notice.

"This he cannot do if he is standing bolt upright against a sloping cushion, according to a modern mistaken fashion.



TURNING TO THE LEFT.

"The use of the whip may be learned in a great degree without the horses, sitting on any sufficiently high place, and practising how to wield it in a workmanlike manner.

"There is a proper position for the stick, and for every part of it down to the point, and the proper way of using it at full length, double thonged for rousing the wheelers, or curled round the shaft ready for immediate use either way.

"You are not a coachman until you are so familiar with its use that you carry it as it should be carried without thinking of it at all, and can use it, hold it, and curl it up as it should be used and held. At the same time a common fault of young coachmen is to devote too much attention to the whip, endeavouring to employ it in a showy manner, curl and uncurl it, touching leaders that want no touching, double-thonging steady working wheelers, or letting the leaders get out of hand, do too much, wear themselves out, or at a sharp turn snap off the end of the pole, or bring the whole drag to grief.

"The first few lessons will be well employed in sitting alongside the teacher, without taking hold of the reins, and watching his every movement, and learning by heart his instructions Young men, especially young men of fortune, surrounded by humble toadies, are often too conceited to listen, and too impatient to begin the second lesson before they have learned the first.

"The pupil, when he first takes hold of the reins, should not, out of natural pride, hold them after his arm is tired; there is not nearly so much to be learned by persevering in pain as by a series of short lessons.

"In a four-in-hand coach the wheelers should start it, and turn it round, without the leaders ever feeling their traces; and of course they must stop it with the traces of the leaders slack.

"Having carefully satisfied yourself that every horse is properly harnessed and bitted, mount the box deliberately, your grooms being at the horses' heads, and mind that they stand still until you give the word to start.

"This is an essential part of the breaking of a gentleman's team (often neglected), and should be insisted on. Take your seat, adjust your apron and the reins, taking care to have the leaders so in hand that, when they do move, they will be *out of the collars and clear of the splinter-bars.*

"I repeat that it is essential for the comfort of the driver that a team, however high-couraged, should wait until he tells them to go.

"On starting the reins must be placed, and throughout the drive retained, at such a length, and the right hand in such place, that you can pull up your team at any moment.

"Unless you can do this, you cannot have proper control of your horses. If I get alongside a young gentleman who has great conceit of his own driving, the first thing I ask him to do is to stop, and that suddenly, when he least expects such a request."

The first lessons should be devoted to learning how to start, how to stop, and how to turn on either hand. Day after day should be devoted to this practice for successive weeks, until the pupil performs the requisite motions instantaneously and mechanically. Practice may fairly be commenced with an old team, that have learned to obey the slightest indication and do half the driver's work for him; but a man is not *a coachman* until he can hold, turn, and stop fresh, fiery horses, not all of the same temperament.

All the first lessons should be on level ground, in roads clear of traffic, and not until the pupil has thoroughly mastered the elementary lessons should he be trusted in crowded streets and market places. As people generally get out of the way of a four-horse coach, he may delude himself into the idea that he is driving when he is only clearing the road.

When starting, going strait on level ground, turning right and left, and stopping have been performed in a satisfactory manner, then descending steep hills may be carefully practised.

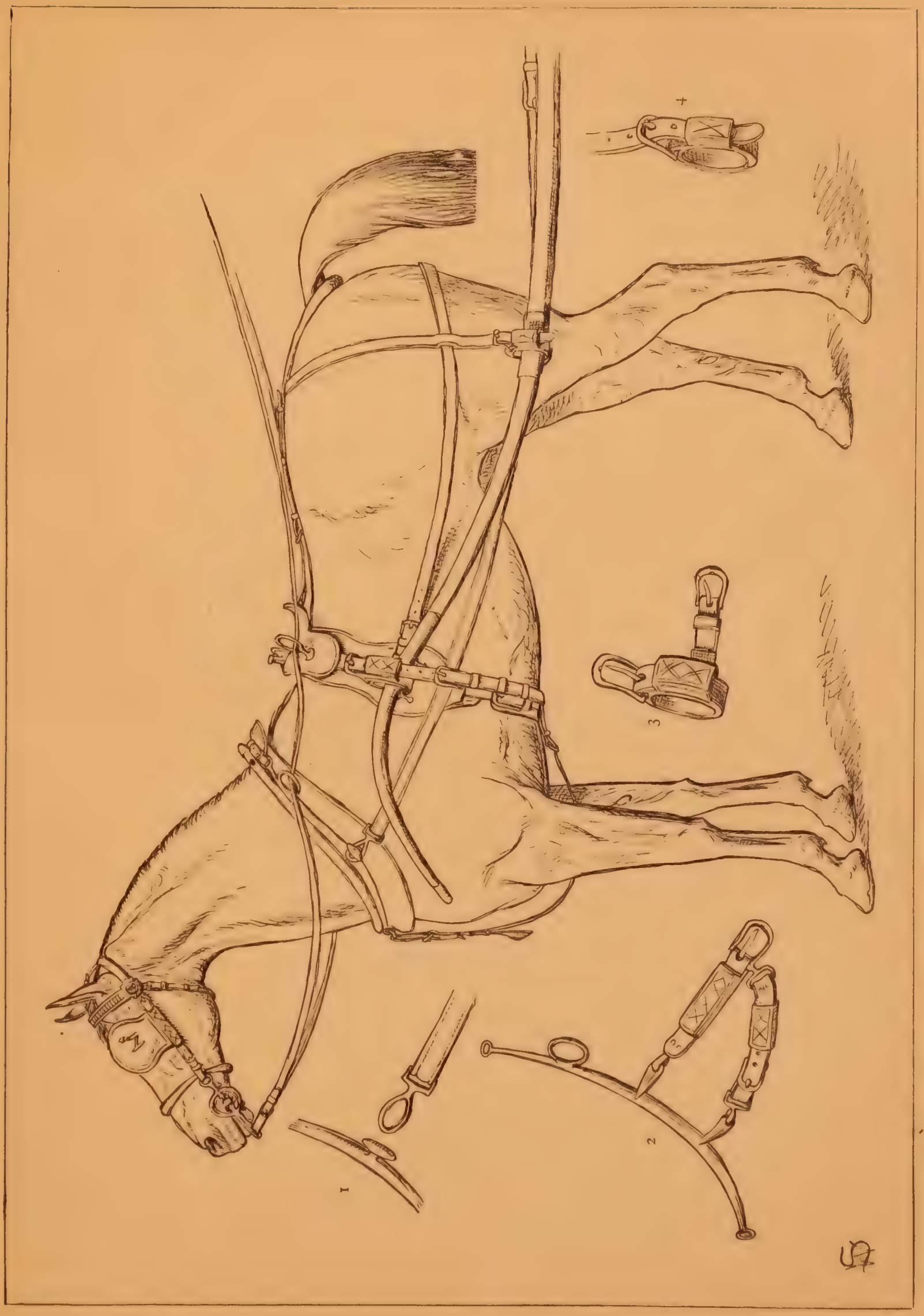
Of course, as in starting, the leader must be out of the collar and clear of the splinter-bars; but how the wheelers are to do their work, when to run down without, when to put on, the patent drags, how regulate the pace—these are material points which can only be acquired by long practice under judicious instruction.

Great care must be taken not to acquire slovenly habits, as nothing is so difficult to cure as a bad style.

FOUR-IN-HAND HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

The character of the horses for a four-in-hand will depend on the kind of carriage used and the purse of the owner.

As before observed, all the real work is done by the wheelers; therefore, if the carriage is heavy, the wheelers must be able to start it up-hill and hold it down-hill. As to pace: If the team is meant for work and distance, the wheelers should be able to trot at the rate of fourteen



HORSE IN SINGLE HARNESS.

1. French Hammer-headed Hames.
2. Bancroft's Patent.
3. Shaft-tug, with Buckle for Long Breeching.
4. Kicking-strap Tug.

miles an hour, which will allow the leaders to gallop. To try such horses, singly or as a pair, see if they can trot a mile in four minutes; if they can do that without making a fuss or a trouble of it, they are fast enough for anything in England.

Then set the pair to trot up a steepish hill, say to the "Star and Garter," at Richmond, at about eight miles an hour. If they will do that freely, without the whip, you may be satisfied that you have something quite above the average.

Formerly there were teams merely intended for the park and parade, but the present taste (1875), is for horses that can go down to Epsom from London, or some such distance, at a fair pace, with a full load, and return in the evening in good style. A well-matched team that combines brilliant action with pace is worth at least a thousand pounds. Extraordinary beauty is not to be expected in wheelers that have both pace and action, but if intended for ornamental purposes, they should have "character." The leaders should have plenty of courage, carry themselves well, with, as the dealers say, "two good ends," and be both free and docile. The coachman, with a heavy coach behind him, has great command over his wheelers, but he has to trust a good deal to the honour of his leaders.

For utility in the country a team may be made up with a pair of barouche horses as wheelers, and a couple of hunters, or other riding horses, as leaders.

The leaders are often an inch lower than the wheelers; although some contend that they should be taller, and others that all four should match in height. The most expensive teams match in height, action, character, colour, and age. But such are quite the exception. Most four-in-hand amateurs are glad to get two good pairs of horses, about the right size and character, with really good action, viz., two real machines as wheelers, two blood ones as leaders. As to colour, where the action is above average, and the character right, there are often two, sometimes three, colours, and occasionally four shades of colour in the four. Brilliant step and go action cover a multitude of defects. As to age, some of the best horses in London teams are perfect patriarchs, but then they have never done any real work.

In the country for driving to cover, to races, to picnics, &c., scratch teams are made up anyhow, utility and pace being the principal considerations.

There is one condition essential for driving four-in-hand pleasantly, and that is that the driver should have a high seat, overlooking and commanding his horses. Four ponies driven in hand from a low phaeton may be an amusement to the wagoner, and may be useful over very bad roads, but they always look like a draggle-tailed, make-shift affair, and they would be much better harnessed in the Russian or Hungarian style.

The Queen of the Belgians, who is a capital whip, used to drive four ponies in hand from a low *char-à-banc*, on the sands at Ostend, but there the sands are so soft and deep that four ponies are really wanted to go into the collar all at once to get along even at a moderate pace.

There are at least four different kinds of carriages in common use for four-in-hand teams in this country.

First, the old-fashioned coach, which will stand a great deal of work and carry a great load—passengers and luggage. This is the pattern much affected by regiments, which make it, in their marches from station to station, amusing, useful, and ornamental. Secondly, what may be called the park drag, which is not meant to carry any luggage heavier than a ladder for the ladies to ascend and descend, an ice safe, and other materials for a picnic. Invention has been exhausted by such firms as Messrs. Petre, Barker, Hooper, and Holland, in adding to the comforts and luxuries of the park drag. But it has one drawback: it only affords four good seats, all outside, in addition to the driver's, viz., his companion's, and the three favoured mortals who sit behind him.

although seats are sometimes provided on a sort of knifeboard on the roof, as well as those facing and alongside the grooms.

Thirdly, the old-fashioned break, formerly chiefly used for exercising the stud and bringing fodder from the farm, which has been converted into a very luxurious open carriage—as a wagonette—with a high driving seat, holding two on the box, and six or more inside, with places for two grooms, in two spoon-like seats outside, below the level of the company. Fourthly, borrowed and improved from the continent, the *char-à-banc*, with a high driving seat, which divides the guests inside into two rows across, instead of their sitting opposite as in a wagonette.

One advantage of the two last-described carriages is that they can be built of a size and weight to suit any size of blood ponies and horses, from twelve to sixteen hands high, and the wagonette can be converted into an omnibus.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, when at Sandringham, drives from a high seat a very neat *char-à-banc*, with four brown ponies, about twelve hands high, in hand. This carriage holds four inside, with two grooms sitting back, as on a dog-cart.

AMERICAN TROTTING.

When, many years ago, the plan of "The Book of the Horse" was sketched out, an important place was intended for the trotting-horses of the United States, whose performances have far exceeded anything ever achieved by European trainers and drivers; but when I began to study the subject in detail, I found that it had been so exhaustively treated by American writers, and that it had so little practical interest for English readers, that it seemed better to confine this section to indicating the points on which English and American trotting differ, and refer my readers to the sources from which they might, if they pleased, obtain the fullest information as to the history and performances of the trotters, who in the United States occupy the place of our Derby and St. Leger runners.

In England the most costly horse is a race-horse, for the simple reason that a race-horse can win more money in a shorter period than any other kind of horse while on the turf, and earn more as a stallion, if successful, on retiring from the turf. Race-horses in England are maintained as a trade by the many, and as an amusement by the few. A gentleman by birth and education, who would think himself degraded by keeping a shop or a public-house, has no hesitation in embarking in the financial and financing business of owning and betting on race-horses, associating with blacklegs, employing "touts" (*i. e.*, spies) to report on his rivals' horses, and agents to bet against his own.

Other pleasure horses, whether hunters, harness, or hacks, are not valued so much for mere speed as for other qualities. The park hack of great price may be even slow. The priceless harness horses of the stately barouche, or even the fast mail phaeton, would seem to stand still alongside a third-class American trotter. The perfect, thoroughbred hunter, the pride of a Leicestershire stable, may have been, or would be hopelessly distanced in a cup race at Ascot or Goodwood. It is his fencing, his figure, and his gentlemanly manners that raise his price to three large figures.

In a word—anything like hurry and bustle, except in the case of a good start from cover-side in a pasture country, are distasteful and foreign to the ideal of noble and fashionable English life. As for trotting for money, it is only pursued and patronised by a class of gamblers of the very lowest order. Why, it is difficult to decide, because there is nothing more disreputable in cheating in a trot than cheating in a gallop; but so it is. No lady is ever seen at the trotting-matches which take place near London, and, unless by rare exception, no gentleman. If one or

two are tempted by curiosity to witness this very exciting amusement, if wise, they leave their watches and purses at home.

In the United States the roads near great cities, usually of soft sand, are suited to the amusement. On the hard English macadamised roads a trotter would be worn out in a few weeks.

America produces hickory and other woods tougher and lighter than any grown in other countries; and of these American mechanics produce marvellous specimens of ingenuity in strength and lightness, in two-wheeled and four-wheeled vehicles.

As drivers of trotting races the Americans cannot be excelled, if equalled; but the professional style which is copied by young gentlemen driving out to display their five hundred and thousand pound harness horses, is to English eyes hideous, presenting the maximum of discomfort and muscular exertion. The horse or horses pull their hardest against the driver, while he, leaning back, with his legs planted firmly against an iron bar, with the reins wrapped round each hand, does the work which with us is performed by the roller-bolts or splinter-bars. It is true that the author of "The Trotting Horse of America"* condemns "*holding on like grim death to a dead darkey;*" but few in America are able to follow Woodruff's precept, as in England, to ride a steeplechase like the late Jem Mason or the present Mr. Thomas.

The last edition of "Herbert's Horse of America" contains a number of engravings of the most celebrated trotters at full speed. In this work, and Woodruff's, the fullest information on American trotting will be found.† But the following extracts from the recent travels of a lady who seems familiar with English road trotters, of a speed above the average, will afford a better picture of this favourite American "institution," as seen in the light of British eyes‡:—

"The Central Park of New York, ranks immediately after the *Bois* and Hyde Park in point of fashionable attendance, of handsome equipages, of pretty women, *chic* toilettes, and general gaiety. In point of natural scenery it far surpasses both.

"The real object of the extremely light structure of American carriages and harness seems to be to obtain speed; everything is sacrificed to that one purpose. If a man can prove that his horse can trot his mile half a second less than his neighbour's he is happy, and all the country papers herald the fact, to his infinite delight and pride.

"But as it is necessary to have a track (of sand) specially prepared, an uncomfortable seat like the body of a long-legged spider, no end of training, strength of muscle and yelling, to obtain a 'dash' of speed of a mile or two, give me in preference an honest English trotter who will take me over a fair country road at sixteen miles an hour (!*sic*), who draws with his traces and not with the reins, and whom I can pull up within half a mile!

"The American horses are well broken, their intelligence is developed, and it is rare that you see any indication of the viciousness or nervousness so common in our blood horses. An American thoroughbred is taught to obey every inflection of the driver's voice, and to stand still when wanted. The Kentucky breed make capital saddle horses, and after a generation's training would no doubt equal our hunters.

"The Americans who have had a military education at West Point ride very well; but of the equitation of those who have not been trained at that military school, nor practised during the Civil War, the less said the better. American ladies, as a rule, know nothing about riding, and very

* Hiram Woodruff's "American Trotting Horse," edited by Charles Foster, of Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, and dedicated to Mr. Robert Bonner (See next page).

† "The Horse of America," by Frank Forester (Henry Herbert). A new edition by S. and B. Bruce, 1871.

‡ "Our American Cousins at Home," by Vera:—Sampson Low, 1873. Vera appears to have visited America in President Grant's first term.

little of how to dress when they show their graceful figures and lovely faces on a side-saddle. White underskirts and unsuitable variation destroy the effect of one of the most effective of costumes. Even if they sit their horse gracefully, a want of firmness is apparent. They have no intimate knowledge of, and consequently are never *en rapport* with, the noble creature who does so much to enhance the beauty of his fair rider.

"While at New York, I was taken to see Mr. Bonner's horses (to whom Woodruff's book is dedicated), the possessor of Dexter, Pocohontas, and several other of the swiftest trotters. He commenced life in the lower ranks of the social ladder; he is now rich, and his great hobby is to own the fastest trotters that money can buy, solely for amusement, for once in his stable they cease to be entered for races. When I visited Mr. Bonner there were ten horses, each occupying a roomy loose box in stables which were marvels of comfort, cleanliness, and method. One colt, about eighteen months old, had been bought, on the strength of the fleetness of his pedigree, for £3,000. He was expected some day to accomplish some such wonderful feat as trotting a mile in a minute and nine seconds (!). I should have thought five shillings nearer the value of the goose-rumped, heavy-headed little quadruped. I went to see little Dexter (who trotted one mile and twenty-seven yards in two minutes seventeen and a quarter seconds, in 1867) and Pocohontas shod. They are both handsome horses for trotters, and, though small, with extraordinary development of muscle in their fore-arms and hind-quarters. Mr. Bonner, whose pleasure horses have cost him £40,000 (not dollars), always superintends the shoeing. He told me that we knew nothing about that art in England, an assertion I did not attempt to contradict."

When there are such purchasers as Mr. Bonner and his followers to compete for the possession of American trotting sires, great as are their merits in the important qualities of action, and constitution—qualities in which our horses, under the influence of short races and light weights, are becoming so deficient—no private individual in England can venture to run the risk of importing American sires; and, if imported, it would be impossible to obtain remunerating fees. The speculation, if ever undertaken, must be performed by "Stallion Subscription Associations," as suggested at page 227.*

American trotters are of all sizes. The Dutchman, the favourite idol of Woodruff, was sixteen hands high. Flora Temple, who was victorious on every course for a series of years, was only fourteen hands two inches.

Dexter, if he was the same horse whose feats are recorded in "The Horse of America," stood fifteen hands one inch high; and the wonderful mare Pocohontas was sixteen hands high; both were by thoroughbred horses out of very well-bred mares.

Vera was shocked at the abuse of the bearing rein in America; and it is curious to observe that in all the illustrations of Frank Forester's work the trotters, whether in saddle or harness, are restrained by bearing reins.

Evidently the words of the celebrated coaching song of the last generation, "The Tantivy Trot," have no application in America—

> "Here's to the arm that can hold them when gone,
> Still to a gallop inclined, sir;
> Heads in the front, with no bearing reins on,
> Tails with no cruppers behind, sir."

American trotters are not considered to arrive at their full speed until nine years old, and Woodruff names several celebrities that won great races at eighteen and nineteen years old.

* See Major Stapylton's opinion at page 221.

Woodruff is never tired of dilating on the merits of the descendants of imported Messenger (the son of Lord Grosvenor's grey Mambrino: see p. 208), who covered in the United States for nearly twenty seasons.

Besides matches and races in single harness, and pairs against pairs, the Americans sometimes put a fast trotter in a four-wheeled racing wagon, "with a mate;" the mate galloping and drawing the vehicle; the trotter, relieved of the weight and stimulated by the companionship, trotting alongside at his best pace.

The "high-falutin'" style in which the American authors describe the victories and defeats of their equine heroes is most amusing, and exceeds even the bathos of our own turf reporters when, on the death of some celebrated sire of gambling machines, the event is treated as a national calamity!

DRIVING THREE ABREAST.

Driving three abreast is common in Russia and Hungary, but seldom practised in this country except in omnibuses. Where the roads are wide enough it is, as already observed, a capital plan for breaking in a high-spirited and timid horse, either by placing him in the centre in shafts between two old stagers attached to the outriggers of a two-wheeled carriage, or as one of the outside horses, with no weight to pull, of a four-wheeled carriage. Occasional examples are met with of park phaetons driven with three ponies abreast. One of the most remarkable, the property of, and driven by a duchess, has been mentioned in Chap. II., p. 30.

The best English coachman would find himself quite helpless with three fiery Russian steeds at full pace, if he had not been previously instructed in the customs of the country. The late Hon. Frederick St. John, who was a first-rate four-in-hand coachman in the first quarter of this century, the most palmy days of that coaching age, relates, in his recollections of continental adventures, the following anecdote:—"One day I accompanied the prince in his drosky to make a call. He drove *à la mode du pays*—three horses abreast—a very fast Orloff trotter in the shafts, with two outriggers called *furieux;* the near side horse galloping with his right leg foremost and his head inclining to the left, the off side in the contrary manner. On my friend entering the house he placed the bunch of reins in my hand. I was puzzled, but arranged them as well as I could, and started the trap. As long as I was in the village they went very quietly, but when I thought I knew all about it, and encouraged them to a better pace, they started at score. The more I pulled the faster they went, and soon reached the open plain. Well, I thought, Russia is large and there is plenty of room. I managed to make them describe a circle, and sitting astride on the centre bench of the drosky kept my seat while the carriage cleared various little water-courses. Finally, I was able to turn their heads towards the village, and meeting my friend he used some Russian word, and the horses stopped. After he had had his laugh out, he showed me that with fiery Russian horses you must hold half the reins in each hand, and to stop them easily, pull with the two fists close together; whereas I had pulled with my hands quite apart. *But more is to be done with these horses by the voice than any other means.*"

CHAPTER XXV.

STABLES AND COACH-HOUSES.

Stables—Essentials—A Dry Foundation—An Impervious Floor—Ventilation Without Draft—Stables, viz., Stalls, Boxes—Washing-house—Sheltered Yard—Saddle-room—Coach-house—Lofts and Fodder Stores—Foundation and Drains Described—Best Material for Walls, Glazed Brick; for Floors, Asphalte, or Clinkers in Portland Cement—Mangers, Iron or Slate—Partitions, Elm-wood—Corn Stores, Metal-lined—Water in Iron Buckets—A Tower Reservoir—A Force of Water Valuable—Economical Stables Described—Luxurious Stables—Necessities and Luxuries Divided—Value of Heating Apparatus and Warm Water Supply—Saddle and Harness Room must be Dry—Drawers and Closets for—Modern Contrivances for Stable Use—Model Stables: Where they May be Seen.

NEARLY two hundred years ago De Grey wrote: "Your stable ought not to have any unsavoury gutter, channel, or sewer near it. The windows must be fitted with handsome casements and shuts, as well to keep out cold and wind as to let in cool fresh air."* These rules are as sound in the nineteenth as in the seventeenth century, but are often grossly neglected.

There are certain points that must be attended to, whether the stud consists of one or thirty; whether the stables have to be built or are already built, and fitted with all the luxurious appliances that have been invented to meet the demands of modern wealth by the competition of the great stable-fitting trade.

A stable must, if the horses it accommodates are to retain their health, stand on a dry foundation. If it stand on a cold, retentive soil, the stud, however liberally fed and sumptuously clothed, will never be without cases of influenza and acute inflammation until the whole area occupied by the stables and yard has been thoroughly drained and dried.

This operation, placed in the hands of a competent agricultural drainer, can generally be performed at a moderate expense; but, whatever be the cost, it will be cheaper than losing one horse by death, and the services of others for week after week. A deep drain of porous tiles, run round, or, in some cases through and under the stable, and carried to a proper outfall, is the only resource on clay soils.

If a stable is to be built from the ground, unless the foundation is chalk or deep self-drained gravel, the better plan is to excavate, put in drains, and fill up the area to be occupied with concrete. These drains have no reference to those required for the surface drainage of the stable, but they may be connected with them.

Ventilation (that is, fresh air) is of as much importance as drainage (that is, dry ground) for keeping horses in the highest degree of health. Many a stud which has been neither sick nor sorry while standing in old-fashioned buildings that let the wind by the roof, the doors, and the windows, have pined and sickened when removed to a building erected regardless of cost.

A damp stable must be unhealthy, but a stable that is both damp and hot is a pest-house—a seed-bed of diseases of the feet, the lungs, and the eyes.

Horses that are out all day and every day can resist malarious influences which will surely affect horses highly fed and little exercised.

* "The Compleat Horseman" (1680).

When the late Mr. Henry Hope built the mansion opposite the Green Park which is now occupied by a club, he also erected a magnificent set of stables on the first floor over his coach-houses, and carefully drained them into the street sewers. The result was that he lost nearly all his stud by a sort of sewer or typhoid fever; while stables in the neighbourhood without any surface-drains, but carefully cleaned out, were perfectly healthy.

On the other hand, when the Earl of Stamford sold his numerous stud by auction on resigning the Mastership of the Quorn Hounds, it was generally admitted that never had so many horses been brought to the hammer in such fine condition; yet they were lodged in stables not better than those of cart-horses on a large farm of the old style, before model farms were invented.

After the foundation, the floor is a matter of prime importance; it should be durable, quite impervious to wet, and not slippery.

If it is provided with surface-drains for carrying off the urine and washing of the horses, they should be constructed in such a manner that they can be cleaned out from time to time. Gratings and traps, however ingeniously devised, seldom prevent the drains being choked; and cast-iron traps, even if not lifted by the grooms, are pretty sure to be broken.

But if the horses are bountifully supplied with bedding of straw or sawdust, the damp portions of which are regularly removed every morning and evening, it is by no means essential that there should be surface-drains at all.

They are not used, according to Colonel Fitzwygram, in cavalry barracks. There were none in the Pytchley stables when Mr. Anstruther Thompson was Master, and there are thousands of hard-working horses standing on sawdust in London, without a drain.

Nevertheless, as a rule, well-kept surface drains, with a proper outfall, are a better arrangement.

An impervious floor is a great advantage: it can be washed and dried easily. Asphalte made rough is the best, but it is costly. A concrete foundation made up with gas-tar, four inches thick, on which stable clinkers are set and bedded, and grouted in with Portland cement, makes a very perfect floor.

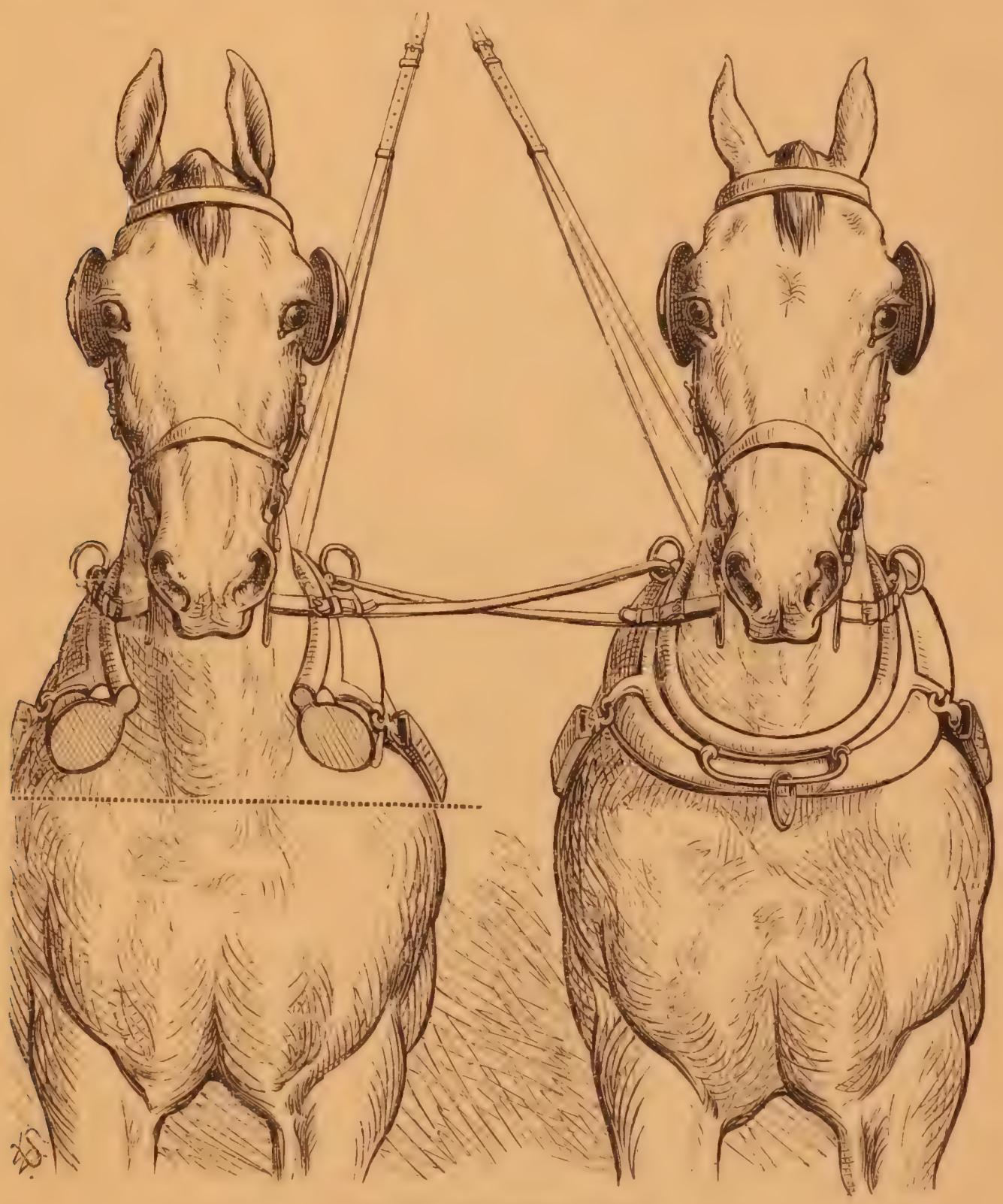
The materials of the walls may be wood, stone, or brick. The bricks glazed on the inside are the best, as they hold no dirt. If stone, wood, or soft bricks be used, the walls facing the horses' heads should be lined with slate or tiles. For the convenience of manufacture the posts and ramps of the most expensive stables are usually made of iron. Oak posts answer quite as well, are warmer, and not so liable to cause capped hocks as iron. The divisions of stalls and boxes, if not of brick, should be of elm-wood, which never splinters, but dents when a hoof shod with iron rattles against it. At Rugby, the stables of a dealer—"The Man of the Age," they call him—erected regardless of expense, are built entirely of brick—even the mangers are of brick, and each horse has a one-roomed cottage entirely to himself.

When the owner is only a tenant, it may answer to erect stables of wood, fixed on a properly prepared foundation, and constructed in such a manner that they can be taken to pieces and removed without much expense to another place. Such buildings may be procured from Sweden, at a comparatively cheap rate, constructed from the owner's own plan, and fitted together like a toy-house.

Mangers should be of iron or slate, or some impervious material that can be kept clean. A moderately long manger is to be preferred, because horses generally begin by spreading their corn about, and if the manger is too small, they waste a good deal by driving it over the edges. Water should be close to the manger. If economy is an object, a circle of wood or metal, into which a full-sized galvanised iron bucket, with lips on each side, and without a handle, can be dropped,

answers every purpose as well as the most costly contrivances. It has this great advantage over a permanent water-hole: that the bucket can be emptied every time before the horse is re-watered.

The cheapest plan of supplying hay is by an iron rack, fixed at just the height that a horse can feed without the hay-seed dropping into his eyes. Where the rack is placed level with the



COLLAR AND COUPLING REINS.

This woodcut illustrates the directions about the fit of collar, at page 486, *and coupling reins, at page* 501. *The buckles of the inside coupling reins, which shift along the outside reins as required, appear in the drawing nearer the horses' bits than they should be in use.*

manger, the bars should be of strong wrought-iron, close together. Instances have occurred of colts and stallions dropping their feet into a low rack, and injuring themselves severely.

The question of whether stalls or boxes may be here answered with, Both! Boxes are invaluable for a tired horse, a sick horse, for a young horse in course of breaking, or for a horse that must stand idle occasionally for several days. A horse which can change his position at will

in a loose box, and thus ease his muscles, will last longer than one tied in a stall. If the stable is only for two horses, there should be one box, and so on in proportion.

A box should be, if possible, twelve feet by fourteen, or more if there is room and economy in straw is not considered; but any box where a horse can turn round is better, as a change, than constant imprisonment in a stall. A box should be lined throughout with wood, and the wood, wherever the horse's teeth can be used, lined with zinc plates. There should be no projections of any kind, as horses kick and roll in boxes more than in stalls, if fresh; and, where horses are very valuable, the feeding apparatus should be so contrived that they can be fed without entering the box. This may easily be done by a contrivance of my own, a modification of Torr's Pig Troughs, manufactured by Crosskill, of Beverley, or by Professor Varnell's Patent Apparatus, sold by the St. Pancras Iron Works Company.

Every box, however rude, should have a contrivance for closing it inside when the groom enters for any purpose. A bar to drop answers as well as anything. If there is a drain, it must be in the centre, with a strong wrought-iron grating over it.

It is a disputed point whether horses do best alone, or within hearing of each other, in boxes. At the Rugby stables the horses are in solitary confinement, and can hear and smell nothing; and it is claimed for this plan that they are much quieter than on the old system. Certainly it is a better plan for mares and stallions.

The best windows for the smallest as well as the largest stables are well-constructed sash-windows, reaching to the ceiling, if not more than twelve feet high, and sliding both above and below, fitted with cords and pulleys of the best description. Iron sashes, opening in various ways, are often recommended, but they are inferior to wooden-sash windows for stable purposes, because they do not so easily lend themselves to ventilation. Sash windows can be opened an inch at the top or the bottom, or the full width of one sash; and the draught thus created may be directed to the ceiling by a screen, or mitigated by a wire blind, or by many other contrivances. Except the cords, there is no machinery to get out of order in a sash window. Any man or boy ought to be able to open or shut them.

They should be glazed with rough plate, which subdues the light and is strong enough to bear a thrust from a horse's nose. The master in a small establishment should see that the windows are opened daily, and consequently in good working.

Where there is no ceiled loft, and the stable is open to the roof, the modes available for ventilation are too numerous to mention.

Windows should be provided with inside or outside shutters or louvres, to keep out the light, heat, and flies in summer.

Stable doors should be not less than seven feet by four feet; eight feet by five are better dimensions, as they allow a horseman to ride out after mounting in the stable. Doors should be divided into two sections, so that the upper may be opened in hot weather, and its place, if needful, supplied by a lattice door. The fastening of the door should never project. Many a valuable horse has been blemished by a projecting key carelessly left in the lock.

The question of stalls or boxes is like that of the gold and silver shields—both, properly constructed, are good. To have the whole of a large stud in boxes is simply impossible; but however small the stud, the owner should contrive to have a certain number of boxes. They are invaluable for a sick horse, a tired horse, a horse that is standing idle, and a horse that is being broken in, especially for harness. An idle horse gets exercise, and a tired horse gets a degree of rest, in boxes, for every leg, that cannot be enjoyed in stalls.

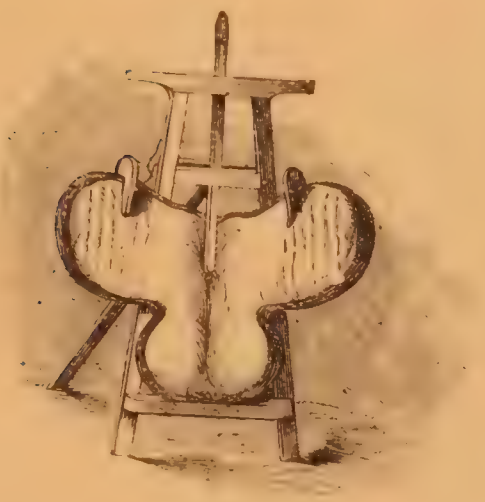
In small studs every hunter can have a box, but in great hunting establishments thirty or

forty horses stand in long stables, like omnibus horses. And at Badminton, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, there used to be a long, old-fashioned stable, in which a number of horses stood like French post-horses, only divided by bales.

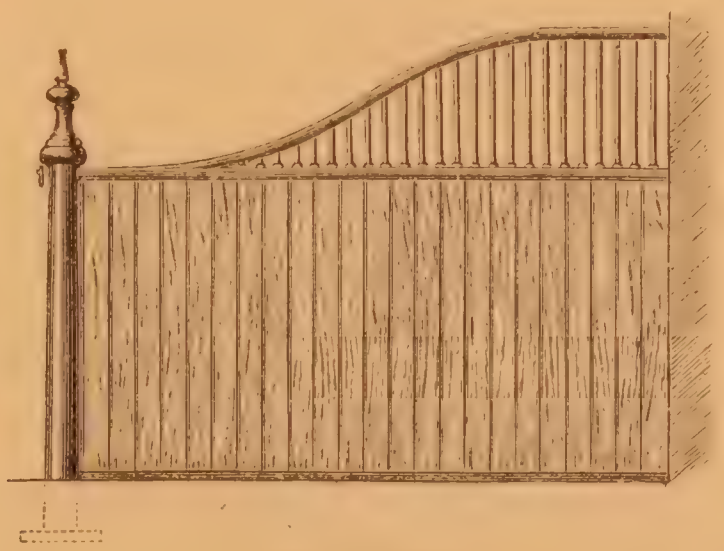
Stalls for full-sized horses should be full wide. A set designed for the Hon. Robert Wellington Cotton by his father, Lord Combermere, are all six feet six inches wide, but six feet is generally ample.

Small horses not exceeding fifteen hands may be accommodated in narrower stalls. In London, where stable-rent is very high, large horses are constantly packed into such narrow stalls that it is a wonder how they can lie down.

Many cases of fractured hip-bone and dislocated spine have arisen from horses lying down in stalls too narrow for them. Horses not over sixteen hands, in hard work, can, if required, do very well in stalls not more than five feet eight inches wide. The divisions should always be so high that the occupants will not be tempted to try to smell, bite, or kick each other. Simple bales hanging from the roof are better than low divisions at the heads of the stalls. If the hinder part is not as high as the roof, it is better that it should be not more than four feet two inches, without



SADDLE STAND.



STALL DIVISION.

BRIDLE HOOKS.

a projecting pillar. The pattern of the accompanying illustration is unobjectionable. Many a horse turning quickly in his stall at the call of an impatient groom has injured an eye by striking it against a high ornamental pillar or ball crowning the stall-posts.

It is not necessary to describe the details of a well-fitted stable, because they may be seen at the establishments of any stable-fitting manufacturer. In London the St. Pancras Company has a show-room a hundred feet long, fitted with every variety of stable establishment, from the cheapest to the most expensive.

Where it is decided to have lofts over stables, the best floor is of brick, arched, or of concrete; if of wood, the space between the floor and the ceiling should be filled up with old mortar, chalk, or other non-inflammable material, in order to exclude vermin and deaden all sound.

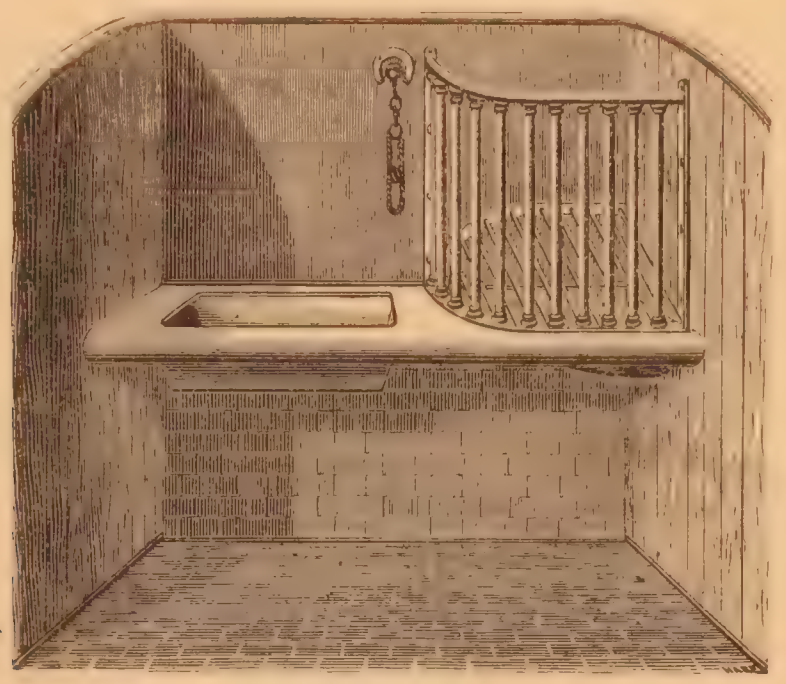
If the stable-yard is not covered with a roof, a convenient room, with a paved or asphalte floor, should be provided, for washing, singeing, and clipping horses. If gas is not available, staples should be provided for fixing lamps, so as to obtain a first-rate light at night. It is an advantage if this washing-room adjoins the stables, and communicates with them by a wide door.

It is very disadvantageous to have the coach-house and saddle-room communicating with the stable, because the fumes are sure to tarnish metal and glazed leather.

The harness and saddle-room should be carefully fitted-up; well provided with stands for saddles and harness, hanging-hooks for cleaning bridles, and cases with doors, which are best if

glazed, for hanging up sets of harness, bridles, and bits, so that what is not used may be seen daily and not forgotten, left to rust or become mouldy. There must also be presses for putting away horse-clothing, stocks of bandages, sponges, leathers, and all the reserve tools required by a groom. The saddle-room should be provided with a good stove (the pattern invented by Captain Galton, in use at Woolwich and in many barracks, is one of the best), taps with hot and cold water, and a sink. This will often be the coachman and groom's dressing-room, and when that is the case time will be saved and cleanliness insured by good, plain lavatory arrangements. The hot-water pipes, as before observed, in the chapter on the hunting-box, should be utilised to keep the saddle-room dry; but to dry wet horse furniture of any kind, and the men's clothes, after hunting, a hot closet or drying-room should be expressly provided.

The money expended in making the saddle-room a comfortable living-room for the grooms is not wasted; it will save many an hour's work that would be wasted elsewhere, if it were dark, cold, and draughty. Dark holes and obscure corners are answerable for a great deal of waste of material and time in stables.



STALL FITTED UP.

In large establishments oats are best stored in a proper corn-loft over some part of the stable buildings prepared for the purpose by floors and sides partly lined with lead or zinc, and communicating with a corn-chest, of iron, by a spout, all under lock and key in charge of the head groom.

In town stables, where space is valuable and ventilation important, stables are often ingeniously planned so as to be open to the roof, but with galleries on each wall for the storage of fodder.

But in every great town it is easy to find examples of well-planned, well-managed stables. The great point is to attend to the arrangements which secure plenty of light, dry, fresh air, and the detailed contrivances for securing neatness.

Coach-house arrangements are much more neglected than those of stables. A carriage requires as much care as a sofa, and is often treated like a wheelbarrow; thrust after use into a damp shed, to encourage the decay of the silk, velvet, or leather linings, and cause violent colds to the ladies who sit in it without the slightest precaution, when within doors they carefully dry and warm everything, from a pair of stockings to a pocket-handkerchief. The coach-house in

small establishments is often also the harness-room. It should have a well-laid wooden floor, the walls carefully plastered, or lined with match-boarding, and, if possible, be artificially warmed. Ventilation should be secured by shafts or windows; the doors should close and open easily.

At a mansion in Bedfordshire I saw wooden rolling shutters, like the steel shutters of shops, used for coach-house doors.

Every coach-house should be provided with a "pent" overhanging six or eight feet, under which a carriage can be cleaned in wet weather.

It is a great advantage to be able to apply a force of water, either to horses or carriages. A strong douch is a wonderful remedy for strained sinews of the legs or muscles of the back, as well as for washing a very muddy horse. A powerful jet directed on a dirty carriage, instead of a brush, will make paint and varnish last many years beyond average, and enable a man to get through his cleaning duty rapidly and effectually; directed against the strained sinews of a horse's fore-legs it will often supersede the use of blisters or irons.

For this reason a tower to hold a water-cistern, to be filled by steam, horse, wind, or hand-power, is a valuable and picturesque addition to a complete set of stabling. It may also hold a clock.

The single row stables at Tattersall's afford a good example of stalls well fitted-up, without any extravagant expense. Every horse there has a slate or glazed surface facing him—a very important point; but except the mangers and glazed headstalls, all the other fittings may be of wood, if in the situation where the stables are constructed, wood is cheaper than iron. Near great towns a contract with a manufacturer of stable-fittings will generally be found the better plan; a dry foundation, thoroughly drained, having been secured.

An example of a very complete set of stables, with a riding-school, is offered in those of the Duke of Wellington at Knightsbridge. The horses of the Prince of Wales are accommodated on the first-floor, the coach-houses occupying the ground-floor, and the carriages in daily use being arranged in the yard, covered with a glazed roof.

While these sheets were passing through the press, I had an opportunity of examining the stable arrangements of Colonel Somerset, at Enfield, Middlesex, in which room is found for twenty horses, *i.e.*, three four-in-hand teams, the rest hunters, and some half a dozen carriages, with washing-house, bath-house, and stalls for the horses of visitors. They are as complete as can be desired by any horse owner, without any superfluous luxury. The fittings are chiefly of varnished wood. Each box is a room with its own sash-window. A circular building of wood, with a thatched roof, provides an excellent riding-school for the greater part of the year, but when required it can be converted into an admirable theatre or concert-room. I found nothing wanting for the comfort of horses in health or sickness except a Turkish bath, a most valuable remedy for influenza or exhaustion.*

* Mr. Joseph Constantine, 23, Oxford Street, Manchester, manufactures a "Convoluted Stove," which is economical and easily managed, for heating a Turkish bath on a small scale.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STABLE CLOTHING, FODDER, AND WORK.

Anecdote of Expense no Object—Stable Clothing—Day Suits—Night Suits—Of what Composed—Luxury and Economy—Advantage of Blankets—Bandages—Their Importance—Woollen—Linen—The Art of Putting on—Headstalls and Ties—Grooming—The Theory Described—Why Required for Condition—Strapping with a Wisp Alone Useless—Washing Feet Important—Why—Stopping Feet—The Due Order of Grooming Manes and Tails—Importance of—How to Treat if Rough—Docking—When Needful—Its Abuse—If Tail Rubbed—How to Treat—Cure for Worms—Professor Brown on—Recipe for Lotion—Water—When to be Given—When Injurious—Bed Litter—Straw or Sawdust—Fodder Described—Hay—Oats—Maize—Beans—Green Forage—Carrots—Mangel—How to be Used—Bran—Linseed—Salt—Sugar—Oilcake—Chaff—Mashes—Recipe from Emperor Napoleon's Stable—Hope and Thorley's Condiments—On the Purchase of Fodder—Exercise—Necessity of—Anecdote—Stable Vices—Crib-Biting—Kickers—Vicious to Clean—Best Remedy—Summering and Wintering Stall Horses—Symptoms of Staleness—Proper Treatment—Servants' Liveries—Hints as to Masters—Coachman's Suit—Footman's—Groom's.

SOME years ago, happening to be in the show-rooms of a firm of upholsterers in Oxford Street, celebrated for the taste and magnificence of their manufactures, a gentleman whom I recognised as one of the most successful contractors of the day, entered, and abruptly addressed the senior partner as follows :—"My name is R———. I have just taken No. —, —— Terrace, Tyburnia; I wish you to furnish it in your best manner, with appropriate clocks, vases, and ornaments for each room. Here is a cheque for £1,000; when you require more send to my office. If you want any further directions, apply to my wife and daughter, but do not let me hear anything more about the business until the house is fit for me to 'live in.'"

Such a person requires no information for fitting-up and furnishing a stable, or anything else. He relies on the powers of purse; whatever can be manufactured he can command, and he has only to apply to one of the great stable-fitting firms, and one of the many capital saddlers, one of the coachmakers of reputation in town or country, in order to equal if not rival the establishment of the grandest horse-master this generation has seen—the late Emperor of the French.

But the preceding chapter and following details may be useful to those who do not like to acknowledge their ignorance or their necessity for economy.

CLOTHING.

Popular lecturers have compared the stomach of a warm-blooded animal to a furnace which must be fed with food instead of fuel. On this theory, when cavalry horses are picketed out in the open air, in cold weather, the best way of keeping up their condition is to give them an additional feed of beans and oats. Horses at liberty can bear a very low degree of cold, if they are not also exposed to wet. Exposed to cold they become rough as bears and sluggish as donkeys, but not incapable of work. Clothing is essential for bringing horses into the highest galloping condition, and is therefore extensively employed in and after sweating, and for training race-horses; but the reason why clothing is so much used for pleasure horses in this country is, that it assists, and is indeed indispensable, for obtaining a bright smooth coat, and for protecting them when they return to their stables after violent exertions.

A race-horse on his travels has his four legs bandaged from the fetlocks to the knees and hocks. On his head and neck he wears a hood, through which his eyes absurdly peep. On his back one or more blankets, according to the season. Over these a quarter-cloth is laid, which buckles round his chest and extends over his quarters; a breast-cloth is buckled to the quarter-cloth, a saddle-cloth is laid on it, and these are secured by a surcingle.

Hunters and expensive carriage-horses, and all horses for sale in the stables of fashionable town dealers, are attired much in the same manner, at vast expense.

In addition to the warm winter clothing, summer clothing of light kersey, with a quarter-cloth of brown-holland, neatly bound with coloured tape, is provided. Each set is often adorned with the crest, or monogram, or initials of the owner—the last being a useful precaution in strange stables, where unmarked clothing and other portable articles are as likely to be lost or exchanged as hats and umbrellas in a coffee-room.

These day suits cost, without the supplemental blankets, from £5 to £6 each. Night suits, without hoods, of less expensive material, are also required to save the day clothing.

But, except for travelling by railway or by sea, or in cases of sickness, it is very doubtful whether for horses in ordinary use much clothing, and particularly hoods, are of any real advantage. At any rate, they are dispensed with in the stables of many first-class country horse-dealers, and only put on when a horse is dressed out for show, or prepared for travelling. There was once a great northern horse-dealer, celebrated for his picturesque advertisements, who indulged in three suits of clothing for the studs he took for sale to York and other race meetings, viz., a travelling suit, a tasteful day suit, and a night suit, but these were magnificent trade expenses, and part of his advertising system.

As a matter of taste, complete suits of horse-clothing of the finest material and of becoming colours are desirable, but two or three sets, carefully preserved from moth in summer, and only used on state occasions, or when horses are sent to be sold by auction, may be made to last for a great many years, while all useful purposes may be served by cheaper materials of good wearing colours.

After making this admission, in an economical sense, I must add that it is very important to have enough of warm clothing, of however plain and simple a character, if you desire your horses to look well.

For ordinary use, two suits, viz., a day suit and a night suit, will answer every purpose. The day suit may consist of a common rug cut out to fit, and fastened over the chest with a strap and buckle, and an additional blanket for colder weather, the two secured with a surcingle, or stable-girth, sometimes called a roller, which is generally made of coloured webbing, with a stuffed pad, but which is more durable and cleanly if made all of leather.* Well-fitting sets of kneecaps, of the best make, should be kept on hand in every stable, and always put on when horses are sent out to exercise. Hoods are a mere matter of fashion for hunters, or harness horses, and no more required at exercise than nightcaps for the grooms; yet are, perhaps, wise precautions when sending horses long journeys by rail in cold weather. But several persons, who have been in the habit of sending their horses down and bringing them back, after hunting with the Royal Buckhounds, without any clothing, declare that they have never known any ill-effects to arise from a practice I should hesitate to imitate or recommend.

Whatever be the day suit, it is well to have a night suit, which may partly consist of

* Jenkinson, of London Wall, London, makes the leather surcingles used by Messrs. G. and J. Rice, of Piccadilly, of an excellent pattern for wear.

an old patched day suit, with or without an additional blanket, according to the season of the year.

Horse-clothing made of blankets, instead of the usual felted cloth, answers best for the night clothing, because it is sure to get dirty with the horses lying down at night, and blankets wash and dry much better than cloth.

When the night suit is removed, previous to the morning dressing, it should be brushed and sponged over to remove stains, and hung out of doors, or in a draft under cover, to dry.

If, from false economy, the same clothing be worn by a horse day and night, he will constantly be wearing it not only dirty but damp, to the injury of his health and appearance, and would be much better without any clothing at all.

A groom, like a sailor, should be able to use a tailor's needle and a saddler's awl. The best are the most willing to be generally useful in their own departments.

The best blankets for the purpose are coloured brown or blue, similar to those manufactured for the use of the army and navy. The groom should be able to cut the quarter-cloth out to the proper shape, and any village saddler can attach the strap and buckle.

All the horse-cloths, if properly taken care of, on the principle that a stitch in time saves nine, will last for years. The night clothing, which is more liable to be torn, should be carefully examined and repaired every day when it is taken off and hung up to dry.

In a show stable, where the owner is in the habit of bringing his friends to admire his stud and smoke a cigar, the luxuries of fine-coloured quarter-cloths, beautifully emblazoned with his crest, will of course be indulged in, and then they had better be obtained from a first-class saddler. But a horse may be kept quite as warm as is desirable, at half the cost, by using the cheaper material.

Two blankets are warmer than one heavy cloth.

There should always be a sufficient number of sets of bandages of both flannel and linen.

Flannel Bandages save time in drying wet legs, and are partly a substitution for hand-rubbing; by their warmth they act as a mild fomentation, reducing inflammation and swelling.

When they have been rolled on wet legs they should be removed as soon as dry, or they will cause injurious heat.

It is doubtful whether sound horses do not suffer from being bandaged all night after being thoroughly dried and hand-rubbed, if tired out by a hard day's hunting, although it looks comfortable.

Linen Bandages, wet, and kept wet, are useful in cases of bruises or inflammation from other causes. Unless a groom's time can be punctually given to keep them wet they will do harm. An india-rubber water bottle, with a narrow tube, may be so arranged as to drop water on bandages for a whole day, if the horse is made fast to pillar reins.

Bandages should only be put on tight when it is necessary to reduce windgalls or other soft swellings.

Those bandages only meant for warmth, or to protect a young horse against thorns and bangs in the cub-hunting season, should be rolled on just tight enough to prevent their slipping down, and no more. It should be impressed on grooms, who generally put bandages on too tightly, "that each succeeding fold increases the pressure of those below."

The art of putting on bandages properly should be carefully learned by every young groom.

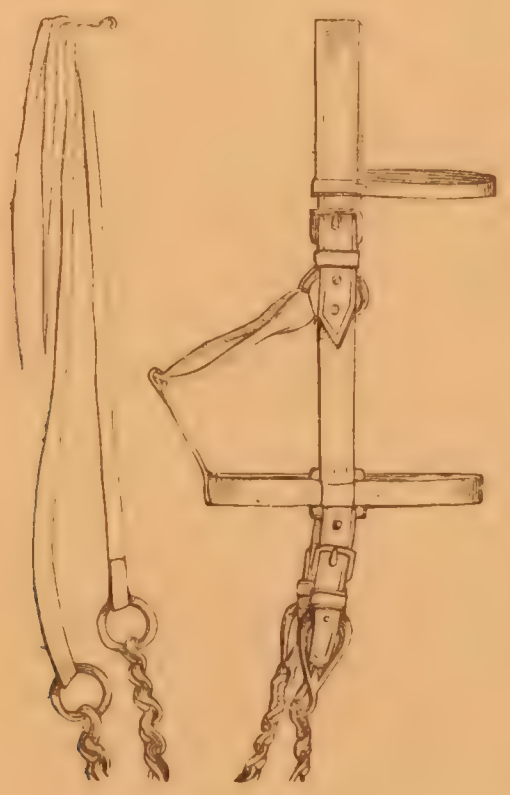
Bandages are expensive to purchase in sets. Where they are much used, the cheaper plan is to purchase a large piece of the material, have it cut up into sets, and sewn by one of the groom's wives, or in the village girls' school. The saving will be in the proportion of something

like sixpence to two shillings. Two sets of bandages at least are required for each horse bandaged, because one should always be dry, and there should be some sets in reserve in the horse-clothing drawer for emergencies.

When a horse is ill, over-worked, or affected with influenza or any inflammation of the respiratory organs, the first step should be to cover him with a large warm blanket, to bandage his legs after hand-rubbing them, and give him plenty of fresh air.

When a horse returns, wet and weary, after a severe day's work of any kind, warm clothing and bandaging his chilled extremities, after gentle dressing, with appropriate food, a loose box and a soft bed, are the most important means of restoration.

Grooms should be made to understand that although drafts are injurious, horses must be poisoned in a hothouse-like stable, and may be kept in capital condition in the coldest dry stable,



HEADSTALL AND TIE.

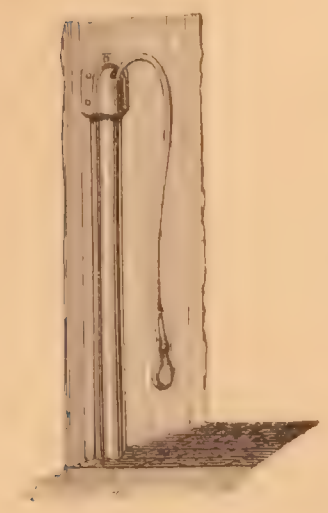
if they are warmly clothed. The average temperature should be between 50° and 60° of Fahrenheit, or a little warmer in winter than the outside air. If it smells hot, it is too hot. A registering thermometer hung up in a stable of valuable horses will be a useful silent witness for the horse owner.

Headstalls and Ties.—Horses are fastened in their stalls with a headstall and rope, leather strap or chain. The accompanying wood engraving is a good pattern for one, and will keep in its place, and cannot be easily rubbed off, although some "*rogues*" will pull anything over their heads, except a collar. Care should be taken that the headstall fits, especially that the frontlet or forehead band is not too short, and does not chafe the roots of the ears. A horse should wear a headstall in a loose box, or even if turned out to graze for a few hours in a paddock, because it presents an easy way of holding him when needful. The "tie," as it is called, may be either of rope, leather, or chain. In the woodcut there are two ties next to the horse's head of chain, so that he may not be tempted to bite it; the rest is of leather.

The proper length of a tie should be such that the log will only just reach the ground when the horse is standing over his manger. If longer than this the horse may get his leg over it, and a serious accident follow. If shorter, he cannot lie down comfortably. Chains have the advantage

over leather straps or ropes, that their weight prevents the liability to become slack between the ring and the horse's head. Their drawback is the noise they make.

When the stalls are very wide, two ties, as in the woodcut, are used, to prevent the horse turning his tail to the manger. But one is quite as commonly employed. It should be attached to the headstall by a spring swivel catch, which can be detached in an instant. Some very ingenious arrangements have been invented for receiving the tie in a tube (see St. Pancras illustration), so as to protect a horse from entangling a leg in a "slack tie."



PATENT TIE.

In every stall or box there must be a rack-chain, to fasten up the horse's head while he is eating his corn, and when he is being dressed, if he is dressed in his stall, a practice to be avoided if there is convenience for the operation out of the stable. It is important that there should be no hook on this chain on which a horse could catch his eyelids or mouth.

The posts of each stall should be provided with a pair of iron or brass rings, screwed at about the proper height of a horse's head; to these rings are attached the pillar reins, for fastening a horse when saddled or harnessed. White cords, provided with brass spring swivel hooks, are a very neat substitute, or chains, if kept perfectly clean.

In the washing-house a sort of gallows, with pillar reins, to which horses may be fastened, when either dressed, singed, or clipped, is a useful piece of furniture. If a horse is inclined to kick, care should be taken that he is not put on pillar reins where the insufficient length of the divisions of the stalls would allow him to injure himself. Capped hocks are frequently produced in this way.

STABLE TOOLS.

In addition to horse-clothing, head-collars, and rack-chains, the following articles are required in the stable where even one horse and carriage is kept:—Stable forks, shovels, and brooms; pails, corn sieve, and measure; brushes, viz., heel brush, harness brush, plate brush, spoke brush, lining brush, body brush, dandy brush, currycomb; sponges, wash-leathers, scraper, foot-pick, scissors, and comb; iron setter for washing carriage; garden hydrant for ditto; singeing lamp or clipping machine; exercise saddle and watering bridle; buckets; a registering thermometer. Prices have risen so much lately that it would be useless to give them. These articles, when delivered to the groom by the saddler or storekeeper, should be entered in a book, with the date of delivery, so as to check unreasonable consumption; and, if a saddler supplies everything, the book system common with butchers or grocers should be adopted, if economy is a matter of any importance.

The washing buckets should be of wood, the drinking buckets of galvanised iron. The drinking buckets ought never to be used for any other purpose, on any pretext. Fomenting buckets, which are essential in every hunting stable, are of wood or gutta-percha, made expressly for the purpose—narrow cylinders, in fact, as high as a horse's knees.

The prongs of stable forks are of steel; but, in consequence of several horses being severely pricked at the Agricultural Horse Show, I imported wooden forks from France, and they have given general satisfaction. A rack in which every set of forks, brooms, or floor brushes has to be placed, is a necessary fitting for every stable or "mess" of six horses.

For cleaning the stone or asphalte floor of a stable with water, the india-rubber "squeege," used to clean the foot-pavements and asphalte roadways of the City of London, may be used with advantage, in addition to the ordinary stable brooms and whalebone brushes.

Where three or more horses are kept, the better plan is to have a regular store, and lay in a stock of everything from each manufacturer, *i.e.*, brushes from the brushmaker, forks and iron buckets from the ironmonger, and so on. This will make a saving of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. in articles of the best quality. Sponges may be bought by the pound, or by the hundredweight, according to the consumption.

GROOMING.

Horses may and do work slowly with little or no grooming; but the best cannot be made of them, either for work or appearance, without perfect cleaning, accompanied by a good deal of friction.

"The outer skin of the horse is continually being renewed by the secretion of cells from the true skin below, and its outer scales are continually in their turn being cast off in the form of the scurf, which is found in the currycomb on which the groom has cleaned his brush. In the skin, having their origin a little below the true skin, are two sets of glands, viz., the sweat and the oil glands. The sweat glands secrete perspiration, and terminate by long-necked tubes on the surface of the skin. The oil glands secrete an oily substance. Each hair tube has one or more oil glands opening into it. It is the oil secreted by these glands which gives gloss to a well-groomed coat even in cold weather.* The oil glands are most numerous and complex at the heels, the bend of the knees, and the groin; hence want of cleanliness and wet readily produce such local diseases as grease.

"It is said that the amount of perspiration given off by a horse in twenty-four hours is equal in weight to that given off as dung."

These explanations show why good grooming is essential to bring a horse to the highest condition, because good grooming removes the accumulation of sweat, scurf, and dirt, which otherwise clog the skin. In the absence of good grooming, the scurf collects at the surface of the skin and about the hair, fills up the pores and produces irritation, the sweat glands cease to act properly, and excretions which ought to be thrown off in sweating remain in the skin, and produce many diseases.

The best instrument for grooming is a good bristle brush, laid on briskly, steadily, and regularly, with a will, not merely rubbed over the surface to smooth the hair down. By this friction not only are all the dried substances, dandriff, and clotted sweat removed, but the blood is brought to the surface, and the glands and pores are brought into healthy action. To perfect the process, exercise should precede grooming, and the brush should follow the exercise, without allowing time for the sweat to cake on the skin and obstruct the pores.

Grooms often commence their work by "strapping" a horse with a damp wisp of hay. This is all very well as far as it goes. When vigorously done it has partly the effect of shampooing, by bringing the blood to the surface; but it must be clearly understood that no horse can be thoroughly cleaned by the application of a wisp, for it only plasters the dirt into him. Nothing less than a good bristle brush, skilfully and vigorously applied, will bring a horse's coat into proper condition.

When a horse returns from work or exercise, then is the time for drying and cleaning him. If he is very hot and exhausted he should be walked about until he is cool, and his pulse has resumed its usual action. The operation should not be deferred, as is often the case, until the polished parts of saddlery or harness have been cleaned. Bits, stirrups, &c., may, if needful, be rubbed with an oil rag to prevent rust; but the owner should insist that the horses are cleaned first.

* Lieut.-Colonel Fitzwygram's "Lectures on Stable Management."

Some remarks on the subject of washing horses' legs are made in Chapter XXI.; but whether the practice is adopted or not, it is essential that a horse's feet should be washed, so that the groom may have no excuse for not seeing that the soles and hoofs have received no injury, and that the shoes are in good order. If printed rules are hung up in a stable, washing the soles of the horses' feet should be No. 1.

Warm water is generally used to wash horses' legs in winter. This is really not for the benefit of the horse, but for the comfort of the groom's hands. This fact is an additional reason for constructing in every stable of importance a powerful *douche*. If the legs are washed, they must be carefully dried, but the bandages must be removed as soon as they have absorbed all the moisture in the hair.

I have expressed my opinion on the advantage of washing horses all over, especially in warm weather, in a previous chapter on the treatment of hunters.

There is a carbolic soap expressly manufactured for stable use which is said to have valuable qualities. I have used it to wash young horses fresh from grass, and I think with advantage. It is better at any rate than the common soft soap.

Formerly it was considered essential to stop up horses' feet after work with a composition of clay, salt, and cow dung, which is more likely to do harm than good.

The Royal Veterinary College use, where needful, a stopping of linseed and Stockholm tar.

Mr. W. Banks, of the Commission Stables, Gray's Inn Lane, stops his horses' feet with tow soaked in water, and kept in place with pieces of stick.

This last plan would not answer where there was any inclination to thrush.

But since the introduction of the Charlier shoe, and since many who do not adopt it have taken to cultivating the frog, and using a shoe that lets it touch the ground, stopping has gone out of favour. With the Charlier shoe there is no room to stop. Altogether the balance of opinion is at present against stopping, as more likely to injure than improve sound feet. It is usual, for the sake of appearance, to rub a mixture of oil and lampblack over the hoofs before a horse goes out of the stable harnessed or saddled. Various unguents are advertised for increasing the growth of the horn, but whether anything can stimulate such a horny substance as the hoof is doubtful. For my own part I would not use anything more stimulating than water, and that only to fevered feet. But this subject is noticed professionally in the chapter on shoeing.

THE ORDER OF DRESSING.

The following is the order of dressing a horse after work, according to one of the best authorities :—

"If very hot, leave the saddle on, or throw a rug loosely over his back and quarters; pull his ears to dry them. In fine weather tie him up in the yard, or washing-house; in wintry weather he must be dressed in his stall.

"Wash and pick out any dirt from his feet, then rub off the loose dirt from his legs and belly with a straw wisp; then, with two buckets of water (if washing is allowed, see p. 447), wash the belly and legs. If there be any white about the legs, soft soap and washing blue must be used. The scraper must be applied to the belly, and as much moisture as possible absorbed with a dry sponge; then rub all the wet parts with dry woollen cloths, and roll bandages on all four legs, from the coronets to the knees or hocks

"Remove the rug, and wisp the horse from head to foot until quite dry; then briskly apply a brush until all sweat and dirt is removed; follow up with a damp hay wisp to lay the coat smooth, laid on with a will; finish with a chamois leather, or, if luxurious, with a hair glove.

"The clothing should now be laid on, and secured with a surcingle, which, if the horse is light and herring-gutted, should be fastened across the breast, so as not to slip back, for a surcingle should never be tight.

"The next step is to sponge and wipe the horse's eyes, mouth, nose, and other delicate parts not covered with hair, and to carefully brush the mane and tail. If a comb is used, it should be handled as gently as possible, as nothing so soon breaks and spoils horsehair. This dressing will take at least an hour and a half for each horse."

MANES AND TAILS.

It is impossible to put a money value on a well-grown and well-kept mane and tail, because, although neither will make a good horse into a bad one, the deficiency of either, and especially of the tail, will frequently make all the difference between selling and having to keep on hand a very high-class horse. Both manes and tails are too much neglected by farmers who breed "nag horses."

There have been famous hunters with rat tails, and famous men have ridden capital hacks with hideous docks; but no carriage horse, no park horse of any kind, can be ranked first-class without a noble flag. Nature must lay the foundation, but art can do a great deal. On the other hand, the very finest tails and manes may be utterly destroyed, and the horse rendered unsaleable, by neglect during a few days.

When a horse of any kind is taken up for grass, or purchased out of an Irish drove, no time should be lost in thoroughly washing his mane and tail with hot water and carbolic, or other vermin-killing soap. Indeed, the washing may be advantageously extended to the whole body. If the mane is too thick, it must be thinned with a steel comb made for the purpose. If it does not lie well on the side desired, it must first be bathed in very hot water applied with a brush, and then plaited with lead. If that does not answer, a canvas hood, plaited with sheets of lead, must be put on the head and neck, after the mane has been thoroughly wetted, and the wetting repeated from time to time, while the horse is either on the rack-chain or the pillar reins. This neck hood must be removed at night. The mane should never on any account be touched with scissors, and after it has been once reduced to a proper thickness, neither it nor the tail should ever be combed, but frequently brushed with a damp brush kept expressly for the purpose. As a rule, the manes and tails of blood horses are rather inclined to be too thin than too thick. It is astonishing what improvement may be produced in these natural ornaments by constant attention.

Docking.—Formerly horses were universally docked, sometimes very short, under the idea that it improved the appearance of their quarters. Of late the fashion of docking the tails and hogging the manes of ponies has been revived by polo players; but race-horses, chargers, and full-sized carriage horses, are usually left with the natural length of dock, and hunters are only thus disfigured by eccentric polo players. It is, however, often advisable to shorten the dock of horses used in single harness, or in pair-horse carriages where the splashboard is low. A long bang or switch tail splashes the dirt in the driver's face, is very apt to flap over one of the reins, and to set the animal kicking.

It is a popular opinion that a horse whose tail is not naturally well set on may be made to carry it better if early in colthood it is relieved from the weight of hair by shortening the dock. The Irish have a particular taste for such operations as docking and firing. You constantly meet with Irish mares, which should always have a full tail, spoiled by being too closely docked.

As docking is a veterinary operation, it is not necessary to describe it. It is as well, however, to observe, that it is very easy to take two or three joints off a horse's tail, but impossible to put them on again.

As harness horses and chargers wear cruppers, it is possible to supply them with false tails if a bald or rat tail destroys the otherwise grand appearance of a fine horse; but such an addition will be ridiculous if not manufactured and fitted by a real artist.

Horses fresh from grass, or standing idle in the stable, are apt to rub their tails, and if not attended to will soon seriously injure and even permanently destroy the hair.

The first step is to carefully wash the tail, and discover the cause of irritation. It may be caused by a skin affection of the dock or of the rump, or by the presence of worms in the rectum. In the latter and more common case, Professor Brown, in an article addressed to *The Field*, on "Worms," says:—

"We have now to refer to the single instance in which direct remedies appear to be not only effective, but essential. Very little benefit is gained by the administration of the ordinary medicine for worms when the Oxyuris is present. A dose of physic may cause the expulsion of a few worms, but no marked relief from the annoyance which they cause is gained by this treatment.

"The parasites inhabit the posterior part of the intestinal tube as far back as the terminal portion of the rectum, and they may, in consequence of this peculiarity of position, be reached by local remedies, which are powerless to act upon worms that have their *habitat* in the anterior part of the alimentary canal.

"Bitter extractive matter appears to be destructive to the Oxyuris, as to other worms, when it comes in contact with them; but the most effective remedy is undoubtedly common salt, and, as this agent may be safely injected into the rectum if the solution is not too strong, we have a ready method of dealing with the worms which are most actively annoying of all intestinal parasites. Enemas of salt and water are always effective in removing a large number of the worms from the rectum; and, although the relief obtained is only temporary, the remedy is so simple, and so easily applied, that there is no difficulty in preserving the animal from the effects of the worms as long as he lives. Some care is necessary in mixing the preparation, to avoid getting a strong brine instead of a solution of salt. One ounce to the gallon of water is sufficiently strong, and perfectly safe; but there is an unfortunate tendency on the part of unscientific persons to draw rash inferences as to the relation between the strength of an agent and its curative effects. They argue that, if one ounce of a mixture does some good, two ounces will effect double the amount of benefit, and with an agent so familiar as common salt this reasoning is likely to be adopted without any misgiving—indeed, has been acted upon, with most serious results in several instances.

"Infusion of quassia, made by steeping two ounces of quassia chips in a quart of boiling water, may be used with the salt with advantage; and, to avoid any extempore dispensing on the part of the groom, the mixture should be made by a person accustomed to dispense drugs. The one quart of infusion of quassia may be added to another quart of water, containing half an ounce of salt in solution, and the whole quantity may then be gently introduced into the rectum by means of the common enema pipe with bladder attached, or a large pewter syringe, or, still better, by aid of the funnel and pipe invented by Mr. John Gamgee (which no important stable should be without). If the enema is expelled immediately, another may be given in a few days; but if it is retained for an hour or more, it will in all probability destroy so many worms that the horse will be relieved from all the annoying symptoms for two or three months. The re-appearance of the yellow matter about the anus will be the signal for a repetition of the remedy."

If the irritation is in the dock alone, and application of water do not allay it, Digby Collins recommends applying a lotion to the tail composed of chloride of lime, two and a half drachms in half a pint of water, and between the applications glycerine and oil with a feather. A wet woollen bandage must be put on at night.

There is one thing that will spoil a horse's temper without curing the habit of rubbing his tail, and that is beating him, as many stupid grooms do, even lying in wait for the purpose.

Horses travelling long distances by sea or rail should have their tails carefully swathed in bandages, and sewn in leather cases.

WATER.

Horses should be watered in the morning before they are fed, and then water left beside them for the rest of the day. To water horses after they are fed is a sure way of producing indigestion, if not inflammation. On this subject a veterinary correspondent of *The New York Tribune* writes :—

"A full drink of water immediately after being fed should never be allowed to horses. When water is drunk by them the bulk of it goes directly to the large intestines, and little of it is retained in the stomach. In passing through the stomach, however, the water carries considerable quantities of the contents to where it lodges in the intestines. If, then, the food of horses' stomachs is washed out before it is digested, no nourishment will be derived from the feed. In Edinburgh, some old horses were fed with split peas, and then supplied with water immediately before being killed. It was found that the water had carried the peas from fifty to sixty feet into the intestines, where no digestion took place at all." A small quantity of fluid swallowed along with or immediately after dry food, beneficially softens it, and assists in its subdivision and digestion. An inordinate supply of water, or of watery fluid, on the other hand, proves injurious. It dilutes unduly the digestive secretions; it mechanically carries onward the imperfectly digested food, and thus interferes with the proper functions of the canal, and excites indigestion and diarrhœa. These untoward effects are especially apt to occur where horses freely fed and too liberally watered are shortly put to toletably quick work. There is no more infallible method of producing colic, diarrhœa, and inflammation of the bowels."

When the water is collected in a cistern, it should be provided with a self-acting filter.

When a horse always has water beside him, he may be observed taking a mouthful of oats and hay, and then a slight drink of water alternately. With this arrangement horses never drink too much, except when returning from exercise.

Horses have been killed by drinking water from a deep cold well after exercise ; but warm or tepid water is as offensive to them as to us. It should be allowed to obtain a proper temperature by placing under cover—in the saddle-room or washing-room, for instance—not in the stables, to absorb the exhalations of the litter and of the horses, or by adding a little meal or linseed tea.

Where horses scour after drinking, it is advisable to add just enough warm water to take the chill off, or a little wheaten flour, which has a slightly astringent effect.

BED LITTER.

An important item in maintaining the condition of a hard-worked horse is a good bed. The ordinary material is straw ; but in many instances sawdust is to be preferred if it can be obtained at a lower price. Where horses stand idle in loose boxes, it does not clog and heat the feet like straw impregnated with urine and dung. The droppings are removed from sawdust with ease, and without waste. Horses inclined to eat straw—even foul straw—will not touch sawdust. At the stables of Mr. Phillips, at Willesden, all his stallions for exportation stand on sawdust.

In London sawdust may be purchased at from eightpence to tenpence the five bushel sack.

Where the trusses of straw are long, it is a good plan to cut them in two with a knife fixed on a hinge and block made for the purpose.

The first duty of a groom in the morning, after watering his horses, is to sort out and remove the wet straw and dung, and take out the better part, which can be used again, to be dried in some convenient place, while the horse, racked up, is eating his first feed.

In some stables all the straw is removed until mid-day, when a fresh bed is made, and until that time the rack-chain prevents the horse from lying down. In any case, the bedding should never be heaped up under the manger, under the horse's nose. Indeed, it is well to fill up the space underneath the manger, so as to leave no place either for straw or the horse's head.

The fresh straw at the mid-day bedding should be placed in the rear of the stall, so as not to get the horse into the bad habit of eating his litter. But as no such precaution can be adopted in loose boxes, that is an additional reason for using sawdust in them.

Where the stud is large, it may be worth while to provide a shed for drying the litter, which may also be used as an exercising school in inclement weather.

It may be doubted whether horses can lie as warmly, although they may lie quite as softly, on sawdust as on straw.

This subject has already been treated in Chapter XXI.

THE QUALITY OF FODDER.

Hay should be hard, sweet-smelling, rather green than brown, with plenty of leaves or flowers of grass. It should be heavy, and make a crackling noise when stirred. This shows that it has been well gathered. Ill-made musty hay is the source of a host of disorders; coarse sedgy hay contains little nutriment. The soft hay suited for cows is quite unfit for horses in hard work.

Oats should have a sweet taste and a sweet flowery smell, and thin smooth skins that slip smoothly through the fingers. Short plump oats are generally better than large long oats; size and colour are of no consequence, but those with beards are objectionable. The weight should be from thirty-six to forty-two pounds per bushel. Light oats are composed of more skin than flour. Oats badly saved, mouldy, sprouting, or otherwise damaged, will destroy the condition, if they do not cause disease, in the best horses. Every horse owner should make himself practically acquainted with the quality of oats, beans, and hay.

Beans should be one year old. New beans produce colic, and do not give strength. They should be hard, dry, sweet, plump, sound, and weigh about sixty-four pounds to the bushel. They must be split, otherwise they will pass through *the intestines* whole and undigested.

Modern ingenuity has produced a variety of machines for splitting beans, crushing, cutting chaff, and otherwise preparing horse food, which may be seen and studied in the galleries of the Smithfield Club Show, and the tents of the Royal Agricultural Society.

Maize answers perfectly well for harness horses and hacks. In some years it is a good deal cheaper than oats, but it must be broken and mixed with other food.

Green Forage and Roots.—Some persons make a point of giving their working horses green forage in spring, and if it is fresh, and given in moderate quantities, there is no objection; it may serve instead of mashes. Lucern is the best green forage, and vetches the worst. Good grass mixed with hay or oats, does very well. Vetches are most commonly sold for the purpose near great towns.

The late Mr. John Clayden, of Littlebury, of Short-horn reputation, a very hard rider on the road as well as the field, used mangel, and recommended it for riding horses not required for hunting.

All green food and roots are best mixed with a moderate portion of cut hay, where there is convenience for the operation.

Rye-grass grown with sewage irrigation has of late years come into use, especially for slow draught horses. It is best cut up with hay or straw into chaff. Old vetches are heating, and stale green forage of any kind is likely to produce dangerous derangement of the stomach and bowels.

Carrots are excellent horse food, which should be kept in store for use in winter and spring. They are particularly valuable for getting a horse into condition after sickness. Perhaps parsnips would answer equally well. Either may be given whole, or sliced in a turnip-cutter with oats and beans, or if oats are scarce, with beans and bran.

Mangel-wurzel pulped and mixed with chaff alone, or chaff and oats, is good food for mares with foals, colts during breeding, and any horses in slow summer work.

Bran.—A stable should never be without a supply of fresh bran. Bran, fresh ground and wetted, is a laxative. It acts mechanically on the lining membrane of the intestines, causing a slight amount of irritation, which increases the secretions and quickens the passage of the contents. Dry bran has a stringent effect.

Linseed.—A few bushels of linseed are as necessary in the corn-loft of a stud as bran. Linseed, unlike bran, will not spoil by keeping. It is, as already mentioned in a previous chapter, one of the best ingredients of a mash hot or cold, and it is the foundation of a very wholesome drink.

Salt is supposed to assist in keeping horses in health; at any rate, they like it, and a lump of rock-salt may as well be kept either in the hay-rack or the manger.

Sugar makes fat, and may be given with advantage to horses in low condition in moderate quantities, either in mashes or mixed with corn. Formerly molasses were used in mashes, but as long as good moist sugar can be purchased at twopence a pound, it will be found a more convenient and cleanly saccharine article mixed with boiled oats.

Oilcake of the very best quality, given at the rate of about a pound a day when a horse is changing his coat, seems to have a very good effect.

Chaff composed of meadow hay or fresh-cut straw, cut up with a machine, is of use, mixed in small quantities with a feed of corn, to make a horse masticate his food; but where all the hay is cut up into chaff, unless care is taken, hungry horses are apt to bolt it, when colic and other intestinal diseases follow. Clover hay does not suit horses in fast work.

Mashes have already been mentioned in Chap. XXI. on the treatment of hunters. If properly prepared and given at least once a week, they will supersede the use of green forage, and will render the administration of laxative physic unnecessary.

The following is a second recipe, which was used in the stables of the late Emperor Louis Napoleon :—

Boil a handful of linseed slowly in a quart of water until it is quite cooked, which will require about three hours. Then pour it into a large glazed milk-pan, or other scrupulously clean vessel of the kind. Add three or four quarts of boiling water, two quarts of oats, a quart of bran, and a pint of barley-meal, *i.e.*, enough to absorb all the water. Cover the pan with a lid or cloth, and let it stand until it is nearly cold. A little salt or sugar in special cases may be added. When about to serve, stir it well with a clean stick, *not with a dirty hand*, and if it is too thick add a little water.

This is enough for one horse. It will have a delicious malt-like smell, and very few horses will refuse it.

It should be supplied at least once a week to every horse in a stable; twice to those not doing galloping work. For a stud of horses it may be mixed in a boiler, in the same proportions

and divided in a sufficient number of earthenware dishes or metal buckets. If desirable, the portions may be divided, and one-half given warm at night, the rest cold the following day.

Where horses are being fattened for sale, some people boil beans in the mash as well as oats.

Hope, Thorley, and others advertise condiments for getting horses into condition. These are of use in special circumstances, with delicate feeders, and with horses recovering from influenza, or fever, as stimulants; but no horse can be got into condition for fast work who cannot eat his regular meals of oats and hay, with or without beans, according to age and constitution. These advertised condiments take the place occupied by pickles and "pick-me-ups" in the food of human bipeds.

The purchase of fodder is one of those matters that a horse owner should not leave to the uncontrolled management of the groom, unless he is a servant (I have known many such) who may thoroughly be depended on. The fees a groom may receive from the horsedealer, the coachmaker, and the saddler are only a tax on your purse. But inferior fodder, hay, and oats, that give a minimum of nutriment, if not absolutely musty and poisonous, affect the health and condition of your horses insensibly. Corndealers and fodder contractors hold out extraordinary inducements to grooms and coachmen to pass whatever they chose to send in. They themselves are sometimes deceived in a rick of hay or a cargo of oats. As a matter of course they distribute the bad bargains where the master is careless and the groom needy. Prevention is better than cure. Such tricks will not be played on the master who is in the habit of handling the oats and smelling the hay. If the horse owner's occupations are so onerous that he cannot personally attend to any of the details of a great stable, even for an hour now and then, he must choose his head groom well! making it worth his while to be honest, and making him understand that if *from any cause* the majority of the stud do not keep in good condition, he, the responsible person, will lose his place.

EXERCISE.

The best stables, the best food, and the best grooming, will not secure condition—that is, the highest degree of horse-health—without sufficient and regular exercise. The degree will depend on how long the horse has been in use. An animal fresh from grass must be brought gently into work. Colonel Fitzwygram's rules for training four-year-olds intended for troopers, fresh from the fields, give a good idea of the principles of exercise:—"For the first month half an hour's walking exercise is sufficient; for the next month an hour, during which he may be longed, and taught to carry a saddle. In the third month he may be ridden slowly for half an hour, and totted another half hour. From the fourth to the sixth one hour and a half ordinary work in the riding-school will not be too much, and by the end of six months he will be fit for the regular work of a troop horse."

Horses five years old and upwards, used for riding or driving only (not hunting), should have not less than two hours' exercise for six days of the week, commencing not later than six o'clock in the morning, doing, if in a harness break, about twelve miles, and if under saddle about ten miles; walking and trotting at not more than six miles an hour on the days they are not used. See on this subject p. 444.

The horses of ladies, and old or timid gentlemen, should be exercised soon after daybreak in winter, and at six o'clock in summer, for at least one hour every day.

Regular exercise is so important, that a shed or barn to be used for that purpose in inclement weather should always be erected or reserved for it; and in town advantage should be taken of subscription to a neighbouring riding-school. Grooms are but men; they do not like more trouble than they can help in cleaning up a muddy, sweating horse, and they are impatient

for their breakfast, so they may be expected to seize on any possible excuse for not going out at all, or for cutting two hours down to one. A sportsman who was very particular about the condition of his horses always made one of the stable lads ring a bell that communicated with his bedroom when they started and when they returned. This continued as long as he was a bachelor; but on getting married the lady objected to this kind of matins, and it was observed that the hunters from Bullfinch Park lost their former reputation for high condition at the commencement of the hunting season.

The best fields for summer exercise are those that have been mown, because the ground has been partly protected from the sun. Grain stubbles, where fields have been laid flat for thorough drainage and deep cultivation, also afford good exercise ground. For winter, during frosts, a ride should be made of litter, tan, sawdust, or whatever soft material is cheapest.

A gentleman of moderate fortune, whose principal expense was his stud of six hunters, adopted the following plan to secure two hours' exercise:—At six o'clock the grooms went to the stable and gave each horse his water and less than half a feed of oats. While they were eating this, a bowl of milk or cocoa and a hunch of bread was consumed by each groom. This allayed the sharp pangs of hunger; exercise followed until half past eight, when the regular breakfast for men and horses was ready for them. For he used to say, "It is a mistake to fight against nature."

Old beans, strong strapping, slow exercise, and plenty of all three, are the road to hunting condition.

Finally, galloping exercise will only do harm to a horse not already made hard by degrees. Condition once secured, it should be maintained, as long as a horse has health and sound legs, by regular exercise.

STABLE VICES.

Crib-biting and wind-sucking are most annoying habits, as they generally prevent a horse from getting into condition, and often cause indigestion. There are a host of mechanical contrivances recommended as remedies, some of which are more dangerous than the disease. Mr Blackwell has a collection of straps, muzzles, forks, and bits that those who can journey to Oxford Street may examine with profit. Crib-biters can seldom be got into condition, and are quite unfit for a small stud, as they are likely to be ill when most wanted.

Kickers.—Some horses, particularly mares, will kick all night, and kick down any partition not of stout material and workmanship. Such animals generally have capped hocks and other blemishes, the signs of their amusement.

Straps, chains, and clogs attached to the hind-legs often fail to check this vice—violent punishment has no effect. In the daytime an experiment might be tried of carrying a strap from the hind-legs to a severe bit; it might answer, from the severe punishment each kick occasioned, with a young horse. A correspondent of *The Field* declares that he has cured very bad cases by suspending from the roof behind the stall, close to the kicker's quarters, a truss of straw, against which it kicked, and kicked again, until tired.

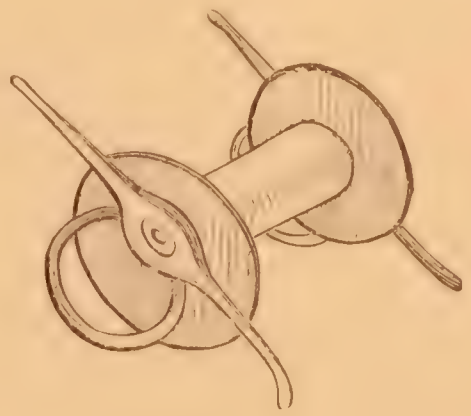
But although patience and perseverance may do a great deal with young animals, especially when the vice has been created by ill-usage, nothing will cure an aged and confirmed kicker, who may generally be known by marks on the hind legs.

Vicious in Cleaning.—Many horses resist and try to kick and bite the groom when cleaned in consequence of being very fine skinned. If the brush hurts them, they flinch and kick, and are tied up close, beaten, and brushed harder, until grooming them become a dangerous fight.

When a horse shows viciousness of this character, the better plan is to take him to some

school, fold-yard, or other place where he cannot hurt himself if he throws himself down. Put a headstall on him with a huge wooden bit, which will not only make biting impossible, but occupy his attention. Strap up one fore-leg, and leave his head loose. Begin by wiping him all over with a wet sponge, washing him, in fact; then shift the strap to the other fore-leg, and dress him with a wet wisp of hay. Caress him; take out the bit, reward him with a few slices of carrot, and take him back to his feed. After a few lessons of this kind dress him with a soft brush, and, if not incurably vicious, when he finds you do not hurt him, he will not try to hurt you. Dinneford, of New Bond Street, sells a horse glove, for dressing thin-skinned animals, which requires no special art to use.

Horses difficult to shoe must be treated on the same principles.



WOODEN BIT.

Twitches applied to the nose and ears may subdue a horse, but they give so much pain that they are sure to aggravate viciousness.

SUMMERING AND WINTERING HORSES.

When a horse becomes stale he must be rested; the question is whether to rest him in a loose box or in a paddock. The old plan of turning horses out to grass is never practised with sound horses by those who wish to have them in hard condition in November. Horses are more likely to be rendered unsound by galloping about rich pastures, and lying down on hot days in ponds, than by regular summer exercise or light harness work.

One plan is to keep the horses in small paddocks—too small to gallop in—giving them corn twice a day, and taking them up at night. If they are kept in loose boxes all the summer, and supplied with green fodder as well as corn, they ought to be regularly dressed. To leave them, as some great people do, in dirt, is to destroy more than half the advantage of rest.

If a lame horse is wintered in an open yard it ought not, as is so commonly the case, to be hock deep in muck.

The advantage of a run in a small paddock, or a winter yard, lies no doubt in the effect of fresh air on the constitution; it is impossible to believe that an artificial animal like a valuable horse can be benefited by living in a box ungroomed—*in fact, in dirt.* If any exact returns of the number of horses which return from grass kicked, roarers, and blind, as well as those that die of colic and inflammation of the lungs, people who have stables and money enough to pay for corn would hesitate before turning horses in hard condition out to grass from motives of economy.

Amongst the symptoms of staleness are—a rough, staring coat, in spite of sedulous grooming; a falling-off of the crest; the heels cracked; the excrement hard, dry, and voided with difficulty; a hard, hacking cough; the legs swelled; the ears cold and damp after work; and a general

dulness of spirits. Whenever any of these symptoms are observed, the horse, whatever the time of year, should be thrown out of work, unless the owner is prepared to see temporary ailments settled into chronic disease. Even a fortnight's work, "just to finish the season," may do an injury to the constitution which will require four or five months of absolute rest to cure, when six weeks' rest in good time would have proved amply sufficient.

As soon as the bad symptoms appear, the animal should be placed in a large loose box, sufficiently clothed, well supplied with fresh air, and fed on the mashes already described, or with some sound soft cow hay. Carrots, sliced mangel, or swedes, pulped with chaff, bran, and a reduced allowance of crushed oats, will prepare the way for grass when it comes into season. If the appetite is very bad, sugar, or one of the cattle condiments, may be added to the mashes. Hardwood sawdust, or spent tan from lead works, make the best bed. The shoes should be removed and replaced with tips. The horse should be gently groomed every day, and his mane and tail not neglected.

After six weeks' rest, with a daily allowance of soft food, if the horse is not ill or lame, he will be much benefited by an hour's walking exercise early every morning on damp grass, and a fair supply of grass with two or three feeds of oats daily, according to his constitution, until the 1st September, when his regular preparation for the hunting-field must recommence.

If after three weeks' or a month's rest the bad symptons continue, and the veterinary surgeon has not already been consulted, he should be called in; but on no account should the groom be allowed to quack the equine patient with "balls" of any kind, still less should the farrier, or any one else, be allowed to bleed him.

If the horse is to be turned out to grass he must be gradually cooled down, his clothing removed by degrees, and his food more and more mixed with green fodder.

While at grass his feet, shod with tips only, should be examined at least once a fortnight.

COACHMEN—GROOMS—STRAPPERS—PAD-GROOMS—STABLE-BOYS.

The subject of the servants required by a person who keeps pleasure horses has been slightly alluded to at pages 9 and 19. They may roughly be divided into stable servants, driving servants, and riding servants. In small establishments of riding and driving horses it is the object of the master to obtain one groom at least able and willing to dress, ride, and drive a horse. Where studs are large and incomes ample the horse duties are usually divided into departments, with one autocrat coachman or stud-groom at the head.

The most expensive class of servants are the head coachman of a lady of fashion and the stud-groom of a hunting stable. The business of a head, or, as commonly called, a "body" coachman is to drive his master or mistress, and superintend everything connected with the carriages, harness, and horses; to see that everything is done that ought to be done, without ever touching anything with his hands in the way of work, except his reins and whip.

In addition to his wages, he often expects to pay the accounts of the corndealer, the saddler, the coachbuilder, the horsedealer, and the tailor who supplies his liveries, or at any rate to be remembered at paying time by these tradesmen. If they neglect him, they seldom give satisfaction to his master. His first duty is to drive well, and this is a delicate and difficult task. The art of starting, rushing along and round the corners of London streets at great speed, and stopping suddenly at a succession of houses or shops, without jolting or jerking or discomposing the nerves of an hysterical lady or gouty lord, is very difficult to acquire, and when acquired worth high wages. But if one of these autocrats of the coachbox does happen to lose his place and his character he falls very low indeed. He is essentially an article of luxury and ornament.

If, in addition to the art of town driving, he adds that of superior stable management, and

turns out "his" horses and carriages fed, groomed, dressed, and cleaned in the very best manner, at not too extravagant a cost for a rich man's purse, then he is in his proper place in an establishment where the best of everything is expected to be provided, and cost is a matter of little importance.

Indeed, the wages of a coachman or stud-groom in a large establishment are quite a secondary consideration, if for these wages he makes every man under him do his duty, and keeps the stable expenses down to honest prices.

Strappers—mere machines who work well under a master's eye—are always to be had for the average wages of the district; but first-rate stud-grooms, like good managers, good foremen of any kind, who will see that every department of a great establishment is kept in the best possible order without waste or robbery, are always scarce, and always valuable in proportion, whether it be in the management of a warehouse or a stable.

In every stable of any importance there must be one person who understands how to get and keep horses in blooming condition, and if he is not a good coachman or a good horseman, it is better to hire another person to perform either of those duties than to have the all-important point of condition neglected. It is high praise of a servant to say, "He is a capital stableman; his horses always look well and go well."

The head of the stable must have the power of engaging and discharging the grooms under him, subject of course to the nominal approval of the master before an engagement or discharge. Without this power no head man can preserve the needful discipline. If it is found that, from bad temper or an insolent overbearing disposition, which is too often the failing of half-educated persons promoted to a position of authority, your stable premier is not to be trusted, your only remedy is to discharge him. No remonstrances have any effect on a really ill-tempered man, and, although discipline is essential, the despotism of a cantankerous temper is as mischievous in a stable as in a regiment.

Although a head servant to be fully useful must have confidence reposed in him, and a certain degree of patronage allowed him, the master is sure to suffer who allows a head groom to become *his* master.

In the great studs of easy-going noblemen one has known instances where "my lord" has not been permitted to go into the stable without the stud-groom's permission, or to select any particular horse for his own riding, or to drive out on days or at hours not agreeable to the body coachman. As to ladies, who have an old family coachman, they are not unfrequently his humble slaves. At Kensington, a few years ago, a widow lady of fortune was compelled, through a whole winter, to hire a fly whenever she went out at night, until she was satisfied, very unwillingly, that while she was riding behind hired horses her own horses were being hired out to other people by "faithful John."

When a coachman continually has a horse "lame," "sick," or "off his feed," or needing shoeing, when he is wanted for either day or night work, the proper plan is to get rid of the coachman. The same rule applies to the management of hunters, or other riding horses: if they are not fit, the groom is not fit. Therefore, in engaging a head man, it is as well to tell him that his place depends not only on sobriety, honesty, and punctuality, but on the horses always being fit to be seen, and fit for real work, or ornamental work, as the case may be.

A good-looking man who can ride and drive well, and superintend a stable of six or more horses, is worth more money than one who can only ride, or only drive, or than an ugly fellow; yet, some of the best servants I have ever known have been too ugly to sit on a fashionable coachbox in London, or ride behind a lady in the park.

In the town servant appearance has its value; in the country general utility is more to be considered.

As a rule the most expensive servants do the least work, but then they are ornamental. There is no better illustration of this fact than the sketch in the hovel of Market Harborough of the fine gentleman groom of the Honourable Frederick Crasher, and the hardworking Isaac of Mr. Sawyer.

One of the best all-round grooms I ever saw turned out the six hunters of his master in first-rate condition every winter, having broken and harnessed one or two of them; and took the management of a kitchen garden, and farm of ten acres, when the hunting season was over, having his master, an ex-M. F. H., as attendant under his orders.

Where mere utility is required, one good man, with the assistance of a twelve-shillings-a-week agricultural labourer, will do wonders in turning out two or three horses for country use. This may be seen in the stables of small country dealers, and of hunting farmers; but then there is the inestimable advantage of the eye of a master who knows how stable work should be done, how horses should be fed, and what quantity they can reasonably eat.

In circuses the horses travel twenty miles or more a day, only resting on Sundays. One man has to look after five of these horses, many of which are worth from one hundred to three hundred pounds each. Of course he does not groom them, he simply washes them in cold water. In the great cab stables of London one man has to dress and clean the harness of six horses every morning, and six every afternoon; for this he is paid about forty shillings a week.

But no man can properly attend to more than two hunters, and if they are both hunted on the same day he must have assistance.

A coachman in a family with no pretensions to fashion, and not keeping late hours, may manage to turn out a carriage and pair of horses in decent condition most days of the week, if he has two sets of harness, one of them with as little metal ornament as possible; but if the equipage is to be turned out in first-rate style every day, the coachman must have a strapper to assist him. With a strapper three horses may be kept in good working condition.

A strong willing boy is often better than a man under a groom or coachman. Some of the best grooms are made out of boys thirteen or fourteen years old, fresh from a parish school, who know nothing about stable business, but are fond of horses and not afraid of them, under the discipline of a really good stableman glad of an assistant to save his back and joints. An intelligent boy, fond of animals, and accustomed at school from infancy to obey the slightest wish of a master, will learn nearly as much in six months as an uneducated clown in six years. Boys are mischievous certainly, and apt to be idle if not looked after, but they are observant, imitative, zealous, afraid of punishment, fond of praise, easily rewarded, able to bend and twist in all forms without trouble, and less tempted to intemperance and petty pilfering than the ordinary run of full-grown strappers. A boy gets on all the better if he has no bad habits to cure, as he might have if he has commenced his stable education by "fettling" a butcher's or baker's pony. But a groom boy with no master to teach and look after him is not an arrangement to be commended to anyone who can afford anything better.

On the subject of wages, no rate can be stated and no rule laid down, except that a good servant's wages should be raised until he feels that he will not "better" himself by seeking a new place. Always make a present twice a year to a groom who does his duty, quite irrespective of his wages. It is a solid hint that you appreciate his zeal.

An experienced horseman will recognise a good or bad stableman the moment he takes hold of a horse to dress him. The real groom has a familiar trick in every movement, just as a

first-class nurse has when she takes hold of "the very latest thing in babies." The trained groom always begins by pulling and drying the ears of a tired horse.

A boy cannot strap a horse thoroughly—that wants height and strength—but he can wash one, clean the mane and tail, hand-rub the legs (a most important operation), put on bandages, and clear away the superfluous hairs of the legs, better than a man.

A man of the middle class commencing to keep horses should prefer grooms from the stables of the masters of subscription packs of fox-hounds to those from the stables of great noblemen where a scale of hereditary lavishness has prevailed; but this maxim chiefly applies to small stables and ordinary grooms. If a coachman has only to drive and the wages are no objection, there is no reason why the wife of a lately-become-rich mine owner or contractor should not engage the ex-coachman of a duchess, or the son of a new-rich-man the stud-groom of an aristocratic *habitué* of Melton, except that he would probably not be able to use any one of his dozen hunters without his stud-groom's permission.

A correspondent of the *The Field*, answering an inquiry as to stable management, stated that with a stud of eight horses, four daily used or exercised in a four-in-hand drag, "he never took them out at night, but always hired." There was no doubt from the description that this stud was kept in the most beautiful condition, perfectly and punctually fed, groomed, and exercised; but I confess I have never been able to understand the sense of keeping horses to look at, or servants unwilling to face the night air. Yet this sort of mania is very common, especially among hunting men, who will have half a dozen or a dozen hunters eating their heads off and spoiling for want of exercise, and not one made useful as a hack or harness horse for six months of the year. This is one of the cases in which the "rights of women" to a share of their husbands' luxuries is too often neglected, not at all to the benefit of the health and condition of the stud.

Poor men's horses are often worn out with too much work and not enough oats and beans, while rich men's horses become diseased from the effects of hot stables, over clothing, over feeding, and insufficient and irregular exercise.

The most ignorant horse owner residing in the country (in town it is impossible) can satisfy himself whether the work of dressing, feeding, and exercising his horses is performed punctually and industriously.

LIVERIES.

Before a horse owner decides to put his servants in any more distinctive livery than a great-coat bearing his initials on the buttons, he should make up his mind to the expense of having it changed often enough to appear always fresh. Nothing is more common, and nothing has a more shabby appearance than an ill-fitting, faded, threadbare livery. The gayer the colour the more frequently must the clothes be renewed. With ordinary wear and tear, two sets of liveries of sober colours should look well on a coachman or driving-groom for a year. If they are to be his own at the end of the year, he will have an additional inducement for keeping them in good condition. The modern white mackintosh overcoat preserves a coachman's suit through a wet season very usefully, and is a fine conspicuous object lighted up by the carriage-lamps at night.

Liveries should always be obtained from tailors who make them the subject of a special department. It is not every tailor who knows how to cut servants' breeches as they should be cut, or how to harmonise the coat and waistcoat of a new colour or pattern.

According to the great authority of Savill Row, the following are the correct costumes for the daily wear (not court dress) of carriage servants:—

"The coachman's great-coat and frock-coat must have flaps at the sides; the waistcoat may be of a bright colour, or a stripe, or the same colour as the coat; the breeches of drab kersey,

finished with top-boots. Where cotton or silk stockings display the coachman's calves, the breeches may be blue, brimstone, scarlet, or any other fancy colour.

"The footman's great-coat has long skirts almost touching the ground; under it, or without it, he wears a coatee; waistcoat same as coat, or of the same colour as the coachman's.

"By a modern innovation, in undress, black or Oxford mixture trousers have replaced the shorts of the footmen of our grandfathers.

"The groom's costume is exactly like the coachman's, except that the coats are more frequently Oxford mixture than of any gay colour, and that neither great-coat nor frock-coat has flaps at the side."

THE MAMELUKE'S CHARGER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BREEDING.

Breeding a Costly Luxury—Choice of Mares—The Principles of Breeding—Newcastle Lecture on—Examples from Mule and Hinny—Form and Action Important—Colours—Not Strictly Hereditary—Brood Mares should have Light Work—Best Pasture Dry Uplands—Caution in Feeding Mares in Foal—Directions for Food—Other Treatment—Estimate by Digby Collins of Cost First Year—As to Root Food—Costly System at Middle Park Thorough-bred Stud—Estimated Cost of a Five-year-old Half-bred—High Keep Required by Hunter Colts—Directions for Managing Mare and Foal—Weaning and Castrating.

BREEDING horses is a pretty amusement for those who can afford the luxury and reside on property suited for the purpose. The grass fields or park round a mansion must be fed over by something, and well-bred mares with their foals are almost as picturesque and more interesting than a herd of fallow-deer or of Alderneys. There is no reason why all three should not feed over the same pastures, assisted by a flock of sheep of the best mutton-making breeds - say blackfaced Highlanders, or Welsh longtails, or horned Dorset. Highland bullocks look well in a park, and pay their expenses, but will not always live in peace and amity with brood mares, and as a Highland bullock can gallop and has horns if irritated, he is not always a safe companion for a valuable foal.

Mares and sires selected for breeding should be sound in wind, in eyesight, with no hereditary limb disease, such as spavin or ringbone, with naturally good feet, and good constitution. It is a waste of time and money to breed from a straight-shouldered, light-framed, washy mare, however great a favourite and however excellent in her place. As a rule, like begets like, although there are astounding exceptions.

If the mare has a decided defect in form, pains should be taken to put her to a horse excellent in that particular in which she fails.

More than twenty years ago (1854) Mr. Orton, of Sunderland, read a paper on "The Physiology of Breeding," before the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Farmers' Club, which has been the foundation of most of the papers on the same subject read before similar societies since that date.

Animals breeding are not so much affected by what they see and hear, or, if one may venture to use such a word, "think," as human beings. No one can predicate what the offspring of a given man and woman will be like, whether the father or the mother, or neither. Very handsome couples have very plain children, resembling some distant ancestor on either side, and couples of moderate height have produced dwarfs and giants. On the other hand, there are certain families in whom certain features have been transmitted from generation to generation. Breeding what is called "pedigree stock" is more certain in its results, but not absolutely certain; but it may be assumed as ascertained that the more pure the pedigree the more "prepotent" will be the power of either animal.

Mr. Orton supported the theory long maintained, that the male animal gives the external and the female the internal structures—the male the skin and form of head, the female the size and

quality. The breeding between the horse and ass is taken as an illustration of a theory that presents many exceptions.

The mule is the produce of a mare covered by an ass, and has the mane, tail, and hoofs of an ass, and the skin, ears, and colour of a horse somewhat modified. The hinny is the produce of a horse covering an ass, and has the mane, tail, hoofs, skin, and colour of a horse, the head sometimes resembling the dam and sometimes the sire, but generally the sire.

Mr. Orton came to the conclusion that in horses the sire gives the locomotive and the female the vital organs, that is, the constitution. For this reason no stallion should ever be used that has not good action for the purpose required, the action that wins races not being the action for a hunter.

As the readers of this book will most probably be breeders for amusement and not for profit, it will be enough for them to be convinced that nothing satisfactory can be expected from an unsound animal on either side, and that the mare especially should have room to carry a foal, a deep chest, and, in fact, a good constitution.

For breeding high-class riding and driving horses thorough-bred sires are to be preferred to half-bred sires, not only because quality is essential, but because their pedigree can be traced, and any palpable defect or unsoundness will be found recorded. The produce of a line of American trotters have the same advantage, because the performances of their progenitors, like those of our race-horses, have been reported in the periodicals devoted to sport.

The form and action of the sire are of more importance than his height, if the mare is of the right size.

Where the breeder is anxious to produce a pair of horses of the same colour he must rely on the sire as well as the dam, and therefore ascertain what have been the usual colours of his produce. (See observations on the colours of race-horses at p. 184.*) But he must bear in mind that female animals, since the days of Jacob, are liable to transmit to their offspring the colours presented to their eyes during generation. The breeders of black Aberdeenshire cattle have found by experience that it is absolutely necessary to exclude all red and white oxen from their breeding farms, and I have a well-authenticated instance in which a chestnut mare put to a chestnut thorough-bred horse, in Northamptonshire, in the presence of a piebald pony, produced a fac-simile of the pony's colour. The piebald twins bred at Badminton, out of a thorough-bred Physalis mare (p. 185), were no doubt the reflection of the piebald team which the late Duke of Beaufort was in the habit of using in his hunting carriage.

The expenses of breeding half-bred horses may be considerably diminished by employing the mares in harness in the light labours of a farm. They may be so employed for at least six months from the time they have taken the horse, not only without damage, but with advantage to their health, as long as the weights they draw, in pairs or in line, are moved without any straining or violent rushing into the collar.

The best horses are bred on dry uplands and well-turfed hills, whilst rich pastures on damp soil, like the Lincolnshire marshes, seem to produce a soft class of horse.

Young mares are to be preferred to old ones. They can adapt themselves better to change of food and temperature. In this climate the changes from heat to cold, combined with a damp atmosphere, are so great, that moderately good living is indispensable for the mare's health. Most of the dangers during the process of foaling are due to the feeble action of debilitated organs, not to mention a host of cutaneous diseases which may be traced to the same causes. Nevertheless,

* Gustavus, a grey, won the Epsom Derby in 1821, and Frederick, another grey, the same race in 1829. Since that date no grey has won either of the great three-year-old races—hence the colour most common on the Continent is most rare amongst English well-bred horses.

at certain seasons of the year, when the grass is too luxuriant, caution must be observed. Mares are apt (in the autumn when the foal has been weaned, and the udder still secretes milk) to eat too much, fatten, and become subject to plethora and inflamation of the bladder. At this period a poor pasture, with plenty of clean water at hand, should be preferred. Moorland is very useful for breeding animals in the autumn of the year.

A mare cannot be kept too cool, either internally or externally. Anything that tends to increase excitement of the general system lessens the chances of generation.

On the other hand, to half starve a mare and expose her to inclement seasons, without shelter, would be to run into another extreme, and, by causing debility, may occasion the loss of both mare and foal, or at any rate permanently impair the constitution of the latter.

A mixture of food which will be nourishing and wholesome without heating or fattening too much, consists of good sweet hay, carrots, or mangel, oats, peas, or beans, with plenty of bran. For mares exposed to the changes of the atmosphere two quarterns of peas or beans, with a quartern of hay per day, is sufficient from the 1st November to the 1st May. Ample shelter will be afforded by a shed open only to the south (the entrance wide and the door-jambs round, and turning on pivots; the floor should be of hard concrete. Lime, gravel, and gas tar make a cheap and excellent floor.

Each mare must be tied up to feed morning and evening (inside or outside the shed according to the weather), otherwise some will fare well at the expense of others. Mr. Digby Collins, from whose work (long out of print) these instructions are abridged, calculates that a good mare may be kept liberally for £13 18s., exclusive of cost of attendance, which must be divided amongst the whole number; and that a foal will cost the same per year until taken up for breeding. The following are his figures, which may at any time be corrected by the selling price off a farm of hay and beans:—

24 bushels of beans, at 5s.	£6	0	0
4 cwt. of bran	1	8	0
2 acres of grass, at 30s.	3	0	0
Hay and chaff, half a ton at £4 10s.	2	5	0
Straw, half a ton at £2 10s.	1	5	0
	£13	18	0

To this must be added the wages of the man attending on the mares, divided by their number. Whether it be poultry, pigs, bullocks, or brood mares, live stock never thrive so well as when they have the undivided attention of one person.

Mares and foals, two-year-olds, and three-year-olds, may be kept in good health and condition when not intended for raising stock, on sliced or pulped mangel, or swedes, with an ample mixture of hay and straw, cut into chaff. If intended for hunters, half a peck of a mixture of oats, beans, peas, or crushed maize, when it is cheaper than oats, should be added in daily feeds to the roots and chaff. The latter should be cut long.

Carrots are to be preferred when the soil is favourable for getting good crops, but where it is not mangel will be a valuable addition to the dry food to any unbroken horse stock, as well as of lean horses in slow work.

When roots are given it must be remembered that they are composed of twenty per cent. of water, and must be mixed with a proportionate quantity of long chaff.

The above information embodies the experience of breeders with whom it has been an object to go to work in the most economical manner. In the following letter, addressed by Mr. William

Blenkiron, of Middle Park, Kent, to Mr. Jenkins, the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, is described the system of that once celebrated race-horse breeding establishment, where Mr. Blenkinson's late father, by working the oracles of the sporting press, and liberal champagne feeds, managed to sell year after year an enormous number of unprofitable yearlings, at prices which probably justified the following extravagant bill of fare :—

"A thorough-bred mare and her offspring require during the year the use and 'cream' of at least three acres of good grass land, from which no hay could be made, but on which, from what they would never eat on account of its becoming a little coarse, a couple of polled Scottish heifers might be fattened. During the twelve months the mare would consume about a ton and a half of good hay, about 10 qrs. good oats, say 1 cwt. of bran, 2 cwt. of carrots, about a gallon of linseed. The foal, presumably weaned the end of July, will take, to end of year, 7 qrs. best oats, 11 cwt. of first-class hay, ¼ ton of carrots, 270 lbs. of split beans, ½ cwt. linseed, 5 cwt. bran. I have not included straw in the above, but the quantity required would be between five and six loads for the two."

To this must be added the expense of one or more cows, in proportion to the number of mares, to supply the foals with the milk which these highly-bred dames are frequently unable to supply.

Stallions at fees of from 25 guineas to 100 guineas, and mares purchased at from 500 to 1,200 guineas each, form an annual charge on the trade expenses of modern thorough-bred breeding establishments. It is not, therefore, extraordinary that nearly all the undertakings on a great scale (except the original Middle Park Stud) have proved eminently unprofitable.

But to turn to more modest undertakings, the following calculations, made by Mr. Edward Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, when, many years ago, he contemplated and abandoned the idea of a hunter-breeding stud, will show at what expense a country gentleman, residing on his own estate and cultivating a home farm, may indulge his fancy.

It must be noted, however, that since 1850 the prices of inferior half-bred horses, which sold in that year at four years old for from £18 and £20, have at least doubled, and that dealers are now willing to purchase all the promising three-year-olds they can lay their hands on at liberal prices.

COST OF A WELL-BRED FIVE-YEAR-OLD, OUT OF A MARE COSTING £30.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One year's interest on mare	1	10	0			
Ditto, insurance	1	10	0			
Diminished value	3	0	0			
Stallion's fee	3	0	0			
One-fourth of mares not standing	1	0	0			
Keep of mare six winter months, at 4s. per week	5	4	0			
Ditto, mare and foal six summer months	5	4	0			
Cost of foal at Michaelmas				20	8	0
Keep of foal first winter	5	4	0			
Six months' interest	0	10	0			
Ditto, insurance	0	10	0			
Cost of yearling				26	12	0
One year's keep, at 4s. per week	10	8	0			
Ditto, interest	1	6	0			
Ditto, insurance	1	6	0			
Cost of two-year-old				39	12	0
One year's keep, at 4s. 6d. per week	11	14	0			
Ditto, interest	2	0	0			
Ditto, insurance	2	0	0			
Cost of three-year-old				55	6	0
One year's keep, at 4s. 6d.	11	14	0			
Ditto, interest	2	15	0			
Ditto, insurance	2	15	0			
Cost of four-year-old				72	10	0
One year's keep, at 6s.	15	12	0			
Ditto, interest	3	12	0			
Ditto, insurance	3	12	0			
Ditto, groom, at 4s. per week	10	8	0			
Ditto, blacksmith	2	0	0			
Breaking, docking, and veterinary	2	10	0			
Cost of the five-year-old				£110	4	0

I do not charge for the keep of mare the first six months, as that expense would either be chargeable on previous foal, or, as a mare worth £30, she would be of some use till Michaelmas.

In rearing the hunter the same quantity of corn as for a race-horse must be allowed during the first twelve months, if you desire to obtain bone and size. This is exemplified in breeding poultry. The gigantic prize Dorkings, bred by Mr. Douglas at Clumber Park, which was twice the weight of ordinary barn-door Dorkings, were produced by feeding the chickens on the most nourishing food every hour of the day for the first three months.

February is the best time to put the mare to the horse. If in hard condition she should have a dose of physic and cooling diet, and then if she shows no signs of being stinted, a few quarts of blood may be taken. But it is a much better plan to reduce the mare to a soft condition by degrees, with soft food and slow light work, at drilling or harrowing, if not turned out to grass. *She should on no account be allowed to see the horse again under three weeks.* Many mares are rendered barren from allowing them to see the stallion frequently, to ascertain whether they are really stinted.

The food should be cooling, especially if the mare is in hard galloping condition (plenty of roots, with bran and linseed mashes). From this point, then, the sooner the mare is put to grass the better.

Of all things it is desirable to avoid cooping mares up in sheds and yards in the day-time. Exercise is always necessary for the proper working of digestion. Nothing renders animals so liable to mange, dropsy, water fancy, worms, &c., as want of sufficient space for exercise. The secretions of the whole system become morbid.

If any symptoms of the kind become apparent, rub the body with a mixture of sulphur and oil of turpentine, and give internally linseed gruel with half a drachm of iodide of potassium daily. Continue this for a week.

Do not put more than six mares together in one field of at least ten acres.

The mare cannot be left too much to herself when foaling; taking care that no dangerous place is at hand, such as a deep ditch, pit, or the like, for to such places mares immediately turn when their labours commence.

Immediately after foaling the mare should be removed, with the foal, to a well-littered box, and have moist mash of bran and beans, with a large supply of water at hand, and all other liberal, but not heating, diet. If she should be very weak, there is no better food than bean-flour, linseed gruel, and old ale, given warm (Query, port wine). If she prove an indifferent milker, the best new milk should be given after the foal has dried its dam. A soda-water bottle is a convenient feeder (no doubt the india-rubber apparatus used for babies could be adapted to a receptacle of appropriate size).

WEANING AND CASTRATING.

Colts should be weaned early in October (if half-bred, and the mare is not required, they may run with her until two years old), and turned into a fat piece of clover for six or eight days, at the expiration of which they will have gained flesh, and be ready for a feed morning and evening of finely crushed beans (Query, oats), bran, and hay chaff, in home paddocks, with a good bite of grass.

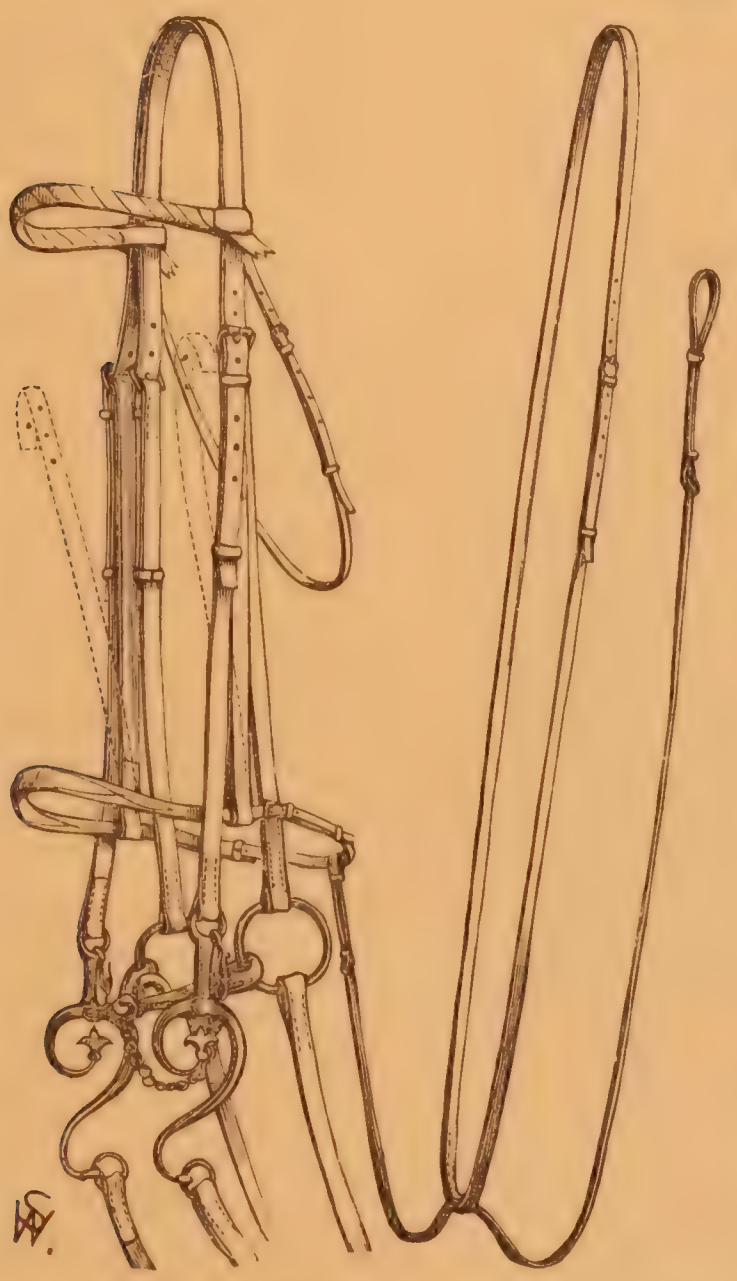
Colts should be separated from the fillies at this period, unless they are castrated, and the condition of both will be materially improved.

Colts should be castrated in April, or at the end of May, after which operation they should have one hour's walking exercise every day, to prevent swelling and inflammation, and no heating food given them—bran mashes and hay will be best—and as soon as they are all right they may be put to grass again.

If it is worth while to breed it is worth while to keep in fleshy, healthy condition until the time comes for breaking.

Hunting colts should be kept in roomy dry straw-yards during the winter, with a plentiful supply of clean water always at hand. They should all be tied up to feed, or they will rob each other of their corn. During the winter that a colt turns three years old, before putting him into the breaker's hands, he should be regularly dressed and handled every morning by the man who feeds him. His feet should be attended to from the first; the toes pared into shape, and, if needful, provided with tips to protect them from splintering on the hard ground. Colts thus early handled by a good-tempered light-handed man are seldom difficult to dress or to shoe.

BITS AND BRIDLES.



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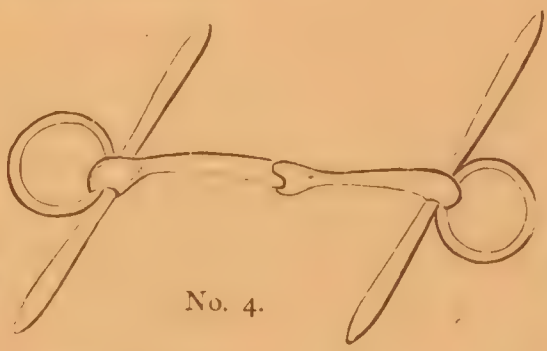

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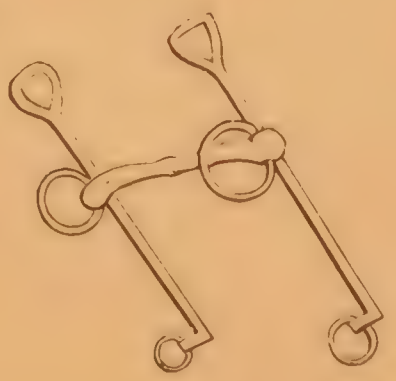

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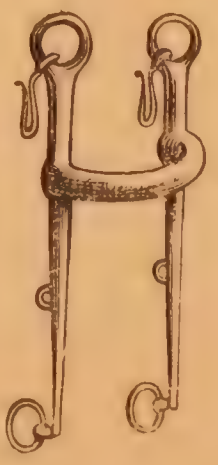

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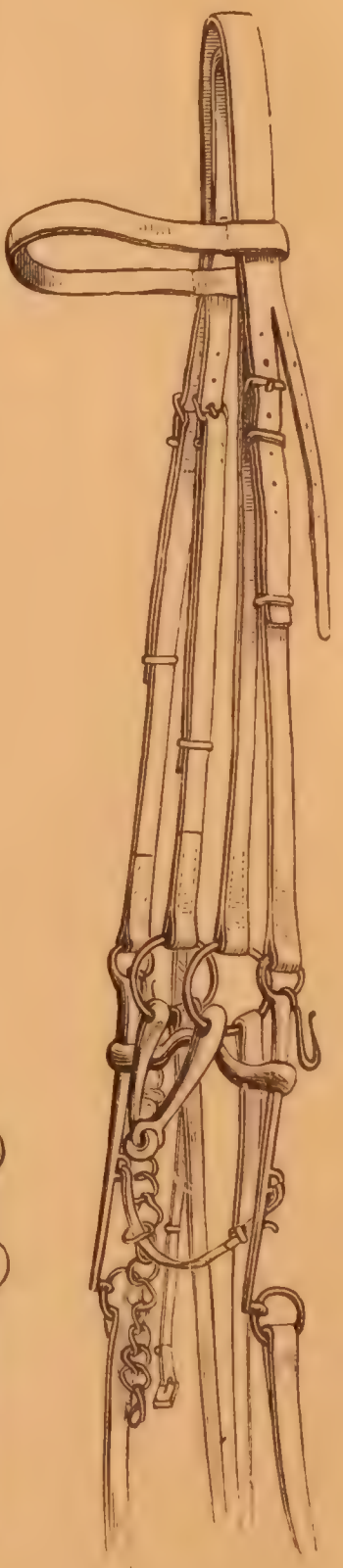


No. 2.

No. 1. Park Double Bridle, with detached Noseband and Standing Martingale. No. 2. Hunting Double Bridle. No. 3. Half-horn Snaffle, best for Hunting Bridle. No. 4. Plain Snaffle. No. 5. Ring Snaffle. No. 6. Plain-jointed Pelham. No. 7. Hanoverian Pelham. No. 8. Variation of Curb Bit.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BREAKING AND TRAINING.

Commence Education Young—The Brutal South American System—The Rough-and-Ready Australian—The Result—Dull or Vicious Horses—A Regular Education Possible in this Country—The Soundest Principles Laid Down by Rarey—His Three Fundamental Rules—The Four Stages of Horsebreaking—The First Lesson with a Wild Colt—Longeing: its true use—The Cavesson must Fit the Colt's Head—Colonel Greenwood's Plan of Longeing—Use of Cross—How First Bitted—After Leading Lessons Bitting Lessons—The Proper Bits—Precautions to be Observed—How to Saddle a Colt the First Time—Rarey's Plan of Using Reins on a Wild Colt without Mounting—How to Mount with a Horse Block—Saddle or Somerset Pad—How to Start—To Ride Under Cover—Out of Doors—To Stop an Attempt to Kick—To Rareyfy and Put Down a Horse—Woodcut Illustration—First Example—A Quiet Colt—To Put Down not Throw Down—Advantages and Principles of System applied to Harness—To Subdue a Violent Horse—Use of Plan for Shoeing Vicious Horses—Anecdote of Author's Experience—The Disadvantages of Rareyfying—Rarey's Plan for Training Shooting Ponies—To Make Him Follow and Lead Well—To Carry Dead Game—To Stand Fire—To Stand Still Alone—Rarey's Pupils—The First Horsemen of the Day—Finishing Lessons—Bridles, Bits, and Martingales—Importance of Finishing Lessons for Hacks—Martingales—Three English—The Austrian Martingale, with a Woodcut—Training Horses in India—Colonel Shakespeare on.

THE education of a horse, like the education of a man, is most easily perfected if the pupil is placed in the teacher's hands young, and receives progressive lessons without serious interruption until his professional training is completed, and he is fit to carry a lady or a statesman, to do credit to a fashionable carriage, or form one of the young ones in a hunting stud. But as it is the exception where the breeder follows the fortunes of his well-bred colt up to the time he attains his majority, say five years old, consideration must be given to those cases where the equine pupil has never looked through a bridle until turned four years, or where a thorough-bred, dismissed from racing stables at three or four years old, has to be taught to abandon the daisy-cutting action permitted on smooth turf, and has to learn to move as befits a park hack, a charger, or a hunter.

The amount of teaching and time required to make a first-class pleasure horse of any kind will vary according to its natural spirit and intelligence, but the principles of the art of breaking are always the same. To apply these principles in the best manner requires the services of an artist, a born horseman, with courage, temper, patience, and constant practice from his youth upwards. This equestrian schoolmaster may not be able to read or write, but he must have been a thoughtful student of that page of nature which it is his business to read.

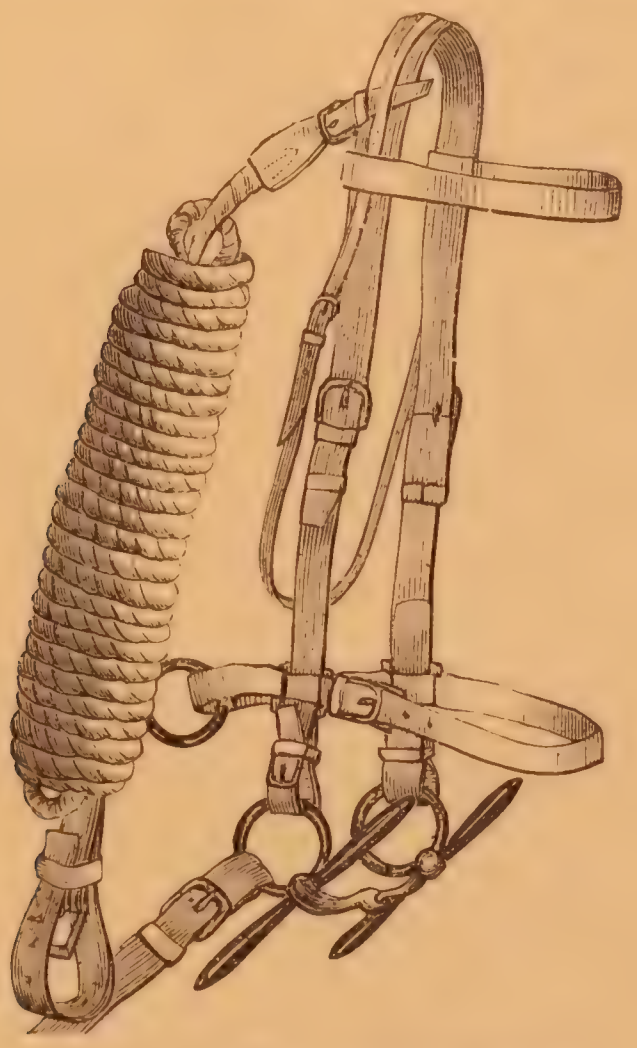
On the South American pampas, where the horses are naturally of a very docile temperament, and where for hundreds of miles no barrier, no hill, scarcely a stone, interrupts the horseman's gallop, the Gauchos lasso a wild horse, throw him down, cover his head with a cloak, girth a heavy demi-piqued saddle on him, thrust into his mouth a huge Spanish curb-bit, capable of breaking a jaw at one effort, mount him with a pair of spurs with rowells as large as a cheese-plate, and gallop him until he sinks exhausted. But horses so tamed, if not vicious, are generally thoroughly cowed, and lose nearly all the sympathetic spirit that makes riding a pleasure.

In Australia the bush horses are generally broken in a rough-and-ready manner, because time is money then. The consequence is that a majority of the colonial horses are vicious, and particularly given to a trick of "buck-jumping," that is, a succession of leaps from all four to all four legs,

the brute descending with the back arched, the limbs rigid, and the head as low down as possible. Not one horseman in a hundred can sit five minutes on a confirmed "buck-jumper."

So much by way of illustration of what a horseman, careless about his own life and the limbs of his horse, may do in a rough-and-ready way.

In this country it may be assumed, for the purpose of this chapter, that breeders of horses and the buyers of unbroken three-year-olds have the means and the time for giving them a regular education. To set down every step to be followed in breaking a young horse would occupy more space then can be spared, even if it were possible to learn the niceties of such an art from printed instructions; I shall therefore be content with laying down the broad principles of horsebreaking



COLT OR COLONIAL TETHERING BRIDLE.

(no one detests principles like your practical man), and adding a few hints on what should, and still more important, should not be done.

The principles of horsebreaking are nowhere more clearly and concisely stated than in the original pamphlet by Mr. Rarey, of which I edited an illustrated edition in 1858. Mr. Rarey created a sensation by taming vicious horses, but his higher merit was in showing that horse-breaking was not a mere rule of thumb business, but rested, like every other art, on certain fixed principles, which could not be neglected with impunity.

The ordinary idea of horsebreaking, before so many distinguished horsemen became Rarey's pupils, was to tire out a high-tempered colt that resisted the breaker's first approaches by longeing, by withholding food and water, and by the free use of whip, spur, and painful bits. This was not the system of a born horseman like Dick Christian (p. 426), but in too many instances a colt was punished by ignorant drunken breakers for being frightened at what he had never seen before, or for not obeying instructions that he did not in the least understand.

Rarey maintained—1st, That any young horse can be taught to do anything that a horse can do if taught in a proper manner. 2nd, That no horse is conscious of its strength until he has resisted and conquered a man; therefore that the colt should always be handled in such a manner that he shall not find out his strength. 3rd, That as *seeing*, *smelling*, *feeling*, and *hearing* are the senses by which the horse examines every strange object, we may, by allowing him to exercise these senses, reconcile him to any object or sound that does not hurt him.

To punish a horse with whip, spur, or by a vicious jag at the bridle, because he is frightened at the first feel of a saddle or harness, the sight of a flag, a riding-skirt, or a marching regiment, or the sound of wheels, drums, or firearms, is an ordinary form of ignorant stupidity.

The key-note of the common sense of horsebreaking is to be found in the opening sentence of Rarey's first Lecture—"As a horse judges everything by seeing, smelling, and feeling, it should be the business of those who undertake to train colts that they shall see, smell, and feel everything that they are to wear or bear before it is laid upon them" (See p. 428).

The first stage of breaking teaches the colt to submit to a bridle being put on, to being led about at the will of a man, and to meeting without fright the ordinary sights and sounds of country roads and city streets. The second stage accustoms him to bear a saddle and allow himself to be mounted. The third to understand the indications of the bit and reins. The fourth to acquire the paces and manners of the trade: hack, lady's horse, hunter, or harness horse, for which he is intended.

THE FIRST LESSONS FOR A WILD UNBROKEN COLT.

"If the colt has been running wild until taken in hand by the breaker, the first step," says Rarey, "is to get him into a barn or open stable. Enter alone, with a long whip in your right hand held pointing behind you. When you enter the stable, stand still, and let the horse look at you a minute. As soon as he is settled in one place, approach him slowly, with the right hand hanging by your side, and the whip trailing on the ground, the left bent and the elbow projecting. Move towards him behind his shoulder, stepping right or left, to head or croup very quietly, so as to keep him in one place. When you are within reach of his head, pause a few seconds—he will probably turn his neck and smell your hand. As soon as he touches it caress him, and gently stroke his nose and neck, with some soothing words or sounds.

"If he lays back his ears as you approach, and turns his heels to kick you, give him two or three sharp cuts on the inside of his legs close to his body, deliberately, not for the pleasure of hurting him, but to frighten the stubborness out of him. Do it quickly, sharply, with a good deal of fire, *but always without anger.* Never go into a pitched battle with a horse; never whip one until he is angry and ready to fight you—it would be better not to touch him. As soon as you have frightened him, so that he will stand up and pay attention to you, approach him again, and caress until he forgets that you whipped him.

When you have established a certain degree of familiarity, which, according to the disposition of the colt, may take minutes or hours, approach him, taking in your hand a good leather halter. Never use a hemp halter and running noose for this purpose, as it will hurt the colt's nose and create an additional difficulty. Stand at the left side pretty well back, and with both hands slip the halter over his head and buckle it. This operation may require a good deal of patience and temper on the part of the man. As soon as the halter is on, fasten to it a rope or strap long enough to let him go the length of the barn without your being obliged to let go the rope, for if you only let him feel the weight of your hand on the halter, and give him rope when he runs from you, he will not be inclined to rear, pull, or throw himself down. Thus, you will be holding him

and teaching him the first lesson of restraint without allowing him to find out his strength; as he soon would in a game of "pull devil, pull baker."

Shorten the cord by degrees. As soon as he will allow you to hold him by a tolerably short strap, and to go alongside him without flying back, you can begin to give him a lesson in leading. With this view do not attempt to pull him after you, but pull him quietly in a half circle; he must bend his neck and shift his foot. Caress him, reward him with some food, a carrot or a few oats; repeat the operation again and again to the right and to the left, until that, having lost all fear of you, he will think that he is compelled to follow the indication of the halter when you pull it. After a few lessons of this kind, under cover, he will look to you for food and come up to you wherever he is. After fully practising in the stable, lead him out into a quiet yard or paddock, taking care that there is nothing to frighten him. Walk out through the door, which should be wide, holding the halter with the left hand close to his jaw and the right hand holding to his mane. Do not let anyone come near you when you first lead him out.

When the colt will lead freely and obey the halter, the next step is to gradually accustom him to all sights and sounds, by leading him about and never forcing him up anything he is afraid of, but always encouraging him to smell it and touch it.

A colt bred on an owner's farm ought, by the time he is three years old, to have gone through all the preliminary education to which colts that have been running wild up to that age must pass, and should have worn a headstall from six months old, and been taught to lead and to face all ordinary sights.

LONGEING.

Longeing properly employed teaches a horse obedience, but as it is very easy to make a horse run round a circle urged by a whip, and as it looks like business, and is a way of tiring a high-spirited horse, it is very much abused.

The cavesson must be fitted to the colt's head very carefully. If the noseband is too high it has no power, if it is too low, resting on the soft cartilages of the nose, it will impede respiration, and if jerked cause an acute pain, likely to be caused by rearing, and to create spavings, curbs, and strains of the hind-legs. It must also fit the colt's head so as not to turn round when the rein is drawn tight. The eyelids of colts have been seriously injured by a longeing rein in the hands of an ignorant man.

"It is absurd to believe, as coltbreakers tell you, that longeing will supple an animal that is already as supple as a wild deer, but after teaching a colt to be held by the head and to be led, it is the easiest act of obedience you can require.* In good hands it will never stiffen him; it is a certain mode of reducing a horse to submission, of getting him to go freely forward at your order. In bad hands, it is the fruitful source of spavins, curbs, and thoroughpins; far from suppling, it annually stiffens and breaks down thousands of horses, because the guiding and urging instructions are both on the same side of the horse. In the hands of a stupid man, the colt's head and shoulders are forcibly hauled into the circle by the cord, while his haunches are driven out by the whip.

"A horse should only be longed at a walk till he circles without force. He should never be compelled to canter in the longe, though he may be permitted to do it of himself. He must not be stopped by pulling the cord which would pull him across, but by meeting him or running his head toward a hedge, so that he stops straight. A skilful person will single-handed longe a horse in many figures, and by heading him with the whip change him without stopping, and longe

* "Colonel Greenwood's Hints," 1839.

him in a figure of 8. When the colt goes without force, he should be longed on the snaffle instead of the cavesson. It will facilitate his being guided, and held by the mouth when mounted.

"In the longe he may be accustomed to feel the stirrups against his sides, and to carry the dumb jockey cross with a great-coat on it. The reins buckled to the cross should be long at first and shortened afterwards by degrees. It is better to fix the straps from the cross to the cavesson than to the bit, when a colt is to be left some time in that position, for colts left with a bit tightly buckled lean on the bit and even go to sleep. The lips become first raw, and then callous. A wooden bit of good size is the best.

"It is a good practice to clean a colt on an easy-mouthing bit, with the horse's head *toward the manger*."

It will be observed, that the Rarey principle consists in teaching the colt as much as possible without putting him in any pain, and without frightening him by any strange sight or sound.

By degrees he learns to lead freely, to know that when the right rein is pulled he is to go to the right, and when the left rein to the left; he submits to be girthed with a surcingle or pad, and is not afraid of a loose strap, horsecloth, or stirrup flopping about. He submits to have each foot taken up, and finally becomes attached to his breaker. The longeing lessons have taught him a considerable degree of obedience.

The next stage of instruction may be compared to the lesson sin drill and gymnastics, through which every military recruit has to pass. The object of military gymnastics is to give the soldier the free use of each limb, an accurate balance on each foot, and enable him to move in every direction firmly and with the utmost rapidity and certainty at a moment's notice.

In the same way the colt intended for hunting or harness has to be taught to collect himself to an even bearing on each of his four legs, and to turn on the point of his hind-legs on receiving an indication from his rider.

The first step is to put on a bit, either a plain snaffle with players, or a simple ring bar, or a wooden bit (see p. 546) of either Stokey's or Blackwell's pattern. On first bitting, Rarey's directions are very judicious:—

"A horse should be accustomed to a bit before you fasten the reins to the bitting-harness (dumb jockey). When you first put him on the bit, only rein his head up to that point at which he naturally holds it, let it be high or low; he will soon learn that he cannot lower his head, and that raising it a little will loosen the bit in his mouth. By degrees you can tighten the reins, until you get his head and neck as near the right position as the conformation of his neck and shoulders will allow, without making his mouth sore or irritating his temper.

"If you draw the bitting reins tight the first time he will bear on it, sweat, paw, and perhaps rear and fall, tip and fall backwards, and if he does not break his back, become nervous for life."

It is absolutely necessary to put all colts on the bit (with the exception of a few horses of rare formation and temper) to get them balanced on their haunches, but the operation requires great care if it is not to do more harm than good.

"Colts should never be on reins tightly buckled to a dumb jockey more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time; a long penance destroys all the good effect. Their mouths should always be wetted before they are bitted, and they should have a drink of water when the bit is taken off or relaxed.

"Before a colt receives his first lessons from a mounted horseman he may be taught a great deal by the breaker on foot—with both snaffle and curb-bit—to turn to either side, to collect himself, champ the bit, and to back readily on slight indications from the reins."

HOW TO SADDLE A COLT.

The better plan is to accustom the colt from a very early period to bear first a surcingle, then a pad, and then a dumb jockey, from which light stirrups and a skirt may by degrees be suspended, trying and accustoming him to each new thing thoroughly before another is introduced to his notice. Supposing that the colt has been led about in the longeing rein until accustomed to all ordinary sights and sounds, has learned to obey the breaker, and has become so much accustomed to him that he will allow him, or any quiet person, to approach him on either side without starting back affrighted, that he has, in fact, learned that man is both his friend and his master, a saddle may be placed on his back.

Commence this, like every breaking operation, by fondling, or, as Rarey has it, "gentling" the colt; then take up a saddle from which the stirrup-leathers have been detached. Either lay it down on the floor of the stable or barn for him to smell, or quietly hold it up for him to thoroughly examine. When he is quite satisfied that it will do him no harm, raise it, and rub it gently against his neck, gradually slipping it back, stopping if he shows the least signs of alarm to soothe him, until it is behind his withers, and you can softly slip it into its place; then move it gently with your hand, slip it backwards and forwards, lift it up and put it down again, until you are satisfied that he is not afraid of it. Instead of girthing the saddle in the usual manner, be satisfied at first to fasten it with a racing surcingle, which does not require to be drawn so tight as a girth, and is more easily buckled.

If he has been already driven by a man walking after him, with long reins passed through the terrets of a dumb jockey, in what is called the Yorkshire fashion, he will understand that when you pull the left rein he must go to the left, and that when you pull the right rein he must turn to the right, but if you are in a wild country with a wild horse to tame, then, if you are hurried, you may adopt Rarey's advice, always remembering that these operations should be performed under cover within four walls, with no other horses or noisy men to distract your pupil's attention.

"After he is saddled, take a switch in your right hand and walk him about the barn a few times with your right hand over the saddle, holding the reins in each hand, and as you mount, start turning him on either hand, making him if needful run up to the bridle by a gentle tap on his hind-quarters, then stopping him and always caressing him and loosing the reins when you do stop.

"As soon as you have so 'gentled' your colt that he will stand still, and is not the least afraid when you approach him on either side, take him into some inclosed place, a large stable, barn, or riding-school. Then bring a mounting-block (see p. 299), to the sight of which he must have previously been perfectly accustomed, and place it just behind his shoulder. Mount the block very quietly and stand on it stroking ('gentling') him all over. If he shows the least alarm, be quiet and do not attempt anything for some time, minutes or hours as the case may be. As soon as he is quite reconciled to seeing you standing over him, if you use stirrups put your foot into the near one and pre s on it gradually, leaning at the same time with your right hand on the pommel, the left hand holding the reins loosely, so that you bring your whole weight to bear on the saddle. Repeat this several times, until he makes no sign of resistance, until, without alarming him, you can slip your leg over his croup and take your seat.

"Many breakers prefer a well-stuffed pad with good knee and thigh rests, like a Somerset saddle, without stirrups, for the first saddling lessons; but on this plan the horse-block must be so high that the rider can pass his leg over the croup without the least exertion.

"The movable block enables you to accustom the colt to see you above him in the position he will see you, looking backwards, when mounted. By leaning over him on the block, and

pressing on his back, you gradually accustom him to weight, so as not to alarm him so much by the sensation of being first mounted.

"Finally, a block of a proper height enables you to step into the saddle without making a spring, an action that will alarm or irritate many broken horses, when fresh, with too much corn and too little exercise."

Rarey insists that "a horse should always stand to be mounted without being held," and that "*a horse is never properly broken that has to be held when being mounted;*" that a colt is never so safe to mount when you see that assurance of confidence and absence of fear which causes him to stand without holding. But this docility cannot always be obtained.

If, however, it is necessary to hold the colt, let a steady man stand at his head fondling his nose, and at a critical moment lay hold of the cheeks of the bridle just above the bit, not of the bit or reins.

When you are mounted do not start him by touching him with your heel, or startle him in any way, but speak to him in the language you have been accustomed to use; pull one rein gently to one side, so as to make him shift his leg and move, and let him walk off gently with the reins loose at first, then gather up the reins and repeat mounted the lessons in turning right and left, stopping, and backing, which you have already practised on foot and with the driving reins.

If he shows the least inclination to stand still and be restive, slip off him quietly and proceed with the old lessons, because you must not fight him unless you are quite certain to conquer.

It is as well to repeat the operation of mounting and dismounting until he gets thoroughly accustomed to it, and will permit you to mount from the stirrup in the usual manner.

The first time you wish to ride a colt out of doors let him be led out and longed for a quarter of an hour about a mile from his stable, then mount and ride him home. In early lessons on the road never fatigue him, and if possible ride in company with a steady horse and horseman.

If a colt when ridden out attempts to stand still or kick, turn him round steadily once or twice, or oftener. It is a motion that no horse can resist, and one much more effective than angry wild spurring or whipping. If he still resists, slip off him before he begins to fight, and give him the lesson for stubborn horses.

These instructions assume that the colt has been gradually educated from his foalhood upwards, or that he is naturally of so sweet and sensible a temperament—like the majority of well-bred unbroken horses—that he speedily learns what is required of him. But it may happen that the horse is purchased at three or four years old from a drove, or caught wild from Welsh or Devonshire hills, or he may inherit a stubborn, if not savage, disposition; or, lastly, time may be an object to a colonist or traveller, and he may have only hours instead of days at his disposal for the breaking process; then stronger measures must be adopted.

The ordinary mode, as before stated, of subduing a high-spirited or viciously inclined colt, and compelling him to submit to be saddled and ridden, is to longe him until he is tired out; and if that does not conquer him, whip, spur, and deny food and water until the animal surrenders, or is pronounced irreclaimable. The majority of young horses treated gradually, patiently, and firmly, as described in the preceding pages, will accept their duties without showing any vice.

Circus-riders commence the education of their ring and trick horses by lightly fastening the reins of a snaffle-bridle, like a bearing rein, to the ring of a surcingle, which is secured in its place by a crupper, and if needful adding a standing martingale, and a pair of flap reins. Thus *pilloried*, as it were, the horse is longed in the narrow circus-ring for hours' until, if he has any intelligence, and is not irreclaimably vicious, he obeys the lessons of his master, enforced by a severe whip, and encouraged by occasional rewards, in the shape of slices of carrot or lumps of sugar. These

OFF FORE-LEG STRAP.

NEAR FORE-LEG STRAP.

HIND-LEG HOBBLE.

LAWYER'S BIT.

GERMAN TRAINING HALTER AND MARTINGALE.

COLT'S CAVESSOR.

HORSE, WITH RAREY FITTINGS.

preliminary lessons are carried out with a degree of severity very painful for an unprofessional bystander to witness.

Instead of these violent methods Rarey introduced a plan, which, mildly applied, quickly teaches the colt that man is his master and does not mean to hurt him, and severely applied will conquer the most violent animal.

TO PUT A HORSE DOWN.

The colt that absolutely declines to be saddled or mounted, that will not without a fight allow a bridle to be put in his mouth, must not be *thrown* down, as some writers ignorantly direct, but gently and slowly put down; when down, he must be strapped up so that he cannot resist, and then by gentle progressive steps handled and mounted. I am not now treating of vicious horses, because, except on very rare occasions under very exceptional circumstances, no sensible person will have anything to do with an old vicious horse.

To Rareyfy a horse you require a soft floor of deep tan or straw and dung. A space of some thirty feet from side to side, fenced off from a riding-school, or a small shed sufficiently lofty for a horse to rear without striking his head, is the best class-room for a Rarey lesson. If the floor is paved or boarded, the litter or tan must be at least a foot deep. A parallelogramic shape is the best, because corners are useful in haltering a wild colt. Pillars, or any projections against which a horse might strike, are dangerous. It is better if the building is roofed, so that no living thing—no cattle, pigs, or dogs, may distract the horse's attention while under treatment, but if an enclosed building cannot be obtained, a small bullock-yard may be utilised.

The horse must have a single-reined bridle, with a plain snaffle with long horns, or wooden bit; if inclined to bite this wooden bit must be also a gag. Make the reins so short that they will lie on the withers, by doubling them twice round the two forefingers and then knotting them. Next buckle round him a breaking surcingle, made for the purpose, with one or two large rings sewed on the belly part. This surcingle may be a plain broad strap of leather.

It is assumed that the colt has been sufficiently broken to allow you to lead him, and do anything with him except mount him.

Take strap No. 1, pass the tongue through the loop under the buckle so as to form a noose, slip it over either fore-leg—the near leg in preference—draw it close to the pastern joint, then take up the leg as if you were going to shoe him, and passing the strap round over the fore-arm, buckle as close as you can to the arm without hurting it.

If you have confidence in yourself, work alone; if you have not, obtain a quiet and obedient assistant. When the first strap is buckled take hold of the snaffle-bridle and lead him about. It is assumed that he has already been taught to lead freely. The object of hopping him about on three legs is to teach him not to fall if he can help it. It fatigues him without irritating him, and is alone a good preparation for putting a horse in harness for the first time, as a colt not severely pressed, and with no weight on his back, can hop a mile on three legs with ease.

Strap No. 2 must now be looped round the other fore-leg, drawn tight, and passed through one of the rings on the belly of the surcingle. The best form of strap has a leather catch which prevents it from sliding back at a certain length. Put a stout glove on your right hand, the nails of which should previously be cut close. Take a firm hold of the strap, and as soon as the colt lifts his off fore-leg to hop, draw it tight and bring him down on his knees. The leather catch will hold the strap fast above the ring, and thus both fore-legs are secured. If he objects to move, "pull his head towards you with one rein, bear against his side just behind his shoulder with a steady even pressure, and in less than ten minutes he will *lie down*." Mark the words "lie down," not "be thrown down," because there is a difference between a violent operation sometimes

indispensable with turbulent horses and an easy slide by which a colt can be laid down on his side, and under the irresistible control of the breaker.

As soon as he is down make the other leg quite fast ; then you can handle him as you please without his being able, or even trying, to resist you. Now is the time for again "gentling" him, by softly stroking every limb—passing your hand or a soft brush over every part of his body—kindly pulling his ears, rubbing his head, breathing into his nostrils, and if he has been starved or is thirsty, unbuckling the bit for a few minutes, and rewarding him with a little green meat, a sliced carrot, or an apple. You can sit on his back or place a saddle on it after first showing it to him, and letting him smell it in the way already described.

The principle is to make the colt so fast that he cannot possibly resist. Then you can prove to him that so far from hurting him you fondle him, and show him saddle, flags, or anything else he is afraid of.

The old way of putting a horse down in order to castrate, fire, or perform any other surgical operation (which is still in use among practitioners too prejudiced to profit by Rarey's lectures), was to shackle all his four legs, and then with ropes in the hands of a number of men to violently throw him on a layer of straw, a method that frightens the animal most unnecessarily, and not unfrequently strains, sometimes breaks his back. With a set of Rarey straps properly applied, one active man can alone put down and tie fast almost any horse without a struggle, if he chooses for the operation a fold-yard a foot deep in straw and dung. If a man has to tackle a well-bred horse full of hard food, he should be in good condition, very patient, and with that confidence in himself that cool courage gives. The great point is not to alarm the animal, or give him a chance of struggling.

If after the first lesson on lying down he shows any objection to being saddled or mounted, his leg must be strapped up again, and sometimes, but not often, he must be laid down again.

If a horse intended for harness shows a natural inclination to kick—almost all horses have a decided preference for either kicking or rearing, when they are irritated or alarmed, only the confirmed brute rears and kicks—it is a good plan, after putting him down once, to strap up one leg and harness him to a light two-wheeled vehicle, balanced like a hansom cab, so that no weight falls on his back. In this condition, his knees of course protected by well-stuffed knee-caps, he may be driven first in a school and then in a soft meadow, or along a shore of sea-sand below high-water mark. If a steady break horse, who understands every word of the driver, is harnessed to an outrigger, the lesson will be still more easy and complete.

One precaution must be adopted in using this invaluable expedient of strapping up a fore-leg. After a reasonable time it must be unstrapped, the leg first strapped being vigourously hand-rubbed to restore circulation ; otherwise, a horse is likely to stumble with the benumbed limb. This plan of breaking to harness is of value where it is necessary to break thorough-bred, or nearly thorough-bred, three-year-old colts, that are not strong enough to carry more than light weights, in a place where competent light weight horsebreakers are not to be had.

TO SUBDUE A VIOLENT HORSE.

It however sometimes happens that you have to break, to ride, or drive a horse of full age, that either from ill-usage, or from having got the better of a timid horseman, or from natural vice, is not to be deceived into submission like a raw and placid-tempered colt. In such a case, the application of the Rarey straps in the following manner affords a better chance of success than the ordinary exhausting plans of old-fashioned coltbreakers, and of circus-riders.

Such a horse, as soon as he recovers from his astonishment at being thrown on his knees, if

not immediately hampered by hobbles buckled on his two hind-legs, will begin to fight, rearing and springing about with extraordinary activity. The breaker must follow him, keeping close to him behind his shoulder, steering him by the bridle. This can easily be done by an active man, even in a box not more than twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide. From time to time the horse may be forced to walk backwards by pulling at the bridle, and this will hasten his fatigue. The first struggle rarely lasts ten minutes even with a horse in hard condition. When at length he sinks forwards on his knees, covered with sweat, with heaving flanks and shaking tail, his off fore-leg, if not already secured by the catch of the strap, must be made as fast as the near-leg, and a pair of hobbles with ropes buckled to the hind-legs. After allowing time enough to recover his wind, if he is a very violent or vicious animal, encourage him to get on his knees and make a second fight. It will often be more fierce than the first.

When he lies down for the second or third time thoroughly exhausted, the moment has arrived for doing to him all that he has hitherto resisted or resented. Smooth his ears, rub his legs, scrape the sweat off him gently with a scraper, rub him down with a wisp or brush, give him a drink of water, then go over him again as if you were a shampooer at a Turkish bath. If he has been in the habit of resisting bridling, saddling, or shoeing, now is the time for going through the form of all those operations, and particularly the last, by tapping every foot with a hammer.

Then take off all the straps, repeat the shampooing process, draw his fore-legs out and encourage him to rise. When he has risen make much of him, mount him and ride him about the yard or school, or harness him. If he shows, at any moment, the least inclination to resist, cry "Wo, ho!" in a firm voice, and if needful, proceed to again strap up a leg, but never resist anything he attempts, for instance, if he attempts to rise, unless you are certain to overcome him. Let him rise and begin again.

The strapping up and laying down system is founded on the principle of inducing the violent horse to exhaust himself without hurting you, and of making him believe that it is you who, by your superior strength, have conquered, and will always be able to conquer him.

Under this "system" all the indications of the man's will are so direct that the horse must understand them. He is placed in such a position, and under such restraint, that he cannot resist anything the horsebreaker chooses to do, who caresses him when he submits, and chides him when he attempts to resist; resist strapped up he cannot, and thus, if needful, by repeated lessons, persuades the animal that resistance is perfectly useless.

The most frequent occasion for the employment of the extreme discipline of Rarey's plan will be found with horses which, in consequence of some early fright or cruelty, resist being shod. In such cases farriers often inflict exquisite pain by putting a twitch on nose and ears. Even then the operation is generally performed with danger alike to the smith and the animal.

In nine cases out of ten, when a horse has by the strapping method been taught that resistance is useless, and that shoeing will not hurt it, will in a few days submit to the smith's hands with perfect docility.

The only danger of injuring the horse Rareyfied occurs where the knees have been insufficiently protected by proper caps, and the floor of the place has been too hard. It can scarcely be too soft.

One of the curious results of the Rareyfying of strapping up and laying down is, that after being duly shampooed or mesmerised, the moment he rises he seems to have contracted a personal affection for the operator.

A remarkable example of this fact occurred to myself: To satisfy an incredulous Devonshire farmer, I undertook to Rareyfy an unbroken pony that had run wild on the Moors from the day

it was foaled, and which took the exertions of two mounted men and half a dozen footmen to drive into a fold-yard. "Fat, and scant of breath," I was a bad performer, but under half an hour the grass-fed filley was down, up, saddled, and ridden round a paddock by my host, a shepherd leading it. The next morning, when we came up to the gate of the field where the wild creature had been allowed to feed for the night, it came up to us and rubbed its nose against my hand! This adventure was described at the time in a paper contributed to "Household Words."*

DRAWBACK OF THE RAREYFYING PLAN.

The drawback of the Rareyfying plan, applied to a high-bred horse, if roughly and hurriedly performed, is that it is apt to destroy his spirit, and "by cowing him make him a coward."

But the same objection applies to the main force system, the old-fashioned dare-devil colt-breaker.

On the subject of vicious horses a correspondent of *The Field* writes :—

"Heavy ground and plenty of work, however, will tame an elephant.

"If you are short of time and not prepared to risk your own bones, you have no business with a vicious horse.

"Restiveness out of doors in most cases arises from bad breaking. A horse seven or eight years old that is restive may possibly have been broken well in his early days, but possessing hereditary predisposition to obstinacy, may have passed into the hands of nervous people, perceived his advantage, and mastered them. Such horses require not only the utmost firmness and determination, but it is necessary in this case to have recourse to a systematic mode of *making them break themselves.* Coaxing is no earthly use. Such a horse, when full of keep, will very probably wear out the best man you can put up. To starve the horse down to submission is useless as well as cruel, because the vice will return with the corn. If, therefore, you become possessed of a thoroughly vicious one, I know of no better plan than that of *putting him in irons* in a box well padded. Put on some strong tackle, and an iron upright dumb jockey; bear him well up, and let him fight with himself until he is exhausted. Take care you are very fit yourself, and then mount him. In most cases you will find, even if you have a fight to get him into his bridle, that his punishment drill has had its effect, and that he will go up to his work. If he is still resolute, and you do not care to wear yourself out, take him back to the box, tackle him again, and give him another spell. Persevere at this until he goes true and straight. Never take the tackle off day or night, except when you ride him out, until he gives in, but let him have plenty of nourishment. In most cases, however, with a very resolute restive one, you will find that when tackled he will refuse his food as well as his work. Do not let that induce you to remit your treatment, for strange as it may appear, it is well known to all who have had to do with restive horses, that this is only an artifice to induce you to give them their own way. When they behave themselves, let them have every luxury possible to them; but give them plenty of work, never failing, when they misbehave themselves, to send them again to 'punishment drill.'

TO TRAIN A SHOOTING PONY.

The Rareyfying plan is extremely useful in training a pony for shooting, because, if it has originally activity and docility, you can put up with a placidity of temperament verging on

* The Rarey straps are kept in stock by Messrs. Stokey and Sons, Little Moorfields, Finsbury. No important stud should be without a set.

stolidity. The courage essential in a hunter or phaeton horse is quite superfluous in an old gentleman's hack.

The shooting pony must lead and follow freely, creep up and down banks, and leap standing any reasonable fence when it has been shown to him, without requiring the urging of a whip.

He must allow himself to be loaded with dead game without resistance. He must stand still with the most perfect indifference whilst his owner fires from his back, or while a party shoots in succession or in volleys all around him. If, in addition, he will graze contentedly whenever he is left alone in a field, and allow himself to be caught without any difficulty, if he walks a steady four miles an hour and trots seven, he is, however ugly, an invaluable animal for his place.

The modes of teaching a horse to stand to be mounted, to lead, and to leap, have already been described in reference to hacks, ponies, and hunters. A pony may easily be made to stand still as long as his master is in sight, and even induced to remain on the same spot for some time with a rein lying loose on the ground, if that same rein has been several times secured by a picket driven into the ground; but a well-bred, well-fed pony is apt to forget such lessons. In South America gentlemen carry light shackles in their pockets, and thus restrain their horses by the fore-feet whilst making calls. Another way is to fasten a horse's head by a rein to one fore-foot. In all these expedients it is necessary that the horse should have practice, and be punished if he attempts to stir. The easier and safer plan for securing a pony is to use an Australian bush-bridle, like that engraved at p. 559, but of a lighter pattern, with an iron spike for thrusting into the ground at the end of a light rope. Practically there are few cases in England where there is not a boy at hand to hold a pony without picketing him.

A horse that has never been alarmed by firearms may easily be taught to stand fire by commencing with snapping caps from a revolver when he is engaged in his stable in eating his corn, waiting and soothing between each snap, and, when well accustomed to the slight report, proceeding with gradually increasing charges, until he comes to associate gun-fire with feeding-time. After he is quite reconciled to the noise you may let him see the flash—not pointed at him—and finally fire from between his ears.

I have heard—and can fully believe a story—of a lot of horses galloping up from the meadows where they were grazing straight into a shed on hearing the report of a gun, because they had been trained to associate their feeds of oats with the discharge of a firearm.

But where a horse that has been regularly used displays an aversion to firearms which does not yield to ordinary treatment, he must be Rareyfied, as if for an operation, and made fast. The operator must then seat himself on him, or alongside him, and give him the before-mentioned pistol lessons, caressing and feeding him between each discharge until he becomes thoroughly reconciled to the operation.

After one or two lessons according to his temperament, he may be mounted after one leg has been strapped, and a small charge of powder fired from his back; then he may be let entirely loose in a school, and finally the same lessons may be repeated in the open air. Of course a naturally nervous pony is not fit for a shooting pony, but the experience of the army proves, that any average horse can be taught to stand still and stand fire.

The *rationale* of this treatment is exemplified in the suburbs of such manufacturing cities as Manchester, where steam-engines roar at the corner of every thoroughfare, and locomotives rush along a network of railways night and day, the cattle in the fields pay no attention to the railway trains. The valuable horses ridden and driven by the wealthy manufacturers treat all these horrid sights and sounds with as much indifference as the sheep and cows "to the manner born," while a horse imported from any truly rural unrailroaded district, however naturally placid, will go half

mad at the sight of the first express train, and obstinately refuse to go down any street where steam is blowing off from a boiler.

In the preceding pages the principles and practices of the Rarey system have been sufficiently described for any horseman to understand and follow. It requires patience, it requires the habit of dealing with horses, as well as a calm, courageous temperament, but for the real work activity is more essential than strength.

Rarey's reputation has suffered from the inevitable reaction after an extraordinary season of sensation, and it is often sneered at by writers who are ignorant of or incapable of comprehending the principles of horsebreaking which he illustrated in his lectures. The best proof of his merit is the admiration which he excited amongst the finest horsemen of that or any other day, such as the late Earl of Jersey and Sir Charles Knightly. He was introduced to this country by the late General Sir William Eyre, a rare horseman. He was in the first instance taken up by Messrs. Richard and Edmund Tattersall, and by Mr. Joseph Anderson, then of Piccadilly, by General Sir Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget, and the present Viscount Bridport.

His first class lesson was given in my presence to twenty-one subscribers. Amongst those who then most warmly expressed their gratification at Mr. Rarey's manner and method were Lord Palmerston, Earls Granville and Bessborough, two ex-Masters of the Royal Buck-hounds. When I visited, at Sledmere, the late Sir Tatton Sykes (who had passed his life amongst horses), he said "It was well worth the fee (£10 10s.) to see Mr. Rarey's manner of approaching an unbroken colt." Mr. Anstruther Thompson, a Master of Fox-hounds from the time he was nineteen, a cavalry soldier, and one of the best horseman of the day across any country, after telling me that he was always ready to buy any horse of good quality, however vicious, up to his weight and over sixteen hands, added, "Rarey taught us a great deal about horsebreaking." *

FINISHING LESSONS—BRIDLES AND MARTINGALES.

When a colt has gone through the course of instruction described in the preceding pages he will be fit for the regular work of an ordinary riding horse, and quite ready for the hands of the hunter-breaker, whose duties and operations are described in Chap. XX.

Indeed, there are many hacks and ladies' horses that have been ridden several years without being properly taught their lessons on sights and sounds. They take fright when, after a drop-leap, a hat dangles from the rider's button-hole, because they have not had a drum lesson. They obstinately refuse to allow a field-officer,

"All scarlet and plumed in his martial array,"

to approach a lady on horseback, and they become restive, or even runaways, on coming across a hissing railway train.

But if a young horse is of the stamp and quality of which the most expensive class of park hacks and ladies' horses are manufactured, he will require, in addition to the three "R's" of equine education, *finishing lessons* by a real Master of the Art of Equitation—lessons by which originally fine action and carriage are perfected.

For this purpose, to a novice, written instructions would be worse than useless.*

The severe discipline to which cavalry horses, which are parts of one vast machine, intended

* Rarey and his partner received about twenty thousand pounds for his horse-taming lectures in this country and on the continent, a success which excited a howl of virtuous indignation amongst the touts, tipsters, blackmailers, oracles, and prophets of the sporting press, who apparently considered the sale of a secret at such a fee an invasion of their trade in "good things." The majority of these turf reporters know nothing of horses except as racing machines.

to move in perfect harmony, are subjected is requisite with hacks or other riding horses, but in order that they may carry their riders pleasantly they ought, the moment they pass from the mere coltbreaker –the elementary teacher of the three equine "R's"– to be placed under some one who has the inestimable natural gift of hands cultivated by a long course of practice. At horse shows one continually sees magnificent animals passed over by judges, and rejected by purchasers, because they have neither been taught to stand or to move as they ought; sacrificed to false economy and the heavy single hand of some hard-riding clown, whose only recommendation was that he could ride anything over any country.

Appropriate bridles and bits are an important part of the machinery of refined training.

The right principles of bitting have been explained at p. 492, and woodcuts of the bits in ordinary use are given at p. 557.

For the first stage of bitting Major Dwyer recommends the use of the training halter, which have been used for some years in the Central School of Equitation at Vienna. A woodcut of this contrivance is given at p. 565. The advantage of it is that by preventing a young horse from escaping the action of a light snaffle, it renders the use of a sharp bit unnecessary.

It will be observed that the noseband hangs below the rings of the snaffle, and is strapped in the "chin-groove" like a curb-chain, leaving sufficient play for the horse's under jaw. This arrangement affords the best means of *mouthing* young horses. If needful, the "Seeger martingale," or running rein, which will presently be described, may be attached to the training halter, as it is in the woodcut.

One of the best curb-bits for training a young horse to the use of the double bridle is Major Dwyer's (illustrated p. 565). It will be found sufficiently powerful without being irritating, for all horses whose mouths have not already been spoiled by rough usage.

MARTINGALES.

It is often necessary to use some kind of martingale in training a colt in order to get his head into the right position. There are also horses which, in consequence of the natural malformation of their heads and necks, cannot be comfortably, even if safely, ridden without some contrivance for bringing their heads into the position in which the bit will act properly.

It is true that martingales are not unfrequently improperly and unnecessarily applied, and it is also true that some men are shaped so flexibly, and have such consummate art, that they can bring the nose of any animal, fit to ride at all, into the right place.

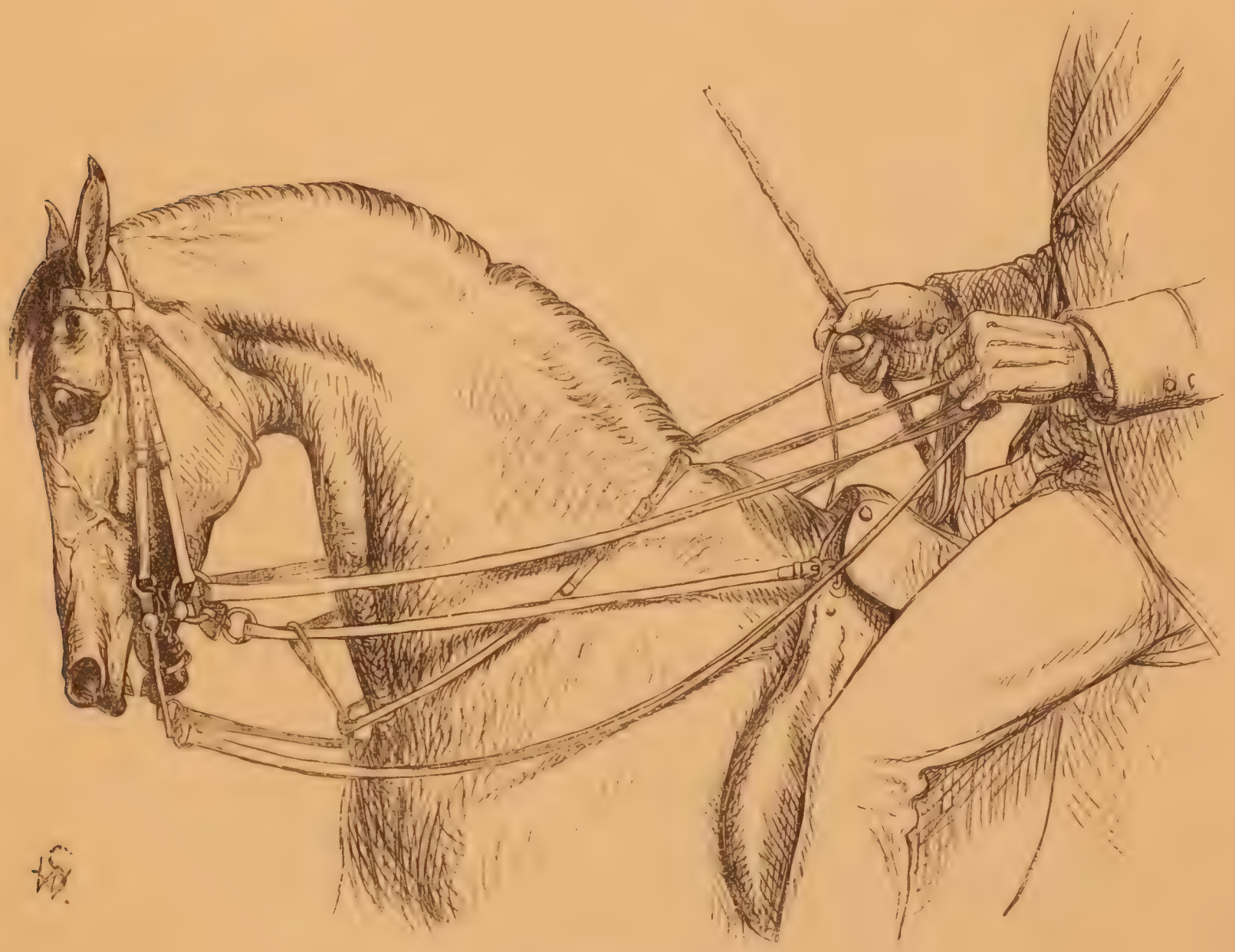
Sir Tatton Sykes is reported to have said once, when he replaced complicated trappings with a single snaffle-bit on a horse he was about to ride in a race, "My hands are my martingale." But then Sir Tatton was, as a horseman, one in a thousand, six feet high, all bone and muscle, and always on horseback.

Ladies' horses of full blood and in high condition are seldom to be trusted in the Park without a martingale.

There are three kinds of martingales in common use in this country, viz., the standing martingale, the running ringed martingale, and the rearing-bit martingale. The flop running reins are so seldom used out of a circus school that they do not need description.

* In London the winners of the prizes offered for riding horses at horse shows *almost* always place their costly pets (valued at hundreds of pounds) for training and exhibition in the hands of such finished equestrians as are attached to the schools of Mr. F. Allen, of Seymour Street, Captain Fitzgerald, of the Military Riding School, Paddington, and others perhaps equally accomplished, whose names are not known to me. Ladies' horses are made perfect under Mrs. Reynolds, of Knightsbridge, and Miss Millard, of Brighton.

The standing martingale, which is shown in the picture of a lady mounted at p. 365, attached to a properly-fitted noseband, restrains the horse from getting up his head too high, makes the action of either snaffle or curb-bit more effective, and checks the inclination of a fresh horse to "bounce" or bolt. It requires to be carefully fitted so as to hang loose until the moment that the horse attempts to take any improper liberty; then the pressure of the noseband over the sensitive junction between the bone and gristle ought to act as a hint to be quiet. If the



DWYER'S MARTINGALE.

rein of the martingale is too short it spoils the horse's action, and may throw him down; if it is too long it is useless.

The standing martingale is quite out of place in country rides where there is any leaping to be done, because for that operation a horse must have full power to extend his neck and head.

Where a horse is at all inclined to plunge or rear, a bit composed of a ring of iron may be substituted for the noseband; and if the animal is not a confirmed rearer (and therefore unfit for a lady's use), it will be effective. It acts on the gums or bars of the mouth with a severity which makes the horse drop its head. This rearing ring may generally be substituted for the curb-bit, and worn in addition to a plain snaffle. Such at least was my successful practice with a thorough-bred mare, who previously to its adoption used to rear on the slightest provocation.

The martingale used in hunting and racing has two rings attached to two reins running on

the reins of the snaffle or the curb. One of the hardest farmer-riders in Warwickshire used to attach the ring martingale of any ewe-necked or star-gazing horse he hunted to the curb reins of a double bridle, in order, as he explained, "to get his horse's head in the right place on approaching a fence, and ride him over the fence on the unencumbered snaffle." Whether riding on the road or hunting, it is impossible to control a horse whose forehand is not properly shaped unless you are able to keep his head in a proper position.

For this purpose an improvement on the martingale has been introduced from Austria by Major Dwyer, which has not as yet received the attention it deserves.

"Seeger's running reins consists of three distinct pieces—the chin strap, the running rein, and the martingale. The chin strap consists of a leather strap furnished at each end with a small buckle and strap, by means of which it is attached to the cheek rings of the snaffle, the entire length including the buckles being six inches. These buckles covered with leather are just wide enough to admit a strap four and one-tenth inches wide projecting over the buckle, *behind which* it is sewn on to the body of the curb. To this curb is attached by a rounded strap an ivory ring, like the ring of a common martingale. Another ring is fastened to an ordinary hunting breast-plate, just in the centre of the breast at the level of the shoulders. A running rein about eight and a half feet in length is first buckled to a D ring attached to the pommel of the saddle on the near side; it is then passed through the breastplate ring, and then through the chin strap ring to the rider's right hand. A pull on this running rein will act directly on the mouthpiece, drawing it back and somewhat downwards towards the horse's breast bone. Thus the rider, by taking the running rein and the right snaffle rein in his right hand, and the other snaffle rein in his left hand, can place the horse's head in any position he pleases. In handling young animals it enables one to attain our object gradually, noiselessly, with perfect certainty, without unnecessary violence. It may be used in a moment to check an attempt to bolt, and immediately relaxed, or it may be kept constantly in moderate action with a horse inclined to throw his head up too high, without interfering with his galloping. It may also enable one to dispense with the use of sharp bits."

The accompanying illustration shows this novel martingale applied to an ordinary double bridle by Mr. George Rice, of Piccadilly, who was equally pleased and astonished at its action.* It might also be fitted to a rearing-ring bit, which might thus be used in hunting, as it has the shifting powers of the running martingale without interfering with either rein, and all the power of the standing martingale without the defect of rigidity.

TRAINING AND RIDING A STEEPLECHASER.

For the benefit of colonists and military men seeking some relaxation in regions

"Remote and savage, melancholy slow!"

the following information has been condensed from the quoted work of a distinguished amateur steeplechaser.

In the following instructions it is presumed that the horse to be trained is full five years old.

"The object of training is to get rid of all superfluous fat and flesh, and to accustom the muscles to the greatest possible amount of exertion. If a horse is fat and fresh from grass a great deal more time will be required than if he is in ordinary hard-riding condition. The character of the animal must be studied; some horses require scarcely any physic, and would be thrown out of,

* This martingale may be obtained from Messrs. White and Coleman, saddlers, of Bishopsgate Street. It is not a patent.

instead of into, condition by it; others require a great deal. Some require to be sweated once a week, others will carry no muscle if sweated more than once a month. With many grooms the only idea of training is physicking and galloping a horse furiously in fair condition until he is a spiritless bag of bones.

"If the horse is stale from over work he must be rested before being trained; if he is in ill-health he must first be made well; in fact, if he is not in rude health he is not fit to be trained.

"The first step is to keep your horse walking on turf or soft ground for at least four hours every day, divided into two periods of two hours each. His food should be three quarters of moist bran, three quarters of old oats, and about eight pounds of prime old hay. If you find his legs filling and heels tender, as you probably will at the end of a week, reduce his exercise to one hour's walking for two days, stop corn and hay, give linseed and bran mashes instead, and on the second day muzzle him at night. In the morning give him as much water as he will drink, and give him a ball composed of Barbadoes aloes, 4 drachms; powdered resin, 2 drachms; sulphate iron, 2 drachms; Peruvian bark, 2 drachms, mixed with Castile soap and a syrup of any kind. If the symptoms do not appear to abate, give every Saturday, for four ensuing weeks, the same ball, the aloes reduced to two and the resin to one drachm.

"This strong dose is intended for horses that have already been in training; for a horse that has never been trained the doses of aloes and resin must be halved.

"Immediately after the administration of the ball two hours' walking exercise should be given, with as much water, not too cold, as the horse will drink, and a loose bran mash, and he may be shut up and left quiet until the next morning. If by that time no symptoms of purging are apparent he should be taken for a walk in a field close to the stable, so that he may be brought in again as soon as purgation commences. If chilly an extra rug should be thrown over him, for *the action of the physic is to cause a determination of the secretions from the skin to the intestines.* Consequently, the less a horse's coat is brushed during the action of the physic the better. The purging must be continued until the excrement cease to be fœtid, and during that time bran and linseed mashes must be continued.

"After this preparation give four quarters of oats, only six pounds of hay, and recommence walking two hours morning and evening. When you have hardened your horse's muscles by walking exercise, cleaned his skin by good grooming, and relieved his overloaded system by physic and diet, he is fit for faster work.

"The objects of quick work are twofold: to exercise and strengthen the organs of respiration, and by degrees to accustom the muscles and tendons to bear the strain of fast galloping and jumping.

"The horse should be galloped once or twice a week, according to circumstances. He should be lightly fed on the morning of the gallop, walked about for an hour, *then stripped of his clothes*, and sent along the whole distance he will have to run in the real race at nearly his top speed, but never allowed to exhaust himself; made to do his utmost, yet keeping just inside the mark. As soon as he is stopped slacken the girths, and lead him about until he has done blowing (which will be about ten minutes), then put on his clothes, wash out his mouth, and walk him straight back to his stable. On removing the rugs on getting there the horse will be found to have sweated quite as much as is necessary if his skin is clean and his frame spare. He should be rubbed perfectly dry (an operation which will take from twenty minutes to half an hour), dry clothes thrown over him, his feet and legs carefully washed and rubbed dry, and flannel bandages put on (?). This done, the rug must again be removed, and the brush applied briskly, until every particle of dust, dirt, and

scurf has been brushed out. This will occupy an hour, after which sponging the eyes and nose and brushing the mane and tail will complete the toilet. He may then be fed, and left alone for four or five hours, after which he must be taken for an hour's slow walking on soft ground. If all is well walking exercise for three days, and then another brushing gallop. But no horse should be galloped a second time until the soreness and stiffness consequent on the previous spin has subsided. 'Galloping a stiff sore horse will infallibly produce grogginess.' Some horses will remain stiff and sore for several days after their first gallop. There is nothing for it but patience; *time must be allowed for the vessels to relieve themselves and contract on their contents.*

"Many horses are ruined by being galloped when they are only fit to walk. A horse in training should never be galloped until distressed. 'He should be pulled while still full of go.'

"Supposing the horse has gone through the course of practice described in Chapter XX., to accustom him to gallop safely over rough and undulating ground, in order to prepare him for steeplechasing, he may be taught to leap in the following manner:—

"When returning home 'after trotting about a water meadow with a loose rein,' have the trunk of a tree drawn across the gateway by which he has entered the field, and let him scramble over it. The following days make him jump it into the meadows. If he does this well add a hurdle strapped with gorse or thorns to the tree, which will make him rear and spread himself, and prevent his running through the gorse. After a fortnight a mile of country with fair fences may be marked out. Let him be mounted by a resolute horseman, and let another horseman, mounted on an old clever horse, lead him at a strong pace for one round. Take a second round alone, and a third side by side with the old horse, not racing but keeping close together. After this four days' walking exercise. After four weeks' going over eight or nine gorsed hurdles on alternate days, if he remains sound and shows the needful courage, he may be entered for any amateur steeplechase.

"A steeplechase horse who knows his business need not be ridden over gorsed hurdles more than once a fortnight.

"Long gallops are essential in training for a steeplechase. The concussions from jumping at full speed are so severe that a horse will soon break down unless his joints, muscles, and organs of respiration are properly prepared.

"For riding a steeplechaser Dick Christian's advice in Chapter XX. should be studied. The following rules apply equally to flat and cross-country races:—

"1. The better the condition of your horse the more severe you should make the pace.

"2. If you doubt your horse's gameness jump off with the lead and keep it as long as you can.

"3. If a horse pulls very hard, keep a steady pull, but do not haul at his mouth, which will prevent regularity of respiration, throw him out of his stride, and upset his temper.

"4. When about seven-eighths of the distance, unless a very expert hand at timing your horse's powers, do not attempt to draw it too fine, but getting on good terms with the leading horses in the race, and laying hold of your horse's head, try and leave them, riding calmly but resolutely; above all sit quite steady; if your horse is straining every nerve, let him alone; if running sluggishly when getting into the straight run home, after the last fence, take tight hold of the reins in your left hand, give him a smart stroke with the whip, and two or three kicks with the spurs. But if you have reason to fear that he will swerve (as many bad-hearted ones do), continue to hold him between your hands, and give him some sharp kicks with the spurs.

"5. If you find you are beaten easily, pull up; spare your horse, and avoid the cruel and unsportsmanlike practice of flogging a beaten horse all the way home."

CHAPTER XXIX.

VETERINARY INFORMATION.

Useful Knowledge in case of Emergencies—The Teeth—Shoeing—Varieties of Shoe—The Charlier Shoe—Megrims—Wounds of Arteries—Injuries to the Eye—Broken Knees—Wounds of the Foot—Overreach—Sprain of Tendons—Curbs—Corns—Thrush—Navicular Disease—Cracked Heels—Swelled Legs—Diseases of the Skin—Saddle-Galls—Spavin—Thoroughpin—Wind-galls—Capped Hocks—Splint—Ringbone—Influenza—Bronchitis—Congestion of the Lungs—Colic—Glanders—Strangles.

WHEN a horse is really ill, or meets with a serious accident, the only wise course is to send for a veterinary surgeon, whose profession it is to discover the cause of illness, to know the structure of the bones and muscles, and to apply the appropriate remedies or peform the necessary operation. But it may happen that the services of a veterinary surgeon are not to be had, or, at any rate, not to be obtained for some hours. In such emergencies, if a gentleman has not, as some enthusiastic amateurs do, studied the veterinary art, he must rely on his own common sense, or consult, without blindly following the advice of, the nearest farrier, who may be a really observant and clever, although uneducated or self-educated, man, or may be an obstinate, mysterious quack.

THE TEETH.

The age of a horse, up to a certain period, may be pretty accurately ascertained from an examination of the "nippers" (incisors) of the lower jaw, but the art of deciphering these natural signs can only be learned from actual study, under a competent teacher, of the jaws of horses of different ages.

SHOEING.

Horses are shod to protect the horn of the hoofs from splitting, and the friction of constant work on hard roads. Repeated attempts have been made to dispense with metal shoes, the latest in France by Thomas Jennings, trainer of race-horses. There is no doubt that here and there a horse may be found with hoofs so tough that they will resist the friction of turf or soft roads, but the exceptions are so rare that they are not worth considering. About the year 1848 I saw at the "Frankfort" a grey stallion, the property of the landlord of the "Two Swans," which had never been shod. He was a half-bred Arab from the stud of the King of Wurtemberg, about fifteen and a half hands high, and was ridden by his master as an officer of the Burgher Guard on Sundays, and only exercised on other days at a foot pace. I examined his feet, which were kept in shape by the occasional application of the knife and rasp. They were the most perfect I ever handled, and tough as gutta-percha.

Until very recently it was the opinion of many acute observers that the horse's foot was to be improved by thinning the sole, cutting down the frog, and opening or dividing the "bars" which unite the frog to the outer wall (See coloured plate and description). The opinion of competent observers has, however, undergone a complete change, and it is generally admitted that the less the interior of the horse's foot is meddled with, and the more completely the frog touches the ground, the nearer is the perfection of a necessary evil—shoeing—approached.

The following summary has been entirely taken by permission from Mr. George Fleming's last work :—*

"The foot without the shoe should stand perfectly level and at the right angle as regards the fitting of the leg into the hoof. Both sides of the hoof should be of equal depth ; no deviation of the hoof to the inside or outside should be permitted. The ground face of the hoof must be equal from toe to heel, and justly proportioned in depth from toe to heel. The heels should very rarely be interfered with. At the toe there is nearly always an excess of growth, but no absolute rule can be laid down as to the angle to which the hoof should be brought. The practical eye can discern at once whether the angle is in conformity with the natural bearing and direction of the limb, and there will be no difficulty in adjusting it provided there is sufficient horn to spare.

"After correcting the obliquity of the hoof the farrier generally proceeds to pare the sole, an absurd and barbarous operation, which should on no account be permitted. In order to make this more than useless operation easy, horses' feet are stopped with cowdung, or some other filth, the night before shoeing.

"Perhaps to bring the hollowed sole into proportion with the rest of the foot the walls are again reduced and weakened.

"The next piece of standard stupidity is to pare the frog, which is the natural buffer of the foot, in order to prevent it from doing what it is meant to do—*touch the ground.* The longer the frog is left untouched by the knife and allowed to reach the ground the more it will be developed. It becomes tough without losing its special properties, that enable it to bear the toughest roads without suffering. The untrimmed frog insures the hoof retaining its proper shape at the heels standing or moving, and it is most useful in preventing slipping.

"Workmen have a morbid taste for cutting into this india-rubber-like substance, therefore they should never be trusted to touch it at all with their sharp knife.

"Thrush of many years standing has been cured, and rotten, wasted frogs have become sound merely by such shoeing as brought them on the ground.

"Having done everything possible to ruin the sole and the frog, the farrier proceeds to complete his work *by opening up* the heels. This operation consists in making a deep cut into the angle of the wall at the heel where it becomes bent inward to form the bars. In its unmutilated state it is a very strong portion of the hoof, and prevents contraction of the heels.

"Hacked away to give a false appearance of wideness the wall of the hoof is weakened gradually, and contracts towards the heels.

"It should ever be strenuously insisted upon that the whole lower face of the shoe, except the border of the wall, shall be left in a state of nature. The sole, frog, and bars have an important duty to fulfil, and no addition of iron, leather, or other material is half so efficacious to protect this part of the hoof, or so excellent an agent for sustaining weight and keeping the whole foot healthy and in perfect form.

"A shoe applied to the foot should have its hoof surface flat, in order that it may sustain the wall and as much of this strong portion of the sole as its width permits.

"A light thin shoe is always preferable to a heavy thick one, as the narrowness of the metal insures a good foothold, while its thinness brings the sole, frog, and bars closer to the ground.

"As an exception the massive draught horse requires toe and heel projections, or catches on the ground surface of the shoes.

"These catches are chiefly useful when a horse is backing a load, but the animal relies

* "Practical Horseshoeing," by G. Fleming, veterinary surgeon, Royal Engineers.

particularly on the toe of the hind-foot to start and carry the wagon forward. Therefore, in addition to the calkins, or heel projections, there should be a toepiece of the same height as the latter, extending across the ground surface of the fore part of the shoe. This contrivance will enable the farrier to dispense with a good deal of the iron now in use.

"The form of the shoe should follow the outline of the ground surface of the foot. The upper surface must be flat from the outer to the inner margin. It is an advantage to have it as narrow in its relation to its thickness as the amount of work required will allow. The ground surface for shoes not intended for heavy draught horses should be of the same thickness on both sides. This insures the foot being kept in a natural position. Calkins on one side raise the back part of the foot higher than the front, and throw the limb forward. Unless the hoof meets the ground in a natural position some part of the leg or foot must suffer. Therefore, if calkins are considered necessary, the fore part should be thickened and a toepiece added.

"In the majority of cases calkins do more harm than good. While stationed with my regiment in Edinburgh, in 1864-5, I dispensed with calkins on the hind shoes, and no accident occurred on streets perhaps the most slippery in Britain.

"I attribute this to keeping the hoofs healthy, properly adjusted, and strong, with the frogs resting as much as possible on the ground."

Mr. Fleming recommends a modification of the ordinary hunter shoe, for the details of which reference must be made to his illustrated pamphlet.

"For carriage, 'bus horses, hacks, and hunters, each fore and hind-shoe should have a clip drawn up the middle of the toe, except when a horse is in the habit of overreaching or speedy cutting, in which case the hind-foot clips should be at the side."

Clips judiciously placed are of service in retaining the shoe, and permitting the number of nails to be diminished.

The "Goodenough" shoe was wonderfully advertised at one time. Mr. Fleming says, "It differs little from the common hunting shoe. It has several trivial projections cut on the outer margin of its lower surface, but as in a short time they are worn away, it has then nothing to recommend it beyond the ordinary hunting shoe.

"Machine-made shoes have generally proved either too soft and rapidly worn out, or too hard and apt to break and induce slipping.

"The foot having been properly prepared by being reduced to its proper dimensions, the shoe should fit the foot. A common contrary plan is to fix the shoe, and then rasp down the wall of the foot to fit the shoe—a most mischievous practice.

"As a rule, the shoe should be wide enough at the toe, quarters, and heels to support the entire thickness of the wall, but not so wide or long as to endanger the opposite limbs, to be torn off by the hind-feet treading on the fore, or to interfere with the elastic action of the frog.

"For many years a strong prejudice has prevailed on the part of gentlemen against hot fitting. In this case the farriers were right and the gentlemen wrong. *The evils supposed to result from hot fitting are purely chimerical.*

"In hot fitting the shoe is readily adapted to the foot, more equally applied than in cold fitting, and rests solidly on the foot, so that the nails are not broken or displaced by the shoe becoming loose—in a word, there is a more intimate contract between the iron and the surface of the horn. The very fact of burning or fusing the ends of the fibres insures a solid durable bed, which cannot otherwise be obtained; as it destroys the absorbent properties of horn it assists it to resist the influence of moisture.

"It requires a very prolonged application of the hot shoe to affect the hoof to any considerable

depth. It has been proved that three minutes' burning of the lower surface was necessary to produce an increase of temperature—indicated by a thermometer—on its upper surface. In practice it is never necessary to apply the hot shoe for more than three seconds.

"However expert a workman, he can never level the horn with his tools so completely as by making an impression with a heated iron. The hoof is also softened by the heat, and takes the nails and clips better.

"Shoeing, as practised at ordinary forges, deprives the foot of its natural protection, creates deformity and lameness, not only of the feet, but of the upper limbs. The natural method only removes as much of the margin as will restore its natural length, leaving the sole, bars, and frogs in their natural integrity. The hoofs of horses under my care appeared such solid blocks of stone, that when one of them lost a shoe he travelled ten, twenty, or thirty miles without any injury.

"The fore-foot is particularly disposed to disease, and exposed to injury; the hind-foot is wonderfully exempt.

"Tips, or half shoes, properly embedded in the toes of fore-hoofs, so as not to interfere with the proper level of the whole foot, when the frogs and quarters have not been destroyed by the farrier's knife, answer well. The present Duke of Wellington used them for a long time, and only discontinued their use because people were continually stopping to tell him that his hack had lost a shoe."

THE CHARLIER SHOE.

Mr. Fleming strongly recommends for the fore-feet the Charlier shoe, which consists of a thin band of iron fitted into a groove cut in the outside of the hoof. He has invented a knife with a movable guide, an improvement on Mr. Charlier's, which may be fitted to the largest or smallest foot, and gives the directions which will enable any intelligent person to make and apply the system. For fore-shoes it has been adopted and approved by some of the first sportsmen of the day. Mr. Clarke, a veterinary surgeon of Islington, has adopted it for the fast horses he drives in a gig over the streets of London, and a friend of mine, who every day drives a high-stepping horse in a phaeton from the West End to the City, has never had an accident since he adopted it.

Impecuniosus, a popular writer on French sports,* has devoted an illustrated essay to a description of this French invention, which he has adopted for all his hunters.†

On the other hand, many instances of the failure of the Charlier system have been recorded, and some veterinary surgeons denounce it with great vehemence. It demands good metal and accurate workmanship. Unfortunately the majority of shoeing smiths belong to a trades union, which, "on principle," resists every attempt to improve a horseshoe which seems likely to diminish the time required for making it.

Many contrivances of leather, india-rubber, and gutta-percha, for the purpose of doing the duty of the frog have been presented.

The effect of the india-rubber pad on high-stepping fast horses was delightful, especially in travelling over granite pavement, but it had a fatal defect: it was impossible to depend on keeping the shoes on. The elastic motion gradually loosened the nails, and sometimes in a few days, sometimes in a few hours, your horse's shoe or shoes came off in the most sudden and inconvenient manner.

* "Unasked Advice on Horses and Hunting," by Impecuniosus, reprinted from *The Field*.

† Mr. Stevens, of Park Lane, Piccadilly, is the agent for Mr. Charlier's patent. Messrs. Arnold, of West Smithfield, sell the Fleming knife and pattern Charlier shoes. They also sell a simple, useful stud for use in frost, instead of the ordinary roughing process.

Winter shoeing is a great difficulty in the uncertain climate of England. A sudden frost before Christmas makes all road travelling dangerous. Without having your horses roughed you cannot let them leave the stable; if you do have them roughed the frost may break up the very next day, or you may live five miles from a farrier, and when your groom, after a perilous journey, reaches the forge, he finds it full of horses on the same errand.

Mr. Fleming, in a lecture on horseshoeing, read at the Society of Arts, on the 7th May, 1875, describes a recent invention for rendering horseowners independent alike of the forge and the frost. This method consists in punching a square hole at the end of each branch of the shoe, and if desirable in the toe, and inserting into it a square, slightly tapering, plug of steel with a sharp point projecting beyond the lower surface of the shoe. The plug may be from one to three inches long, but it must fit the hole accurately and tightly, and not go quite through the shoe to the foot. It may be tempered to give it durability. Insert it into the hole, give it a slight tap on the point to fix it in until the horse puts its weight on it, drives it home, and when every step keeps it tighter. When required to be removed, a few taps will start it, owing to the taper of the portion fitting into the shoe. An old horse rasp, value threepence, will cut up into eighty-two studs, which a farrier can make in an hour. At the commencement of November all shoes put on my troop horses are provided with holes; the studs are ready. If frost sets in, the studs are inserted in a few minutes, and last four or five days. If required they may be removed every night and replaced every morning, or they may stay in until the frost disappears.

HINTS ON EMERGENCIES—MEGRIMS.

In this disease the horse, after travelling a short distance, usually in harness, will shake his head and ears as though flies were annoying him, or something had got into his ear. *If stopped immediately he will rarely fall*, but if pushed he will continue to hold his head high and on one side, stagger, and drop; will remain as it were faint for some minutes, and then, if cold water be dashed on him, get up and resume his journey as if nothing was the matter (See chapter on medicines). If the attacks are frequently repeated, and the disease seems chronic, the best way is to shoot or sell the animal. But megrims often attack fat horses not sufficiently exercised, and driven fast, especially up hill, with a tight bearing rein. Some people bleed for these attacks—an obsolete mistake.

In the only case that ever occurred to me, and which never came to a fall, I took off the bearing rein, took care not to feed the horse for full an hour before starting, and then with no hay, and in hot weather wetted his head and ears profusely with cold water. In a few weeks, as the horse grew into hard condition, the threatening symptoms entirely disappeared, and I afterwards several times drove him sixty miles (in double harness) in a summer's day, bringing him in quite fresh and ready for food.

WOUNDS OF ARTERIES.

"Where an artery has been wounded, and the flow of blood threatens to kill the animal before the services of a veterinary surgeon (who alone can venture to tie up an artery) can be obtained, at once endeavour to check the flow of blood by compression *both above and below the wounded part.*

"In case of wounds from stubs, stakes, iron or wooden spikes, or other materials with blunt edges, suppuration, that is, the discharge of matter, is likely to take place. The immediate closing or healing of the lips of the wound, or technically, union by first intention, is to be prevented; at the same time suppuration is not to be encouraged, or it may assume dangerous dimensions."

The first step is to cleanse the wound by careful washing with a clean sponge and tepid water, and to remove any splinters or thorns. If the skin is torn in large flaps, as in wounds on the

stomach or chest, it may be advisable to sew it up, an art every horseman in a rough country should learn. When the wound has been caused by a sharp-cutting instrument, such as a knife or scythe, the bleeding must be checked, a reunion of the lips of the wound effected by a stitch or compression. The best application is lint soaked in tepid water.

On no account use any of the many oils, ointments, and filthy, greasy compounds to be applied, of which grooms are so fond.

If a wound causes a great discharge, a liberal diet should be given—oats, beans, with linseed bran, and perhaps some tonic or alterative medicine.

INJURIES TO THE EYE.

When any foreign substance has lodged in the eye, and has partly penetrated the coats of the organ, if it cannot be removed by sponging or syringing, or a camel hair pencil dipped in thin gum, it may be necessary to use chloroform to quiet the animal. Use fine steel forceps, assisted by a powerful glass.

BROKEN KNEES.

When a horse breaks his knees the first step, if possible before he has moved from the spot, is to wash the wounds clean. Then, when he reaches a stable, bathe with warm water for an hour or more, always moving the sponge downwards. But a still better plan is to syringe gently with one of Nye's finest bore hydromettes.

The great point is to dry up the wound as quickly as possible. When the hairs begin to grow smooth them down daily with tallow or soft soap. In all cases a horse with broken knees must be racked up, and in severe cases put in slings.

Sometimes in very slight cases all the care possible will not prevent a blemish—the hair will grow rough—while at other times a very severe wound will scarcely leave traces perceptible without very close examination, without bending the limb.

Altogether, if a horse is not very valuable, and you want his stall, it is better to dispose of him, and let someone else cure him, than run the risk, after three months, of having a blemished horse worth no more to sell than the day after the accident. Of course I am referring to horses in London or its suburbs, where stable room is limited and all fodder must be purchased. In the country, with paddocks and sheds at command, the case is different. A hunter of character with badly chipped knees will sell for three figures, where a park horse of the same original value would scarcely be worth £20. The reason is obvious. The inference is that the hunter fell in his vocation, and is still fit for that trade. The business of a park horse is to be handsome and safe on the road.

WOUNDS OF THE FOOT.

These are usually caused either by a clumsy, drunken smith in shoeing or from treading while hunting on stubs or sharp flints. Remove the shoe and put the foot in a bucket of warm water, then apply a linseed poultice or a pledget of tow frequently wetted with warm water. For serious cases the doctor must be called in. The great point is immediate attention, or tetanus (lock-jaw) may follow.

Always have your horse run up and down the moment he returns from the forge, and if he limps insist on the shoe being taken off immediately.

OVERREACH.

This is a common accident in hunting, sometimes caused by the improper make of the hind-shoes. The most severe cases take place in galloping and in jumping on very stiff clay.

Where a cut has been made without a bruise it may be necessary to cut off a flap of skin; at other times the edges of the wound must be brought together. Friar's balsam is one remedy, collodion another. Fomentations and poultices are generally objectionable. An instance occurred some years ago of an overreach to the hunter of a celebrated lady horsebreaker so severe that in the subsequent inflammation he lost nearly half his hoof. By rest and careful treatment he entirely recovered.

SPRAIN OF TENDONS.

On this very common accident Professor Brown writes:—

"Treatment of sprain of tendinous structures is a matter in respect of which every groom entertains a strong opinion, and it must be admitted that there is no dearth of remedies for the injury. Lotions and tinctures without end are constantly being offered to the notice of the horseman as specifics for the most disastrous accidents to which the horse's sinews are liable; and yet, in spite of all, many valuable animals are ruined every year in consequence of an injury which, to judge from the ease and certainty with which advertised cures are to act, should be a most simple business.

"The first thing which will occur to the owner of an injured horse on the arrival of the animal at the stable is the difficulty of deciding between the two most simple means of treatment—hot and cold water.

"Hot and cold water are valuable agents in the treatment of different forms of injury; but there is a definite principle which should regulate their employment. Cold water is undoubtedly most effective in preventing the access of inflammation, and in restoring the lost tone of relaxed fibre after the acute disease has subsided. Hot water, on the other hand, is, from its soothing action, most desirable when inflammation has fairly set in, and prevention is no longer possible. The only possible method of relieving an inflamed part is to soften the surface, and assist the vessels to get rid of the excess of fluid which they contain by exudation into the areolar tissue beneath the skin.

"If a mistake be made in the selection of the remedy for the early stage of sprain, it is best to err on the safe side; and therefore, where any doubt exists, hot water should be used in preference to cold, because no injury can possibly result from the employment of warm fomentation, while a great deal of mischief may be caused by the injudicious use of cold lotions to an inflamed part.

"The chief objections to the use of cold water are the difficulty of keeping up the treatment until the risk of inflammation has passed, and the chance of doing more harm than good by applying the remedy after the disease has assumed a stage in which it will retard the process of exudation, instead of preventing its occurrence. For these reasons warm fomentations are the most frequently employed, and altogether are the most efficacious.

"In the majority of cases no question will arise as to the desirability of using cold water to a sprained limb, because before any treatment is commenced inflammation will be fairly established. Warm water should be used as persistently as possible, and directly after each fomentation a bandage should be loosely wrapped round the part, and kept constantly wet with warm water. No attempt should be made to support the limb by the application of pressure; on the contrary, the part should be left perfectly free, and the swelling encouraged.

A dose of laxative medicine with cooling diet will be sufficient in most instances. "A high-heeled shoe is a very effective aid to a sprained limb; but if from any circumstances its application has been delayed until acute inflammation has set in, it is hardly possible to attach it to the foot without inflicting a good deal of pain on the animal. On the subsidence of the acute disease,

if the tendons can be felt distinctly under the skin, and are tolerably free in their movements over each other and on the suspensory ligament, no counter-irritation will be necessary; but when the tendons are ill-defined, and the exuded material gives a smooth, rounded surface to the leg, all that can be done is to keep the limb at rest until the soft new tissues have become sufficiently condensed. Whether or not this result is assisted materially by firing or blistering is a question which has not by any means been decided. Time does much, and undoubtedly some of the benefit derived from deep firing must be ascribed to the long rest which is rendered necessary. A few contend that the free use of cold water, after the acute inflammation has subsided, will effect all that can be done by counter-irritants of the most active kind."

CURBS.

Curbs frequently appear while breaking, or in the early days of your young horses.

A curb is the strain or extension of the ligaments at the head of the splint bone of the shank, or about six inches below the point of the hock. The place will often be much swelled, and slightly sore, without the horse being lame.

It must be taken in time. First apply a high-heeled shoe, to take the strain off the limb, and keep the part wet with cold lotions. When inflammation has gone down blister with the ointment in favour in the stables, Stevens' being one of the safest.

When the action of the blister has subsided walking exercise on level ground will promote the cure by promoting absorption and strengthening the ligaments.

CORNS—THRUSH—NAVICULAR DISEASE—CRACKED HEELS—SWELLED LEGS.

Horses' corns are caused by pressure on the sole, rupturing the blood-vessels, and frequently have their origin either in shoes not fitting, or being allowed to remain on too long.

The farrier will cut them down as far as he dare. Then apply equal parts of oil of turpentine and spirits of wine.

After three or four days' dressing with this mixture, let the horse be shod with a thick leather sole, and the hoof stuffed with tow saturated with tar. In ordinary cases the corns will disappear.

The advocates of the Charlier shoe say, and it seems reasonable, that by removing all foreign pressure corns will disappear. Tips after rest ought to answer equally well.

Thrush is generally curable. It is often caused by the horse standing on wet litter, or by his feet being stopped with a cowdung mixture, or with tow soaked in water, appliances that do not suit soft, spongy frogs.

The frog, if ragged, must be carefully pared, then dressed three times a day with a strong astringent lotion. For instance, two scruples of chloride of lime to half a pint of water.

A cure will generally be effected by taking off the shoes, replacing them with tips, and resting the horse in a box, with a hard, even floor, without any litter.

Horses with navicular disease often walk sound, but are lame the moment they trot, and in the early stages, by losing their trotting action. It may be considered practically incurable, but up to a certain point horses with this disease may be hunted and driven in harness with the chance of coming down without the least warning at any time.

"Cracked heels is a malady to which colts are subject when first taken up from grass and worked too hard. So, too, it attacks horses in wet weather, hard worked and underfed. There are horses which, with all the care in the world, suffer from this most annoying malady. They have a low circulation in the lower extremities, and unless great care is taken the attacks will become chronic, and even degenerate into grease. Avoid all washing, hand-rub well, and bind all

four limbs in dry woollen bandages. Before work saturate the heels with sweet oil or glycerine. If the heels crack and discharge use the following lotion :—1 scruple chloride of zinc, 1 oz. laudanum in half a pint of water three times a day, and finish by applying glycerine."—D. C.

The farmers round Rugby often hunt their young horses in blue bandages very artistically rolled. Perhaps the warmth and protection would help to cure the cracked heels of colts.

"Legs swelled in the stable, which go down after about two hours' exercise, and return to their puffy condition after being in the stable a few hours, are frequently caused by overwork, underfeeding, *over-physicking*, and the use of those abominations—urine balls—of which ignorant grooms are so passionately fond."

Gentle exercise, no work, frequent bathing, with tepid salt water, and the constant use of flannel bandages properly put on will, in nine cases out of ten, effect a cure without physic. If any is to be given, let it be by the advice of a competent practitioner.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

The following information on this very important subject is abridged from Professor Brown's contributions to *The Field* :—

"There are two chief forms of disease which do duty for all the affections of the skin, viz., surfeit and mange. Even these are commonly so confounded that one may be mistaken for the other by a person who has no special knowledge of the nature of either.

"Surfeit includes various forms of irritation of skin, depending on deranged digestive functions, or the local effects of dirt and wet. For all practical purposes the single term is sufficient.

"Itchiness is a symptom of disease of skin which is always easily recognised. It is not, indeed, in the majority of cases, that the skin itself shows any marked signs of disease. Very frequently the surface of the part where the principal irritation seems to exist is quite free from evidence of inflammation; no eruption is apparent, and there is no abnormal sensibility to the touch. Nevertheless, a horse is not likely to rub the tail until it bleeds, or to bite the skin of his fetlocks, unless impelled thereto by some uncomfortable sensations.

"The treatment of these cases must necessarily be tentative or empirical, because the symptoms do not afford any evidence of the nature of the derangement.

"Constitutional remedies must be associated with the applications which are employed to moderate the local excitement. If the animal has just been turned into a new pasture, the symptoms of itching need excite no attention, as they will subside when the system has become habituated to the diet: but if any strange article of food has been introduced into the stable experimentally, it will be well to discontinue its use. A mild dose of purgative medicine may also be useful, and this should be followed by daily doses of nitre and sulphur—*about one drachm of each—in a mash*. Local treatmeat will include lotions and ointments which have a sedative effect, or others which are stimulant in their action; the one having been tried unsuccessfully will naturally be discarded for the other. Sedative remedies—which are most likely to be effectual when the skin is reddened, or covered with small pimples—are: tincture of aconite, diluted with fifty to one hundred parts of water; diacetate of lead, with eight parts of glycerine; and common vinegar, with twenty parts of water. Stimulant remedies are: solution of liver of sulphur, one part to sixteen of water, a very effective wash; various preparations containing carbolic acid, oil of turpentine, and oil of tar, equal parts, with eight parts of train oil; and many other tinctures which are employed in chronic forms of skin disease of an ill-defined character, and commonly confounded with mange.

"A very annoying and obstinate form of irritation of skin is that which causes an animal to rub the tail constantly has already been treated in the chapter on Stable Management.

"There remains to be discussed—nettle rash (urticaria), which is common at all times of the year when animals are exposed to a hot sun and a cold wind, or are allowed to stand in a current of cold air after having become heated during a journey. Drinking a quantity of cold water, and being removed from a Turkish bath without being properly cooled down, will also produce the disease quite suddenly. It is a specialty of the affection to appear without warning. A horse which has gone through a journey with perfect comfort, and on his return has shown no signs of illness, all at once becomes covered with lumps or blotches, which vary in size from the diameter of a shilling to that of a dinner-plate. The swellings are rather hard to the touch, and are considerably raised above the surface, causing a very peculiar appearance, and giving rise to alarm when the nature of the attack is not well understood.

"Perhaps in the majority of instances the mere use of warm clothing would be sufficient to effect a cure; but it is usual to give a dose of some medicine which has a tendency to excite the action of the skin. Small doses of aloes, nitrate of potass, and tartarised antimony are the agents which are most effective for the purpose, and a ball containing two drachms of each drug will often do all that is required in the way of medical treatment.

"The well-known mud-fever is a peculiar form of irritation of the skin, which is due to the action of wet and dirt on the surface."

SADDLE-GALLS.

A neglected saddle-gall may render a horse unfit for use for months. Prevention is better than cure, therefore saddles should be carefully dried and constantly examined. Some horses have such high withers and such tender skins that it is almost impossible to avoid galling them unless a saddle-cloth is used. Some people use a sheepskin. I prefer felt cut to fit the saddle, and fastened to the flaps with a loop. The moment a gall, however slight, is observed, the horse should be thrown out of riding work until it is quite well, unless, being on the top of the withers, the saddle can be so stuffed as not to touch the place. Where the skin is not broken, but a lump raised, bathe with tepid water or a weak solution of arnica and water, or cover with wet fuller's earth. Where the skin is broken, bruised, and dark-coloured, suppuration must not be hurried or encouraged by hot poultices. Treat first with dry lint, then water-dressing until it heals. If proud flesh is formed it is a case for a veterinary surgeon. Ladies' horses are very subject to saddle-galls because their saddles do not fit, and because ladies often ride with stirrup-leathers too long, and on one side. An additional reason for putting every riding horse, except a parade charger style of animal, into double harness is, that it affords the very best kind of exercise when either backs or legs are to be saved. *Collar-galls* are less serious than saddle-galls, but if neglected form a permanent and damaging blemish. They may be healed in the same way. Where a horse is very tender on the shoulders several expedients are adopted—collars lined with sheepskin, the wool outside, air-filled collars, and breastplates. A very light American carriage may be driven with no collar but a hunting breastplate.

SPAVIN, THOROUGHPIN, WINDGALLS, CAPPED HOCKS, SPLINT, RINGBONE.

Bog, or more properly blood spavin, is a soft enlargement at the inner portion of the hock. When once permanently established it is practically incurable.

Thoroughpin does not cause lameness. It is said that the deformity may be cured by a truss filled for the purpose. Perhaps an india-rubber hollow ball might be adapted to the pressure. Some people fire and make one blemish to extinguish another.

Windgalls show work. They may be temporarily removed by rest and mild blistering; after which, if flannel bandages are regularly applied at night, they may *perhaps* be kept down. If they show signs of reappearing put wet compresses on the swellings, and bind round with flannel.

Capped hocks are unsightly and difficult to remove, perhaps impossible when once hardened. When they first appear foment constantly, and cool down.

Bone spavin consists of an increased and unnatural growth of bone on the external surfaces of the inner side of the hock. It is to be suspected in horses which stand with their hocks close together. "The symptoms of spavin are an unnatural formation of bone, usually in one of the hocks—a stiff dragging action of the hind-leg—the toe generally being dragged along the ground, instead of being lifted boldly over it, by which means the toe of the hind shoe will be found to be worn unduly.

"The treatment should consist of cooling diet, a dose of physic, and absolute rest for two or three weeks; when, if the spavin appears not to have increased, and if no inflammation exists (which will be discovered by the horse going sound when led out), a second dose of physic may be administered. When the horse has been reduced by mashes and green food or roots to a cool state he may be fired, after which a rest of at least three months must be allowed. If fired while in high condition frightful inflammation will follow and needless blemishes.

"This treatment may not effect a cure, for not more than one case in ten is ever cured; but it abates the inflammation, and checks the deposit of bone.

"All manner of barbarous remedies for spavin have been called into play, which have more frequently produced inordinate inflammation and a stiff joint than a cure."

A morbid growth of bone from the cannon bone is termed a splint, and is more commonly met with inside the fore-leg and outside the hind-leg—most commonly in young horses. In case it produces lameness, first reduce the inflammation, and then blister mildly and repeatedly; or fire on plan called *piso punctum*, which produces no visible blemish.

Ringbone consists of a morbid growth of bone round the circle of the coronet. It is often hereditary, and not worth trying to cure unless the horse is very valuable. Sometimes it is brought on by one horse in double harness stepping on another's coronet. Firing is the usual remedy. Although horses so fired work, they are to be looked on with particular suspicion, and only fit for harness, as work usually reproduces the disease.

INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.

In cases of influenza send for the veterinary surgeon, or you may lose your horse.

Bronchitis often after cure affects the wind. Blister from the larynx to the sternum.

Congestion of the lungs is frequently produced by riding a horse not in perfect condition too hard and too long with hounds. He breathes hard, he heaves his flanks and looks round wildly, and is covered with cold sweats. If you bleed him you kill him. A Turkish or vapour bath is the thing, but they are rarely available. Give a warm cordial drink, such as spiced ale; blankets, hot-water bottles, hot bandages to the legs, so as to bring the blood to the skin. Plenty of fresh air. A close stable is poison.

COLIC.

Colic is of two kinds, flatulent and spasmodic. When the stomach is greatly swelled it is flatulent, and may be relieved by copious injections of warm water. "Spasmodic colic affects gross feeders, wind-suckers, crib-biters, and with some horses it is an hereditary disease. In its worst stage the horse throws himself on the ground, and if not restrained will knock himself about terribly.

"A drench of sweet spirits of nitre and laudanum, of each one ounce, in half a pint of water, must be given, and repeated in half an hour, unless the veterinary surgeon arrives.

"Where it arises from gross feeding and wind-sucking the food is driven, before being properly digested, into the lower bowels. The horse stands in great pain looking at his sides. In such cases an enema and back-racking may be useful."

Inflammation of the kidneys is often produced by the improper use of diuretic or urine balls. It requires *skilled attention.*

DISEASES OF THE EYES.

Simple inflammation of the eyes, arising from a blow or the intrusion of a foreign substance, is best healed by fomentation with warm water, two hours at a time, and a darkened stable.

Lead and other cooling astringent lotions may be applied where the inflammation is the effect of cold. But in all eye affections no time should be lost in consulting an experienced veterinary surgeon.

GLANDERS.

This fatal, infectious, incurable, and mysterious disease exposes the owner of a horse affected to such severe penalties, that if the animal is of small value, and the suspicion strong, the better plan is to kill it and burn the body in a lime kiln, if it cannot be buried too deep for dogs to get at in the earth. The earliest symptom of glander is a discharge from the nostril, small in quantity, *constantly flowing*, of a watery character, with a little mucus mixed with it. It is not sticky, and it flows from one nostril generally, the left or offside one. The horse may be at the time in perfect working condition. The horse affected should at once be separated from his companions, and medical advice immediately sought.

STRANGLES.

Strangles is one of the several diseases to which all colts are subject—generally between the second and fourth year and in the spring. The glands under the throat swell, the animal coughs, and there is a discharge of a yellow colour from the nostrils.

As soon as the tumour of strangles is decidedly apparent, it should be actively blistered. Poultices and fomentations have little effect in promoting suppuration through the thick skin of a horse. A blister will not only hasten the ripening of the tumour, but act as a counter-irritant at all the sources of the throat. As soon as the swelling is soft on its surface, and evidently contains matter, it should be freely and deeply lanced. If the incision is deep and large enough no second collection of matter will be formed; that which is already there may be suffered to run out slowly, *all pressure with the fingers being avoided.* The parts should then be kept clean, and a little Friar's balsam daily injected into the wound. It is a bad practice to suffer the tumour to burst naturally. A ragged ulcer slow to heal and difficult of treatment is formed.

SECTION OF HORSE'S LEG & FOOT.

REFERENCES TO COLOURED PLATE, No. 25.

Figure I.—SECTION OF THE BONES, HOOF, &c.

A .....The lower head of the cannon bone.

B .....The lateral edge of one of the sesamoid bones.

C .....The large pastern bone.

D .....The small pastern bone.

E .....The navicular bone.

F .....The coffin bone.

G .....A large foramen within the substance of the coffin bone, for the passage of a large circular artery.

H.....A side view of one of the sensible laminæ, which forms the lateral surface for the attachment of one of the horny laminæ.

I .....A side view of one of the horny laminæ.

K.....A section of the smooth crust, to show its thickness on the outside of the horny laminæ.

3 .....The concave coronary ring of the crust above the laminæ, much thinner than the laminated crust below.

L.....The sensible sole thickest at the toe, attached to the coffin bone above, and horny sole below.

M.....The horny sole.

N, N, N...The fatty substance of the sensible frog, being composed of oil, elastic cellular membrane, and cartilage.

O.....The vascular secreting surface of the sensible frog.

P .....A cleft in the horny frog.

Q .....The substance of the anterior part of the horny frog.

R .....A ligament attached to the coffin bone, and lower edge of the navicular bone.

S .....The tendon of the flexor persorans inserted into the coffin bone immediately anterior to the insertion of the last-named ligament. The lower surface of this tendon is, in part, in contact with the upper surface of the sensible frog, and in part attached to the upper surface of the inferior cartilages. A portion of the upper surface of this tendon moves over the cartilaginous covering of the navicular bone, but is not united to any part of that bone.

T .....The upper ligament of the navicular bone, being inserted into the back and thickened part of the tendon of the flexor persorans.

t .....A ligament attached to the last-described ligament, and inserted into the back part of the small pastern bone.

U .....The short and inner ligament of the sesamoid bones, attached to the back part of the large pastern bone, and to the lower and inner edge of the sesamoid bone.

V .....The termination of the upper suspensory ligament of the sesamoid bones.

W, W .....The outer and inferior long suspensory ligament of the sesamoid bones, inserted into the upper and posterior projecting head of the small pastern bone.

X .....A long extensor ligament, attached below to the anterior and upper part of the large pastern bone, and above to the outer part of the knee.

Y .....The extensor tendon inserted into the large pastern, small pastern, and coffin bone.

Z .....The glandular covering of the coronary ligament that secretes the smooth and horny crust.

Figure II.—A VIEW OF THE FROGS, CARTILAGES, &c.

A, A .....One-half of the horny frog.

b, b .....One of the bars.

B .....A cavity between the side of the horny frog and one of the horny bars ; opposed above to part of the sensible sole, covering one of the inferior cartilages.

C, C .....One-half of the horny sole.

d, d .....One-half of the lower edge of the crust that receives the nails.

E .....The junction of one of the bars with the termination of one of the heels of the crust behind the coffin bone, forming a flat seat for the heel of the shoe.

F .....One-half of the lower and anterior concave surface of the coffin bone, stripped of the insensible and sensible sole.

G .....The toe of one-half of the fatty portion of the sensible frog, attached to the coffin bone. The horny frog, and the vascular secreting surface of the sensible frog have both been removed.

H .....The heel of the sensible frog, attached to the heel of one of the side cartilages.

I, I .....One of the inferior cartilages attached to the coffin bone, to one of the side cartilages, and to one of the lateral edges of the sensible frog.

k, k, k .....The line of connection between one of the lateral edges of the sensible frog, and the inner lateral edge of one of the inferior cartilages.

L, L, L ...The line of connection between a projecting edge on the lower surface of the coffin bone, and one of the inferior cartilages.

M, M, M...The line of connection between the inferior and the side cartilages.

N .....The heel of the coffin bone.

O .....The seat of corn, opposite the heel of the coffin bone.

THE "POINTS" OF A HORSE.

The following diagrams are given to illustrate the various "points" of a horse—fore and hind-qnarters, side and front view, and heads. In each case, with the exception of Plate V., an illustration is given of a good type of each "point," faced by a number of others that are faulty in various respects. The Plate showing the side view of a good fore-quarter, with which the diagrams on p. 598 should be compared, has already been given on p. 71.

Plate I.—SIDE VIEW OF HIND-QUARTERS (GOOD).

This plate represents the hind-quarters of a well-bred, weight-carrying horse.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Plate I*a*.—Side View of Hind-quarters (bad).

Fig. 1 is a quarter which some would call rather pretty in form, but the legs stand too straight for anything like good action to be expected. Fig. 2. A quarter bad in every way, being goose-rumped and cat-hammed; weak in the thigh, and long and weak in the pastern. Fig. 3 shows the legs standing too much under, and the pasterns too straight. Fig. 4. A quarter not ill-formed, but too much bent or cramped for beauty.

PLATE II.—BACK VIEW OF HIND-QUARTERS (GOOD.)

Sound, strong hocks, good thighs.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Plate II*a*.—Back View of Hind-quarters (bad).

Fig. 1 shows the legs much too close together at the hocks, being what is called cow-hocked. Fig. 2. The reverse of Fig. 1, the legs standing wide apart, giving a very unsightly appearance. Fig. 3. The hocks too much turned out, causing the toes to turn in. Fig. 4. A weak and bad quarter in every way, showing the legs much bent, and the toes turned out.

Plate III.—FORE-QUARTERS.

Good front view of a well-shaped harness horse.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Plate III*a*.—FRONT VIEWS OF BADLY-FORMED FORE-LEGS.

Fig. 1. A pair of legs standing well as far as the knee, but with the toes turned very much out. Fig. 2. A very bad pair of legs ; knees twisted, and toes turned very much in—a very dangerous defect. Fig. 3. An unsightly pair of legs, standing very wide apart, and with the toes turned out. Fig. 4. A very weak pair of legs, what is called calf-kneed, and bad in every way.

Plate IV.—HEADS (GOOD).

Side and front view of head of a well-bred English horse.

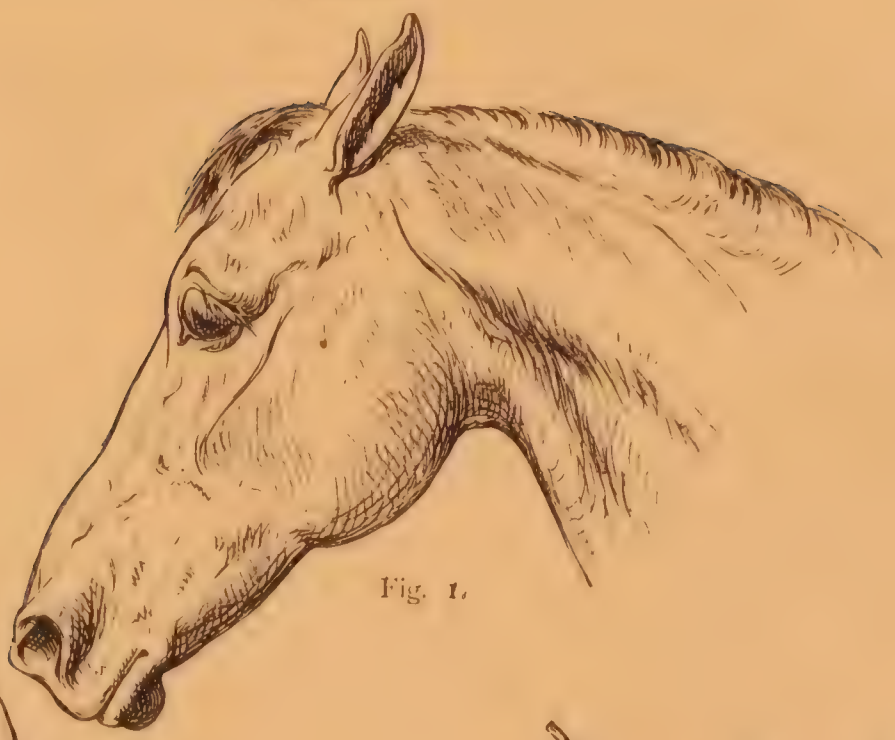


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

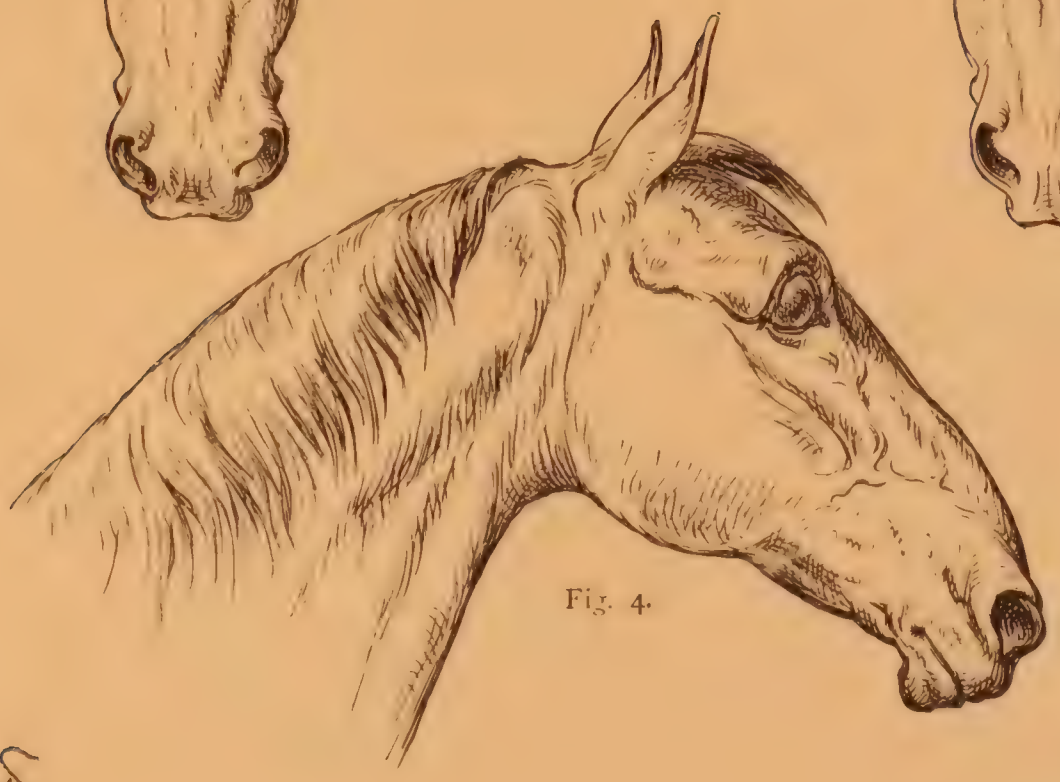


Fig. 4.

Plate IV*a*.—Heads (bad).

Fig. 1. A head somewhat heavy in character, the nose and lower jaw being very thick, and the head set on at too great an angle with the neck. Fig. 2. Front view of badly-formed head, it being nearly the same width throughout, with the eyes placed too close together, and too much in front. Fig. 3. Front view of a fairly-formed head, but with drooping ears, which, however well shaped in other respects, give to the face a sheepish look. Fig. 4. A head heavy and somewhat sulky in character, with the curved profile, commonly called Roman nosed. Both this head and Fig. 1 are deficient in the bright intelligent look which should be seen in a well-formed and good-tempered subject.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Plate V.—SIDE VIEW OF FORE-HANDS.

Fig. 1 shows a straight shoulder with heavy chest, and legs standing much too far back and under. Fig. 2. Shoulder as bad as Fig. 1, with weak legs and long and thin pasterns. Fig. 3. Shoulder better placed, but legs too much under, and pasterns too straight, giving the appearance of standing on the toes. Fig. 4. A fore-hand which may have been good in its day, but old age, or hard work, or both combined, have reduced it to the state shown.

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